

## Chapter 2

I blew out a chilly breath, dug my hands deeper into my coat jacket and swept my gaze across the arrival hall for the fourth time, searching for beautiful black hair and bright brown eyes.

Mom was standing beside me. I had been so used to seeing her naked, it was weird seeing her in clothes again, especially in that long coat that covered all her delicious curves. I rather have her tits out, pussy readily available.

There she was.

My breath tightened as I saw Amara rounding the corner. My little sister still looked the same as I last saw her over a year ago, but that wasn't a bad thing. Not at all. Her skin was still perfect, her body was still amazing, and her eyes still had that bright shine to them. God, she was beautiful. And when we locked eyes and when she smiled and waved at me, I was half tempted to sprint towards her and give her the hug she deserved.

But habits had me rooted to the spot, and I watched as my little sister did the opposite—she broke into a jog, reaching us quickly and giving our mother the first embrace.

"I miss you, Mommy!" Amara squealed, hugging her tight.

"I miss you too, darling," Mom said, smiling warmly, returning her daughter's affection.

Watching them hug flashed a couple of ideas in my mind. What if they kissed instead? Or better yet... what if they fuck each other?

And just like that, I was hard again. It was at the worst timing too because right then, Amara switched her attention to me, stepping forward and hugging me too. I just prayed she couldn't feel my hard on pressing against her stomach, aching to be inside that tight little body. She had a figure that rivaled Mom's, except Amara was much younger and healthier.

I couldn't wait to fuck her.

Was she still a virgin? Amara was a heartbreaker—always had been. It wasn't because she moved from guy to guy. Quite the opposite. I have never once caught my sister talking about men or relationships. She was always focused on her studies. In high school, Amara rejecting love confessions was almost a weekly occurrence. I hoped that was still the case in university because if she was still a virgin, then I had hit the jackpot.

I would hypnotize her soon. Extract the truth out of her.

"I missed you," Amara said, taking a step back, her bright eyes searching mine.

"Yeah," I said. "I missed you too."

"At least smile a little." My sister punched my shoulder. "You're always so gloomy. I see that hasn't changed."

I forced a smile for her benefit, looking into her eyes that were so similar to mine. I have never been this attracted to my sister before. Ever since I broke bad and went all in on corrupting Mom, my attraction to both my family members had increased tenfold. For the past month, every time I fucked Mom, I wished it was her instead.

Wishing for something was one thing, but the fact I *knew* I could have my sister in every single scenario I had fantasized us together in... it was a different feeling entirely. Mom was living proof I could achieve anything.

"There." Her smile returned. Bright and heartwarming. Leaning on her tiptoes, she pecked me on the cheeks, giving me a whiff of her amazing perfume. "Much better."

"Yeah." Even if I didn't show my excitement outwardly, inside I was burning up. It felt like I was meeting a crush.

We made the trip back towards the car. It was already past midnight, but Amara was a bubble of energy, firing questions after questions. Mom answered everything smoothly, making sure nothing would tip Amara off.

I just nodded along, happy that all the brainwashing I did on Mom had not dulled her intelligence one bit. She was still the sharp, hard working mother that raised us both. All I did was bring Mom around to my world views.

Amara bumped shoulders with me. "You okay?"

"Yeah." I blinked. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"You're awfully quiet, even by your standards." She looked at me, and I almost melted. God, I was being so pathetic. "Your cheeks are flushed."

"I'm just tired." I gave her a lopsided shrug. "Nothing else."

"I'm sorry that my flight is so late. But this one was the cheapest one available. And you know Mommy, she would get mad if I chose a pricier option."

"No, it's fine." I cleared my throat. "I'm sorry too."

"Huh?" She blinked. "For what?"

*For what I'm about to do to you.* People would always describe Amara as this bright angel, because wherever she went, people always cheered up. She would always put others above herself, and everyone loved her for her selflessness.

I was about to destroy that about her. I was going to make this angel sin. I wanted to crush all her aspirations and dreams. When I was done with her, she wouldn't meet her friends anymore. She wouldn't have a reason to ever leave the house. To leave the bedroom.

*I'm sorry, Amara.*

I looked away. "Nothing. I... I just think I might be a bad brother."

"You're not." She held my arm and squeezed. "You're the best brother ever."

I managed a smile.

\*\*\*

My sister spoke up. "So how's all the mind control?"

I froze up. "What?"

"I was kidding!" Amara giggled. "Seriously, how is it? I heard from Mommy that the clinic has been doing so much better."

We were in the backseat of the car, with Mom behind the wheel.

