

Grimoire

Chapter 12

The strength potion. Jake stared up at his bedroom ceiling, the idea swirling in his mind. With the strength potion, he might be able to impress and woo Jess. Or it might come in handy when the time came from the two of them to finally seal the deal.

How much stronger would it make him?

Enough that Jess would enjoy him fucking her even more? Or just enough that he'd be able to carry her in his arms without effort? Would he be able to pound her so hard that he broke her bed?

Or would it make him *too* strong, and he'd end up hurting Jess if he used it?

Scenarios filled his head - of Jess swooning over how strong he was, of them fucking like wild animals, of him accidentally hurting her...

No.

Until he knew exactly how strong the potion would make him, he couldn't use it around Jess. He'd need to make it and test it first, see exactly how powerful he became.

What about the charm that enhanced senses?

He'd used it before, and the result had been more than satisfactory. By amplifying Jess' senses, he also amplified her pleasure. The more pleasure she felt, the more Lust would control her and the more likely she was to take Jake as a lover.

Once they'd crossed that line, there was no going back. Jess would *have* to accept a relationship with Jake.

The charm would definably come in handy.

He swiped his phone again, watching as the picture of one grimoire page slid away and another appeared. Jake read the title, smiled. This one was a spell he was very familiar with.

Body: Breast Enlargement Potion.

Jess tits were already more than big enough. Right now, they were probably the biggest tits of anyone at their school - teachers included. They were watermelons next to apples. The tits he'd given Jess were perfect as they were, he didn't need to make them any larger. Hell, if he did she'd look outright cartoonish.

An image of Jess with even bigger tits burrowed its way into Jake's imagination.

In it, his sister was wearing a skimpy black and white bikini, a cow-print bikini. Her tits were huge, bulging out impossibly. She was red-faced, hopping up and down - those mountainous tits bouncing along with her. The image warped slightly, the top of the cow-print bikini sliding upwards, exposing bright pink nipples. Hard, sore-looking nipples. And then the image of Jess stopped hopping, winced somewhere between pain and pleasure. Her nipples twitched, erupted. Jets of pure white liquid shot out in giant bursts from the fake Jess' chest, from her nipples.

Jake's eyes shot open, shock and surprise jarring him from the fantasy. He shook his head, cleared his thoughts.

Where the hell had that come from?

He glanced down, saw the bulge under his pj bottoms.

Jake shook his head again. No, Jess' breasts were perfect as they were. He didn't need to make them any bigger.

He looked back to his phone, swiped the picture aside.

Seducing Jess. That was the goal. His only goal. To get her into bed, to have sex with her. To fuck her, like he'd imagined so many times. Any spell that wouldn't lead to him with his cock inside his sister's pussy wasn't worth wasting his time on. Anything that didn't bring him closer to Jess was an unnecessary distraction.

The first thing he needed to do was to talk to her. Or get her to talk to him.

In the few days since she'd masturbated in front of him, Jess hadn't spoken more than a few words to Jake. She hid in her room as much as possible, shied away from him as they walked to and from school. She refused to look him in the eye, her face going a bright cherry red any time she looked in his general direction.

As cute as her reactions were to seeing him, enough was enough. It was time to break the ice.

It was Friday morning, a few minutes before he and his sister were supposed to get up and start getting ready for school. Right now, Jess was probably asleep - though not for long. Soon, her alarm would wake her, she'd get up and head to the bathroom.

Jake was already awake and up, dressed in his school uniform and ready to go. On his desk sat his phone and the Stick of Broken Memory he'd made what felt like an eternity ago. Off to one side was the Band of Blind Sight..

The Stick had a single wrap of string around it. When it broke, Jess would forget the last six minutes worth of memories of Jake.

The phone had a timer set, a countdown frozen at exactly six minutes. When he tapped his screen, the countdown would begin.

Timing was essential here, and he only had the one Stick.

No second chances, he had to get everything perfect on the first try.

Weeks ago, he might have been scared. Terrified, even. The risk would have made him uneasy. Now it was thrilling.

Jake picked up his phone, slipped it into his pocket, being careful not to accidentally touch the screen. Then he walked to his bedroom door, slipped out into the hallway, walked to his sister's bedroom door and waited.

After a few minutes, he heard beeping from inside Jess' bedroom. Her alarm going off.

A few more minutes passed, and the door finally opened.

Jess' first reaction when she saw Jake standing there was to yelp and jump.

He looked at her, smiled.

She was wearing a thin white nightie, with no bra on. It was an older nightie, bought years ago. It clung to her body tightly, fabric strained around her chest. Jake could see her nipples poking through, could make out a little of their pink colour through the stretched cloth.

Again, a fantasy of milk leaking from them entered his mind.

He pushed the thought aside, stepped forward to block Jess from passing him, a foot in the doorway to prevent her from closing the door in his face. His hand was in his pocket, ready to act.

"Hey sis," Jake said, "I was wondering if I could ask you something."

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he tapped his phone screen. Assuming he hadn't screwed up somehow, the countdown was now active.

