

Grimoire: Family Magic

The grimoire was safe. Hidden away in a place only he knew.

His father's body, even a year on, was still empty. A vegetable on a hospital bed. From time to time, Jess would go visit the empty shell, tell it all about how her life was going. I tagged along when I could, stood by my emotional sister as she talked about her friends and school and the future.

She still believed that he might wake up, snap out of his coma. One day, she hoped, she'd have her dad back.

If the body did ever wake up, it wouldn't be their father inside it.

Jess didn't know, of course.

Didn't know about Malath, or the grimoire, or magic. She had no idea about any of it. She just saw her father's unresponsive body and her big, loving heart swelled with empathy and anguish. Jake couldn't resent her for that – for wanting their dad back.

Jake though, did know the truth.

If that body ever woke up, if Malath ever came back, the little paradise they'd been living in this last year would come to a very abrupt end.

As Jess rose from beside the hospital bed, began walking out of the private room, Jake made to follow her. When he reached the door, however, he couldn't help but turn back and look at his father's empty body.

"Sleep well, old man," he found himself whispering.

When they got home, their mother was waiting for them.

As always, Jake braced himself for shouting and spite and anger thrown his way. But none came. Their mother smiled, asked how they were doing and what they wanted for dinner.

Ever since the events a year ago – finally calling out her husband for his infidelity and throwing him out – Jake's mother had totally transformed. Where she'd once been an angry, mean bitch who took out all her pent up resentment on Jake, now she was actually acting like a kind, caring mother.

She seemed happier, too. Enjoying life more.

It made her radiant, her beauty amplified by the positive glow around her. She'd had Jake and Jess young, and so still had that youthful look about her – no wrinkles or grey hairs. Slim and slender, a body sculpted from working out at a gym almost daily for the last year. With pale grey eyes, luscious full lips, dark brown hair that flowed in waves down her shoulders and back.

Not for the first time, Jake found himself blushing in his mother's presence.

Even with everything he'd done with Jess, a part of him still felt like an inexperienced child when he was around his mother.

She and Jess were like fire and ice.

His sister was bubbly and fun and soft, eyes always bright with loving kindness. His mother was cool and firm and mature, a serious woman that, nowadays at least, always seemed to have a hint of playfulness behind the confidence in her eyes.

With Jess, Jake felt like he was always showing his sister new things in the bedroom – kinks and fantasies they could try out together.

With his mother, all he could imagine happening was her taking the reins – 'educating' him on exactly what he needed to do to satisfy her.

He'd never done anything sexual with his mother before. But, ever since seeing this new, lighter and happier side to her, his mind couldn't help but wander down familiar paths. Plans on how he could, with the help of his magic spells, 'encourage' his mother to see him as more than just her son.

All he needed were a few hairs...

Jake watched through his mother's eyes as she touched herself.

At first, she'd been resistant to the Admirer's Lamp. Far more so than Jess had been. Whenever he'd caught his mother masturbating, he'd used the Lamp – made her think about him. In the beginning, she'd stopped outright and put her toy away. Then she'd stopped until the thoughts of her son faded before continuing on. Finally, after weeks of resisting, she gave in.

Kneeling upright on her bed, a curved black dildo between her legs, Jake's mother bounced up and down – thoughts of her son filling her mind.

Jake couldn't see much – his mother's eyes were unfocussed for the most part, locked onto an empty wall. But, whenever her gaze moved downwards at her body, he caught glimpses of pure, sexual brilliance.

Busty tits with naughty tan-lines. Pale white and golden skin mingled in lines and triangles over his mother's breasts. He had no idea when she'd had time to go sunbathing in a bikini, but at some point she must have. Big tits that bounced as her body moved up and down, nipples pointing outwards from wide, brown areola.

She wasn't as busty as Jess, not quite.

But they were certainly more than big enough for Jake's liking.

As his mother climaxed, her eyes rolled back.

He stared at her bedroom ceiling for a long few heartbeats. Then his vision blurred and distorted as his mother collapsed onto her bed.