"Yeah." I exhaled. "I've significantly increased my prices and I've been getting more clients."

"You know, when I tell my friends that my brother hypnotizes people for a living, no one believes me!" She shook her head, giggling again. "Honestly, it's a great conversation starter. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all."

We were so close, our thighs touching. I had almost forgotten that Amara liked being physical with the people she was close to. Her hugs and kisses never bothered me before, but now it was different. It was almost torture, being so riled up and horny, yet not being able to do anything about it.

I could hypnotize her tonight. Numb her senses, fuck her, then make her forget everything. That was an option, but I knew that was just short-term pleasure. If I wanted something long-term with Amara, I had to restrain myself from any stupid decisions.

But...

I could still hypnotize her tonight. Speed up the process of her eventual enslavement.

"Mom," I spoke up. "Have you told Amara about our sessions together yet?"

My sister's eyes went wide. She sat forward. "Mom is letting you hypnotize her?"

Mom nodded. I had briefed this conversation with her already, and it was supposed to happen the next day after everyone was rested up. But I couldn't wait. I had to hypnotize her tonight. Patience was a vital asset for any hypnotherapist, but I have to make an exception for Amara.

"Yes," Mom said. "Luke is helping me manage my stress. It's been working very well so far."

"It has?" Amara scooted forward more. "You're not stressed anymore?"

"Not really," Mom said. "We have only done a few sessions and the results are amazing. You should really try it."

"Hmm..." Amara played with her ponytail. "Maybe I should."

"How about when we get home?" I offered. "We could do a quick ten, fifteen minutes session."

"As soon as we get home?" I knew from her tone, she didn't like the idea. Amara shook her head. "I'm tired. Maybe next time."

"When?" I knew I was being pushy. Not good.

Amara shrugged. "I don't know. When we're both free, I guess."

No. No. That wouldn't work. It took me three months to corrupt Mom. Amara wouldn't take as long.

For Mom, the reason it took three months was because of my constant wrestling with my emotions. Enslaving my own mother seemed like a line too far. But now I learnt that sometimes it was better to throw away all morality for the sake of good. Mom wasn't overworked anymore, and she was the happiest she has ever been.

I nodded, trying my best not to show my disappointment. "Okay."

Plan A was ruined. I caught Mom's eye in the rearview mirror, and I gave another subtle nod.

Plan B it is.

\*\*\*

We reached home.

While Amara went for the trunk to retrieve her luggage, I used the opportunity for a private word with Mom.

"Change of plans," I whispered. "I'm going to prepare the tea. Make her drink it."

She nodded. Part of her programming made her unable to disagree with me. Life became so much easier when there were no more 'buts' or 'ifs' from Mom.

"Yes, Mas—" She caught herself, biting down on her lips.

I swallowed my chuckle, then lowered my voice even more. "I'm going to fuck you later. Get ready."

She bit down on her lips harder. "I can't wait."

Amara closed the trunk with a 'thump' then strolled towards us, luggage in tow. "Let's go! I really miss home."

We took the elevator up, then reached our door. Amara was the first one in, raising her arms up high as if celebrating.

"Home sweet home!" she cheered. "Oh man, I can't wait to sleep in my bed again."

I breezed past her and walked into the kitchen, gathering the ingredients for hypnotic tea. I could hear Mom talking to Amara in the living room, delaying my sister.

I steadied my hands as I bundled the roots and herbs together into a small bag, then tied it up. Filling a cup with hot water, I placed the bag inside to brew, turning the clear water into a palish yellow.

Five minutes later, the concoction was ready.

I left the cup in the kitchen and headed into the living room.

"... that's the plan," my sister told our mother. "What do you think?"

My mother noticed me. “I think it’s a good plan, darling. You should indeed start searching for a job as soon as possible.”

“I’ve been toying with an idea.” Amara gave me one of her famous heart warming smiles. “While I’m searching for a job, why don’t I help you out for a bit?”

I scratched my head. “You mean…”

“Yeah.” My sister snapped her fingers. “You said you’ve a lot more clients now, right? That means more paperwork and organizing. I could help with that. Let me help.”

My own sexy secretary? I love it.

“Sure.” With a nod, I signaled Mom to begin.

Mom sprung into action, stepping forward and taking Amara’s hand. “Darling, lately I’ve been drinking this amazing tea. Luke recommended it to me as an additional stress reliever. It really helps with my sleep. You should try it.”

“Tea?” Amara tilted her head. “You know I don’t really drink tea. Especially at night. There’s caffeine in it.”

