

Chapter 3

My sister's lips were so *soft*.

I ran my thumb across those beautiful pinks, sighing happily as our hypnotized mother knelt before me, her own lips around my cock.

"Slowly," I hissed. I wanted my mother to keep me at the edge while I tried my best to maintain focus.

My mother's response was muffled, making me chuckle.

It was time to begin.

I tugged on my sister's bottom lip. "Your name is Amara."

She took a few seconds to answer me, probably because her mind was still processing the words, not used to being in this state.

"Yes."

That wasn't her *real* name, but my sister didn't like her birth name. She always joked that her friends couldn't pronounce it well, so she preferred a simple "Amara".

"You're my sister."

Another few seconds.

"Yes."

"You love eating tom yum noodles."

This time, it only took a couple of beats.

"Yes."

I continued supplying my little sister with facts about herself, slowly easing her into a more suggestive state. Mom was silent in her hard work, her brown pupils completely glazed over.

My sister was starting to say her 'Yes' more quickly, and when she was agreeing with my facts almost immediately, I moved us along to the next phase.

But first, I wanted to touch something of hers that was much softer.

Smiling, I trailed my fingers down her lips, running down her neck and going down to her—

I jerked away when Amara flinched. She gasped softly and her facial expression hardened for a split second.

Shit.

I whispered for her to relax, soothing her with gentle words, and when she was breathing softly again, I took a moment to compose myself.

Amara was not an easy subject. Her mind was still not comfortable in her trance, and her nerves were being overly sensitive when they should have been numb.

I should leave her alone until she was so deep in her trance, I could plunge my fingers into her pussy, and her eyes would remain glazed over.

Why was Amara being so difficult? It was almost unfair. She was the one person I wanted to hypnotize the most, yet she was also the hardest.

Fuck.

But there was no point in complaining. I had Amara in a trance. That was already a huge step forward.

“Amara,” I spoke up. “How do you feel? Do you feel relaxed?”

She groaned low, and my cock jerked inside our mother’s mouth.

“Yes...”

“Good.” This time I had my hands on Mom, tugging on her dark hair and controlling her rhythm. “Amara, what makes you happiest in life? What is the one thing that drives you on?”

The room fell silent. I could hear the ticks of the clock.

Five seconds passed. I frowned. What was taking so long?

My beautiful sister parted her lips. “I...”

I waited for her to finish.

“I... I don’t know.”

... what?

Amara... didn't know? But she always looked so upbeat. Cheerful. How could she not know what made her happy?

"You can't think of anything?" I asked, still processing her response.

She answered quicker this time. "No."

Okay. I exhaled. *Okay.*

This was unexpected, but this could also be a *really* good thing.

If Amara didn't have a strong sense of purpose in life, I could *build* her that purpose.

If I could somehow convince her that serving me would be *that* one thing that makes her the happiest, then she might become my most devoted servant, surpassing even our mother.

I shook off the full body chill that ran past me and gritted my teeth, trying not to cum down Mom's throat as I imagined Amara as the perfect slave. Like Mom, she would never question my orders. And like our mother, Amara would always be eager to please me in any way imaginable.

I snapped out of my fantasies and reaffirmed my sister's words back at her.

"You don't know what makes you the happiest."

One beat. Two beats.

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it be amazing if you have a purpose in life?"

A beat.

"Yes."

I smiled. "It would be wonderful if you could wake up every morning, happy and content, because you always have a direction for the day."

That took Amara much longer to process, and I mentally pinched myself for getting ahead and stringing overcomplicated sentences—especially when half of her mind was asleep.

"Yes," she finally said. But I noticed her breathing was noticeably louder, and she didn't look as relaxed as before.

I glanced at the wall clock and sighed. I had been so engrossed in hypnotizing Amara, I didn't even realize twenty-five minutes had passed. Thirty minutes was usually the maximum time for any hypnosis session, as any longer could put the mind at risk. The human brain isn't designed to be shut down for too long.

I had to be quick. But I still haven't had my orgasm yet. With my sexy little sister under my control, and Mom certainly deep in my control, I just knew I would be filling her mouth up to the brim.

Leaning down, I whispered into Mom's ear.

"Finish me off."

Immediately, Mom sped up, her long, dark hair whipping back and forth as she built me up for release.

I had one task to perform with my sister.

