

Grimoire

Chapter 11

Jake sat there motionless, eyes wide.

His sister - his beautiful Jess - let out a trembling moan. Her hand was moving under her jeans, inside her panties. He could see the desperate jerking of the fabric.

Jess was staring at him, eyes hazed.

It was working. His plan was actually working.

The Doll was effecting her in the same way it had before, only now her senses were amplified - the pleasure along with it. That, along with the truth potion, and he had the perfect mixture. An ultimate storm of spells working together.

Jess bit the corner of her lip, her spare hand reaching to unbutton her jeans, tug them clumsily down.

She was wearing baby-doll blue panties. Innocent panties with a cartoon cat-face on their front. Panties distorted and crumpled by the hand inside them, the moisture staining them.

"Are you okay?" Jake asked, playing the concerned brother.

Keeping the arousal out of his voice was more difficult than he'd expected.

Jess nodded her head. "Yes," she gasped.

She could only tell him the truth. She couldn't lie, not to Jake. Not tonight.

"How do you feel?" He asked, trying hard to ignore the uncomfortable tightness between his legs.

Jess closed her eyes, lips curling into the sexiest smile he'd even seen her make. Her head tilted backwards, her entire body trembling.

"Amazing," Jess answered.

For a moment, only a moment, Jess slowed down. Then her face shifted, contorted in pleasure. Her hand began to move faster, faint wet sounds merging with her moans.

Her right hand was between her legs. Her left, Jake noticed, was climbing the side of Jess' body. Sliding under her t-shirt, her hand moved over her hip, up to her ribs and huge tits.

She was wearing a bra. That much was obvious. But, as Jake watched, Jess' hand found itself under her bra, skewering it. He could see her hard nipple poking out under the fabric of her t-shirt, watched as Jess began playing with it; squeezing and tugging and pinching.

He wanted to reach out, squeeze her other breast. He wanted to feel them, play with them. He wanted to be the one with his hand between her leg.

Jess was inches away from him. Fingering herself while he watched.

She *wanted* him to watch.

And, if he asked, she'd probably say she wanted him to touch her too.

And yet, even if she did want it, even if she did say yes to him playing with her body, that didn't mean it would happen.

If he reached out now, tried to join in, Jess would recoil.

Even though her lust-addled mind wanted him, there was enough of the normal, real Jess in there to prevent her from pouncing on him. Enough that, if he tried anything, she'd push him away. Kick him out of her room like last time.

So he watched silently, soaked in the sight of Jess pleasuring herself.

Her eyes were closed, absorbed in whatever intense sensations she must have been having. Her skin was coated in a sheen of sweat, trembling and twitching every now and then.

Mostly, his eyes were drawn to her crotch.

With all the movement, his sister's panties had fallen lower down her legs, giving Jake a perfect view.

Jess had a beautiful pussy. Saved and pink and drenched. He watched, eyes wide, as her fingers - middle and ring - disappeared inside her only to come out again glistening and wet.

"Jake," Jess gasped, drawing his attention back to her face.

Her eyes were open now, staring directly at him.

Jake walked, dazed, into his room. To his desk. He collapsed down onto his chair, leaned back dumbfounded.

A stupid grin spread his lips.

It worked.

Almost by themselves, his hands shot between his legs. One pulling down his trousers and underwear, the other whipping out his painfully hard cock. Without wasting another moment, he began tugging on it, the image of his sister fresh in his mind.

When she'd finished, Jess had collapsed backwards. She'd lain there, body sprawled. Her legs open, pussy on display. Her t-shirt had been bunched, bra tugged down. One of her breasts revealed.

He'd seen his sister's body before - spied on it while wearing the Band of Blind Sight. But he'd never seen it like that. Never seen his sister with that look on her face.

Bliss. Pure sexual satisfaction.

She'd had her eyes closed, looked like she'd passed out from the power of that final orgasm.

Jake had stared at Jess, her body for the longest time.

And then he'd gotten up, left her room without saying a word.

It had worked. His plan had gone perfectly.

"Looks like I don't need you any more," Jake said, grinning to himself. He was staring at the grimoire - clasped shut as it was on his desk.

Everything he needed to dominate Jess, he already had.

On his phone were dozens of pictures - photos of the grimoire's pages. All the spells he'd need and more.

He didn't need the grimoire any more.

Which meant it was time to get rid of the thing.

Jake thought back to the day he'd discovered the tome. Back when Vera had buried it in the Pit. Back when he'd spied on her and let his curiosity get the better of him.

Had that really been all it was, thought? Curiosity?

It seemed convenient that, as soon as the old woman had disposed of the book, the book had found itself a new owner. Too convenient.

What if some unknown spell had influenced him that day? What if the grimoire had some way of ensuring it always had an owner?

If he was going to get rid of the thing, he needed to do it properly. In a way that wouldn't end with someone else gaining possession of it. The grimoire knew too much about Jake. He couldn't allow someone else access to that information.

