

Grimoire

Chapter 6

"Why does revealing pages make me tired?" Jake asked aloud.

He knew he didn't need to say the words. All he had to do was think them and the grimoire would give him the answers. It knew what he was thinking, it could read his mind. Even knowing that, or perhaps because he knew it, he preferred speaking aloud. The idea that a book knew his every thought was unsettling.

The red on the page moved, formed neat, cursive letters and words. In a heartbeat, the shapeless red stain had transformed into coherent sentences.

It's not just blood you're feeding the pages. In order to use the grimoire, you must bond with it.

Bond? What did that mean, exactly?

The blood swirled, reshaped itself.

When you give blood to the pages, a part of your essence is also bled into the grimoire.

Jake felt his heart thump. What 'essence' was the grimoire talking about? An image conjured itself in his mind of his soul leaving his body, devoured by the magical tome, leaving nothing but an empty husk behind.

Until recently, he hadn't even believed in magic. Now, anything was possible. Were souls real? If they were, was he giving up a part of his to use the grimoire? Was he literally selling his soul?

"Is it dangerous?" Jake asked the book.

Red shifted once again, combining together at the page's centre into a single, large word.

No.

Gathering the materials for the new spell, the one that would allow him to see Jess naked whenever he wanted, had to wait for the weekend. Jake spent the days planning, filling more of the grimoire's pages out with his blood. Again, he gave his sister a dose of breast enlargement potion, erasing her memories of it moments later.

Jess was far from being flat chested now. She didn't have the biggest boobs around yet, instead hovering somewhere around the average, but it was only a matter of time.

Of the new grimoire pages he'd unlocked, a lot were useless potions and charms with very little by way of useful spells to be found. But, every now and then, he found a spell that certainly sounded worthwhile. One that would put whoever he wanted into a deep sleep for however long Jake desired, another that forced a person to speak nothing but the truth, others. More and more spells added to his arsenal every day.

When Saturday finally arrived, he left the house with his a list of things to buy and all the money he had left. It would be close, but he should be able to afford everything. Thankfully, a good portion of the things he needed could be obtained for free.

A tree branch long enough to be wrapped comfortably around a person's head, honey and paper and the ash from specifically burned flowers, a small shard of glass. On and on the list went.

When it finally came time to construct the Crown of False Kings, Jake had to double and triple check the list to make sure he'd gotten everything he needed. The only thing missing was his sister's hair.

He'd used up the very last of it during the week.

Jake dumped his shopping and scavenged items in his room, went knocking on his sister's bedroom door. If she wasn't in, he'd look for a hairbrush in her room to take hairs from. If she was there, all he had to do was pull the hairs straight from her head and use his hidden Stick of Broken Memory to make her forget.

No answer came from the other side of the door.

Jake knocked again, waited.

Nothing.

Slowly, quietly, he opened the door and peeked inside.

The room was empty, quiet.

Jess was probably out with her friends again. That was perfect. Jake walked into his sister's bedroom, started searching around for a hairbrush. It didn't take long to find one.

He'd been watching through her eyes almost every day. He knew her room about as he knew his own at this point. Knew where she kept her make-up and the seldom-used diary, knew exactly where Jess hid her money, the password to her computer, where her dildo was hidden.

Watching her that very morning, witnessing her struggling to put on a now way too small bra, had been one of the highlights of his spying on her.

After collecting the hairs he needed, Jake started towards the bedroom door, stopped.

He turned to the dresser, walked over to it, opened the drawer that he knew contained Jess' bright blue dildo. He'd seen it several times now, but never in person. Never with his own eyes. Jake moved everything aside until the familiar blue sight came into view.

Without thinking, he reached out and touched it. His hand shot back the moment it made contact. It was soft; rubbery, plastic and smooth.

Where had she gotten it? Did their mother know Jess owned a dildo? Jake shook his head. It didn't matter. All that mattered was replacing the dildo with his own dick. Anything else was unimportant. A distraction.

There it was again, that familiar ache at the back of his mind. A tugging, incessant throbbing.

Jake ignored it, covered up the dildo and closed the drawer, turned and headed back to his room.

Making the Crown took time, more than Jake had thought it would. Shaping the tree branch into a hoop that would sit snugly atop his head absorbed most of that time. It had to be done perfectly, with no straining or snapping the wood. As always, the grimoire gave detailed instructions on how to do exactly that.

The shard of glass, wrapped in his sister's hair, was glued in place where Jake's forehead would be using honey. At first, he'd been certain that the honey wouldn't be strong enough, and the whole thing would fall apart. Then he'd tested it, tugging on the glass shard, trying to pull it free. Somehow, the honey held it in place no matter how hard Jake tried to pry it apart.

Eventually, the Crown was done.

Looking down at the crude tree-branch circlet, Jake felt his heart begin to race.

He reached down, picked up the Crown. Slowly, he lowered it down onto his head.

Nothing happened.