"Amara, the next time I say the words 'Sleepy time, sis' and when you hear the snap of my fingers, you will return to this state, extremely relaxed and safe. Do you understand?"

My sister didn't respond at first. She just laid there silent and still. And I guessed my frustrations were at the maximum because I let loose on our poor mother.

"Yes," my sister said a moment too late before I growled out my release, taking Mom's head and using it as a fuck hole as I pounded in and out of her throat, spurting ropes after ropes of cum.

Mom started gagging, but I kept her still, not caring in the slightest as I drowned her, only releasing her when I was finally done. Mom dropped to the ground, gasping for breath, her lips and chin slick with my seed.

As I came down from my high, I heard Amara groaning again. I gripped the edges of the couch and did my best to bring my sister back out of her trance.

"Amara..." I gasped my sister's name out, wishing I had come down her throat instead. If Mom felt *this* good, I couldn't even imagine what a younger, hotter, more energetic version of her would feel like.

"I..." I cleared my throat. "I'm going to count up to three... and... and I'll snap my fingers as I go from each digit. Every time you hear my snap... you'll feel yourself waking up. And when you hear me saying 'three' and hear the final snap, you will wake up feeling refreshed." I pause for breath. "Do you understand?"

It took a full ten seconds for my sister to process her next instructions.

“Yes.”

Finally. She really was a terrible subject.

“When you wake up,” I added. “The last thing you remember is talking to Mom and getting so sleepy, you pass up on the couch. Do you understand?”

I waited for her response.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

I left my sister for a moment, going to our mother and helping her up to her feet. Her hair was a mess, but her face was worse off. Globes of cum were hanging from her eyelids, and drool was everywhere. Honestly, it was an erotic sight, and I wished I had my phone to snap a picture. Maybe set her as my wallpaper.

Leaning into Mom’s ear, I brought her to consciousness. She jolted up, looked at me. Touched her face and felt my cum on her skin. She frowned before the memories kicked in.

“Master,” she whispered, her tone low and submissive, just the way I expected her to be for the rest of her life.

“Go clean yourself up.” I fired off instructions. “Take the cup and take this pendulum. Once Amara goes to bed again, we’ll take a drive to a hotel bed. You can scream as loud as you want there.”

Mom bit her lower lips, turned on with my words. I really did a good job on her, turning a normal, loving mother to my personal slut who was always ready to fuck. I could wake her up in the middle of the night, and she would be wet for me in an instant.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered. “I’ll go shower.”

“Touch yourself while you’re at it. But don’t cum.” I lowered a hand and squeezed her ass cheeks, making her suck in a breath. “Is that understood?”

She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

“Go.”

I returned to my sister and started counting.

“One.” *Snap.*

Amara’s eyelids fluttered open, scaring me for a moment. But she laid still, her mind hovering between consciousness.

I just hope my sister will get used to being under trance. I just hope the trigger word would work on her.

“Two.” *Snap.*

She groaned and turned sideways. I held my breath.

“Three.” *Snap!*

Amara didn’t wake up as smoothly as Mom. With a gasp, she jolted up to a sitting position.

“W-What?” She looked at me, brown eyes wide with panic. “L-Luke?”

“Hey, it’s okay.” I reached over and squeezed her arm. Her skin was so *smooth*. “I think you had a nightmare.”

“Where...” She looked around, trying to get her bearings. Amara looked so confused. “What happened?”

“You fell asleep on the couch.”

“I... did?” She massaged her temples. “I don’t... I don’t remember coming back home.”

That wasn’t a good sign. Her memory shouldn’t be fuzzy, especially since I had told her exactly what she should remember.

“You must be exhausted.” I couldn’t help but breathe her in. What perfume was my sister using? It smelled like pure sex, and I wanted to fuck her so bad. “Why don’t you go to bed? Here.”

I helped Amara up to her feet, steadying my sister on her unsteady legs.

“Why do I feel...” She blew a breath out. “I feel so weird.”

“It’s fine. You’re just tired.” I was the worst brother in history, gaslighting my sister so hard. But I needed this to work. I needed *her*.

Bidding my sister good night, I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek, something I never did. That surprised her and also brightened her mood instantly. She smiled at me, said her goodnights, then closed her door. I heard a 'click' as she locked it.

I could still smell her. I had just had one of the best orgasms of my life, and I still wasn't satisfied. With Amara back home, it would be hell. Always horny, always hard. Always wanting to fuck her, but frustratingly not being able to do anything just yet.

