

Grimoire Chapter 14

Malath.

It was Malath, the grimoire's creator. It had to be.

But it wasn't possible. How could a man who died hundreds of years ago still be alive, possessing his father's body?

The answer to that was easy.

Magic.

The old woman - Vera - she'd told Jake about how her body had been stolen. Something to do with the grimoire's last page. But his father hadn't used the grimoire, right? If the book required that every other page be unlocked before the final spell, how was it possible that his father had activated it?

An image forced it way into Jake's mind. A memory. His mother on her hands and knees, using a soapy sponge to clean stains from the bottom of the stairs. Blood stains.

After his mother had kicked his father out, when his father had tried to steal the book and a ton of other stuff. That's when it had happened. That was when Malath had stolen his father's body. It had to be.

Which meant it had been Malath who'd commented on Jess' tits in the hospital. Jake's mind searched back, speeding through the memory. What exactly had his father said that day?

Jake couldn't remember.

He pushed the thought aside. There were more pressing issues to deal with.

Malath wanted the grimoire back.

For the briefest moment, Jake considered giving the book back to its maker. All he needed to do was walk down to the shed, pick it up, and take it to the motel. Just like that, it'd be over.

Unless Malath, upon receiving his book, decided that Jake wasn't needed any more. The man was okay with stealing lives, how likely was it that he'd be okay with ending them too? Right now, the fact that he'd hidden the grimoire might be the only thing keeping Jake alive.

And, even if it wasn't. Even if he could give Malath the book and go on with his every-day life. Was that something Jake could accept?

To be normal again? Powerless?

No.

He couldn't go back to being the boy who hid away in the Pit, alone and weak. He wouldn't.

The grimoire was his. No way was he giving it up. Not ever.

He rose to his feet, walked over to his door. He'd get the grimoire now, look through it for a spell he could use to get rid of Malath. End the threat before it ended him.

As he reached for the door handle, Jake froze.

Malath had taken all his spells, including the Bands of Blind Sight. What was to say he wasn't using one right now? Watching through Jake's eyes, hoping to discover the grimoire's location.

How long had it been since Malath had left his room? A few minutes?

Not long enough to modify one of the blindfolds.

Which meant he had some time. Not a lot - maybe only a few more minutes - not enough to search through the grimoire for spells. But enough, maybe, to come up with a plan.

Jake stepped away from his bedroom door, walked over to his desk. He tore a piece of paper out of a notebook, began writing.

Jake turned the handle, slowly pushed the door open. It creaked slightly, quietly. Jake stepped inside, closed the door behind himself. He snuck forward stealthily, careful to keep his right hand - and the letter held in it - out of his own line of sight.

Where should he put it? On the bedside table, in a jacket pocket, in one of the clothes drawers?

It was hard to see - his sister's bedroom curtains were closed and thick, blocking out most of the morning light. All he could make out were shadowed silhouettes, shapes scattered across the bedroom floor - torn off and discarded during their activities the previous night.

They'd had sex. He and Jess had actually fucked. It seemed like so long ago, even though it happened just a few hours back.

Jess' curled, sleeping form was visible on her bed. She was under the blankets, her face the only part of her exposed. And, as always, she looked utterly beautiful.

Eyes closed, a serene, relaxed expression on her face. Full lips parted slightly, begging to be kissed.

Jake stared at his sisters, lowered himself to a kneel. His left hand patted the floor, searching. When he found one of Jess' shoes, he let out a sigh of relief. Making sure not to look, to keep his actions outside of his own vision, he placed the folded letter inside his sister's shoe.

If Malath was watching through Jake's eyes, he'd be none the wiser to Jake's plan.

But, if the grimoire's creator was spying on him, he might find Jake entering Jess' room, kneeling, and then leaving somewhat suspicious. To avert that suspicion, Jake crept forward some more, climbed slowly onto his beautiful sister's bed.

She shifted underneath him as he crawled above her, her eyes flickering open sleepily.

Before she could react to him being there - before she even knew what was happening - Jake leaned down, kissed her.

Jess flinched at first, then relaxed, began kissing him back.

It lasted no more than a few seconds before they broke apart, Jake pulling away and staring down at his prize.

Even in the morning, her hair messy and make-up non-existent, Jess was amazingly, impossibly beautiful. In the darkness, her eyes shone like glowing diamonds. The outline of her lips curled into a soft, content smile.

Jess reached above her head, stretching her arms. Her eyes shut, back arching. She let out a satisfied, almost erotic sigh.

"Good morning," Jake whispered.

Jess opened her eyes, stared up at him - her expression unreadable.

"Morning," she replied simply.

An awkward silence followed.

They'd had sex last night. Under the influence of magic, Jess had accepted him into her bed. That magic wasn't there now. Wasn't active. The girl underneath him wasn't a Lust-addled Jess, a girl consumed by desire for him. It was ordinary Jess. Normal Jess.

How would she react to what they'd done last night?

When she remembered, would she push him away? Resent him? Would she blame herself for it happening?

He didn't have the Doll any more. He couldn't use it right now. Nor did he have a Stick of Broken Memory - he couldn't erase her memory if things went badly.

