

Grimoire

Chapter 3

He'd masturbated over Jess. He'd actually done it.

Jake knew he should be disgusted with himself, and he certainly did feel guilty. It was wrong. He shouldn't have touched himself thinking about her. And yet, even as he berated himself for the act, he couldn't bring himself to regret doing it.

It had felt too good. Too amazing.

Just thinking about it was enough to make him erect again, even in the middle of Maths class.

Jess masturbated last night. His sister owned a dildo. She'd used it on herself. He'd all but seen it happen. If she hadn't closed her eyes, if there hadn't been a blanket in the way, he would have seen everything.

It's wrong, Jake reminded himself. Except the words seemed hollow now. Meaningless.

So what?

More thoughts came unbidden. Thoughts about Jess, about the blindfold, about the grimoire.

His sister had taken a shower in the morning, while Jake was still asleep. By the time he was up and out of bed, Jess was already done in the bathroom, walking out of it in her school uniform, carrying her nightie and towel bundled in her arms.

He'd glanced at that bundle, the towel and nightie, and found himself wondering if his sister's bright blue dildo was hidden somewhere inside it.

Had she taken it into the shower to clean it? Was it still in her room, still dirty from its use last night?

He hadn't been able to look her in the eye.

As his Maths teacher droned on, Jake not even pretending to listen, his mind continued to race.

Who had Jess been thinking about last night? It couldn't possibly have been Jake himself, her own brother, that she'd been masturbating to, could it? No, that didn't seem likely. In every sense of the word, Jake was plain. Uninteresting. No, it had probably been some boy she liked, or a celebrity or something.

Jake wished he could see into his sister's mind. Know what she liked and didn't like. He could use it to...

To what, seduce her?

The idea seemed so silly, so stupid. She was beautiful. Easily the most beautiful girl in school. And he was not. She was popular and adored and amazing. And Jake was just Jake. Not to mention the fact that they were *brother* and *sister*. Jess would probably be disturbed if she knew how much he liked her, the things he wanted them to do together. Him seducing her? No, it was impossible. Absurd. Laughable.

I have the grimoire.

That single fact changed everything.

If the book had a spell that allowed him to see through his sister's eyes, what else could it do?

By the time final bell rang, the last lessons ending and everyone started heading home, Jake was actually physically shaking with excitement.

Friday. It was Friday.

No school tomorrow or the day after. That meant more time with the grimoire, more pages revealed and a larger selection of spells at his disposal. Tonight, he'd spend as much time as he could unlocking pages of the grimoire and, tomorrow, he'd go out and look for ingredients to make spells with. He didn't have a lot of money, but hopefully he had

enough to make several of the spells.

Who knew, maybe he'd uncover one that would bring him closer to Jess somehow?

As he left the school, walking as fast as his legs would allow, he spotted his sister and her small group of friends in animated conversation. Jess, as always, was smiling.

Jake flipped open the Undying's Grimoire of Body, Mind and Soul.

Instead of continuing from the beginning, revealing one page at a time in order, he selected a random page close to the tome's end. Just a few pages from the back cover.

He'd seen spells and potions titled with 'Body' at the beginning and two 'Mind' spells closer to the middle. It stood to reason that he'd find 'Soul' spells at the end of the book.

A few days ago, he wasn't even sure if souls existed or not, and believed wholeheartedly that magic wasn't real. And now here he was, about to discover a magic spell that somehow involved a person's soul.

Is this a good idea? A quiet part of Jake asked, the words tinged with fear and uncertainty.

He ignored the question.

Pin met fingertip, followed immediately by a sharp stinging pain. A bubble of blood formed from the cut instantly, crimson red and glossy. Jake pressed the finger down onto a blank page, feeling the sudden rush of heat and weariness wash over him.

Words quickly took shape, paragraph after paragraph.

Jake pulled his finger away, shaking off the sudden fatigue, and read the page's title.

Soul: Transfer of Will.

He began reading, eagerly at first, but gradually becoming more and more disappointed.

The page was filled with detailed instructions, complex and bloated with precise measurements of this and that. But, at no point, did the grimoire actually say what the spell did - other than embedding a portion of someone's will inside an inanimate object. What that achieved was never stated.

Dejected, Jake began reading the page again. Maybe he'd missed something, misunderstood a line somewhere.

A tapping at his bedroom door distracted him.

"Dinner's ready," Jess' warm, happy voice said a moment later.

Jake let out a sigh, shut the grimoire, rose to his feet and headed downstairs for food.

To his surprise, Jess had changed out of her school uniform and into something more casual. Denim overalls and a pink t-shirt. Her bright blonde hair was tied into a thick ponytail.

Jess noticed his raised eyebrow, answered the question he didn't want to ask.