With a grin on his face, he removed the Band of Blind Sight.

Part one of his plan was a success.

The next time his mother saw him, Jake had been expecting her to blush and be embarrassed. To shy away from him out of shame. Instead, she'd looked him up and down – an analytical, curious examination.

Where he'd been anticipating awkwardness from her, he saw confidence and amusement. If anyone felt awkward, it was Jake himself – feeling like an animal being eyed up by a hungry butcher.

Tonight, she was going out with her friends again. A party of some kind.

It was the perfect opportunity for Jake.

When he'd seduced Jess, it'd been a mutual thing – a boy and girl falling in love. A forbidden love, sure, but it was a natural thing - them growing closer. Or as natural as things could have been, given the magic he'd used to make it all happen.

But, with his mother, that didn't seem like the right way to go.

He needed to try something different. Something more cunning.

“Mom, can I talk to you?”

It was the next morning, Jake and his mother alone in the house for what felt like the first time in forever. He'd made sure Jess wouldn't be around, giving her advice that she should hang out with her friends more – not neglect those friendships just because she had a guy in her life now.

Really, he'd just wanted to have this conversation with their mother alone.

She eyed him up and down, clearly suffering from a hangover headache. Her eyes lingered on his crotch for a moment longer than the rest of his body, locking on to the visible bulge there. The bulge Jake had given himself just for his mother to notice.

“Sure,” his mother half-said, half-groaned.

How much did she have to drink last night?

A lot by the looks of things. Good.

“The, uh, messages you sent me last night. I didn't look at them or anything. I know you must have sent them to me by mistake. I'll delete them and stuff, you don't need to

worry.”

His mother raised an eyebrow at him.

“The, umm...” Jake didn't need to fake the nervous awkwardness. He felt *that* entirely. “Photos.”

His mother's eyes widened.

He could almost read her thoughts in that expression. She'd sent him pictures last night? She didn't remember it, but she'd been so drunk that she couldn't be certain she *hadn't* sent any. What kind of pictures had she sent?

In truth, she hadn't sent anything. But that was the trick.

Jake reached into his pocket, opened up his folder of pictures and handed the phone to his mother – not trusting himself to speak.

What she saw made his mother's face flush.

Selfies of herself in the bathroom, totally naked, posing in naughty ways and eyeing the camera with a suggestive smile.

The Crown of False Kings. A useful bit of magic that, when worn, could make a person appear to be someone else. A simple object to create and wear, take a few pictures with. It didn't matter that his mother's phone had never taken the pictures, that it had no history of sending any messages to his. Those things could be explained away with her drunkenly 'deleting' them.

What his mother was staring at, her own naked body, was undeniable proof that she'd sent nudes to her son last night.

The same son she masturbated thinking of.

The same son that stood in front of her right now with a boner.

“You should delete them,” Jake said, heart pounding heavily in his chest while he tried to sound as embarrassed as possible. “I shouldn't look at that stuff...”

He made the last few words sound regretful, disappointed.

His mother's eyes flickered to his crotch again, blush brightening to a deep crimson. Without saying a word, she deleted the pictures and handed the phone back to her son.

He rushed back to his bedroom, activated the Admirer's Lamp and slipped on the Band of Blind Sight. In one of his hands, he held a Sinful Straw Doll attuned to his mother, a note with the word 'lust' written on it in the other.

Using every tool he had in his arsenal, he compelled his mother to start masturbating – made sure she was thinking of him, overwhelmed with desire, senses and pleasure heightened beyond their usual limits.

When she came – the biggest orgasm of her life – it was to the thought of her son's erection at seeing his mother naked.

The next time she came home drunk – just over a week later – Jake's phone vibrated. He had three new messages from his mother. This time, he didn't need to wear the Crown and take pictures himself. His mother had provided him with those herself.

Tomorrow morning, when he took down his laundry to be cleaned, he'd make sure his mother found a recently used, cum-soaked sock.

