Chapter 1 The World We Don’t Know (Part 1 of 2)

My name is Caleb, Caleb Silversmith.  Yes, my great great great grandfather was a silversmith.  I wanted to relay events here in case something happened to me in the future.  The universe is much larger than people know.  The multiverse theory is partially correct.  There are only 23 various universes, not an infinite number.  Each one overlaps with the other in a dimensional stack.  Our Earth and universe are in the 23rd layer.  The bottom layer.  Being at the bottom I learned has a lot of negative connotations.  First, the aether is essentially the mana that allows people to do magic and rarely filters down to our layer.  It is as absorbed and utilized long before it reaches us.  So in order to get aether we need to open passages to those higher layers or form magical contracts with beings on those higher layers.  The great news for our Earth since we are on the bottom layer is we are very unimportant in the grand scheme of things.  Wars with billions of sapient creatures are fought between the other layers and we remain blissfully ignorant.  So now you are asking how I know this? The plain and simple truth is I became an incubus and I am contracted to a succubus queen on the 13th layer.  This is my story.

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It was Saturday in early October.  I woke up in my bedroom on the third floor of our house.  My parents had a big old house that my father’s parents left him when they died.  The third floor had been renovated a few years ago to have a small suite for my mother’s parents, my grandparents.  The third floor had a massive bathroom, a large bedroom, a small laundry room, and a decent sitting room.  My grandparents lived in Florida and when they visited they didn’t like climbing the stairs so I got the room on a permanent basis.  There was a small guest room that they used on the first floor. Being on the third floor was great since my parent's master bedroom was on the first floor and I could play video games at volume and watch porn at low volume and not be disturbed.  My sister had her bedroom on the second floor but she was off at college so I had gotten bolder with the noise I produced in my room.

My older sister, Paige, was in her second year at an elite university in North Carolina.  She was on a partial rowing scholarship.  She was extremely bright and athletic.  Far exceeding me in both areas.  She was 6’1” with a lean build.  She had rowed in high school and been recruited to multiple schools but decided on the Blue Devils.  When she came home after her freshman year she had added significant muscle and our friendly wrestling matches on the family couch become unfair.  That summer though I turned 16 and finally hit a growth spurt. I had been 5’8” at the start of that summer and by the end of the summer, I was almost 6’ and still growing.

Being short had been a point of pain for me.  My father was 6’5”, my mother was 6’ and my sister was 6’1”.  So I had been the midget in my family.  I also lacked any athletic ability.  My father had played division 1 college basketball, well he was just a practice player and only got in games when they were getting blown out.  My mother had rowed in college and even tried out for the national team after college.  She liked to talk about how close she came to rowing in the double scull event in the Olympics, having finished second at the trials with her partner.  Her partner had been Amelia Thayer who visited the house often since she lived close by.  Amelia didn’t have any kids with her husband so she liked me to call her aunt Amelia.  Amelia still worked out religiously and if she had kids would be called a MILF. I definitely fantasized about her.

My mother, Maddy, was in pharmaceutical sales.  She trained the salespersons that went to doctors and tried to convince them to prescribe their pills.  This meant she traveled a lot around the world.  She usually was gone a week at a time, training ten to fifteen new sales reps at a time.  My mother loved to complain about her job.  Most of the people she trained were women selected for their looks and not their brains.  Most were just hoping to use their good looks to land themselves a doctor.

My father, Quin, was a car salesman.  He was the top salesman at the luxury car dealership.  He had a charisma that I seemed to have failed to inherit.  At least his height genes had finally kicked in.  I was 16 and a half years old now and 6’2” and hoped to get another inch or two.  Unfortunately, I was fairly thin no matter how much I ate.  My father was the same way.  He could eat six dinners and remain lean.

I heard my mother yelling up from the first floor.  Her voice was very muffled and my phone dinged with a text message.