"I'm going to a sleepover tonight," Jess said quietly. She glanced around, making sure their mother wasn't close, before continuing in an even quieter whisper. "Dad's pulling an all nighter at work again. You might want to get invited to a sleepover too, or it'll be just you and Mom home tonight."

If only.

Jake felt his heart sink, his stomach clench, at the thought of being home alone with his mother. His father wasn't at work and everyone knew it. He was out getting his dick wet. And, rather than confront the asshole on his cheating, Jake's mother would take out her frustration, as always, on Jake.

Maybe, if he stayed in his room, made as little noise as he possibly could, she'd forget he was there and leave him alone?

One of the dining room doors opened, the angry form of Jake's mother appearing

through the doorway holding two plates. Pasta. She'd cooked pasta. His father's favourite food. His mother had cooked his father's favourite food for him on one of the days he'd decided to sleep with another woman.

No-one said a word. Not even Jess.

His mother slammed a plate down in front of Jake so hard he was scared she might have accidentally smashed it. When she did the same for Jess, his sister flinched.

Maybe I should make like Jess and get out of here while I can.

He didn't exactly have any friends he could bunk with on short notice, but even a night spent outside on a bench somewhere seemed better than being home alone with his mother right now.

They ate in silence; Jake lost in thought, Jess unusually quiet and reserved, and their mother glaring angrily at everything in the room - especially her own food.

The moment he was done, Jake rushed to his bedroom and began tearing off his school uniform.

He'd never done this before. Stayed out all night. He'd had a few sleep-overs, a few camping trips, but nothing like this. Jake was alone as the sun began to set, outdoors and on his own for the rest of the night.

Before making his quick retreat from the house, before his mother could catch on and forbid him from going out, Jake slipped on a thick winter jacket and emptied out his school backpack. It was slung over his shoulder right now, its only contents being the grimoire and some snacks for the night ahead.

It was cold. Colder than he'd expected.

Still better than home.

He walked silently, thinking and planning.

Something needed to change at home. His mother needed to stop being a total bitch to him. If she was pissed that her husband was cheating, that was her problem. Jake wanted nothing to do with it, and was tired of being dragged into the bullshit because his mother needed a verbal punching bag.

Things needed to change, one way or another.

But how?

It was a question he'd been asking himself for weeks. Only now, he had an answer.

The grimoire.

Somewhere in there was a spell that could help him. There had to be. If the grimoire's magic could erase memories, it stood to reason that it must contain something to deal with his mother's bitch attitude.

Unfortunately, none of the spells he'd found so far seemed like they'd fit his needs.

He could make her breasts bigger, he supposed. Though what good that would do he had no idea. Might be a funny punishment for how she treated him. He pictured his mother, already busty as she was, with cartoonishly huge breasts. He shook his head.

No, he needed a real plan, not some stupid, silly payback.

He could make her think of him, or anyone really, any time he wanted. But that seemed even less helpful. He checked off the other spells until only two remained.

The Stick of Broken Memory. He could erase his mother's recent memories at will. It might not do much to change her attitude, but having the ability to call her a cunt and take out *his own* frustrations on her and then instantly making her forget might make him feel a little better.

Or there was the Band of Blind Sight. Not so useful if he made one of his mother; being able to see through her eyes wouldn't help him at all. But, if he made it so that he could see through his father's eyes...

Ideas flowed through Jake's mind as he walked. If he could see through his father's eyes, he'd find out the identity of the woman he was having his affair with.

And then what?

Make an image of the woman pop into his mother's head? What would that accomplish? And how would he even get some of the random woman's hairs? No, that wouldn't do.

But he could make images of his mother pop into his father's head while he was cheating. Maybe force him to feel guilty and stop. He could use a Band of Blind Sight to know when it was happening, and the Admirer's Lamp to guilt his father out of it.

Would that work?

As Jake considered it, another idea found its way into his thoughts.

What if he used the Admirer's Lamp on Jess?

He could make her think of him while she was masturbating.

Jake stopped walking, stunned.

At first, he was repulsed by the thought. It felt wrong, slimy, to do that to his sister. But, the more he allowed himself to consider about it, the more sense it made.

It wasn't like he was forcing her to do anything. He wouldn't be making her masturbate to him against her will. It would just be an image of him in his sister's mind. If she continued to masturbate, then that was on her.

It wasn't *making* her do anything. He was just giving her an option she probably hadn't considered before. That was all.

There wasn't anything wrong with giving people more options.

If anything, he was making things fair. He'd been thinking of her for so long, it was only right that she consider him in that same sexual way too.

If he *did* do it, no-one would get hurt.

Would it be so bad if he only do it once? Just once. So he could see what Jess would do. If she'd continue masturbating or if she'd stop. That's all. Just once.

Very, very carefully, Jake descended the slope of The Pit. In the dying light, it was nearly impossible to see which sections were safe and which were dangerous to climb down. Still, it wasn't like he had anywhere else to go tonight. One of The Pit's large concrete cylinders would have to do.

