Chapter 57 Eyes Wide Shut

I felt secure in my room after a shower.  My adrenaline was still coursing through my veins, and I wanted to get back out there and experience it again.  I didn’t have hockey practice since it was Wednesday.  I spent some time on my phone answering text messages.  I tried to pack for my 12-hour trip to Miami.  Did I even need to pack anything?  I was just going to be having sex with Chloe the entire time.  Shit, I hadn’t bought a mask yet.  I found a costume store in Richmond I could stop at.

It was time to head to school. Rob and Sophia met me. Rob gave me a bag with corsages.  Sophia said they needed to be stored in the fridge, so I put them inside the house.

Rob asked about how I was doing and if I wanted to play Call of Duty tonight.  I told him I was headed to a party.  I couldn’t tell him I was flying to Miami.  Sophia tried to get details, but I was mum.  I went to classes in the morning, and at lunch, my table was packed.  Abigail was upset that we didn’t run together this morning and didn’t make me lunch in reprisal, Bedelia was tired and barely awake, and Iris was trying to figure out why I transferred her $100,000 without talking about it directly—just a typical day for me.

James came by our lunch table, and I signed up for a one-hour slot from 1 to 2 for the dunk tank. Three shifts in a row. I figured that was enough.  He handed me a plastic bag, and it had a new pair of white spandex boxers in it.  After lunch was class with Molly, who was way more excited about the dance than me.  I already committed to picking her up early.  That was my Friday night. Then Saturday night, I had to take Mary to the junior dance.  At least Rob would be there for support at the junior dance.  I didn’t even know how to dance.  Maybe I could import some books to my mind space and learn.

Classes dragged as I got ready to skip town.  During the last period, I checked out three books in the school library on dancing to add to my mind space during the flight.  I left with plenty of time to catch my flight in Richmond, get the rowing machines, and get a mask. I was going for curiosity’s sake and to see if maybe this might be a viable venue for harvesting life essence in the future. Although, with the lesser tier two aether crystal in my car, I wouldn’t need to pimp myself out for cash in the future.

Oh, of course, things never go smoothly.  The costume shop parking was difficult, and it took 40 minutes to get in and out.  I selected five awesome masks that covered the upper half of my face and had very comfortable padding.  If Chloe needed one, I could let her borrow one.   The stop to get the ergs didn’t go well either, as they didn’t want to take cash. I had even told them over the phone I was going to pay in cash a few days ago!  So I used my business card and had to call to confirm the purchase again.

Then the two large boxes didn’t fit so I had to open them and put the machines in.  I gave the salesman $40 to take the cardboard and foam to the dumpster.  I got to the airport 50 minutes before my flight and ran from the parking lot. I then had trouble with security.  My license barely looked like me anymore, and they questioned the masks and dancing books in my backpack. At least my bracelet went through scanners easily. I probably should have left it in my car.  Eventually, I boarded my plane on the last call.

I think I preferred fighting giant white wolves to this.  At least next time I could use my Apollyon Silverhorn IDs.  On the plane, I scanned the dancing books into my mind space and then entered the space to practice dancing.

Of course, practicing was better with a partner.  I was still too weary of creating any living constructs in my mind space.  I ended up sleeping and practicing aether manipulation.  When the plane landed, I texted Chloe.  She told me which train to take to get close to the hotel.  I met her in the lobby, and we went up to a room.

“Thank you so much for doing this,” Chloe said when we got to the room.  “I think the host owns this hotel.  We have the room till tomorrow.”  Chloe sat on the bed.  “So basically, there are going to be five platforms in the penthouse.  We have platform 2.  There are going to be about 20 escorts walking around.  The guests will be the guys looking all self-important.  We are there to perform to excite their libido so they can then take one of the escorts to their rooms.”  She smiled weakly.  “The non-disclosure is on the table over there.”

I looked at the paperwork. My information was blank. It needed a name and signature. “Do they not have my actual name?”

“No, you can put whatever you want. It is just a formality. They never check those things anyway,” Chloe said. I wrote Felix Cited and signed it.

