

## Grimoire

### Chapter 13

*Getting used to the new names always took a while. Slipping into another's life, taking their place, learning their mannerisms and quirks, averting the suspicions of those closest to his victim. It was not easy. Especially this time around.*

*Usually, he would have absorbed the memories of his host as they unlocked the grimoire's pages. By the time they completed the last spell, he'd have known them better than they knew themselves.*

*The boy - Jake - was supposed to be his new host.*

*Then the boy's father had gotten in the way, tried to steal the book. One thing had led to another and, well, here he was. In possession of the father's body.*

*All he knew about his new host was the information he'd leached from Jake's mind. Not a lot, to say the least.*

*Signing the discharge papers, for instance, had required him to forge a fake signature. For a moment, he'd even forgotten his host's name. Not ideal, not one bit.*

*But, at least he had a body now. Not as young as he'd have liked, but better than nothing.*

*And, now that he was finally out of the hospital, there were some loose ends that needed to be dealt with. The grimoire, and the boy currently in possession of it.*

*Luckily, he already knew everything about the boy.*

*Getting the book back shouldn't prove too difficult at all.*

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Jake winced, gasped.

Jess saw his reaction, smiled, squeezed tighter.

Shivers of pleasure-pain shot out from where she was holding his cock, up along his body, down his arms and legs. Her hand was wrapped around the head, curled tight.

Jake stared at his sister, tried to speak but found himself unable to form words.

She released his cock, gently petted it under his boxers. Jake watched, dumbfounded, speechless, as Jess placed her other hand on his underwear, gripped it, slowly pulled it down.

His cock bounced into view, an angry purple head visible between Jess' fingers.

He blushed, couldn't help it.

"It's warm," Jess breathed. She wasn't talking to him, more like she was talking to herself. "Is it always this big?"

She moved her hand, trailed a finger around his cock's head, along the helmet's rim. Even the slightest touch sent jolts of pleasure through Jake's body. Her fingers felt both hot and cold at once, gentle and rough and amazing.

Jess stared at his cock, eyes wide. He could see the heat in her eyes, the curiosity and hunger.

Slowly, she began moving her fingers along his length.

They were still on the kitchen floor, the cold tiles against Jake's back. Jess was kneeling next to him, still wearing her hoodie and sweatpants - her figure visible through the cloth, her huge tits bulging outwards tantalisingly.

He wanted reach out and grab them, play with them. He would have, if he wasn't afraid he'd scare Jess away.

She was touching him. Touching his cock.

Blinking, he stared down at her hand. It was actually happening. Finally, it was happening.

Jess' fingers curled around his cock, began moving up and down its shaft. Her eyes

moved from the cock in her hands to Jake's face, a naughty little smile tugging at her lips.

Her eyes looked dazed, hot. Her entire face was flushed.

Something, an odd, distant part of Jake's mind spoke. Not to tell him this was wrong, not to try and stop him. It told him that he should be the one touching. He should be in control.

He should be the one with his fingers inside Jess, he should be the one stripping her clothes off. She was his, not the other way around. Jess was *his*.

The idea took control, forced him into action.

Without another thought, he took hold of his sister's hand, gripped it tightly. She looked at him, a little of her usual self shining through her eyes - shock and uncertainty. Jake ignored it, pushed himself to his feet. He tugged her hand, forced her to stand with him, follow behind him as he walked out of the kitchen.

As soon as they were inside Jess' bedroom, Jake spun, pulled hard on his sister's arm. She yelped, tumbled onto her bed. Jess looked up at him, eyes wide, hair a mess.

She was panting heavily, her mouth hanging open, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

Jake advanced, kicking off his trousers and boxers.

Jess' eyes were drawn between his legs, that hungry look in her eyes returning instantly. It wasn't just the effects of the Doll either. No, the Doll only made Jess horny. She could resist if she wanted, could reject Jake. But she didn't. She wanted him. All the spell did was remove her inhibitions, take away her shyness and uncertainty and doubt.

