

## Grimoire

### Chapter 4

Jake tapped on his sister's bedroom door, waited.

This was it. Testing time. He'd find out if his plan worked or not in the next few moments. If it didn't, he'd think of something else. But, if it did...

The door opened, revealing his beautiful sister. She smiled when she saw him.

"Hey," Jake began, grip tightening on the sheets of paper he held in his right hand. "I was wondering if you could help me with something for school."

Jess smiled wider, curiosity raising her eyebrow.

"Sure," she said, glancing down at the paper. "What do you need help with?"

It was Sunday evening. He'd have done this yesterday, if Jess had been home. Instead, she'd spent another night sleeping over at a friend's house. A different house, this time. Jake had watched through her eyes again, falling asleep still wearing the blindfold.

It was disappointing to have to wait, but at least he got time to unlock more pages of the grimoire. Not many - every time he bled himself onto the strange book's pages, he felt himself grow tired and drained.

That was curious, and more than a little worrying.

"I'm supposed to find people to fill in this questionnaire survey thing for me. We're learning about data analysis or something, and the more people who fill out the forms, the better."

Lying wasn't as easy as he thought it would be. Sure, Jake could lie to his mother or father or teachers with ease. But there was something about Jess that made lying to her feel wrong.

He lifted the sheets of paper for her to take.

"It's all anonymous, no names or anything. Could you fill it in for me please?"

Jess took the questionnaire from him, smile never faltering.

He waiting in the doorway as Jess ticked boxes and filled out the fake survey, thanked her when she handed the completed thing back to him.

Back in his room, he read over his sister's answers.

The questionnaire was set up simply. A question, followed by a multi-choice answer. All in all, there were upwards of fifty questions in total. And, of those many questions, only one of them mattered to Jake right there and then.

'How comfortable are you with your body?'

Of the five options, Jess had answered with the fourth. Between 'Neutral' and 'Not Very'.

Which meant that his sister wasn't as happy with her body as she should be. Save for her small breasts, Jess had an absolutely perfect, jaw-dropping body. A round ass, slender hips, toned legs and lean stomach. She was perfect.

The only reason she couldn't be happy with her body, the only thing that could even be considered imperfect about her was her small bust.

Which meant that Jess didn't like having small breasts.

Jake's eyes drifted over to his desk, the small shot-glass he'd stolen from the kitchen, filled with a thick brown liquid.

The breast-enlargement potion.

He'd brewed it earlier today, while Jess was still with her friends and his mother was out shopping. There had only been enough for one dose, but he'd followed the instructions to the letter. It should work.

His sister must want bigger breasts, and Jake could help with that. All he had to do was get her to drink the potion.

First, however, he needed her to forget about filling in the questionnaire. The less she knew about what he was doing, the better. Thankfully, he had just the thing to help

make his sister forget all about it.

Next to the potion-filled shot-glass were three sticks with string wrapped carefully around them. Each one was a Stick of Broken Memory, all made to erase his sister's memory of him from the last ten minutes.

Jake walked over to them, snapped one.

He picked up the potion, carried it out of his room and over to Jess' bedroom door. He tapped it, feeling his heart racing away in his chest.

If this didn't work, if Jess declined to drink it, he could always snap another stick and try again. Even so, he couldn't help but feel nervous.

When the door opened, Jake forced a smile onto his face.

Jess stood there, curious and smiling herself, her eyes flicked down to the shot-glass and quickly back up.

"Hey," Jake said, feeling a tightness in his throat. "I was wondering if you could help me with something."

The smile never left Jess' face. It didn't waver at all.

"Sure," she replied, beaming. "What do you need help with?"

If she remembered him asking the same thing just a few minutes before, Jess didn't show it.

"I've been learning how to cook and make drinks and stuff, and I was wondering if you'd taste test something for me..."

The moment Jake was back in his room, he rushed over to his desk and slapped down the drained shot-glass. He picked up one of the remaining sticks, snapped it.

Silence followed.

He'd done it. He'd convinced her to drink it.

It hadn't even been that difficult. All he'd needed to do was ask and she drank it.

From the look on her face, the taste had been foul. Jess had made some comment about how bitter it was, asked what the ingredients were. He hadn't answered, apologised for her not liking it, retreated.

But she drank it!

According to the grimoire, the potion's effects weren't immediate. It would happen the next time Jess slept. Which meant that tomorrow morning, Jess would have bigger boobs.

If the potion worked.

Which there was no guarantee it would.

But, if it did, it would be because Jess wanted it. She'd answered that she wasn't totally happy, or even neutral, about her body. So this was to help her. Jake was helping her feel happier about herself and her body.

Her beautiful, amazing body.

Jake shook his head, pushed the image of his sister's almost naked body from his mind.

He hadn't needed to use the third Stick of Broken Memory tonight, but he'd probably have a use for it at some point in the future. He hid it away in one of his drawers.

A few seconds later, he was sat at his desk, grimoire open to a random blank page near the middle of the book. Once again, he pricked the tip of his finger, pressed it down onto the page.

