

## Grimoire

### Chapter 7

"The old woman - the one who buried you in the Pit - who is she?"

The grimoire was real. A book filled with real, powerful magic. Why would anyone throw it away? If Jake hadn't been there to see her bury it, the grimoire would have been lost for a very long time. Maybe forever.

*Her name is Vera. She's a witch-hunter of sorts. She sought to rid the world of my magic and knowledge.*

A witch-hunter? That stooped old hag?

"Why didn't she just set you on fire or something?" Jake asked, confused. "Why go through the trouble of digging a hole to put you in?"

The red words morphed, transformed.

*I can't be destroyed. The grimoire was created to last forever, simple fire cannot harm me.*

That was new information. He'd tried all kinds of things other than his own blood, but every liquid he used simply ran off the page - even the ones that should have stained it left no mark behind. Could that be a part of the grimoire's supposed invulnerability?

"Vera, the old woman, where does she live?"

Jake had made up his mind a while ago. If he was going to be using the grimoire, he needed to know as much about how it worked and what it was as he could. Where better to learn than from its previous owner?

For a long moment, the red words didn't move. Then, almost grudgingly, they warped into an address. As soon as Jake had read it, the words shifted again, quickly this time.

*Vera is dangerous. If she discovers that you have the grimoire, she will stop and nothing to end you. I strongly advise staying away.*

The old woman, dangerous? When Jake had witnessed her disposing of the grimoire, the hag had seemed about as frail as a twig. She couldn't be *that* dangerous.

*Underestimate her, and it will be the last thing you do. If you are intent on going, wear the Crown of False Kings. Observe only. Don't speak to her. Even then, be cautious.*

Jake rolled his eyes.

"Do you wanna watch a movie?" Jake asked, suppressing his nervous anxiety. It was one thing to plan, another thing to follow through with it.

Jess tilted her head, curious. "Right now?"

They were at home, Jake standing in her bedroom doorway.

"N-No," Jake stammered. "I mean in the cinema. I want to watch a movie that's coming out on Friday but no-one wants to go with me and it would be embarrassing to go alone, so I was wondering if maybe you wanted to go watch it with me?"

His sister's eyebrows raised, surprised.

"What movie?"

Jake told her, crossed his fingers and hoped the plan worked.

While spying in on Jess, he'd seen that there was a film she wanted to watch, and that all her friends were busy. Jess was the one who had no-one to go with, which left an opening for Jake to slip himself into.

Jess smiled, nodded her head enthusiastically.

And, just like that, he'd scored a date with his sister.

Not a real date, sure. But it was close. A step in the right direction.

Jake flipped through the grimoire pages, marvelling at how many he'd unlocked in such a short time. Five a night, every night. At least. The very first 'Mind' spell in the grimoire was

on the page in front of him.

Mind: Sinful Straw Doll.

It was exactly that, a doll made out of straw which had control over a person's sins. Or, more accurately, the seven deadly sins that supposedly resided within everyone. It amplified one or more of them, depending on which the creator wanted their victim to feel at any given moment.

Lust, Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Wrath, Envy, Pride.

All the creator needed do was slip a piece of paper with one of the seven written on it inside the straw doll, and the victim would become consumed with the cosponsoring sin.

With the Doll, Jake could overwhelm Jess with pure lust any time he wished.

When the time came, he had every intention of creating the Doll and using it to seduce Jess. But, for now at least, he had to wait. The grimoire had warned him against using it until Jess was ready for sex with Jake. If he used it before Jess was fully open to the concept of having sex with him, she'd simply find someone else to satisfy her lust.

Jake reached into his pocket, pulled out his phone. Carefully, he snapped pictures of the page in front of him.

If he was ever without the grimoire - on holiday or at school - he still wanted access to the more useful spells. Already, he'd saved folders full of pictures for future reference.

When he was done snapping pictures, he put his phone down, gave himself a reminder to save the files to his computer the next chance he got.

It was Thursday night now. Tomorrow, after school, was his not-quite-a-date with Jess.

Just the idea of it made Jake warm, exited.

He'd have to sit through a boring movie, sure. But the simple fact that he'd be there with Jess would more than make up for the movie itself.

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

A moment later, it opened. Jess stood there, smiling beautifully. She was always smiling, always happy. Just being around her made Jake want to smile. It was infectious, the joy that radiated off her.

She was wearing make up. Not a lot, barely enough to even be noticed. But Jake had watched through her eyes as she put it on.

It had been artistically applied. Subtly drawing attention to the full lips and bright grey eyes and high cheek bones, the blush on her cheeks looked so natural with Jess' smiling face that, had he not seen her put it on, Jake would never have guessed it was make-up at all.

She was wearing a hoodie. A soft, gentle pink hoodie. He'd seen her wearing it many times in the past. Countless times. But, with her now huge breasts, it looked very different. Before, it had been cute, adorable, pretty. Now it was almost lewd, teasing in how it both revealed her figure and hid her body from sight. The chest swelled out, stretching the thick fabric of the hoodie, breasts held in tightly.