At least I had Mom to play with for the time being. She was great in bed and lasted as long as I told her to.

Turning around, I crossed the living room and headed to the Master bedroom. I had to be careful that my sister wouldn't catch me walking in there, because in her eyes, it was still our mother's room.

Mom was still in the shower, and I had to use up my remaining willpower to not barge in and bend her over. She would finish showering soon, and then I would drive us far enough that her daughter wouldn't hear us.

I had Mom back on her air stewardess uniform. Her hair was done up in a neat ponytail. Her red scarf was wrapped around her neck, and she was wearing those black pantyhose again. She even wore her old perfume—a light fruity scent that wouldn't offend any man.

But I had her breaking a couple of rules.

No panties. No bra.

I smiled as Mom twirled, showing me her sexy red outfit. I used to hate seeing her in uniform because that meant she had work.

But I found out that I could channel that anger to turn Mom's moans into screams.

Having her in uniform also brought another purpose. If Amara happened to catch Mom returning home late at night, my sister would just assume Mom had just finished a flight.

I drove us to the nearest nice hotel and Mom tugged her luggage along as we strolled across the lobby. People were already looking, men exchanging knowing glances as they stared at Mom. She always brought attention wherever she went, but her uniform just amplified the stares.

We checked into the hotel and used the lift up to the ninth floor. I was already filled with adrenaline as we entered our room. Mom headed straight to bed, knowing exactly what I wanted.

Thinking of it, I haven't fucked my mother outside the apartment, and I pinched myself for not thinking of this idea sooner. Sex in an unfamiliar setting sounded very *exciting*.

Throughout the months, I had lost the 'awe' factor of watching Mom in our bed, legs spread wide open for me. And seeing her right then, posed sideways on the bed in her tight uniform, her beautiful brown eyes filled with invitation... it made me want nothing more than to fuck her for the entire night.

But tonight wasn't a normal night. I didn't want normal sex.

I had other plans for Mom.

"Mom." I walked up to her and took her chin, smiled when I felt her shiver at my touch. "I'm going to put you under again."

"Oh." She blinked, her smile disappearing. "Okay."

"You don't like it?"

"I..." She bit her lips. "I just prefer being present while you fuck me."

"You'll be present, alright." I clicked my fingers, not needing her permission, but I was just being extra nice. "Sleepy time, Mom."

Immediately, she went limp. I caught her and breathed her in, squeezed her ass, loving how her body felt in my hands. God, she was sexy—and all mine.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

Unlike her daughter, Mom's replies were near instant.

"Yes, Master."

"Mom, the next time I snap my fingers and when I say the words, 'stewardess,' you will be brought back into your younger days, where you were working hard as a cabin crew member." I paused to let my words sink in. "Can you see yourself as a young stewardess again?"

"Yes."

“Good. When you hear me say the word ‘stewardess’ and hear the snap of my fingers, you will be twenty-three again. You just got your first opportunity to work a solo flight onboard a private plane. You are excited and nervous. You want to do your best to please this client that gave you this opportunity. You will do anything to make him happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“When I snap my fingers and you hear me say ‘stewardess’, you will open your eyes. The room is now a plane. You’re on duty. You will not recognize me as your son and Master. Instead, I’m the rich, handsome client that gave you this opportunity. You think I’m extremely attractive and you want me very badly.” I stroked her head, feeling her soft brown hair. “Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“You will snap out of your trance and your memories will return to you under any of these conditions. You hear me snap my fingers for the second time. You hear me say the words ‘Mom.’ Or if sixty minutes had passed by. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Messing with Mom’s memory was dangerous. I didn’t want to mess anything up and make Mom not recognize me. That would be disastrous.

So I had to give her several outs to make her snap out of her character. Two outs from me, and if somehow something went wrong, and she wouldn’t respond to the trigger words, then she would snap out of it herself.

The mind was an amazingly complex tool and hypnosis could bring out wonders from it. Even if Mom wouldn’t self consciously count down an hour, her mind would do it subconsciously for her. A timer in her head was the failsafe in case all goes wrong.

Why was I taking the risk?

If I made Mom a different person, then fucking her would feel *different*. She would see me as this rich stranger. This was next level roleplay.

I had only done this once with her, and I couldn’t wait to bring out a new Mom once again.

I had to make sure this would be completely safe. “Repeat the triggers I gave you.”