***are you coming?***

My sister and her crew were racing today.  It was a three-hour drive to see her race for just a few minutes.  Now my sister and I were close even though we were four years apart.  She had been really supportive of me growing up and was the one to figure out I had dyslexia.  I had done terribly in school and everyone thought I just wasn’t that smart.  When I was in seventh grade Paige was helping me with my homework and figured out my problem.  As I said she was smart.  I got a special tutor and my grades greatly improved.  I still wasn’t at the top of my class but in the top third now.  My sister had finished third in her class of 400+ behind an Asian girl and her twin sister who both went to Yale.  I typed on my phone and texted back.

***coming. give me a minute be right down***

My room was a mess and didn’t smell so great.  I opened the window in the bathroom to air it out while we were gone. We lived in Virginia and it was getting cool outside so I dressed warmly and flew down the stairs.  My mom hated waiting.

At the bottom of the stairs, she said, “Paige is coming home with us so we are taking the Land Rover.  Do you want to drive?”

If I had known Paige was coming home I probably wouldn’t have decided to go.  I could have played video games or had Rob over and we could have hung out.  Rob was my best friend since kindergarten. “I will drive,” I said.  I had just gotten my license a few weeks ago and enjoyed being in control.

The Land Rover was nice.  It was used when my dad got it four years ago as a trade-in and it was his baby.  If there had been any salt on the road we probably would have taken mom’s Lexus sedan instead.  If you saw the family cars you might think we were rich but that was not the case. Dad had just gotten them both from his dealership for a steep discount. The house had been my dad’s parents' and was just way too big for our family. It had six bedrooms after my parents renovated the third floor. Mom complained a lot about the property taxes but dad didn’t want to move. The third car in the garage was Paige’s Jeep, that one had been bought new.  I was hoping to get a car this summer for my 17th birthday but mom reminded me that Paige got hers on her 18th birthday.

The drive wasn’t so bad.  Dad and mom rotated who sat in the back and who asked me how life was going in the front.  Unlike most kids my age I actually did talk to my parents.  We got to the race course in Philadelphia.  It was a fall race so the race was some 3 miles long and not the short 2000 meter race that happened in the spring.  A few directional texts from Paige and we were headed to find her team at their shell trailer.

I wasn’t a big sports fan. I liked watching the Redskins and Capitals and that was about it, football and hockey. But in the past few years, I did enjoy going to my sister’s rowing races.  Lots of girls walking around in spandex suits with hard nipples from the cold.  I awkwardly stood back as Paige and her teammates were talking with her coach.  She had some very attractive teammates and I studied them until I realized I was becoming excited looking at their bodies and turned away.

I told my parents I was going to walk around.  There were a lot of college and high school teams here so I could babe watch at will.  Dad gave me $40 for food and said he would text me when Paige was racing.  They were just launching now so it would be in 40 minutes or so.  I walked and pretended to be interested in the rowing but really I was just watching the girls walk their boats to and from the water.

My own high school had a rowing team and I saw them.  I recognized a lot of the faces from school but only knew a few of their names. Like I said I wasn’t into sports so the jock crowd was out of my circle.  I had terrible coordination that my dad assured me I would grow out of.  I watched the students from my school horsing around and was envious of them.  The boy's and girl’s rowing teams had a lot of cross-dating going on.  There were two girls I recognized Mary Taft and Rose Melanson.  Two of the darlings of the school and both Juniors.  I had been in class with them until sixth grade when I got held back a year because my dyslexia hadn’t been diagnosed yet.  I was a sophomore now.  Dad texted me and I went to watch the parade of boats on the water.

They rowed by and I cheered for Paige and went to meet up with our parents after getting some food at a vendor.  Paige was talking with my parents when I arrived.  She called out to me, “Damn Caleb you must have grown another inch in the last two months!  You have to be taller than me now!” She hugged me and she smelled terrible.  Well, she had just rowed a 16-minute race.  “We finished 8th out of the 35 college boats Caleb.  Not bad right!” I just nodded.  Paige was an optimist always seeing the positive in everything.  “Mom said I could bring some friends home.  I don’t think you have met them since you didn’t come to the conference championships last year.  You will like them, Ashley is from Australia and my pair partner in the stern.  Hailey is from England and strokes the second varsity boat.”  I could see two of her teammates talking with our parents.  One girl was a lithe blonde and the other had dark brunette hair with massive quads and a lean upper body.