He didn't like the idea of spending a night here, but he liked the idea of spending the night at home a whole lot less.

After a bit of searching, he found a concrete cylinder that would do the job. High enough off the ground that it wouldn't fill with water if it happened to rain during the night, large enough for him to fit comfortably inside, out of the way enough that no passer-bys would be able to see him.

Wishing he'd had the time and foresight to bring a sleeping bag or blanket with him, Jake climbed into the cylinder. Getting comfortable wasn't easy - the curve of the cylinder and the arc of Jake's back not matching at all. But it would have to do.

He took a deep breath, reached into a pocket and pulled out the blindfold.

When he opened his eyes from underneath it, the silk wrapped tightly around his head, he couldn't help but wince at the brightness. Going from the dark, unlit outdoors to a room bright with warm light had more of an effect on Jake than he would have thought possible.

Jess, it seemed, was in her friend's bedroom.

There were several of them. Three that Jake could see, not including his sister. And they were watching something on a large screen. A TV show or a movie?

Whatever it was, the girls didn't seem to be paying too much attention to it. Jess' head turned this way and that, towards each one of the girls. Their mouths were moving, though Jake couldn't hear any of what they were saying.

He tried to read their lips, tried to gain even the slightest bit of understanding of what they were talking about. But he couldn't. Their lips were moving too fast for him to

keep up with.

Instead, he ignored their mouths, began looking at their bodies instead.

Minutes and hours ticked by slowly, Jake watching through his sister's eyes, lost in his own thoughts or else taking in the not-so alien sights of a girl's sleep-over.

What had he been expecting? Make-overs? Pillow fights?

For the most part, the girls just chatted and watched movies together. At one point they started playing video games. Food was brought up to their room, take-away from some fast food place. It made Jake's stomach rumble to watch. What few snacks he had were as uncomfortably cold as he was; seeing all the warm, delicious food his sister and her friends had to eat was torture.

Not long after they were done eating, one of the girl's stood. She was pretty, though no-where near as beautiful as Jess, and was still wearing her school uniform. Or most of it, at least. Her blazer and tie were no-where to be seen, the top few buttons of her white shirt undone. This one, Jake had deduced, was the girl who lived there. It was her house the sleepover was happening at.

She was talking, lips moving soundlessly. Though, almost instantly, Jake's attention was drawn elsewhere. The girl's hands were moving, stopping over the front of her white school shirt. And, one by one, the girl started undoing buttons.

The other girls, Jess included, follow her example, started to strip out of their clothes one piece at a time.

Jake watch, bewildered, instantly erect, as the girls stripped to their underwear and, in one case, totally naked. He couldn't see much of the others, what with Jess' vision and attention on herself rather than the other girls, but the glimpses that he did see were beyond arousing.

And Jess! Her body, slender and toned, curvy hips, was simply amazing. She didn't remove her bra to reveal those small breasts, nor did she take off her panties, but everything else came away to reveal her near-perfect body.

Jake took in as much as he could, forcing himself to remember as much skin as possible, before his sister's nightie fell over her head, hiding her body from sight.

The next few moments passed in a blur. Someone turned the bedroom light off, casting the bedroom in darkness. The girls all climbed onto the same bed, sharing the large blanket. One of them, the girl who lived there, flicked through movies on the TV, finally landing on a horror-thriller.

As the movie started the play, Jake's thoughts finally caught up with him.

He'd seen his sister's body.

He'd seen her in her underwear.

The closest he'd ever come to that before was a few months ago, he'd seen her in a one-piece bathing suit.

She was wearing pink panties. A white bra.

If only Jess had looked in a mirror while standing there in her undies. Jake wished he could see his sister's whole body at once. Her smiling face, her athletic build without clothes to hide it. What he wouldn't give to glimpse her naked...

Eventually, in the early hours of the morning, Jess finally fell asleep, leaving Jake in total darkness.

He removed the blindfold, placed it back in his pocket.

His back ached, stung. How long had he been sitting here?

A glance at the sky didn't tell him much. It was pitch black, save for the faint stars. He could check his phone, but he didn't want to. It was pointless. Knowing the time wouldn't make it go by any quicker.

Instead, he thought, planned, daydreamed.

When the sky finally began to brighten, hours and hours later, Jake climbed out of the concrete cylinder. His back hurt. A lot. But he ignored it. He had things to do today. Spells to make. Standing around complaining wasn't going to do anything but waste valuable time.

First, He'd head home. Collect his money. Make a list of ingredients.

Then he'd go out and buy them.

He could sleep later, tonight, after he'd tested the Admirer's Lamp, made more Sticks of Broken Memory. After he'd brewed the potion. Then he could sleep.

For now, he had work to do.