"Can I come in for a moment?" Jake asked, smiling, blushing.

"Sure," Jess answered brightly. She stepped aside.

Once he was safely inside her room, the door closed behind them, Jake turned to Jess, spoke the words he'd planned and rehearsed.

"Hey, I was thinking," he began, trying his best not to sound too awkward. "It would be a good idea to go to a cinema way on the other side of town. In case, you know, someone from school sees us together."

Not wanting to start rumours or mocked for going on a date with a sibling was a good pretext. An excellent excuse to go somewhere no-one was likely to recognise them.

Jess shrugged, still smiling. "Sure."

"And... Well, it'd be weird if we went and didn't chat and hold hands and all that stuff."

Like, people will find it odd. A boy and a girl on a date but not... I don't know. I was thinking we could do a kind of practise date. You know? Like, pretend that we're going on a date and practice for when we go on the real thing one day."

Not exactly the persuasive speech he'd planned, but it would have to do. His heart was pounding away, he could hear its thumping in his ears. His face was red, he could feel the heat radiating from it. He wanted to look away, to run away, but he held firm.

There was a Stick waiting in his room. If this didn't go to plan, he could snap it and try again. As long as he had Sticks, he had endless chances to try making his plan work.

Jess' smile faltered, replaced with an expression that looked just as awkward as Jake felt.

"Uh..." Jess nodded her head, the smile slowly returning. "I guess that's fine. Sure."

It was a victory, yet the atmosphere in the room was still insanely awkward and uncomfortable. Jake felt like he was suffocating in it.

"G-Great. Right, well. I need to get dressed and stuff. So..."

He turned, walked out of her room, shut the door behind him. He slumped against it, let out a deep breath, relaxed. It had worked. Awkward and uncomfortable, Jess probably thought he was a little weird, but he'd done it.

A date, even a fake one, was more than he'd ever dreamed of before. Likely, it was just Jess taking pity on her socially awkward brother, being kind and considerate and nice. But that didn't matter. What mattered was how he could use it to his advantage.

The grimoire was amazing. Beyond amazing. But it could only do so much. Yes, it could potentially help Jake have sex with his sister. Yes, it could solve a number of problems and give him numerous advantages in his quest to seduce her. But it couldn't do everything.

If he wanted her to be his, really his, then he'd have to be creative. He had to plan and think and trick Jess into liking him in the same way that he liked her.

Sure, he might be able to use the Doll to get her to have sex with him, and use a Stick to make her forget afterwards. But he didn't want that. Didn't want to keep erasing her memories over and over. Tempting as it was, Jake wanted more.

Ideally, he wanted a true relationship with her. The two of them to start secretly dating for real. He wanted Jess to fall for him and for her to *want* to have sex with him without needing to constantly be pushed into it with magic.

For that, she needed to see him as more than just her brother.

Thinking about him while she masturbated was a good start. A very good start. But there was a big difference between fantasy and reality. Jake needed Jess to see him differently, for her to want to do more than just fantasise.

Going on this date, pretending to be boyfriend and girlfriend would hopefully help with that. If he could get her to think of him as a boyfriend, even for a short while, it might open doors and give Jess ideas she'd never had before. Ideas about being with Jake. Ideas about a secret relationship.

More and more, he intended to spend time with Jess, using magic wherever possible to win her over. To win her heart.

When the time came, she'd be his completely.

He clung to that thought as they watched the movie together, a dull action-comedy.

As the film came to a close, Jake and Jess rose, left the cinema theatre together. He sucked in a breath, reached out, held her hand. Jess froze at the contact, glanced over at him. She didn't complain, didn't pull her hand away. That was something.

On the walk home, Jake listened as his sister talked and talked about what they'd just watched. Enthusiastic and bright, he could listen to her talking all day, nodding his head and agreeing whenever she stopped for breath.

When they got home, just a few steps away from the front door, her smile faltered.

Shouting. Clear as day, even through the house walls. Their father was home, and

he was shouting. A second later, his roaring voice was replaced with the shrill, cutting tone of their mother.

Their parents were arguing.

Jess froze in place, her smile gone.

They stood there in silence, neither one wanting to take another step forward. If they walked in now, interrupted their arguing parents, it wouldn't end well. Jake couldn't quite make out what either of his parents were shouting at each other, but he got the gist of things.

It was about his father's affair.

Everyone knew he was having one. He hadn't exactly been subtle about it. But Jake's mother had never called him out on it before. Not until now.

Inside that house was the last place in the world Jake wanted to be right now. And, judging from the horrified expression on Jess' face, the fear and trepidation, his sister would probably agree if she weren't too scared to speak.

Jake reached out, took her hand in his.

Jess flinched at the unexpected contact, looked over at him.

