

Grimoire: Magic Number

Jake leaned back on the sofa, enjoying the sensation of a pair of lips on his cock. Kissing it, licking it. Full lips. Skilled lips.

His mother knelt in front of him, wearing a new set of black lingerie.

It was the middle of the day, just after school. Sunlight streaming into the living room, a cool breeze flowing in through an open window. All sound was drowned out by the music he'd set to play, loud and sensual.

His eyes drifted to a wall-mounted clock.

Any moment now.

He'd told his Mom that Jess wouldn't be home for a while. That she was going somewhere with her friends.

That hadn't *exactly* been true.

Distantly, he thought he heard a thump. The sound of the front door closing. But he couldn't be sure with the loud music. His mother hadn't heard anything, was beginning to lick around the head of his cock, kiss the tip – just like she always did before she stated taking it into her mouth fully.

Jake placed a hand on her head, guided it. She allowed herself to be led, opening her mouth and engulfing his cock with a long, joyous moan.

Then the living room door opened, and in stepped Jake's sister.

"Why is-" She started to say, then froze at the scene she'd walked in on. Her mouth dropped open, eyes widening in pure shock.

Time itself seemed to stop.

Their mother had heard Jess enter. Her eyes, which had been closed a moment before, shot open – wide and horrified. Slowly, as if afraid at what she'd find, she turned her head to the doorway – mouth still filled with cock.

Mother and daughter stared at each other for an impossibly long, tense moment.

Then everything happened at once.

Jess ran away, red-faced and pained. Mom spat out her son's cock, chased after her daughter while tugging desperately at her clothes – trying to push those wonderful, exposed tits of hers back into her bra and shirt.

Jake followed, glancing at the clock and noting the time.

He didn't have long. He'd only prepared for a few minutes.

They found Jess in her room, balling her eyes out. When Jake entered her room, tried to calm his sister down, she practically shrieked at him. Jess never cursed, so hearing her call their mother a 'whore' was jarring. Daughter sobbed and shouted, mother cried and begged for forgiveness, tried to explain. Jake simply shook his head, walked to his bedroom – to the two Sticks of Broken truth on his desk.

He snapped both, went back to his sister's room and saw the two dazed, confused expressions there.

"Again?" He asked, forcing himself to sound concerned.

Both mother and sister nodded their heads, looking more than a little frightened.

Another 'blackout'. A hole in their memories that they couldn't explain, that no doctor had been able to get to the route of. It wasn't stress related, wasn't some kind of illness. They just lost time.

Jake knew both of them were freaked out over the gaps in their memories. He didn't like using the Sticks so much.

But this was the only way.

Today had been another failed experiment. But, one day soon, he'd manufacture the right series of events – the right set of spells and situations – to make his plan work.

His mother and sister, both having sex with him. Both being aware that the other was sleeping with him, too. Being totally fine with it. Even, perhaps, being willing to have a

threesome. Mother and daughter and son, all sharing a bed.

Jake could do it. He knew he could. With magic, anything was possible.

All he needed was the right combination of spells and events.

Today had been a failure, sure. But there was always tomorrow.

The issue was his sister. Jess.

His mother was a lot more open-minded, Jake had been working on that for a while. She'd crossed a line that could never be uncrossed, and so she was all in. She'd had sex with her son, so who was she to judge if her son and daughter were also having sex as long as they did it safely? Even the idea of a threesome wasn't so far off in his mother's mind.

Jess was a different story altogether.

She saw Jake less as a brother, and more as a boyfriend. A lover, not a family member. Rather than embracing the incestuous taboo, she ignored it as much as she could. And, worse than that, she was utterly monogamous – and expected her partner to be the same. Jake fucking anyone but her was, in Jess' eyes, cheating.

So many tears had been cried by Jess over the last few weeks. When he'd confessed he'd been having sex with their mother, when he'd had her walk in on the scene herself, even when he'd simply suggested that he might find someone other than Jess herself sexually appealing. Each time, he'd used a stick to remove those memories. And, each time, he'd returned to the drawing board.

With confessing his 'affair', he'd hoped to gauge Jess' reaction. With having her walk in, he'd hoped she'd be aroused at the sight. When mentioning that he had a crush on someone else, he'd wanted to open his sister's mind to the prospect of 'exploring' sex in new ways.

But, he'd failed each time. And every other attempt had been met with disappointment and Stick-breaking, too.

So, it was time to look at things from a new angle.

What if, instead of Jake being the one 'cheating' with their mother, it was Jess who was caught in the act?

He'd need to make his mother and sister desire each other, and act on those desires. But that should be easy enough. Then, he'd have to make sure Jess didn't feel guilty about it afterwards, continued to have sexual relations with their mother in secret. And then, hopefully, Jess would have a far more open mind when it came to a potential threesome.

He wouldn't be there in person the first time Jess and their mother slept together, which would be a shame. But, this way, he could bypass his sister's feelings of betrayal at him cheating on her, and get right to the kinkier stuff.

Jake sat back and relaxed, a blindfold blocking out the sight of his room. Instead, he saw another room. His sister's.

It'd been a difficult choice for him to make – whose eyes to watch through.

After much deliberating, he'd decided on his mother. He'd watch through the mature woman's eyes, gaze at his sister's wonderful body, as events unfolded.