He didn't feel any different. Looking down at his body, he didn't appear any different either.

It was only when his eyes drifted past his bedroom window, only when he saw his reflection, was he sure that the Crown worked. Jake reached for his phone, took a quick selfie, stared at the phone screen in amazement.

Bright blonde hair, full lips and ghostly grey eyes. The image of Jess wasn't wearing make-up, but of course it wouldn't be. Jake wasn't, after all. The Jess in the picture was wearing a plain black hoodie, same as Jake was wearing. Though, where Jake's hoodie was flat at his chest, the hoodie in the picture swelled outwards tightly.

The Crown of False Kings was certainly one way to see Jess naked any time he

wanted. But it was so much more than that. The book had gone overkill with Jake's request. Wearing the Crown, he could be absolutely anyone - the rest of the world would see only the person he wanted them to. All he needed was hair, a single strand, and he'd be able to disguise himself as anyone.

Sure, he could strip off all his clothes right now - snap pictures of his body, awkward as that might be, and end up with nudes of his sister. But the Crown was capable of so much more than just nudes.

If only Jess had a boyfriend. Jake could have worn a Crown made with the guy's hair, seduced Jess and erased her memories of it afterwards.

He could become one of her friends, see where that went. With the Sticks, he could try anything he wanted - if it didn't go his way, all he had to do was snap one and try something else.

For now, though...

Awkwardly, Jake lifted the hoodie over his head, stripped out of the t-shirt underneath. Embarrassed, unable to shake the silly, idiotic feeling, he raised his phone, hit record.

"You okay? You've been glued to your phone all morning."

Jake looked up from the screen, from the video of his sister's naked body. Jess was standing across the kitchen, watching him with curious eyes.

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine."

Jess eyed him for a long moment, obviously expecting some kind of explanation. When Jake said nothing, she shrugged. "Just try to pay attention in school. Last thing you want to do is give Mom more reasons to get pissy about."

Jake nodded, glanced back down at the screen.

The video wasn't long. Less than a minute. And it was him. But not him. He'd been the one standing there, topless, feeling like a tool recording himself. But it was Jess on the video. Her body. Her topless. Her breasts.

They were breathtaking. So smooth and round. Jess was pale skinned, almost snow-white, and her new breasts were no different. The only colour on them were the two perfect nipples. Pink and pretty and, thanks to the cold room when he'd recorded the clip, hard and firm. He'd moved from side to side a little while recording and, on the video, that translated to slight, tiny bounces. She was slim, fit, absolutely stunning.

And all his.

Right now, Jess didn't have a boyfriend. From what he'd seen while spying in on her, reading her texts, Jake had discovered that a few guys had shown interest in Jess since her sudden breast growth. But Jess had turned them all down. Every single one.

With the grimoire, Jake would find a way to win her over.

With the grimoire, anything was possible.

"What are you looking at anyway?" Jess asked and, much to Jake's horror, began walking over to get a look.

He stashed the phone in his pocket before she could catch a glimpse. The thought of Jess seeing her own topless body on his phone was unimaginable.

If Jess was offended or surprised by the action, she didn't show it. Instead a wide smile spread her lips.

"Something you don't want me to see?" Jess grinned. "Not watching porn, are you? Or... Do you have a girlfriend?"

The last word came out as an excited whisper. His sister's smile grew wider, brighter, at Jake's reaction.

"No!" Jess thought he had a girlfriend? "No, not at all!"

Her eyes twinkled. "So it's a girl you like then? Come on, show me. I'll put in a good word for you."

Jake only realised he was backing away when his legs bumped into a kitchen counter. Jess was advancing on him, somehow appearing both amazingly beautiful and terrifyingly predatory. She was grinning, hooked on his panic.

"It's, uh," Jake's mind raced. Searched for an escape. "Time for school!"

It was early still, earlier than they usually left. But Jake spun on his heels and darted for the door all the same. Behind him, he heard a beautiful, heart-warming giggle.

They chatted all the way to the school gates; more than they usually talked. Jess, for some reason, seemed unusually interested in Jake, in his love life. No doubt, she was prying for information on his 'crush'. Jake told her nothing. Unfortunately, that seemed to only make Jess all the more curious.

Sitting at his desk, the Admirer's Lamp in front of him once again, Jake slipped on the blindfold. Instantly he was somewhere else. His sister's room. Staring down at a laptop.

Homework. History homework, by the look of it.

Jake let out a groan. This wasn't going to be pleasant. If Jess had been messaging her friends, he might have learned something new. Something useful. But homework? Boring.

Still, he watched and waited. There was no telling when she'd decide to masturbate. If she decided to.

He needed to be there watching, waiting. Ready at a moment's notice to light the Lamp.

The more he did it, used the Lamp on her while she was playing with herself, the more Jess would become used to thinking about him during it. Maybe... Maybe if he did it enough, he wouldn't need to any more. Maybe Jess would start thinking about him by herself. And, if she was masturbating thinking about him by herself, how hard could it be to get her to act on those thoughts?