He turned, walked back the way they had come, pulling Jess along with him. She didn't complain, didn't fight it. If anything, he sensed relief from her. She'd be as happy to not get involved in that fight as Jake was.

Beyond leaving, walking away from their house, Jake had no idea where to go. He let his feet lead the way, taking in the late evening silence.

They arrived at the Pit after full sunset. Jess was clinging closer to him, either cold or afraid or both.

She didn't say anything as he led her carefully down the Pit's slope, though he could see the confusion and curiosity on her face. The dread from earlier was gone now, their house and parents far behind.

"Is this where you came when you told Mom you were sleeping over at a friend's house?" Jess asked softly.

They were inside one of the concrete tubes, crouched and cramped, close together to ward off the night's chill. Jess was next to him, her chest brushing against his, her huge breasts so close, so tempting to reach out and touch...

"Yes," he answered. No point in lying. "How did you know I didn't stay with a friend?"

Jess shrugged. Jake felt it more than saw it. It was too dark to see much of anything, only the outlines were visible. Most noticeably, the outlines of his sister's...

"I like it here," Jake confessed. Anything to keep his mind off those tits. "It's quiet. Calm. I used to come here all the time after school. Just to get away from all the bullshit."

Jess shifted closer, rested her head on his shoulder.

"I wish I had a place to escape to."

It was odd, hearing his sister sound so wistful. She had everything; looks, friends, popularity, always smiling, always happy. It felt wrong for her to want to escape.

"You're welcome here any time," Jake said, instantly feeling dumb and stupid. The Pit was a shithole, why would Jess ever want to come here again?

"I'll keep that in mind," he heard his sister say. There was a little of her usual self in there now, a hint of positivity.

Jake didn't know what to say, so he said nothing. Just closed his eyes and listened, allowed his mind to drift. If his mother was finally confronting his father, maybe she'd mellow out soon and stop being such a bitch to Jake? Somehow, he doubted it. No, he'd have to put up with her shit until he figured out a way to put an end to it himself. He'd uncovered some potentially useful spells in the grimoire. Maybe he'd try some of them out soon.

Time passed. How long, Jake didn't know. Quite a while.

Jess' slow, light breathing had turned into soft snores at some point. She was asleep, head resting on his shoulder, her right breast on his left arm.

They were so big now. Huge.

In that pink hoodie, they looked so tight.

Almost by itself, Jake's right hand rose towards his sister's chest. He stopped himself before it made contact. He didn't have a Stick on him. If Jess woke up to him fondling her tits, that would be a disaster.

But she was asleep, defenceless. In the dim light, he could see the outline of her chest. So big...

His hand inched closer, landed on Jess' breast, the soft, warm fabric of her hoodie.

She didn't wake up. Didn't so much as shift or twitch. Just kept on snoring lightly. A heavy sleeper? Jake hoped so. Prayed that she wouldn't wake up.

Gently, he began to squeeze.

"Oww," Jess whined, stretching. "My back hurts."

It wasn't quite morning yet. The sky was beginning to lighten, but it would be a little while before sunrise. Jake hadn't slept at all. Couldn't, even when he tried.

He'd groped her. He'd felt his sister's tits. They were soft and nice and in his hand! Sure, there's been a few layers of cloth and fabric between his hand and her skin, but even so!

Jake climbed out of the concrete cylinder, stretched his body just like Jess was doing. It ached and hurt, but he ignored the pain. Ignored it all. He was here, with Jess. It was all real. Not a dream, she was really there.

"We should head home," Jake said, trying his best not to stare at his sister's body as she stretched the ache away. "The house should be empty by the time we get there, I think."

He didn't care if anyone was home. His mother or his father. He wanted to make the Doll. The Sinful Straw Doll.

No waiting. Just for today, he'd be reckless. He'd make the Doll and put Lust into it. He'd seduce Jess and have sex with her, see her naked body for himself, touch it, play with it, kiss it. He'd do everything he wanted. And, when it was over, he'd make her forget. Simple as that. He could continue with trying to make her love him, convincing her to want to have sex with him by herself, all of that he could do later.

Today, he wanted her.

Having her boob in his hand, feeling it and the warmth, being so close to her all night long. It was too much. He couldn't resist it, not when he could have so much more so easily.

He knew the spells he needed. The Doll and the Stick. He already had a Stick ready to go, and the Doll couldn't be too difficult to make. The only challenge was in making sure he and Jess were home alone together. But then, they didn't need to be alone. There was a sleeping spell in the grimoire. He could use it on his mother and father if they were home, knock them out cold for hours.

Already, a plan was forming in his head. His mind was racing, heart pumping.

"Are you okay? You look kinda..."

Jake looked over to his sister. She looked concerned. That was his sister. Kind and compassionate. Caring.

What would that beautiful face look like when she was aroused, when he was inside her?

"I'm fine," he told her. "Just tired."

Jess smiled at him.

God, she was beautiful.

"Okay. Lets go home then."