Paige dragged me over.  “Girls this is the little bro.  Mom said he would be our chauffeur home today.” She turned to me, “We have Monday off from school and practice so are leaving for the campus on Monday and taking my Jeep back.” That sucked but I didn’t show it.  First, I almost had the opportunity to be seated next to one of these pretty girls for the ride home and two with Paige’s Jeep gone I would have to take the bus to school as mom wouldn’t let me take her Lexus.

Ashley was the blonde friend and was by far the more attractive of the two.  The accent only made her that much more appealing.  I wished I wasn’t the gangly awkward brother.  It took a while to get on the road as the girls got changed and were finally released by their coach to leave.  On the ride back I got to drive and listen to the conversation.  Ashley just wanted to talk about rowing mostly.  Hailey talked mostly about food. “Are you coming?” What. I missed something. So Paige repeated herself, “Do you want to come with us to Vincent’s tonight?”

Vincent’s was the best pizza place in town, “Yeah sure.” I hadn’t realized that it was just going to be the girls and me.  Mom had to read some new drug research tonight and dad had to get up early for a Sunday sale at the dealership.  Maybe if some kids in town saw me with three beautiful college girls it would raise my stock.  I managed to drive and fantasize the rest of the way home.

When we got back the girls took the extra bedrooms on the second floor and showered.  We had three bedrooms on the second floor so each girl would have their own room.  Damn, they cleaned up nicely.  I know Paige was my sister but she was hot.  Ashley as well.  Hailey wasn’t too bad but standing next to two tens didn’t help her.  We took Paige’s Jeep for pizza.

I sat in the back with Hailey and it was clear she wanted nothing to do with me. Maybe I should have showered and changed too?  The conversation was all about boys now.  Apparently, a number of the girls on the team were dating guys on the football team.  Well, at least the girls smelled a lot better now.  At the restaurant, their conversation spilled over and I just feigned interest while eating.  I missed when the conversation turned to news about a party.

”It is going to be epic,” Hailey was saying.  “The sorority has gone all out this year.  We rented this massive house just off campus and are doing a witch theme.  One of the sisters has ridiculously deep pockets and she put up a massive amount to decorate the place.  She has performers coming too.  A Tarot card reader, a demon summoner, witches to cast blessings, and a bunch more.  You do need to dress up though.”

Paige responded, “That does sound pretty cool.  I haven’t been to a good Halloween party since high school.  You sure we can come?”

”Yeah, I have four tickets.  And you are my only friends.  Well, my only friends outside of the sorority.” Hailey was on her third slice of pizza and made to get out of the booth.  Nudging me with her leg.  I made to move and she scooted into me too quickly. My hand pressed on her inner thigh as I balanced…damn she was solid muscle.  When I didn’t immediately remove my hand to stand so she could get out of the booth she cleared her throat.  My face heated and I scrambled out of the way. “You can bring your brother too if he can make it down.”

Wait did I just feel up a girl's leg and then get invited to a college party by the same girl?  “If you want to go I can talk to mom and dad,” Paige said as she shoved a pizza slice into her mouth.  It was good pizza.

“Yes! I do want to go.  Do you think mom would let me take her car?” I asked. Paige laughed.

”No silly.  You can take the bus.  It is a four-hour bus ride but you can come Friday night.  The party is Saturday. And then you can take the bus home Sunday,” Paige said.  She was like that.  Figuring out plans at the drop of a hat.  Also if Paige asked mom and dad they were almost certainly going to say yes.  She was their little angel and could do no wrong.

I didn’t see the girls for the rest of the weekend.  I had been hoping to get invited down to the second floor to hang out but they went to bed right after getting back, all of them exhausted.  The next morning they were gone before I got up. Paige was showing her friends her old stomping grounds.  They got back after 11 pm and went right to bed again.  The next morning I had to go to school before they got up.

When I got home from school they were gone but on the counter in the kitchen was an envelope with my name on it.  I opened it.

Mom and Dad said Ok.  Enclosed are your bus tickets and the phone numbers of my roommates in case you can’t reach me when you get in.

I had a great sister…now I needed a great costume.