Loud beeping woke Jake from sleep.

His mind, whirring and dizzy and unfocused, at first didn't realise the time. Then questioned why his alarm was going off so early, a full hour before it was supposed to. But, not long after he asked himself the question, he remembered the answer.

He'd set his alarm to go off an hour early, before everyone else was awake. Before

Jess was awake. He'd gone to sleep early for it, fighting off the urge to watch through his sister's eyes in the hopes that he'd catch her masturbating again. All so he could be awake before her, so he could look through her eyes as she woke up, began getting ready for school, changed clothes and maybe even showered.

That single thought was enough to propel Jake out of bed.

As quickly as he could manage, he threw on his school uniform and rammed every school-book he had into his bag. Taking care of it now meant more time watching through Jess' eyes later.

Within a few minutes, he was laying back down in bed, blindfold wrapped around his head, staring into darkness.

He waited. Shifted about to get more comfortable. Waited more.

Watching the blackness. Waiting. Relaxing...

The next thing Jake was aware of was waking up to the sound of someone knocking on his bedroom door.

"Are you up yet?" Jess asked from the other side. "We have to leave soon. Hurry up."

*Huh?*

He opened his eyes, saw his own bedroom door from the outside.

That only added to the confusion.

"Yeah," Jake replied automatically, sleepily, just loud enough for Jess to hear.

His vision - no, Jess' vision - shifted slightly, side to side. She was shaking her head. Jess turned, began walking towards the kitchen.

He'd fallen asleep.

While waiting for Jess to wake up, he'd fallen back to sleep.

*Idiot.*

His hand came up, pushed the blindfold aside. Instantly, the world changed. He wasn't walking down the stairs any more, but laying down on his bed.

*Well, he mused, that plan failed.*

He shouldn't have gotten back into bed, shouldn't have gotten himself comfortable. He could have sat in his chair, or stood, or gone to make himself some coffee. Anything but lay back down.

But he'd been tired, exhausted.

He'd been exhausted a lot lately. Tired and sleepy and drained. Especially after using the grimoire.

No, not using it. Unlocking it. Revealing the pages.

Every time he did, he felt tired, a rush of pain followed by weariness. For some reason, every time he bled onto the grimoire's blank pages, he felt drained afterwards.

It made him uncomfortable to think about.

What *was* the grimoire, really?

What was it doing to him?

The plain, modern English it was written in made it seem like the book must be a copy, not the original. Yet the trick with the blood, the fact that no other liquid he'd tried worked, only blood, seemed anything but natural. The book's magic worked, there was no denying that. But was the book itself somehow magical?

It drained him. Sapped him of energy. Why?

And who was that old woman? Why had she buried the book in the Pit where no-one was likely to ever find it?

His eyes drifted to his desk, to where the grimoire sat snugly on the wood. Closed, clasp shut.

When Jake entered the kitchen, saw his sister, he froze.

Her breasts were bigger. Noticeably so. Where before, Jess had been almost entirely flat, now her chest swelled out. Still small, nowhere close to being huge, but easily

larger than they had been last night. If that was the effect of a single potion dose, then it would only take a handful before Jess had the biggest breasts around. If he had her drink the potion every night, by this time next week they'd be huge.

Jake tore his eyes away before Jess could catch him staring.

He paused, a realisation blossoming.

Then again, if she did catch him staring, all he needed to do was break the remaining Stick of Broken Memory and she'd forget all about it.

Hell, if he wanted to, he could *tell* her how much he liked them. Or grope them. Lift her shirt and *look* at them.

Or more.

He shuddered, shook the thought away.

No, he wouldn't go that far. Never that far. If he could convince her, make her want to do those things, that was one thing. But forcing her was out of the question, even if he did have the power to.

But, if she wanted to...

"Hey sleepyhead," Jess said, smirking. "Ready to go?"

Jake, blushing, nodded his head.

Whenever Jake had a moment of spare time, a few minutes where he could get away with it, he looked into magic books online. He renewed his search for information on the grimoire's creator, even looked up famous old women in his town. If he could find the grimoire's previous owner, he might learn more about it.

He found nothing. Nothing that sounded real, anyway. People claiming to be modern-day witches, spells and incantations and books for sale. All of it had the stink of bullshit. Yet, for however much Jake wanted to dismiss it all, he couldn't. He'd seen magic working. He had a real book of magic spells. Who was to say some of these other people didn't have the same? But how was he supposed to tell the real from the fake when it all sounded like nonsense to begin with?

Likewise, he had no luck searching for the nameless old woman.

His search for Malath von Graas-Weix, the supposed author of the original grimoire, revealed no new information. Another dead end with no-where to go from.

When school was finally over for the day, Jake having spent a good portion of his time there searching for information, he began the walk home knowing nothing more than he had that morning.

*It doesn't matter*, he told himself.

Tonight, he'd watch through his sister's eyes, see if she decided to masturbate again. If she did, he'd use the Admirer's Lamp and make her think about him. If not, then he'd spend the time revealing more pages of the grimoire.