For the first time since obtaining the grimoire, he was powerless.

Jess smiled at him, a light blush spreading from her cheeks.

She reached up, placed her hands on his face, pulled it down to her own.

Their lips met again, tingles shooting through Jake's body at the contact. He closed his eyes, leaned into the kiss.

For the next few minutes, neither said anything.

The night before, their making out had been intense, hungry. Now it was soft, gentle. Rather than groping at each others bodies, they were caressing. Where last night, everything had been a haze of energy and activity, now it was relaxed, calm, sensual.

Jess took hold of Jake's hand, guided it towards her chest, her breast. He felt her warm, soft skin, trailed his fingers around a hard, pink nipple.

Underneath him, Jess gasped. She stared into his eyes, panting softly, her chest rising and falling.

He cupped one of her huge breasts, lost himself for a moment in its marshmallow softness.

"Jake," Jess' voice cooed, cutting through the sounds of quiet panting and rustling bedsheets. She took hold of his hand again, moved it lower down her body.

As his hand moved, so did the blanket, pulling down to reveal both gigantic melons. Her flat belly came into view and, a moment later, the warm wetness of her crotch. Shaved and smooth.

The instant Jake's fingers came into contact with it, Jess shuddered, let out a loud gasp.

He watched her face contort in pleasure, felt his heart pounding hard and heavy in his chest. Jess stared back at him, eyes hungry, but not like he'd seen them before. Not consumed with inhuman Lust, they were filled with heat and passion and something else, something deeper.

She wasn't under the influence of magic right now. She was herself, in full control of her actions. And she still wanted him.

Distantly, in some quiet corner of his mind, he heard questions of why and how. He ignored them.

Jake pulled his trousers down, pulled out his cock. He felt Jess tense under him, saw the uncertainty on her face. Before she could push away, he leaned in to kiss her again, spreading her legs apart with his hands.

As he pressed close to her, his cock at her opening, Jess pulled him in close. She kissed him hard, hands wrapped around his neck and back. With a single, simple push, he penetrated her.

Just like before, Jess was impossibly tight. Though this time she felt even tighter.

"Jake," she gasped, fingernails digging into the back of his neck. "Ah!"

He pressed forward, feeling the tight warmth crush his cock from all sides. Jess gripped him tighter, shots of pain radiating from where her fingers dug into his skin. Still, he continued to push deeper inside her.

Only when there was nothing left for Jess to take, when Jake's cock was fully enveloped in her wet folds, did he feel his sister's body relax.

The stiff tension evaporated, Jess breathing a satisfied sigh.

"Wow," she whispered.

Her breath was warm on Jake's neck, tickling his skin and sending shivers down his spine. He could hear his heart beating, could feel Jess' pulse around his cock. The heat radiating off her naked body seemed impossible, unreal. How could a person's body be so warm?

Their lips met again. Jake could taste the sweat on his sister's lips, feel the desire flowing from her.

Her legs parted further apart, body shifting and moving on his cock. Her hips gyrated, swayed, her pussy convulsing around his shaft, teasing it.

Jake did the only thing he could think of, began thrusting.

Jess trembled underneath him, letting out gasps and moans and erotic sighs. Her body moved with his, her pussy milking his cock as he thrust into her.

Jake broke the kiss, pulled back and looked down at the perfection before him.

Huge, swaying breasts drew in his eyes. Small pink nipples, hard and pointy. He took hold of his sister's hands, pressed them together over her stomach - forcing her arms to squeeze those huge monsters together.

She was perfect. His sister was sheer perfection.

Jake's eyes drifted up from her tits, staring hard into her stunning eyes.

"Yes," Jess breathed between thrusts. "Jake. More."

He leaned in, kissed her neck. His hand found itself on one of Jess' tits, squeezed it hard. His sister's legs wrapped around his back, holding herself in place, bracing herself as Jake sped up.

Afterwards, they lay in bed for a long while. They kissed each other, petted and touched and smiled stupidly. At some point, Jess rested her head on her brother's chest, closed her eyes and listened to the rapid rhythmic beating in her ear.

Jake's hand was on her chest, absently cupping one of her tits. His mind, once again, going over his plan.

There was no way to know if it'd work. Too many things could go wrong, and he'd have little control over it all once he set the plan in motion. Even if everything went exactly as planned, there was no telling if the spell would work.

What if Malath had some way of protection himself from magic?

Thoughts swirled in his mind. Uncertainties. There were too many uncertainties.

But it was too late to turn back.

By now, Malath would have had all the time needed to repurpose one of the Bands of Blind Sight. Even now, the man might be watching through Jake's eyes - waiting for him to make a mistake.

There was nothing Jake could do but follow through with the plan and hope it worked.

He pushed himself into a sitting position, swung his legs off Jess' bed. She raised her eyebrows at him, the unspoken question clear on her face.

Jake looked away from her, made sure he couldn't see her face or her reaction.

"I know it's a bit sudden," he said, weighing each word carefully. "But I have a favour to ask. There are some things I need to do today, could you help me out and deliver a letter for me Jess? I left it in one of your shoes."