Mom droned on. “When I hear you snap your fingers for the second time. When I hear you say ‘Mom.’ When sixty minutes have passed.”

“Good. And if any of these conditions become true, what would happen?”

"I'll remember everything."

"Yes, you will be brought back now. You will recognize me as your son and Master. You will be forty-one again. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master."

Time to begin.

I raised my hand. I spoke out the words.

"Stewardess."

SNAP!

As Mom groggily sat up, I went to the other side of the room to bring over a chair. Mom was still getting her bearings about as I set the chair down in the middle of the room and sat down for my flight.

"Hey," I waved at her as Mom squinted at me, her brown eyes showing no signs of recognition. "Are you my stewardess?"

"Oh." She bolted to her feet and dusted off her red pencil skirt. "Yes. Sorry, yes. I'm sorry. I—" She looked around. "We're already boarding?"

"Yes, and I want a drink." I pointed to the water bottles on the coffee table. "Fetch me my champagne."

"Oh—of course." Mom did a cute little bow, then scurried towards the coffee table. I almost laughed when she picked up the plastic bottles as if they were actually made of glass. She looked around for a flute glass, visibly confused, before settling on a normal glass bottle.

I watched my beautiful stewardess strode towards me, bending down at her waist as she handed me the glass of water.

"Thank you," I told her.

She nodded, then looked at the chair I was sitting on. I wondered what she was seeing behind those brown eyes. She was still in a deep trance and her hypnotized mind could be seeing anything. All I did was tell her the scenario, and her subconscious would do the rest.

“Sir,” my Mother said. “Could—could you put on your seatbelt?”

“Hana.” I said the word as if I was saying it for the first time. “Is that your name?”

She nodded, and I tried my best not to laugh at seeing Mom act so professional. So this is what she was like at work.

“My name is Luke.” I raised my hand, and instead of shaking it, she bowed low. “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, Sir,” she said softly, still bowing.

I gestured around us. “You see this plane?”

She did a quick glance around before looking back at me. “Yes, Sir.”

“This is my plane so I make the rules. No seatbelts.”

“Oh.” She nodded slowly, clearly not liking what I just told her. “Yes, Sir.”

“The plane is taking off. Shouldn’t you get to work?”

“Oh!” Mom straightened herself, then nodded so quickly, her ponytail bounced. “Yes, Sir. I’m sorry, Sir.”

For the next five minutes, I enjoyed the show as I watched my mother walk around the room, performing her stewardess duty on the objects around the room, thinking they were something else entirely. The way she walked was so hot, and she was strutting around like a supermodel—probably her old habits kicking in.

Stewardesses were trained exactly how to walk, sit, and talk to appease their passengers, especially the male ones, and Mom was a sight to behold.

I had Mom thinking I was this rich, good-looking guy that owned a private plane, and I made her want me. But my mother was a true professional, fully focused on her task at hand and not even sneaking a glance back at me as I obviously stared after her.

“Hana,” I suddenly said, and I watched Mom as she stopped what she was doing with the kettle and immediately scrambled over to me, bowing as she neared me.

“Yes, Sir?”

“I’m curious. How old are you?”

“Twenty three, Sir.”

“Really?” I faked surprise. “You look much younger.”

She blushed, and I smiled my victory. “I’m twenty-five, so a bit older than you. How long have you been working as a stewardess?”

“Three years, Sir.”

“Three years...” I mused, staring down her body, making my intentions known—if I wasn’t clear enough already. “You’re very beautiful, Hana.”

She looked down, her cheeks flushing red. “Thank you, Sir. I—I appreciate it.” Then she shyly motioned to the other side of the room. “I... I think I should get back to work.”

“Why don’t you take a break?” I nodded. ‘Chat with me for a moment.’”

“Sir—”

“Hana, I hired you as my personal stewardess.” I raised a brow, trying my best to imitate a spoiled rich kid. “Don’t you think I have a say in what you do?”

“I...” She looked behind her, then back at me, and I noticed she was biting her lower lip.

“All the safety precautions have been taken care of, right?”

She nodded, ponytail bouncing. “Yes, Sir.”

“And what are the tasks you have to do now?”

“I have to prepare you your lunch, Sir.”

“I’m not hungry. Sit down.”

She looked confused. “S-Sir? There are no other seats.”

I patted my lap. “Sit.”