As Jake climbed onto her bed, Jess inched over, positioned herself underneath him.

He looked down at her, couldn't help but stare.

She was beautiful. Amazingly, stunningly beautiful. Those wide eyes, pale and ghostly and hauntingly pretty. He'd dreamed of her light grey eyes so many times, imagined them gazing at him just like they were right now. Her full lips were parted, panting. They looked inviting, enticing, tempting him to lean in and kiss them, taste them. Her blonde hair was messy, wild, strands of it falling over Jess' face.

Jake's eyes roamed lower, down Jess' neck, over her hoodie.

The tits he'd given her rose and fell with every breath Jess took; lifting to tempt him, lowering to tease him.

He took hold of his sister's hoodie at the hem, where it ended at her waist. Without hesitating, he began lifting it. It was surprisingly bulky, hot to the touch. From how Jess shifted her body, allowed him to easily remove it, the thing must have been pretty uncomfortable.

Underneath it, she was wearing a plain white t-shirt.

Jake tugged at it, pulled it up until it bunched around Jess' collarbone.

He stared down, eyes drawn to the line where his sister's tits met. Her cleavage, held tightly together by a bra that looked far too small. Between the two cups was a small clasp, the only thing holding the bra in place - the only thing left stopping Jake from seeing his sister's bare tits.

"Jake," Jess gasped.

He felt her hands pulling at his crotch, her fingers finding themselves around his cock once more.

Jess' tits shook, her arms moving on either side of them. A slight jiggle pushed Jake over the edge. He couldn't resist, not any more. Not when Jess was so close, not now.

He reached for her bra, for the clasp that held it on. He'd never undone a bra before, but how hard could it be?

For a second, he fumbled with the metal hook. Jess' breasts shook, swayed. He was so close.

The instant the bra's clasp was undone, the bra shot open. Two huge tits sprang out

from inside, bouncing free. Pale skin, full and round, perfect in every way. Her small nipples were hard. They looked painful, begging to be soothed.

Jake couldn't help himself. He leaned forward, mouth open.

Jess gasped, her body shuddered.

It tasted surprisingly normal. His sister's nipple tasted like skin. Maybe a little salty, but nothing unusual. No milk-like taste, no intoxicating flavour.

He sucked on it, nibbled. Beneath him, Jess squirmed. Her hands had moved from his crotch to her own. He could hear how wet she was as Jess moved her fingers, her bedroom filling with the sloppy sound.

Jake's hands found his sister's breasts in a haze. He couldn't think, was barely in control of his own body. His hands were squeezing down on his Jess' tits. They were soft, marshmallow cushions for him to play with as he kissed her nipple, suckled on and bit it.

"Ah," Jess moaned, "Jake!"

She began to shudder, nipple twitching slightly.

It took Jake a moment to realise that his sister was orgasming.

He pulled back, surprised. Jess' nipple came out of his mouth with a wet pop, coated in saliva and bright red instead of its usual pink.

Jake glanced up from it, stared open-mouthed at his sister's face.

She was panting, breathing heavily. Her eyes were closed, lips curled into a satisfied smile. Her arms had stopped moving.

"Jake," Jess said again, the word drawn out in a desperate plea. "Please..."

What? Please what?

Jake didn't speak the question, didn't need to. His mind caught up quickly enough.

He moved, positioned himself between Jess' legs. Somehow, her sweatpants had disappeared. How and when, Jake had no idea.

Jess was wearing blue panties, cute and innocent panties. Or they would have been, if not for the obvious, large wet spot. Jake reached a shaking hand out, gently touched the fabric.

Jess shuddered, her entire body shaking at even the slightly contact.

Her crotch was warm, almost impossibly so. Jake moved his fingers across the cloth, lifted it, peeled it away and pushed it aside. And, right there in front of him, glistening wet and more than ready for his cock, was Jess' pussy.