So Jake watched. Waited.

After History came Maths. After that, Jess rose to her feet, picked up her pjs, headed to the bathroom.

Jake was alert in an instant, sleepy boredom replaced with raw excitement. Jess was going to take a shower. She was going to be naked - the real her - rubbing her wet, soapy body. And he was going to see it all.

Not for the first time, he wished he could record through the blindfold. But he'd tested it already, used the camera on his phone and tried to record his sister's vision. It didn't work. Darkness was all the video showed.

Still, even if he couldn't record it, he could still enjoy the sight.

Before she began taking her school uniform off, Jess stared into the mirror for a long moment. She looked thoughtful, contemplative. Then she shook her head, smiled softly at her reflection, began undressing.

First to come off was her black cardigan. Jess removed it quickly, folded it neatly to one side. Jake watched, hand reaching down to his already rock-hard cock, as, one by one, Jess began undoing the buttons of her white school shirt.

First her collar, then her upper chest. Then Jess' new cleavage came into view, and the edges of her bra. Another button, and more of that white, frilly bra was exposed. It looked uncomfortably tight on her, squeezing her breasts, crushing them against her body. When the last button came undone, Jess slipped out of the shirt, placed it carefully atop her cardigan, reached up behind her back.

A moment later, her tits bounced free, the frilly bra dropping to the floor. Painful-looking red outlines marked where the bra had been which, much to Jake's pleasure, Jess began to massage gently.

The breasts bounced, jiggled and jerked as Jess rubbed away at the sore lines.

He could have watched forever. His beautiful sister, her sexy body, those stunning

eyes and full lips. He wanted to reach out and touch her, kiss her, play with the tits he'd given her.

Instead, he lifted the blindfold, feeling a pang of regret.

If he ever wanted things to go further than this, than just watching, he had to act. He could watch forever, sure, but he wanted more than to just watch. He wanted to participate.

Using a newly-bought lighter, he ignited the Admirer's Lamp.

Jake lowered the blindfold, checked on Jess. She'd stopped massaging her breasts now, was examining the red marks instead, a frown marring her beautiful face.

Quickly, he plucked a hair from his head, resisting the urge to wince at the tiny spike of pain. He dropped the hair above where the flame was, watched Jess intently.

She froze, tilted her head. A finger came up to her shoulder, trailed its way down one of the red lines, under her armpit, along the ribs, circling up and around her breast. Her mouth fell slightly open, wordless. The finger continued to trail, ignoring the lines now, following another invisible path, circling around Jess' breast, slowly spiralling in towards her hard nipple.

She brushed around the edge of her areola, thumb joining the finger in its circling tease.

Jake, captivated, wanting more, plucked another hair from his head, dropped it on the flame.

The world went dark as Jess shut her eyes. Moments passed, long seconds, before she opened them again. The first thing Jake saw was his sister's nipple being squeezed in one hand, pulled and tugged gently. The second thing was the look on Jess' face. An expression he'd never seen there before. It was lust, pure and simple. Undeniable. Jess was aroused, horny.

It was a face that mirrored how he'd felt so many times. An almost animal need for release.

And now it was on his sister's face.

While she was thinking about him.

Jess masturbated before going to sleep. Jake fed the Lamp his hairs while she went at it, and she didn't stop. Didn't hesitate.

As soon as he was convinced she was asleep, he pulled off the blindfold, tossed it aside, blew out the Admirer's Lamp, reached for the grimoire.

What would you like to know?

His blood formed the bold words as soon as he lifted his sore fingertip from the page. Jake stared at the words, considered how to word the question. He didn't want to sound...

No, there is no individual spell that will allow you to control the mind of another person.

Jake couldn't help but feel disappointed at the information.

The grimoire had so many pages, so many spells. Surely one must have something to do with controlling people...

Apparently not.

Unbidden, the red words shifted, reformed.

Using the right combination of spells, however, might give you the results you desire.

"What do you mean?" Jake asked, hope reignited.

Just as you've been doing with the Band of Blind Sight and the Admirer's Lamp, and your manipulations with the Stick of Broken Memory.

Manipulations? Jake winced. It wasn't the word he would have gone with. He was just nudging. Evening the odds...

The right spells, in the right order, might give you the results you desire. Depending

on exactly what it is that you desire.

Jake paused, considered. Finally, he spoke.

"I want someone to have sex with me. No, not just to want to. I want them to actually do it," he whispered, leaning in close. "Is there a combination of spells that will help with that?"

There are many different combinations which may be suitable for that purpose.

Jake smiled. Heart beating heavily, excitement growing with every blood-red word he read. It was actually going to happen. He was going to have sex with Jess.

"Will you help me find the right one, the one that works best?" Jake asked the tome.

Red shifted, morphed into a single, perfect word.

Yes.