“There’s no caffeine in this one. It’s made of natural herbs.” Mom ushered her daughter into the kitchen. “Trust me, darling. You’ll love it.”

I could tell Amara wasn’t onboard with the idea. But she trusted Mom, and unfortunately, that was her undoing.

Mom took the cup and handed the steaming tea to my sister, who gingerly took it with both hands.

“It’s still hot,” Mom told her. “Blow it. Then drink.”

“Okay…” Amara began cooling off the drink.

“Drink,” our mother urged. I held a breath. This was it. The beginning of my sister’s corruption.

“I’ll just drink a little.” Amara brought the cup to her lips.

She sipped.

“How is it?” Mom asked with a smile.

"It's a little bitter..." Amara mumbled, staring at the herb infusion. She started to set the cup down. "I think..."

"No." Mom touched her daughter's hand, stopping her. "Drink it up. It will help you sleep."

Amara eyed the tea again. But my sister never disobeyed our mother, so she raised the cup once again, blew it once, twice. With a sigh, she gulped it down.

"I finished it." My sister gasped, handing the empty cup to our mother. "I—"

Amara stumbled sideways, managing to grab the edge of the kitchen island. I was already right behind her, catching the brute of her fall.

"Mom..." Her voice was already slurred. "What... what..."

"It's okay, darling," Mom assured her. "Everything will be okay."

"Help carry her to the living room," I instructed.

We brought Amara back outside and laid her out on the sofa.

"What... is..." my sister groaned. "Happ...ening?"

I ignored her, clicking my fingers. "Mom, get me my tools."

"Yes."

"You can address me properly now." I smiled. "She won't remember a thing."

Mom returned my smile, her moral compass completely fucked from all the brainwashing I had done to her. "Yes, Master."

"Mas..." My sister blinked slowly. "Ter?"

"Shh..." I stroked her head, feeling her soft black hair. "Just relax, Amara."

"What's... happeni... happening?"

Mom returned, kneeling down next to me and handing me my brainwashing toolkit.

"Nothing," I told my sister, then raised my arm, swinging the quartz crystal in front of her.

Amara started to say something, but her eyes latched onto the crystal and her words fizzled out.

"Good..." I said. "Follow the crystal, Amara. Relax and keep your eyes on the crystal."

Left, right. Left, right.

“No...” she squeaked out, her voice so low, I had to struggle to understand her. “Please...”

“Shh...” I continued stroking her head. “Relax, my love.”

**Left. Right.**

**Left. Right.**

“Uh...” Amara tried to get up, but all she could manage was a half-hearted jerk to the side, almost falling off the couch.

I was about to ask Mom why she didn’t bother to catch her, but when I looked over, I saw Mom’s gaze following the crystal too, her pupils completely glassy and unfocused.

I had been so focused on Amara, I didn’t even notice Mom had slipped into a trance.

Chuckling to myself, I snapped my fingers, and Mom fell limp against me. I set her down on the ground, then brought my attention back to the main prize of the night.

Mom was hot and fucks like crazy, but Amara was just a younger, leaner version of our Mother. When it came to sex, I didn’t need to guess who would I rather fuck.

“Amara.” Raising the pendulum once more, I resumed our session. “Listen to my voice and follow the crystal. That’s all you need to do.”

**Left, right. Left, right.**

There were tears in my sister’s eyes. I couldn’t imagine how she felt. Confused, betrayed, scared. But after she woke up, she wouldn’t remember any of it, and I knew that in the end, everything would pay off.

Mom was happy being my slave, and soon my sister would share in that joy of serving me.

**Left, right. Left, right.**

It took a whole five minutes to calm Amara down. I continued swinging the pendulum in front of her, whispering comforting words into her ear. She smelled so fucking good, and the temptation to numb her senses and fuck her as soon as she went under was almost unbearable. But I kept my resolve strong, fully aware that delayed satisfaction would always trump short-term pleasure.

**Left, right. Left, right.**

Her pupils started to glaze over, but my sister kept muttering under her breath, begging me to stop. To let her go.



Mom didn't share this much resistance. Usually clients would drink tea and almost fall unconscious a second later. Bringing them into a trance only took a couple of minutes at the maximum.

But Amara was proving to be a difficult subject. I never knew my sister could show this much willpower.

Was that a good thing or a bad thing? I had planned for her brainwashing to be no more than a couple of months. Was I too overconfident in my abilities? Would she take even longer than Mom?

Maybe it was a good thing, since it would be so much more satisfying breaking her. I could visualize Amara, on her knees, begging me to fuck her after months and months of constant conditioning.