Six minutes. All he had to do was wait for six minutes.

"Uh," Jess' eyes bulged, she looked down at the floor, avoided meeting his gaze. "Now's not a good-"

"It's important."

Jess shifted uncomfortably, face already turning a bright crimson. She didn't say anything, just nodded her head slightly.

"I just want to say..." Jake paused. How many seconds had gone by already? Ten? Fifteen? "Well, I wanted you to know that I think you're pretty fucking sexy."

It took Jess a moment to register the words. When she did, her fidgeting froze instantly, she looked up, met his eyes for the first time. The shock in her eyes was worth every moment.

"And," Jake continued, "I'd like to rip that nightie off your sexy body, bend you over your bed, and fuck you senseless."

Jake watched long enough to see his sister's mouth drop open before he turned on his heels and walked back into his bedroom.

He shut the door behind him, pulled the phone out of his pocket and set it back down on the desk. Wasting no time, he slipped on the blindfold, watched through Jess' eyes as she stared dumbly at his bedroom door. She stood there for a long moment before turning and walking to the bathroom. As she went, Jake reached out, grasped the Stick on his desk.

How long left now? Five minutes? Less?

Jess strode into the bathroom, stepped in front of the mirror. She looked at her reflection, at her breasts. And, to Jake's delight, began playing with them. She tugged at her night's hem, creating deep cleavage for herself. She posed this way and that, pressed her tits together.

She was making herself look sexy. Testing it out for herself.

Good. That she wasn't freaking out or feeling self-conscious because of what he'd said was very good indeed.

After a short while, she smiled at herself, began her morning routine with brushing her teeth.

On Jake's desk, his phone began to vibrate. A second later, the alarm went off, ringing loudly in his ears. Without hesitating, he snapped the Stick in his hands, smirking to himself all the while.

The rest of the morning passed as usual, both Jake and his sister getting ready for school, leaving together. They walked in silence, as they had the last few days.

When it came time for them to split up, however, Jake turned to his sister, grinned over at her.

"See you later then, Jess," He said, keeping his voice low. Best that no-one overhear. "Looking forward to our fake date tonight."

Jess' eyes widened in surprise, as expected.

"What date?" She asked, voice higher-pitched than usual.

"The cinema again," Jake shrugged. "Remember? I asked you earlier and you said yes. Can't wait!"

Before Jess could say another word, he turned, walked away from her.

'Hey sis, I was wondering if I could ask you something.'

It was all Jess remembered from their interaction that morning. The rest had been erased with the Stick. As far as she knew, it had happened just like he said it had. That he'd asked her on a fake date again and she'd said yes.

And, knowing Jess like he did, she'd be too awkward and uncertain to turn him down after already 'accepting' - the last thing she'd want would be to seem rude.

The first part of the plan had succeeded.

Next was the date itself.

The film Jake took his sister to watch was unimportant. A means to an end. What was important was removing Jess' awkwardness around him. Breaking the ice - returning their relationship to one where Jess was able to be around him without feeling embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Sitting next to him in the cinema helped. Chewing popcorn and watching the movie together, Jess was distracted enough to let her guard down. She relaxed, the memory of her masturbating in front of him far from her mind.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jake watched her.

Jess was wearing casual clothes. A hoodie and sweatpants. Not exactly a sexy outfit, but on Jess anything looked amazing. What was far more interesting was the make-up Jess had decided to put on. Subtle, subdued, but there all the same. Lip gloss and

blush and light eye-shadow that brought out her beautiful bright grey eyes.

The make-up itself was timid, not excessive or blatant - Jess wasn't the type to over-do it. But the fact that she'd decided to put it on, to doll herself up for him, was a good sign.

As the movie reached its dramatic climax, Jess leaned forward, watching intently. And, when it finished, the credits beginning to roll, she looked over at Jake excitedly, began talking about what they'd just seen. All around them, people were rising to their feet, the rumble of activity echoing through the large room.

Jake smiled at his sister, listened and played along as she talked about the movie.

They rose along with everyone else, left the cinema with Jess talking animatedly all the while. The walk home was pleasant; a chill, relaxing air surrounding them in calmed stillness.

It was the first time since the masturbation incident that he and Jess had talked to much, that she'd been so relaxed around him. Another success.

"I'm hungry," Jess grimaced. "Think Mom will cook us something when we get back?"

"Mom's out tonight," Jake smiled.

The words hung on the air, silence following them.

If Jake knew his sister - and after watching her through her own eyes for so long now, he did - she was thinking about being home alone with Jake, which was leading her into remembering that she'd touched herself in front of him.

As he watched, pink blush spread from her cheeks to cover her whole face.

Predictable.

"Why don't you cook us up some food when we get there? I'm pretty hungry too."

Jess nodded her head, voice suddenly gone.

At least she wasn't shying away from him. She didn't resent or hate him. More like she was embarrassed with herself. Jess wouldn't be making any moves on him, not anytime soon. At least, not without some magical nudging.

"Hey, this a practice date, right? We should hold hands."