“So we are just eye candy for old men to help them work up the courage to get their rocks off?”  I asked, sitting next to her.

She laughed, “There will be old men for sure, but most are young kids.  They are either sons of wealthy people or part of the crypto boom. Most are cheating on spouses or girlfriends.  My guess is the host is paying the talent $300,000, and the guests are paying him $500,000.   So yeah.”  She reclined on the bed.  “Also, we are just being paid for platform work.  You do not have to go with any of the guests to their room. There are always some who will ask.”

“So, do you have any idea what we are going to do for the three hours of sex?”  I asked, walking to the window and looking out at the ocean.

“I brought some oil.  I usually have a female partner, and we oil up and rub our bodies together the entire time, do oral at intervals, and sometimes break out some toys.  We moan and pretend to enjoy it even if we are not.  We are permitted one or two short breaks to get water.  In the end, it isn’t too bad.  Just pretend no one is watching you and do what comes naturally.  The hardest part for guys is staying hard,” she came to the window next to me.  “That is Miami Beach over there,” she pointed out the window across the bay.  “Sometimes the party is there.  I usually have three or four of these gigs a year.  You just have to pay for the flight, and they give you a room and a stack of 100 $100 bills.  My handler gets 10%, but I promised you $15,000k, and you don’t have to pay him as you didn’t sign a contract with him.  I actually get a $2,000 finders fee from him for getting you here to replace my partner, so I will walk home with $6,000.”

I really needed to learn an incubus lie detector.  I didn’t feel Chloe was lying to me, but this aspect of the too-rich and too-hedonistic seemed full of deceit.  “Are we going to meet the other...performers?”  I asked.

Chloe spun, “They are probably in the adjacent rooms if you want to meet some of them. I think Gary and Isabelle are here.  I probably don’t know the others.  We usually don’t mingle, and the others come from across the country. Gary and Isabelle are from New York, and I did a platform with them last year.”

I thought and asked a sensitive question, “If you don’t mind me asking, how much do you make doing this? I just came because I was interested in how the other half lives.”

Chloe smiled.  Probably thinking she had me hooked.  She said, “I make about $60,000 with my massage business, but I only work about 24 hours a week.  I report all that income on my taxes.  These special gigs,” she waved her hand in the air, “about $50,000.  That all goes into my IRA.  The regular work for my handler is about $90,000 a year.  I made $97,000 last but asked for less work this year.  Ten percent goes to my handler, and I report about $70,000 as additional income on my taxes. I also made about $12,000 in tips as well, but I do not report it and just spend it. Mostly at Target,”  she smiled and got a drink out of the fridge.  “You need to understand that we only have about 6 to 8 years in this side of the business.  Some of us can keep it up, but once you hit 30, you are usually done.  You are burned out, you get selected less often, and your rate drops.  I hope to buy a nice house in the suburbs, raise a family and run a small massage practice by the time I am 32.”  She eyed me expectantly.

She was suggesting something.  But I didn’t plan to settle down.  I was effectively immortal if I didn’t do something stupid and get myself killed.  Chloe was nice but not a long-term investment. “Sounds like a good dream.  I hope you can fulfill it.”  Chloe’s expression fell.  She ordered room service and asked if I wanted anything.  It was free, so I got the lobster bisque, fillet mignon, and a Dr. Pepper.  We were in silence, and eventually, a knock came, and the voice on the other side of the door said 20 minutes.  We had to leave all electronic devices behind.  I didn’t want to leave both my phones, but I had no choice. I thought about taking my bracelet, but it had a small digital display, and I didn’t want anyone confiscating it. My two phones, wallet, and bracelet went into the room safe. Chloe said I didn’t have anything to worry about theft but better safe than sorry.

I pulled out my five masks and showed Chloe. She selected a black one with cat-like ears. I thought it was more of a Batman mask, but she insisted it was a cat. I took the red demon one, and we went up to the penthouse in robes. The room was large, and there were platforms with numbers on them. Ours had a white fur rug and a large white ottoman. I was happy one of the other platforms was close. Maybe I could get a second vortex going. Chloe removed her robe and asked me to oil her up.