I can break her. I *will* break her.

**Left, right. Left, right.**

"Luke..."

Fuck. How long has it been? She was still resisting me and she had drunk the entire cup.

I ignored her, continuing to swing the crystal.

**Left. Right.**

**Left. Right.**

"Stop..." She whimpered. "Please..."

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "I love you."

**Left. Right.**

**Left. Right.**

Her eyelids twitched.

"Luke..."

**Left. Right.**

**Left. Right.**

“Relax.” I ran my thumb down her cheek, tucking her hair to the side. “You feel very relaxed, don’t you?”

“Luke...”

My chest throbbed. My heart sank.

**Left, right. Left, right.**

Her eyelids twitched again. More drool seeped down.

“You want to close your eyes and fall asleep.” I told my entranced sister. “But you can’t. You have to keep your eyes open. You have to keep following the crystal.”

She groaned.

“Relax, Amara,” I continued. “Keep looking at the crystal. Your eyes are getting heavier and heavier. Very heavy.”

**Left, right. Left, right.**

Her arms went limp, and her left hand dangled off the edge of the sofa.

It was time.

“I’m going to count down from three,” I said. “You will hear a snap as I go from digit to digit. And every time you hear the snap, you’ll feel even more relaxed. And when you hear the third and final slap, you will go to sleep. Do you understand?”

She groaned.

“Amara.” I stroked her and stared into her eyes. She stared past me, her brown pupils still glued to the swinging crystal. “Say yes, if you understand.”

“Y...” She whimpered, her voice slurred. “Yes...”

Holy fuck.

“Three.” *Snap.*

Her eyelids fluttered.

“Two.” *Snap.*

Her breathing slowed down.

“One.” I didn’t even realize I was holding my breath.

Exhaling, I clicked my fingers.

*SNAP!*

Her head lolled to the side and her jaw went slack. I set the pendulum away.

“Amara.” My voice was quivering. “Can... can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

Finally. Fucking... *finally*.

All the countless daydreams of hypnotizing my little sister. All the crazy fantasies I had about her once she was fully under my control.

It was finally happening.

What I was doing to her was the lowest any brother could stoop to. But I always believed I was a practical man and not so long ago, I had laid out the cold hard facts.

I had the ability to heavily influence a person’s core values and moral compass.

I also had a very attractive mother and sister who kept their health pristine and their bodies in amazing shape.

Who wouldn’t put two plus two together?

I gaze down at Amara, drinking her in. I have never seen my sister naked before, but I have seen her in gym clothes plenty of times—tight tops and even tighter leggings. She had an ass to die for. Full, rounded cheeks, sculpted to perfection.

“Fuck,” I cursed, feeling myself close to release. That was the effect my sister had on me. I was so hard, it was almost painful to hold my orgasm back. I knew I had to do something about it.

Fucking Amara would be a foolish decision. Even if I numbed her sense and fuck her raw, her body might react to my cock pounding inside her and she might snap out of her trance.

It might not happen. Theoretically, I *could* get away with it.

But there was a big problem with doing that.

It would be rape.

Yeah, I knew I was the farthest thing away from having a moral compass. But when I fuck Amara, I would like to have her to want me back. Not just lay there silent and docile, not uttering a single moan, not reacting to my touches. I wanted her to be with me, moaning me out, goading me to fuck her harder and harder.

Leaving Amara, I discarded my shorts and went over to Mom. I was so fucking wet, pre-cum was oozing down my tip, dripping down onto my mother's face.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

"Yes, Master."

"Open your eyes and stand up."

Her pupils were glazed, no signs of life within them. She stood up and I guided her over to Amara, who was still deep in trance—and would be for the next half an hour. Any longer and it could be dangerous. The conscious mind wasn't used to being shut down for this long.

"Mom." Using a finger, I wiped the drool off her chin. "Kneel."

She hadn't even blinked. Slowly, like a robot, she went to her knees.

"Do you see a problem?" I asked. The answer was staring her right in her face, but no matter how sharp my mother was, when she was deep in a trance, she could be quite simple-minded.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I need to suck your cock."

"Yes, you do." I gripped the back of her head and guided her lips to me. A second later, I sighed, finally getting the relief I was craving for. Even in a trance, Mom was a pro, taking my entire cock deep until she gagged. Then she began working me with her mouth and throat, her long black hair whipping back and forth as she bobbed her head, her lifeless eyes drawing no pleasure from her act of service.

"Good girl," I praised her, then glanced back at my unconscious sister.

It was time to make her more like our mother.