The more spells he had access to, the more he could use. Who knew what he'd be able to do once the whole thing was unlocked.

Thanks to his weekend shopping, Jake had all the items he needed ready in his room. All he had to do was follow the detailed instructions, not make any mistakes.

He needed a few strands of Jess' hair to wrap around a small stone. His small collection of her blonde hairs - taken from a simple hairbrush - was swiftly disappearing. If he wanted to keep making these spells, he'd need to obtain more of her hair somehow. For the time being, he had enough to make the Lamp work.

Jake placed the hair-covered stone into a tiny string pouch, tightened the string, placed it at the bottom of a glass bowl.

Next came the water. Filling the bowl to the rim, being careful that the pouch didn't come undone. Jake carefully placed the specified green leaf onto the water, and a tiny flake of copper onto that.

And it was done.

If everything had been completed correctly, all he needed to do was light the little flake of copper on fire and the Lamp would come to life.

Now all he had to do was wait.

Jess was watching a movie in her room, laying in bed, still wearing her school uniform. She was laying on her side, which made Jake, sitting upright as he was, feel a strange sense of vertigo.

Nothing interesting happened for the longest time. Jess simply watched her TV unmoving, blinking every now and then.

It was only as bed-time approached, the movie coming to an end, that Jess got moving. She stood up, looked down at her chest for a moment, shook her head. Then she walked over to her mirror.

Seeing her reflection, how beautiful she was, Jake couldn't help but grin. An uncomfortable stiffness slowly came into existence between his legs.

Bright blonde hair, full lips with soft pink lip-gloss, those amazing ghostly grey eyes. She wasn't smiling now, didn't have that air of energy and positivity. Instead, she was staring at her reflection, not quite frowning, examining herself.

Jess turned slightly, looking at herself from the side, turned the other way. Her eyes were focused on her breasts.

Jake's grin widened, was replaced with pure shock and glee as Jess began removing her blazer, unbuttoning her shirt.

Button after button came undone, at first revealing nothing more than her collar, then the slight bit of cleavage she'd grown overnight, then enough for Jake to see her pink bra. Lower and lower until the last button was undone and her flat, toned stomach was exposed.

The white shirt came away, revealing Jess' chest in all its glory. Unfortunately, the moment it was off, Jess turned around, neatly folded it and set it to one side, cut off Jake's view of the mirror and her reflection. It was only when she turned back to the mirror that Jake realised how tight the bra looked on her.

Her hands came up again, this time going behind Jess' back.

A second later, the straps of her bra went slack.

Jake could resist no longer, as the bra fell from his sister's body, his own hand shot between his legs, started rubbing.

His eyes were locked on the rosy pink nipples, small and cute and pointing outwards. Jess spun left, right, causing her breasts to jiggle. She was examining them, looking at them. She lifted her hands, cupped one in each. She squeezed them together, let go, began removing her school skirt.

When she took off her white panties, Jake orgasmed.

Jess shaved. She was completely bald there.

Bald and smooth and pink.

Unfortunately, Jess didn't masturbate. Once she was done putting on her nightie, she went to the bathroom, brushed her teeth while sitting on the toilet, cleaned her face, headed back to her bedroom to sleep.

Jake waited, watched, for a good twenty minutes. When he saw nothing but darkness - Jess' eyes were closed - he decided she must be asleep and took the blindfold off.

He looked down, frowned.

His school shirt was damp, his cum sinking into the fabric. A hint of the familiar smell radiated upwards from where he'd ejaculated onto himself. He shook his head, made a silent note to himself to remove his clothes before putting the Band of Blind Sight on next

time.

With a deep sigh, he began stripping out of the sticky shirt.

The image of Jess standing there naked, posing this way and that with her new, bigger boobs, was burned into his mind. He wished he'd taken pictures, recorded the whole thing so he could watch it again later. Was that even possible? Taking pictures through the blindfold?

It was something for him to test at some point.

His eyes drifted to the unlit Admirer's Lamp. It was a shame he wouldn't be able to test it tonight, but sometime soon he would. He'd make Jess think about him while she was touching herself. His imagination spiked, dreaming up a world where Jess continued to masturbate, thinking about him. Him making a move on her, them having sex.

He pushed the thought away, looked towards the grimoire.

Since Jess was asleep, he might as well reveal more of the book's pages. Seeing as there was no contents page, all he could do was move from one page to the next in the hope of stumbling across something useful.

Unless...

There was no contents page, no directory at the front of the grimoire, but he'd never checked the back. The very last page was still blank, empty. What if the directory was there instead?

In an odd way, it made sense.

If someone was going to create a book, not knowing exactly what would go where, it would be better for them to write the contents page last. At the end.

Jake flipped open the book to its last page, pricked his finger and ignored the pain, pressed the bleeding fingertip down.

Blood flowed across the page, large and bold, formed into just two huge words across the page. Jake's blood went cold, his chest tightening as he read them.

*Hello Jake.*