Jake had made three blindfolds. One for Jess, and one each for his mother and father. Logically, if Malath had altered one of them to spy on Jake, it would have been his father's. That meant Malath had a Band of Blind Sight linked to Jess.

If he decided to wear that blindfold, Jess' one, at some point in the next hour, Jake's plan would be exposed.

Which meant he had to draw the attention of the grimoire's creator away from Jess. As long as Malath was spying on Jake, he'd be none the wiser as to the letter Jess was delivering.

Fortunately, Jake knew exactly how to draw Malath's attention.

The grimoire.

Not the real one, of course. But a decoy.

Jake ascended the dim, dark stairwell to his house's attic. The place his family storied all their crap. Old photos, boxes filled with clothes and toys and discarded junk.

He opened the door, walked inside.

With no window to let light in, the attic was pitch-black. Good. The less Malath could see, the less likely he was to realise he was being played.

Jake walked through the attic, found a reasonably small box. He tugged his school backpack from his shoulder, opened it and slipped the box inside.

With any luck, he'd now have Malath's undivided attention.

Now, for the long walk to the Pit to bury what was likely a box filled with old family photographs.

The sound of buzzing filled Jake's bedroom. Loud, incessant beeping. His alarm clock.

It took a few moments of blinking sleepily before his memories came back to him. The grimoire, Jess, Malath, the letter, his grand plan. Once he remembered one, all of it came back in a rush.

He shot up and out of bed, fully expecting to see Malath sitting on his desk again.

No one was there. His room was empty.

Jake let out a sigh of relief, sat back down on his bed.

A second later, another beeping sound filled his bedroom. A familiar ringtone. Slowly, Jake's head turned, his eyes falling on the phone sat snugly on his desk.

His phone.

He stared at it dumbfounded, heart pounding heavily.

What was his phone doing here?

It continued to ring, vibrating on the surface of Jake's wood desk. Jake stood, walked over to it, raised it to his ear and answered.

"Jake!" A very familiar feminine voice spoke.

"Jess?" It was all he could think to say. Why was his phone back in his room? What was going on?

"Hi!" Jess's muffled voice said through the phone's speakers. "Dad wants to talk to you."

Jake's blood went cold at the words. "What? Dad? Jess, where are you?"

The sounds of movement followed, jostling and crackling.

Then a man's voice spoke, harsh and cold.

"I did warn you not to make me an enemy. The motel. Now. Don't dally, or I might get bored of waiting and have to use your pretty little sister for entertainment."

Just like that, the call ended.

Jake stood frozen in place, disbelieving.

A wave of emotion washed through him, unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Potent and all-consuming.

Jess was his. She belonged to him.

No way in hell Malath was going to take her from him.

He ran the entire way to the motel, anger fuelling his every step.

Along the way, Malath sent him several messages. All pictures. The first was benign, simply Jess smiling. The next was one of Jess without a shirt or bra on. The next was of her on her knees in front of a man's crotch, hand on his groin. In the one after that, it wasn't her hand that was on Malath's groin - it was her mouth.

Every picture pushed Jake harder, faster.

When the motel came into view, just a small sprint away, Jake's phone vibrated again. Another message.

He pulled it out of his pocket, fully expecting to see another picture of Jess in a compromising position. Instead, the message contained a two-digit number. A room number.

Finding the man's room wasn't difficult. Jake reached out, turned the door handle. It was unlocked.

He rushed inside, eyes roaming the motel room.

There was only one person in the room.

Jess sat comfortably on the motel bed, wearing a white shirt and jeans. She watched Jake with amusement, an arrogant smile on her face. The expression was so unlike Jess, it took Jake a moment to see what his sister was holding on her hands.

A Sinful Straw Doll.

"People are so very predictable, don't you think?" Jess asked coldly. There was no joy in her voice, no brightness. "Get them emotional and all rational thought goes out the window. They become like animals, stupid and simple."

"Jess?" Jake heard himself say.

"The Sinful Straw Doll is a powerful piece of blood magic. A very powerful spell. That you only ever used it to get your sister to fuck you is disappointing, to say the least."

Jess' fingers pressed inside the Straw Doll, pulled out two notes.

Instantly, Jake felt the change. His rage faded, replaced with confusion. A few moment before, his every thought had been filled with Jess, that she belong to him, that he owned her, now all he felt was the hollow realisation.

Wroth and Greed.

Malath had tricked him. Manipulated him.

Jess' hands came up, curled around her brow, rose higher.

Jake blinked, his vision blurring. When he regained focus, it wasn't Jess sitting on the bed, it was Malath.

"Hire a hooker and tell her to wear the Crown," Malath said, a smile curling his lips. "Take a few pictures for later. The rest was child's play."

"Where's Jess?" Jake asked, feeling a twisting in his gut.

He already knew the answer.

"Still in bed, I'd assume," Malath shrugged. He pushed himself off the bed, began stalking towards Jake. His smile was gone now, replaced with a hash, cold intensity. "I'm done playing games. Last chance, Jake. Where is my grimoire?"