The words sent a physical tremble through Jess' body. She looked at him, eyes wide. Too embarrassed to say yes, too awkward to say no. She was a deer trapped in the headlights.

Before Jess had time to think, to come up with a diplomatic rejection, Jake reached out with one hand, while the other slipped inside his own pocket.

The instant his hand grasped his sister's, he pressed the note in his pocket into the Sinful Straw Doll.

Immediately, Jess' expression shifted.

Gone was the shy, awkward girl. Jess let out an involuntary gasp, legs trembling under her.

"You okay sis?" Jake asked, suppressing a smirk.

Jess nodded her head, lips parting slightly.

She stared at Jake, eyes filled with the same dazed hunger, lust and warmth and dreamy desire, that she'd had the last time he'd used the Doll on her.

Jake let go of her hand, pulling the piece of paper out of the Doll at the same second. With any luck, Jess' mind would link the sudden arousal and lust with Jake touch.

Jess blinked, blushed, looked down at her feet.

The rest of the walk home was silent.

As soon as they got home, Jake rushed to his bedroom.

The date had been successful enough. Jess was still awkward around him, but that was secondary now. They'd spoken, chatted like they used to. He'd erode her awkwardness entirely soon enough, convince her to start a secret relationship with him.

In the meantime, he had other plans for her.

He sat down at his desk, slipped on the Band of Blind Sight.

Instantly, everything in his sister's vision appeared to Jake. She was in the bathroom, looking at the hand he'd touched on their walk home. She was blushing, smiling.

Jake waited, watched.

Once his sister was done in the bathroom, she walked into the kitchen, began buttering some bread. She was making something to eat - sandwiches.

Perfect.

Jake tore off the blindfold, stared at the objects on his desk. The Crown was there, as were the remnants of the Admirer's Lamp. Both useless right now. What he needed was the charm, the coin wrapped in paper and hair. The spell that would increase Jess' sensitivity when dropped into water.

Unfortunately, there was no water in his room.

No matter, he'd improvise.

Jake snatched the charm off his desk, walked out of his bedroom and made his way to the kitchen.

"What're you making?" Jake asked.

Jess jumped, the knife she'd been holding went flying out of her hand and clattered to the floor. She spun on her feet, a hand raised to her chest.

Jake smiled at her.

"Sandwiches? Fancy making me one too?"

"Yeah," Jess sighed, nodded her head. "Okay."

Jake glanced around the kitchen, saw a half-filled glass of water to one side. Excellent. He stepped over to it, keeping the charm hidden in a clutched hand.

"You have a really cute butt," Jake said, enjoying the sight of Jess' reaction.

She stiffened, looked over at him red-faced.

"Uh, thanks."

As soon as his sister knelt down to pick up the knife, Jake dropped the charm into the half-full glass of water.

He walked up behind her, hand reaching into his pocket. The Lust note and Doll were still in there. Without hesitation, he grasped the note between two fingers, slipped it inside the Straw Doll.

As always, the effects were instantaneous.

Jess - still kneeling on the floor - stiffened, body tensing and relaxing in a single heartbeat.

He knelt down beside her, looked into her eyes.

Like before, they were hazy, dreamy. She was panting softly, her pretty lips parted ever so slightly.

Jake reached out, touched her cheek. To his surprise, she didn't recoil. She simply stared at him intently. Jake leaned in, feeling his heart racing in his chest, the warmth of his sister's cheek under his finger tips.

Their lips met, sending a thrill of pleasure through his body.

Jess tensed and, for a moment, Jake was sure she'd pull away, push him and flee. Then she launched herself forward, her tongue pushing its way into his mouth.

Jake stumbled backwards, Jess on top of him. Her arms wrapped around his head, her chest pressed heavily into his.

The next moments passed in a blur, Jess kissing him and him kissing her back. It felt clumsy, sloppy, but amazing all the same. Jess was making out with him!

By the time she finally broke away, Jake's lungs were screaming at him.

He gasped for air, looked up to see wildness in his sister's eyes. Her chest was

heaving, her body trembling. She was on top of him, straddling his waist, grinding slowly against him.

“Jess?” The word came out breathy. “I want-”

Jess put a hand over his mouth.

He looked up questioningly at her, but she didn't say anything, didn't give any answers. Instead, she looked straight down, between her legs. Stared right at the bulge pressing against her crotch through so many layer of clothing.

Jess gasped, began swaying her hips, gyrating her crotch against his.

The weight - the pressure - was overwhelming. Jess was on top of him, practically humping him. He could feel her on his cock, even with the clothing. He could feel the warmth of her.

Jess' face was a dazed, erotic mask.

She rose, climbed off Jake, moved beside him. Her hands moved to his jeans, pressing over the bulge, fingers running along the length of it, trialling around it. Jake watched, motionless, a part of him refusing to believe that it was actually happening.

One button came undone, then another, and another. Jess lowered his jeans, her soft hands massaging Jake's cock over his boxers. Then her hand slipped underneath them.

Jake closed his eyes, grunted as his sister's fingers curled around his cock.