Jake contemplated for a long while before the idea came to him. A perfect place to hide the grimoire, where no-one would be able to randomly stumble across it.

The next morning, the air was thick with awkward discomfort.

Jake's heart raced. Jess refused to look him in the eye, seemed to have difficulty even being in the same room as her brother. Her face was bright red - no doubt remembering how she'd masturbated in front of him.

He'd made a Stick of Broken Memories to erase her knowledge of the event before enacting his plan. A Stick that was sitting on his desk right now, unbroken.

If he kept erasing her memories whenever she did anything even mildly sexual

around him, he'd never get anywhere with her.

So, this time, he'd allowed her to keep her memories.

This time, she was fully aware of what she'd done.

And it showed. The moment she'd stepped into the same room as him, the instant she'd seen him standing there - she'd blushed bright red, seemed about ready to flee at the sight of him.

She wasn't smiling, wasn't her usual outgoing self.

Right now, she was silent and fidgety.

"Hey," Jake said, suppressing a smile. "You okay?"

Jess glanced up, locked eyes with him, glanced away immediately.

"Yes," she squeaked, blushing even brighter.

"Are you sure? You look kinda..." He didn't finish. Didn't need to.

Jess nodded her head, forced herself to look up at Jake.

"I..." She began, hesitated. "About last night..."

Jake smiled, shrugged.

"Don't worry about it. Our little secret."

The walk to school was awkward. All the while, Jake could feel his sister's tension. By the time they got there, he was almost relieved that they had to split up and head in different directions.

Maybe he'd made a mistake. Maybe he should have erased her memories after all.

Too late now.

Their mother was waiting for them when Jake and Jess got home. The older woman was half-grimacing, half-sneering.

"Your father is awake," she told them. "We're going to go see him in the hospital. Go get changed."

That, at least, seemed to make Jess forget about her awkward embarrassment. As she headed off to her bedroom, Jake noticed a faint smile on her lips.

Jake followed, walked into his bedroom.

His eyes darted to his desk, where the grimoire would usually be. It was gone now, hidden away where no-one would find it.

He tossed his school bag aside, stripped out of his school uniform and into something more comfortable.

Jess, predictably, took longer to get ready.

When she walked out of the house towards the car, where Jake and their mother happened to be waiting, Jake couldn't help but stare.

His sister had decided to wear, of all things, a tank top. One that looked several sizes too small for her huge tits. They bulged outwards, straining the top's straps. The cleavage on display was unreal, extreme. And, to top it all off, the outline and straps of her bra were visible. Black bra with a plain grey tank top. On any other girl, it would have been ordinary, plain clothing. On Jess, it was outright slutty.

Jess saw him looking, glanced down at her body as if noticing it for the first time.

She blushed bright red, looked away as she approached the car.

"My memory's a bit hazy," Jake's father said, he gestured to the bandage wrapped around his head. "Since the, uh, accident. I was wondering if you'd be able to help me out with some things."

There was something off about him. His voice, the way he was speaking, they were different somehow.

Jake looked at his father, an odd twisting in his stomach.

Blonde, like Jess. Only where his sister was bright blonde, all smooth and beautiful, his father was a rugged dirty blonde. Stubble lined his jaw, dark circles surrounded his

eyes.

As Jake stared, his father locked eyes with him.

There was amusement in that gaze, a light-hearted glee. His father smirked, looked away from Jake and turned his attention to Jake's mother instead.

"My former employer, what was his name again? I can't seem to remember."

It was the wrong thing to say.

The moment the words would out of his father's mouth, Jake's mother tensed. She glared at her husband, opened her mouth to shout, paused. Then she shook her head, rose to her feet and walked out of the room.

Jake breathed a sigh of relief. Last thing he needed was for his parents to cause a scene with their shouting. Not while he was there, sitting right in the middle of it.

His father smiled, looked over at Jess.

"You should go after her, princess." He said, nodding to his room's door. "Make sure she's okay."

Yet more weirdness. Since when did his father give a shit about anyone but himself? And 'princess'? Since when did he call Jess that?

Jess nodded her head, glad for an excuse to not have to be in the same room as Jake.

The moment she was out of the room, Jake's father turned to him, smirked.

"Those tits are a little extreme, aren't they?"

It took Jake a moment to register the comment. To realise his father was talking about Jess.

"I mean, I've heard of growth spurts but *damn*. If those things get any bigger..." His father grinned wider. "But enough about your sister's tits. I'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with those monsters later. How are you doing, Jake? You look nervous."

The whole half-hour they spent in the hospital was awkward and uncomfortable. Not just for Jake, but for his sister and mother too. The only one who seemed to be enjoying themselves was Jake's father.

Something was definitely off about the man. How hard had he hit his head to forget the names of his own parents - Jake and Jess' grandparents? And why had he seemed to unconcerned about their mother threatening divorce?

Whatever desperation which had lead the man to steal from his own wife and children seemed to have disappeared.