Mom kept glancing towards my lap and a spot behind her. She was biting her lips hard, mulling over what she wanted to do. A few more seconds passed before she made up her mind. Like a shy little girl, she shifted towards me, then she sat down.

“Isn’t this nice, Hana?” I said, taking her hips and pulling her closer. I heard her gasp as she felt my rock hard erection pressing against her red pencil skirt.

“Sir...”

“Hana, how much are you being paid? I mean—working for commercial.”

“I...” She was so tense, and I brought my hands up to massage her shoulders. That took her by surprise and she yelped a little, but she never stood up.

“You can tell me.”

“Umm... usually, like fifteen dollars an hour?”

“Only fifteen?” I tried to sound angry. “Hana, I can pay you much more.” I paused, then emphasized the last two more. *“Much more.”*

Mom was silent for a moment, not speaking. I continued massaging her shoulders, and after a moment of silence, she spoke up.

“How much more?”

“I will ten times your salary.”

“Ten—” She tried to turn around, but I held her in place on my lap. “S-Sir?”

“Work for me as my personal stewardess. I’ll fly often, and you can stay at my places. Anything you want to have, anything you like, I can give it to you. All I ask in return is your personal service.”

“I...” Mom cleared her throat. “I mean... what type of service?”

“Serve me on all my flights. I enjoy having you around. And also, I think we both know what I mean.”

She looked at me. Gulp. “You... you’re not joking, right?”

“Do I look like I’m joking?”

“You will pay me ten times more?”

“With large bonuses if you make me happy enough.” I smiled. “What are your dreams, Hana? Do you want the lifestyle you see people talking about? The big houses, the unlimited shopping spree, the fine dining.” I looked at her. “Do you want all of that?”

If I asked the real Mom the same question, I had no doubts she would reject it. But a much younger version of Hana didn't have kids yet. Back then, she had much different priorities.

She swallowed again, then spoke out in a whisper so low, I had to strain to hear her.

"Yes."

"You will receive weekly allowances, all wired to your bank account." I ran my hand down her lean curves and used the moment to squeeze her right ass cheek. She jumped a little. "I'll take good care of you. And if you want to leave my services anytime, you can. I'll book you a flight back home. You won't be my prisoner, Hana. You're free to stay or leave. Anytime you want. You have my word."

Mom was silent again.

"Can... can I think about this?"

"No." I shook my head. "After this flight, you'll never see me again. Make your decision now."

"Please?" Mom squeaked. "Can I think this through?"

"No."

I almost broke character when Mom cursed under her breath. Then I waited for her decision. She stayed still on my lap and kept giving me glances as she mulled over the life-changing decision.

She looked at me. "Will you treat me nice?"

I smiled. "I'll treat you like a Queen."

"Then..." She gulped. "Okay."

"Okay... to what?"

"I'll..." A sexy, nervous lip bite. "I'll be your personal stewardess."

"Just to make it clear, because I want you to know what you're getting yourself into." I stared at her. "I expect you not to only serve my drinks. In exchange for anything and everything you ever want, you will serve *all* my needs. Is that understood?"

Her lip biting was driving me nuts. I wanted to stop talking and fuck her right then. This role playing thing was such a good fucking idea. The Mom sitting on my lap was a whole different person.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl,” I exhaled, drawing my hands down her hips, sliding down her thighs and then peeling back her bright red pencil skirt.

Mom tensed up. Except for our heavy breathings, the room grew silent.

Even touching her felt *different*. Her skin was smooth and soft like usual, but the way she reacted was worlds apart. Mom was so tense and she sucked in a sharp breath as I dipped a hand under her skirt. She didn’t even question why she wasn’t wearing any underwear and the moment I felt wetness, she jumped on my lap, squealing like a little girl.

“Oh!” My mother gripped my thighs for support as I went for her clit, rubbing the hard nub, drenching my hand even more.

I grunted and withdrew my hand. “You’re wet enough.”

I didn’t want to please her. All I wanted right then was to see how different my twenty-year-old mother fucked.

As Mom tried to control her breathing, I instructed her to stand up so I could take my pants off. Once that was done, she stared at my rock hard cock, biting her lips nervously. She actually looked younger. Her brown eyes were softer, her facial expression tender.

“Go ahead, darling.” I nodded at my upright cock. “Face me so I can look at you.”