It started, as always, with magic. Charms and spells to arouse both women, plant images of the other in their minds. He'd been doing it for weeks, slowly increasing the intensity for which they desired each other. Until tonight. Now, it was time for all that desire to bubble over into action.

His mother was the one who initiated.

She, unable to bear her arousal any longer, slipped out of bed, walked to Jess' bedroom and let herself in – found her daughter touching herself under the blankets.

Whenever Sammy was horny from thoughts of their mother, she avoided Jake. Out

of shyness or guilt, who could say? Instead of coming to him to satisfy her, she stayed in her bedroom, rubbing and fingering and dildoeing herself to thoughts of their mother.

And now, Mom had walked in on her doing just that.

The women gazed at each other for a long moment, though Jake could only see his sister's reaction. The shock in her eyes, the uncertainty. Was this a dream? A realistic fantasy? Had her mother *really* just walked in as she'd been moaning 'Mom' out loud?

Her eyes widened further when Mom swayed her shoulders, allowed her thin robe to slip from her shoulders. She wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"Mom," Jess gasped, lips parted.

And then Mom began walking forward, climbing onto Jess' bed and pulling the blankets aside – revealing her daughter's amazing body.

From there, the process of molding new fantasies was simple enough.

Instead of just Mom filling Jess' thoughts, and Jess filling Mom's, Jake made sure both of them also thought of him while they fantasised about the other. Before long, both girls were touching themselves at night to thoughts of threesomes and family orgies.

Mom had never been the problem with Jake's desire for a threesome. It'd always been Jess who'd made the idea impossible. And now she was getting herself off more regularly to the thought of it than he was.

All that remained to do was initiate it.

A situation in which Jess agreed to the threeway. A sequence of events that resulted in Jake's desires becoming a reality.

Mom. He'd use her. She was an initiator. She liked to think she was in control, the one who dominated both in and out of the bedroom. As far as she was aware, seducing her son and daughter had been entirely her all own ideas. All Jake needed to do was make her want to have the threesome enough that she'd actively make it happen.

With the magic he had at his disposal, that was easy enough.

Jake wore a blindfold of a different kind. The type worn by middle-aged women who couldn't sleep at night. A sleeping mask. Not a hint of magic about it. He wasn't gazing through the eyes of some else. He was just sat there, naked, bound to a chair. Blinded and waiting.

When a pair of lips came into contact with his cock, he felt a shiver run down his spine.

Not his mother's lips. He was certain. There was a gentleness to that faint touch Jake recognised instantly. It could only be Jess. It *had* to be her.

The realisation sent shock-waves of joy and pleasure through him.

It was finally happening.

His mother had cuffed him to the chair, acting as her dominant self, proclaiming that today was going to be special. When she'd slipped the blindfold on his face, he'd been hopeful but not entirely sure. But now, it was undeniable. The threesome. The first of many. No more running around behind Jess' or his mother's backs to fuck the other. After today, he could have either one any time he wanted – even both together at the same time.

When Jess slipped his cock in her mouth, sucking it with loving tenderness, she began to grunt. Her body started rocking back and forth – slowly at first, then faster and harder. Feminine moans filled the room, muffled around Jake's cock.

Finally, after too long in the dark, the blindfold began to slip away.

His first sight was of bright light. Then, as the brightness faded and his eyes adjusted, Jake saw his mother's handiwork. The picture before him almost made him cum the moment he took it in.

Jess, on hands and knees in front him, his cock in her mouth while their mother

knelt behind her thrusting.

His mother was wearing a strap-on.

She twirled the night mask around a finger, a lusty smile on her face. Mother stared at son, eyes hot. Jess gazed up at Jake, hazy and aroused and desperate.

"Well?" Jake's mother asked, grinning. "How does your sister's mouth feel?"

The three of them lay on Jake's bed, bodies mingled in blissful, after-sex relaxation. Jess' face was coated in their mother's juices, Jake's was similarly covered in Jess'. His cock and crotch were painted in the fluids of both women. Messy hair, sweaty bodies, the scents of sex thick in the air.

Threesomes, it turned out, were a lot of work. Double the fucking and twice as much satisfying to do. But holy *shit* were they amazing.

Perhaps not something he'd make happen every day, but it'd certainly have to be a regular occurrence from now on.

Jess whined softly as Jake rose from his bed, their mother raising a curious eyebrow at him.

What could he *possibly* have to do that was better than lying in bed with the two beauties he'd just spent hours fucking?

He walked over to his desk drawer, opened it and stared at the two Sticks of Broken truth inside. They were designed to only remove five minutes. Not enough to make his mother or sister forget the half-day, taboo orgy.

Would he have to use them, make his sister and mother forget what he said next?

Perhaps.

Hopefully not, though.

"You know," he said, addressing both at once. "I made this happen. All of it."

And he told them. Everything. Well, not *everything*. He omitted all mention of Malath and the grimoire. But everything else, magic and spells and manipulations, he told his mother and sister. He spoke of how he'd secretly nudged and pushed both of them to where they were now – naked, on his bed, his cum leaking out both their cunts. He let them know the truth. Told them why they had holes in their memories – that he'd been the one who'd caused them. He told them that they were his, would always be his. That he owned them.

His eyes never left the Sticks as he spoke. If he needed to, he'd erase their memories of this confession.

When he was almost done talking, he turned around to face his sister and mother.

"You belong to me," he told them to their faces. "Mom, Jess, you are *mine*."