She wasn’t aroused as I rubbed her up even when I played with her nipples.  We were being stared at by the escorts who were arriving in sleek, sexy dresses.  “Do they make more?” I asked while rubbing oil on Chloe’s back.

“The same as us, but they usually get tips on top.  They might get lucky and get pulled for the entire night with one guy, but sometimes they come back here two or three times.”  The platform next to us had three women standing there, also getting ready.  None of them had masks.  They were all young.  One was Asian with rich shiny black hair.  The second was a leggy blonde with a tan.  The third was a redhead, but I doubted that was natural.  She was tan as well.  They smiled at us as they set up an S-shaped single-person couch on their platform.  I wondered if my vortex could reach their platform 10 feet away.  I searched for their cores, and it was a strain, and I figured my vortex range was about six feet.  Any further, and I couldn’t harvest anything.  That meant I would have to be at the edge of my platform and my target at the edge of theirs.

Chloe asked me if I wanted to get oiled up, so I dropped my robe.  The three adjacent performers eyed me with satisfaction.  One muttered, “At least we have something nice to stare at for three hours.”  The redhead voiced, “If you get bored, you can join us on our platform.”

Chloe started rubbing oil harder into me to get my attention back on her.  She eyed the women with a protective gaze. Chloe even grabbed my flaccid dick and pulled me to the center of our platform like a leash, teasing me with a smile.

I noticed the three women had a bottle of lotion by their platform.  A man in a tux came and said, “Last call for the bathroom.  The start time is in 15 minutes.”  Immediately Chloe and the three women went to the doors on the far side.  I grinned with an wicked thought.  I got two doses of saliva in my mouth and spat it into the lotion bottle when no one was looking.

The redhead returned first and approached me, “Your partner said this is your first time. Popping your cherry here,” she waved her hand, “is quite an accomplishment. Most of us have to go through many auditions to get this gig. It is about as luxurious as they come. My name is Gwenith, but my friends call me Gwen.” She held out her hand, and I shook it. “Nice choice on the masks. A demon fucking a cat is sure to get the crowd going.” I looked at the two masks on the ottoman, took the demon one, and put it on. Gwen licked her lips at my naked oiled form. “If your partner doesn’t mind, hop over to our platform for a bit.”

Chloe was back, put her own mask on, and gave the redhead a piercing look. The large doors opened, and men started trickling in. Chloe got up on the ottoman, slapped her ass, and looked at me with a smile. I climbed up and brought my dick to attention. I rubbed my head up and down her labia as I looked around the room. Chloe whispered, “The table between the restrooms has packets of viagra and lube if you need it later.” I questioned why did I come here for the fifth or sixth time in the last few hours. Well, I would at least get some life essence.

I spat on my hand with some incubus saliva and rubbed it into Chloe’s folds. She responded immediately, moaning and pushing into my hand, seeking penetration. Her body writhed in pleasure just from that little action. I activated my vortex over her core. When she was slick, I positioned on her entrance and entered her. I remained still and let Chloe work her hips on my shaft at her own pace. Her body had a sheen of sweat and a nice rhythm as she grunted when pushing back and moaned when coming forward with her hips. Her muscled body moved with a fluid grace that hundreds of hours of yoga worked on it.

It gave me time to scan the room. Maybe two dozen young women in provocative dresses mingled with the half dozen men who had entered. Servers carried champagne and appetizers. More men trickled in with eager faces. As they watched the platforms on the far side, I turned on my abyssal site.

A few men lit up with an aether glow, three to be exact. I couldn’t pierce their illusions. That meant they were at least lower tier one. Hopefully, they couldn’t see through my disguise. Maybe it was not a great idea to come here. But if I was found out, it shouldn’t matter as I was only doing what an incubus would do.

The arriving crowd paused at each platform to observe the sex acts being performed. The first was a woman riding a prone guy. I had seen his dick, and it was bigger than mine, not that I was envious. The second was two women and one guy. One woman was behind him as he fucked the other woman on her back. The next platform was the three women adjacent to us. The redhead and brunette were currently administering to the blonde. The final platform was two men and a small brunette. She was on all fours, sucking one guy while the other was behind her. Only the trio of women next to us didn’t have masks on.