He stared, disbelieving.

Jess wasn't just wet, she was *leaking*.

This was really going to happen. He was going to have sex with Jess, here and now.

If he did, there would be no going back.

Did he really want to do this? Use Jess like this? She was under the influence of Lust. This wasn't really her wanting him, it was the Sinful Straw Doll. Was he really going to take advantage of his sister like this?

Yes, his mind answered.

There was no doubt in the word, no regret or uncertainty.

It was the grimoire's fault. It had to be. Somehow, the book had stripped him of something, tainted him. Made him into a monster. Jake was powerless to resist the temptation any longer.

Jake took his cock in hand, guided it towards his sister.

The instant its tip touched his Jess' pussy, a shiver spread through them both. He pushed forward slowly, feeling the wet warmth wrap around the head of his cock. It was tight. Too tight. It felt like his cock was being crushed by his sister's warmth.

He pushed harder, gripping his sister's hips, sliding himself deeper inside her.

Jess gasped, moaned, her body trembling, relaxing.

"Jake," she breathed.

He looked down, stared at the point where their two bodies met. Where his cock disappeared into her pussy. A little more and his entire length would be inside her, squeezed from all sides.

Jake looked up at his sister's face.

Her eyes were closed, mouth open, face contorted in pleasure.

Without another thought, he thrust forward.

Surreal. Dreamlike. That was what it felt like for Jake, laying next to his sister afterwards. The room was dark, dimly lit. He was staring up at the ceiling, not quite able to believe what had just happened.

"I can hear cars," Jess said, breaking the silence. "And people. Outside, in the street."

Jake turned to look at her, confused.

"Everything looks so sharp. It's all so bright. I can taste everything, smell everything."

Her voice had the same surreal tone to it that Jake felt. It took him a moment to realise it wasn't the aftermath of her orgasms that was making Jess see and hear and feel what she was feeling. The charm he'd used was still active. Downstairs, the kitchen, in a glass of water. It was still there, the magic still amplifying Jess' senses.

The Doll should still be active too, though Jess didn't seem particularly aroused right then.

Perhaps the Lust being satisfied ended the Doll's effects?

Jake had no idea. He didn't know anywhere near enough about the grimoire's magic. He'd have to change that, test the spells properly - discover exactly how powerful the book could make him.

"You okay?" Jake asked, turning to face his sister.

Jess nodded her head.

She curled up, cuddled close to him. A content sigh escaped her lips, not dissimilar to a purr. Her eyes closed, a soft smile curling her lips.

Jake stared at her for a long time, watched as she fell asleep, her breathing slowing, her face taking on a peaceful serenity.

She was beautiful, too beautiful. His heart ached just looking at her. In the dim light, her lips tempted him to kiss them.

Instead, he slowly moved away from her, untangled himself from Jess' limbs. He rose to his feet, collected his discarded clothes and crept out of her bedroom.

First, he took care of the Doll - removing the Lust note from it. Then he headed to the kitchen, collected the sense charm.

Once that was done, Jake walked to his own bedroom, collapsed onto his bed. He closed his eyes, tried to sleep.

Images of Jess flashed through his mind. Her beneath him, her tits bouncing as he thrust. Her eyes locked on him. Her arms wrapped around his back, pulling him in close. The taste of her lips, the feel of her pussy around his cock - how tight it had been, how hot and amazing it'd felt.

Nice-guy Jake would never have experienced that.

Even with the grimoire, he wouldn't have had the balls to go through with it. Whatever the grimoire had done to him, however it had changed him, Jake was grateful for it.

Nice guys finished last, and Jake had no intention of losing ever again.

Jess was his. She belonged to *him*.

No doubt, when she woke up tomorrow, she'd regret what'd happened. She'd push him away even more, turn against him. That wouldn't do. Jess alienating him, avoiding him, was not an option.

She was his, would be his one way or another. If he needed to anchor Jess to himself with magic, so be it.