And what had all that shit been about with Jess? Talking about her breasts, saying he'd get 'acquainted' with them. Either he must have hit his head so hard that he'd bled out all common sense, or he'd been drugged into oblivion by the hospital's doctors. Either way, knowing his father was interested in Jess was not a pleasant thought.

Jess was Jake's. Only Jake's.

As soon as they arrived home, Jess disappeared off into her bedroom, not once managing to look Jake in the eye.

He frowned.

This avoiding him thing was getting old fast.

Jake walked to his sister's bedroom door, tapped it lightly.

A moment later, the door creaked open.

Jess saw him standing there, blushed. She looked away, refused to meet his gaze.

"Can I come in?" He asked, thinking hard. "We need to talk."

From the look on Jess' face, the last thing in the world she wanted was to let Jake into her room again. Yet, she stood aside all the same, opened the door for him to enter.

He walked over to her bed, sat down, looked over at her.

Jess was still wearing the tank top. Cleavage still on full display. Jake's eyes lingered on his sister's tits, taking in the amazing sight. Jess noticed him staring, shifted

uncomfortably. Her breasts shook slightly, tantalisingly.

"About yesterday-"

"I'm sorry!" Jess interrupted. "I don't know what came over me. I couldn't help it. Couldn't stop myself. I tried and I just couldn't. I'm sorry."

Seeing his sister like this, embarrassed and shy, made Jake smile. She sounded so adorably cute.

"Jess..." He said, tried to think of what to say next.

"You probably think I'm weird," Jess said quietly, she sounded almost sad. "I am weird. You're my bother. I shouldn't have-"

"Jess!" This time Jake raised his voice. Instantly, Jess went quiet, looked at him with wide eyes. "I liked it."

It seemed to take Jess a moment to realise what he said.

Then, somehow, her eyes widened further.

"Oh," was her only reply.

Jess looked down, blushing a violent red.

"If you want," Jake said, raising from her bed. He began walking to the bedroom door, talking while he went. "We could do more relationship practice stuff. Dates and such. Maybe a little bit more, if you like."

What 'more' was, he left Jess to imagine.

It was key that Jess be the one to make a move. If she was the one initiating, if she believed she was in control of the situation, then she'd never suspect that he'd influenced her in any way.

As it was, he'd been nudging her forward at every step.

He'd come this far, now it was time to figure out where to go next. How was he going to get here - Jess masturbating in front of him and, more importantly, remembering it - to getting her into bed. How was he going to finally seduce her and fuck her?

The Straw Doll would help, for sure. The Stick was a useful backup. What about the Band of blind Sight? Could he use that in some way?

What about the Crown? Or the Admirer's Lamp?

There were any number of spells he could use. Any number of combinations. The sleeping spell he could use on his mother, remove her from the picture. Then use the Doll on Jess, see if she came to him with her arousal. Or be in the room with her when he activated it like before.

The truth potion might come in handy again. He could use it to prevent Jess from holding back, force her to tell the truth about he sexual wants and desires.

He was close. He could feel it.

Jake turned on his phone, began searching through all the pictures he'd taken of the grimoire.

What other spells could he use?

The Philtre of Obsession? It was the closest thing to a love potion the grimoire had to offer. A potion that, when used on someone, made them unable to think of anything else but the potion's maker.

Might be useful, if he wanted to somehow trick Jess into making the first move.

Slowly, a plan began to form.

Jake stepped out into the cool evening air.

His backyard wasn't all that big. Enough room for a small wooden shed and some plant-pots, a few shrubs. The walls that surrounded it were high enough that no-one would be able to spy in on him. No-one, that way, except Jess. Her bedroom faced out over the backyard. She was the only one who'd notice him out here.

Not that she would. She was in bed right now, chatting to her friends.

He stepped forward, walked around the high wooden fence, ears alert, listening.

The only thing he heard were the rustling of leaves.

If anyone was nearby, they weren't making any noise. But then neither had Jake, when he'd spied on Vera burying the grimoire.

He walked over to the shed, unlocked the padlock which held the door shut tight. Inside was pitch black. Jake batted away fake, sticky spiderwebs, stepped in and closed the door behind himself. He pulled his phone out, used it as a torch.

At first glance, the shed's floor was uninteresting, dirty. A layer of dust coating it. It would take someone specifically looking for the loose wooden plank to find it.

Jake lifted the wood, glanced down the small hole he'd dug there so recently.

A sack bag filled the hole. Bulky, rectangular in shape.

Back when the old woman had hidden the grimoire, it had stayed buried for all of a few minutes. This time, it had been in there for the better part of a day.

If there was magic which kept the book from being lost, it wasn't working in the same way it had when Jake found it.

Still, there was no way to be sure. He'd have to keep checking on it, making sure it was still there. Not so regularly that it would draw attention, but regularly enough that he'd be able to act quickly if it were gone.

The fake spiderwebs would, if they worked properly, collect a stray hair from the thief. A hair which Jake could use to track down whoever it was.

The book belonged to him. Just like Jess.

No-one would be taking either from him.