Chloe came on my dick with a short body tremble, collapsing forward onto her stomach. I fell on top of her and continued to fuck her in long slow thrusts. “You need to be more vocal,” she whispered. “Grunt, gasp loudly…make them think you are putting in an effort.” I started doing what she wanted, plowing her into the ottoman with a grunt with every thrust. She responded by feigning pained squeaks. I didn’t have the largest dick in the room, but I had the hardest.

Our platform started gathering escorts and men, holding them close, and claiming them for later. I caught snippets of conversations, “How many hours a day do you think he spends in the gym?” “I bet he comes before she does.” “How much Viagra do you think he took to keep that hard-on?” “Will you be as submissive as that pussy getting plowed up there?”

I gave them a show, pulled Chloe to her knees, and flipped her over onto her back. I made a slight miscalculation because kissing with the masks was difficult, so our tongues just flickered together briefly. It was enough to get her some more saliva. The trio of women had started using the lotion next to us, and I grinned as Chloe became more receptive. She no longer needed to fake it as I felt her vagina squeeze my shaft with each hip thrust. Her breasts bounced in concert with my effort. Her second orgasm was more of a tightening on my shaft and a long pleasured moan from Chloe as she went slack beneath me. I slowed but didn’t stop.

“Did he come? I don’t think so. You owe me $100.” “I wish I had his body and his dick. Come, girl…I need to feel better.” “Do you want to come to my room with her? I want to watch you pound my girl as well.”

I looked up at the last comment, and an older man had a lecherous grin and a young brunette under his arm. She had a forced smile as he rubbed her ass through her balck dress. He had an aetheric glow to him, and I think I recognized him from the news. A senator, maybe? Chloe rescued me, “Sorry, sir. This one is mine for the night. You will have to make do with the ladies in waiting.” Chloe started responding to my thursts again with groans of pleasure. I pulled her up as I got both of us in a seated position with her straddling me. Then used my strong arms to grind her on me with my shaft buried completely inside her. Our bodies swayed, locked together like cobras in a dance.

I sighed in disappointment as I smelled the three women next to us getting off. The three were a mess of arms and legs. Somehow they were grinding, kissing, and fondling each other in pure bliss. My disappointment came as they were too far away to apply my vortex, and Chloe could only take one more before I had to end my vortex for the night.

One of the men approached and placed a piece of litmus paper on Chloe’s shoulder. It dissolved into the skin, and I immediately knew what it was. The bastard had used my saliva that I sold to the Magus Arcanium. Guess that answered a question. The grin on the younger man’s face pissed me off as Chloe responded to the influx. I focused my hearing and heard him start a bet with another young male about who would come first.

Chloe’s sweaty body slid against mine, and her breasts pressed to my chest as she was lost for a third time in sexual bliss. I knew she needed to come and decided to give her my endurance seed in concert. My saliva was wearing her out, and it had only been an hour. Just a few minutes later, I felt her coming and pulled her to me, released deep into her, and gave a groan of pleasure to the crowd while bucking my hips three times to show that I had come, hopefully masking Chloe’s orgasm and making the douche lose his bet.

There must have been a full dose on that tab, as Chloe was slumping in my arms from fatigue. The same asshole came up and slapped another tab on my shoulder. It dissolved into my skin and had no effect, but I stood and had my dick at attention. He was already betting on how long it would take me to fuck Chloe and release into her a second time. The current over/under was five minutes. I put a starry-eyed Chloe on her side and positioned myself behind her, and entered her still-loose and slick pussy as the big spoon.

I moved slowly and passionately, kissed her neck, and rubbed my hands across her body, exploring her curves. She was mostly out of it as I passionately fondled, caressed, kissed, and slowly fucked her. After ten minutes, the young man who had lost the bet stormed off, dragging two escorts with him. I think he lost $2,500 on this last bet. The crowd never waned at our platform, and I could see the half a dozen escorts looking longingly at our passionate coupling. A waiter came up and said we had a ten-minute break. Chloe had recovered slightly and was able to stand and walk to the ladies’ room.