Over the weeks that followed, things slowly escalated. Jake made sure he always had an erection when his mother was around, and was pleased to see her wardrobe choices when at home beginning to change too. Less conservative dresses and regular clothes, more leisurely and revealing attire – nightgowns and nighties and adult underwear.

She continued to 'accidentally' send him pictures now and then and, once or twice, he sent a few 'accidental' pictures of his own.

It all came to a head one fateful Friday night.

Jake sent his sister off – his cum filling her insides - to a friend's sleepover for the weekend. His mother, out partying with her friends, would be come home drunk. With the help of the Sinful Straw Doll, he'd make sure she was plenty horny.

Tonight was the night.

When he heard his mother enter the house, he set his plans into motion – activated the Straw Doll and the sense-amplifying charm, left his room and sought out his mother.

She wasn't as drunk as he thought she'd be. Not even tipsy.

But, when she saw him, she pounced all the same.

Profuse making out and stripping each other ensued. They flowed into his mother's bedroom, found themselves on her bed – both naked and hot. His mother was panting excitedly, a wicked smile on her lips. She pinned him to her bed, straddled his waist.

"I'm sorry baby," Jake's mother gasped. She sounded almost genuinely apologetic, even through her horny desperation. "It's been too long. Mommy needs cock."

When she lowered herself onto him, impaled herself with his cock, his mother let out a loud, satisfied groan. Her pussy convulsed around his cock, clinging tightly to it – squeezing it. Her eyes closed, a smile unlike anything he'd ever seen before crossed his mother's face. A blissful, content, satisfied grin.

Then her eyes opened, naughty kinkiness filling her eyes as she gazed down at her son.

And she began riding him.

Not the gentle-loving making he was so used to, not the submissive and sweet sister he'd become so familiar with in bed. His mother rode him like an animal, hard and fast and hungry. She bounced on his cock, tits dancing, with everything she had. She rode him like a woman possessed.

Thumping echoed throughout the house, bedpost bashing against the bedroom wall repeatedly. The sounds of skin slapping skin and heavy moans, loud satisfied screams of pleasure.

His mother pressed down on his body, pinned him to her bed as she had her way with him – riding and fucking him like her life depended on it.

When it was over, Jake felt spent. Exhausted in a way he never had with Jess. His entire body ached, his cock most of all.

His mother collapsed on top of him, shuddering and sighing.

Playful, sexual giggles escaped her lips. She moved to kiss his cheek, his lips. And, when she tilted her head, nibbled lightly on his ear-lobe, two magical words escaped her lips – sending electrical shivers down Jake's spine.

"Good boy," his mother whispered.

Then she pushed herself back up, towering over her son. She wiggled her hips – her son's cock still inside her – and teased him with her body. Soon, Jake found himself hardening again. And, moments later, their second round of fucking began.

When Jess arrived home Sunday evening, Jake limped over to her and hugged her tightly.

She glanced around, made sure their mother was no-where to be seen, then returned his hug with a gentle, loving kiss. The two made out for a long few minutes, breaking off only when their lungs were screaming for air.

A flushed, open-mouthed, panting smile appeared on Jess' face. She took her brother's hand, led him up to her bedroom.

Jake's battered cock twitched, a moment of uncertainty passing through his mind. But, even worn out and used up as he was, he'd never turn down the opportunity to share a bed with his sister.

Keeping his two lovers a secret from each other would be difficult, given they all shared a house together.

But it well worth the trouble to have the two most beautiful women in the world as his partners. Young and soft and loving, and mature and firm and hungry. He doubted either one would be okay with him fucking the other. But, perhaps one day – with some magical assistance – he could bring them around, make them both desire each other as

well as him.

Until then, he'd keep them both secret from one another.

A pain, sure. But totally worth it. Besides, if something went wrong and his mother found out about what he was doing with his sister, or vice versa, he always could always use a Stick or Broken Truth to fix things.

He didn't even need the grimoire any more. All the spells he'd ever need, he already had memorised.

Magic, it turned out, was very useful indeed.