I watched as Mom gulped, gripped the sides of my legs, then began lowering herself, never keeping her eyes off my throbbing length.

I swore she felt tighter.

As I prodded at her entrance, Mom squealed, her walls clamping tight around my tip. Her shrieks filled the room, and I wasn’t fully inside her yet.

God, she was even louder when she was younger.

“Relax,” I heaved, my hands on her hips. I ran my fingers up and down her gorgeous body. “Slowly.”

I watched the first half of my cock disappear into my mother. I shivered, then squeezed my eyes shut, trying not to disappoint myself. This was taking me back to all those months ago, where I fucked my darling mother for the first time. It was actually a struggle for me to hold back, and I grit my teeth. Mom moaned loudly as she took me inch by inch.

Why did she feel so much tighter? Had her body changed because her mind had changed?

Should I keep her in this state longer? Should I implement a trigger word so she would 'become' twenty again whenever I said a phrase? I could have a forty-year-old and twenty-year-old Mom whenever I wanted.

As enticing as the idea sounded, I knew I shouldn't keep messing with my mother's mind. I had already pushed her into becoming my devoted slave, and tinkering her already fragile subconscious might break her.

I shouldn't get greedy. I should just relish in the moment.

And I relished it. I threw my head back and moaned with Mom as her tight cunt took me deeper and deeper until her ass slammed against my balls.

"Fuck—" Mom cursed, so uncharacteristic of her.

"Ride me, bitch," I gasped, opening my eyes and zoning in onto her beautiful browns. Her eyes were the same as mine, and she didn't even question the similarities between us as Mom, with a nod and a sharp gasp, began bouncing on my cock.

She was being tender, and I didn't want a tender Mom, especially when she was wearing her uniform. I gripped her hips tight and took control, shoving my cock up into her hard, forcing my gasping stewardess to take me rough.

"AH—" Her surprised shriek lit up the room so loud, the entire floor might hear us.

But I didn't care. With a heavy grunt, I thrust in and out of her, holding my wide-eyed mother in place as I let loose, channeling my frustrations, my anger, everything in me as I fucked her with everything I had.

"Stop!" Mom screamed. "Please—AH! AH!"

The current Mom would relish the agony. Maybe even cheer me on to fuck her harder. But this was a younger, much more inexperienced stewardess on my lap. I didn't stop. I continued to ravage her beautiful cunt, and she came quickly, screaming, moaning, pleading with me to stop.

Mom tried to wiggle out of my lap, but I had an iron grip on her. I haven't had my fun just yet.

Pleasure rushed through me in short waves, and her begging was riling me up even more. With a hard thrust into her sore cunt, I roared out my release.

The orgasm barreled through me, wrecking my body just as I was destroying hers. Mom was having back-to-back orgasms, and I shot my load deep into her tight, pulsing cunt. Her body jerked. Mom was still trying to get off my lap, but I made sure she took in my full load before I let her go, making her stumble off the chair and fall towards the ground.

"You..." Mom was a complete mess, her makeup ruined, her hair a mess around her face. "You promised you would treat me nicely."

"I..." It was so hard to talk. "S-Sorry. I—I got carried away."

"Fuck you." She spat the two words out with more venom than I ever expected. "No deal. You.. you're a monster."

"I am," I heaved. She had no idea.

Mom looked *pissed*. She tried to get up on all fours, but couldn't. "This... this is.. the last time... you will see me. Fuck you."

"No, it isn't." I raised my hand.

SNAP!

Thankfully, Mom came out of her trance smoothly. She seemed confused for a moment before her memories came rushing back.

She seemed a little annoyed at what I did, but I made her happy again by taking her hand and bringing her to bed. I ate her out, then fucked her just the way she liked it.

Doggy style. Hard, but not too rough.

After I came into her, we had a nice, long shower together before we headed back. I made sure to stay in the car while Mom entered the apartment first to make sure the coast was clear.

As I returned to my old room and laid in bed, I couldn't help but think of the possibilities I could do with Amara once she was mine. If I could take Mom back in time, I could make my sister believe *anything*.

Baby steps. I had just implemented Amara's trigger words. The next thing I had to do was make her see Mom's new relationship with me as normal, so my sister wouldn't be an obstacle any longer. Mom could act her as her new self and I could fuck Mom whenever I liked again.

I fell asleep with my little sister in my mind. I loved her. I was obsessed with her. And I couldn't wait until I made her mine.