The crowd dispersed from our platform. I covered Chloe in the robe and donned one myself, and we went to the restroom together. Chloe went to the sink. “I am feeling better. Much better. For some reason, my muscles are all achy, but in a good way. Like I just finished a two-hour yoga session.” That must be my endurance elixir taking hold. Chloe took one of the towels and cleaned off.

“If you need a break, I can ride you for a while. We are over halfway done!” Chloe used the toilet and smiled at me while peeing. “We can also spend the first ten minutes back out there oiling each other up. They usually like that.”

That was how we started, spending ten minutes on each other, covering each other’s bodies in oil. The crowds were thinning as the guests were leaving and not coming back with the escorts. I positioned myself at the edge of our platform near the trio, who were still using the lotion and were a mess of sweat, cum, limbs, and groans and moans of pleasure. I was close enough to catch a vortex on the blonde on her back who had her legs in the air with the redhead between her legs and the brunette suckling on her breast.

I didn’t get much from the vortex as those women had worn themselves out with multiple orgasms throughout the evening. I don’t think they even took a break. I was learning about the power of my saliva tonight. When there were only three escorts, and no more male guests, one of the waiters announced our evening was complete.

Chloe donned our robes and went down to our room. On our bed were two large silvery envelopes. Chloe opened one, took half the stack of 100s, and put it in her purse. She put the rest on top of the other envelope. Chloe explained, “Usually, you will get certified mail for the cash. Taking it on the plane can sometimes be tricky.”

Shit, my flight was in four hours, and I wasn’t going to have time to get the cash mailed. “How difficult is it to fly with the cash?” I asked Chloe, who was heading into the bathroom to shower.

“You usually just get questioned. It turns into a pain in the ass. I suggest mailing it,” she said, closing the door. I was going home as my 16-year-old self; they were not letting me on that plane. A soft knock at our door caused me to get up and check it. It was a man in a suit.

“Mr. Felix Cited. The host wants to thank you for your extraordinary work tonight.” The man in the suit handed me an identical envelope that we had already received. “He hopes you will consider future employment at our events.” He proved a letter, “This is from an admirer.” He handed me the letter and turned and left. In the hallway, I recognized another performer. It was the small brunette who had two men on her platform. She blew me a kiss before entering her room with a bucket of ice.

So now I had $25,000 in cash. Yeah, that was a problem. I got my two phones, wallet and bracer out of the safe. I checked and found Walgreens, a store, had 24-hour shipping, Fed Ex. There was one a few blocks north. Chloe was still showering, so I left the loose $5,000 and took my two packets of $10,000 and stuffed them in my backpack. I put twenty 100s from the $5,000 in my wallet, all that really fit. The remaining $3,000 I left for Chloe.

The shower stopped, and I headed into the bathroom to see her drying off. “I have to get going. I am just going to take a quick shower. Thanks for letting me experience all this. They dropped off a bonus for me to entice me to come back. I left $3,000 for you.” I stripped and hopped into the shower.

She asked hopefully, “So you want to try this again?”

I was under the water in the shower, “No. This was a one-time thing for me.” Her face fell, and I felt guilty, like I had somehow used her instead of the other way around. “Maybe we can do that singles cruise this summer though,” I offered.

She brightened, and I kicked myself mentally. Don’t commit, don’t commit. I told myself. Chloe said, “I can book us a cabin and let you know.”

I interrupted, “Just keep me informed. I have a lot of things on my plate.” I focused on a quick shower.

I dressed in the clothes I came down in, gave Chloe a hug, and left. I had a few hours to get to the airport and I wanted to mail the cash home.

I hit the streets and used my phone to get me the Walgreens. While walking, I looked and had 78 unread text messages, and 3 missed calls. The missed calls were Iris, Bedelia, and Kiri. I listened to the messages, and apparently, Vida had slipped out, and they all went searching for her. They found her trying to get a pizza at Domino’s three miles down the road.

Now all I had to do was *Escape from Miami.* Hopefully, this wouldn’t be as difficult as Kurt Russel’s efforts.