An uncomfortable firmness between his legs drew Jake's attention. He had an erection. He'd fucked Jess no more than an hour ago, and he was hard again.

Jake rolled his eyes, reached between his legs with the memory still vividly clear in his mind.

Creaking. Wooden creaking. The sound was the first thing Jake was aware of. His eyes opened, sleep retreating. For a moment, he was blinded by the light in his room.

What time was it? Who had opened his bedroom curtains?

He blinked against the glare, tried to focus.

The sleep-daze slowly faded. With the brightness, it must be midday at least. And he'd probably left the curtains open himself. It wouldn't have been the first time.

Jake resisted the temptation to go back to sleep, instead pushing himself into a sitting position.

"Finally awake, eh?" A deep voice said.

Jake jumped, eyes instantly shooting towards his desk.

A blonde-haired man was sitting on top of it, smiling over at Jake in amusement.

It took Jake a moment to recognise his father.

He was wearing a business suit, minus the tie, with swept-back hair and neat stubble. Unusual, Jake's father was usually the messy 'I don't care how I look' type. Even more unusual was the carefree smile. Since when did his grumpy father ever smile?

And why was he sitting on Jake's desk? A few days ago, the spot Jake's father was sitting on would have been occupied by the grimoire. The grimoire he'd tried to steal.

"Get up," Jake's father told him. "I've got something I want to talk to you about."

Instinctively, Jake shot to his feet. His father's tone, though light-hearted, was somehow also firm and commanding.

His father's eyes lowered, eyebrows raising.

Jake followed his father's gaze, face turning red. His trousers were lowered and, worse, the remnants of his quick jerk-off last night before sleeping was still there. Dried cum coating his thighs and groin.

Across the room, his father sighed.

"Go clean up, I'll wait here for you."

Jake didn't need telling twice. Hurriedly, he pulled up his trousers, rushed to his bedroom door. As he passed by his father, Jake noticed a black duffel bag set to one side. Why had his father brought a duffel bag with him to talk to Jake?

The answer came to Jake as he was in the bathroom. His father had been kicked out. He was here to collect his crap. Or maybe he was there to steal shit again. This time, at least, he wouldn't be taking the grimoire.

He walked back to his room, sat down on the edge of his bed.

"What do you want?" Jake asked, not bothering to hide the bitterness from his voice. "Come to rob us again?"

His father smirked.

"Where's the grimoire, Jake?"

Jake stared at his father, heart-thumping. He must have read the book's title before trying to steal it last time.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"Ah," his father's eyes narrowed, smile fading. "Allow me to rephrase the question. Where is *my* grimoire?"

"I don't-"

"Yes," Jake's father said, voice hard. "You do."

Jake stared at his father, throat dry.

"You've hidden it somewhere," his father stood, stepped towards Jake. The man towered over him. "I don't know where, but I will find it. You can save the me trouble and tell me, or you can get in my way."

He stepped back, away from Jake, picked up his duffel bag.

"Personally, I'd go with the former. Those who choose to make me an enemy never get happy endings. I'm staying at the Blue Night Motel. Come by with the grimoire. You have until midnight."

"Dad, I-" Jake tried to say, but a raised finger stopped him.

"I'm not your father, boy," the man said. "*He* tried to take my grimoire, so I took his body. Blood magic's a hell of a thing. Your father is trapped inside the grimoire, I'll be... *borrowing* his body for the foreseeable future. Come by the motel later with my book, Jake. You don't want to get on my bad side."

Jake stared wide-eyed, unable to move, as his father's body walked out of his bedroom.

He stared at the door for a long few seconds.

It took him too long to look over at his desk, notice that the Doll and sense charm were missing from its surface. He shot to his feet, checked his desk drawers, all his hiding spots.

Everything was gone. The blindfolds - the Bands of Blind Sight he'd made for every member of his family - the Crown, the spare Stick he'd made. Even his phone. All of it was gone.