

Chapter 4

"You're acting very differently," my sister commented, taking a bite out of her ice cream.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, and when Amara brought the idea to get ice cream, I couldn't say no to that. I didn't even think I even had the willpower to say no to her.

When I didn't stay silent, she looked at me again, and I felt the same tingle in my chest.

I was always aware my sister was attractive. Even if guys in school never made comments about her, it was plainly obvious she was different from other girls. Taller, prettier, kinder. Just superior in every way—in and out.

But ever since I broke bad and started corrupting our mother, my attraction to her had increased tenfold. Whenever she looked at me, I grew weak. Every time she talked, all I heard was an angel. Every time she licked that damned ice cream, I wished it was my cock instead.

I didn't even realize just how obsessed I had become. This was bad. She had so much power over and she didn't even realize it.

"Eat your ice cream before it melts," my sister said, then playfully bumped shoulders with me.

"Yeah..." I muttered, then took my first bite.

Amara nudged me again. "You okay? And don't tell me yes, because clearly something's wrong."

The excuse rolled off my tongue. "I'm just stressed from work."

"I told you I'll help with that." She gave me one of her award-winning smiles. "I'll start tomorrow."

"Sure."

Amara as my sexy secretary. I could hardly wait. She would definitely spice things up in the office.

"Is there anything else that's bothering you?" My sister sat down at the nearest bench, so I settled beside her, watching the scenery ahead of us. It was just people, cars, and lamp posts, but the fact that Amara was beside me made everything look better.

"Not really, no."

“Hmm.” I could feel her gaze scorching my face, and I tried my best to focus on my ice cream and not her.

But when she leaned in and placed the back of her hand against my left cheek, I had to give in.

“You’re flushed,” Amara commented. “It’s not that hot out, so why are your cheeks burning up?” She placed her hand on my forehead. Her touches felt foreign—almost unbearably personal.

“You don’t seem like you have a fever.”

I resorted to the same excuse. Opening my eyes, I offered my sister a small smile.

“I’m just tired. It’s nothing, really.”

“Hmm.”

We finished up our ice cream and headed back to the apartment by foot. It was nice talking to my sister again, even though she did the heavy lifting and rambled about a bunch of stuff. It had been a couple of years since we had a face-to-face conversation and I appreciated just how much she had matured.

When we got back, Mom opened the door for us.

“Mommy?” Amara seemed confused. “Don’t you have work?”

“I have a flight tonight,” my Mom replied. “I just got back from the gym.”

“Oh.” Amara stepped inside, and I followed after her, but not giving Mom a quick pinch on her bubble butt.

Mom gasped in surprise, but luckily Amara didn’t look back or she might have caught us.

“Well, I’m glad you’re here,” Amara exclaimed. “Luke and I had some sibling bonding time, and it was realllyyy nice.”

“That’s great!” Mom smiled, trying to act as normal. But she didn’t have too soon, because we were back home and there was no better time than to start Amara’s gradual corruption.

“Hey, Amara?” I said.

“Hmm?”

“Sleepy time, sis.”

Given how difficult of a patient Amara was, I half-expected for nothing to happen. But as soon as my sister’s eyes rolled up, I knew I had her.

Mom and I caught her.

“Carry her to the couch,” I instructed.

Mom seemed relieved she could act ‘normal’ again. She smiled at me, brown eyes gleaming.

“Yes, Master.”

We laid Amara out on the same spot where I used to hypnotize Mom in. I studied my sister for a moment as Mom stood beside me, waiting for instructions.

“She’s very beautiful,” I told our mother.

“She is.” Mom smiled, proud of her own daughter. “I think her ass has grown a little bigger, too.” I looked at Mom and she smirked at me. “I know how much you like that.”

“I do.” I didn’t need to prove my point, but I went ahead and squeezed Mom’s beautiful ass cheeks. She was far more willing this time, closing her eyes, moaning softly as I felt her up in different places.

“Go.” Pulling back, I delivered a hard smack. Mom took it with grace, giggling. “I want time alone with her. I’ll whistle if I need you.”

“Yes, Master.” She walked away, hips swaying hypnotically, and for a brief moment, I almost forgot about Amara. I stared after our mother. Before she rounded the corner, Mom gave me a look back and a suggestive wink before disappearing.

Yeah, I was definitely going to fuck her like crazy tonight.

I had really improved Mom. Before, she was always chronically stressed out and acted too serious. But after making her accept me as the man of the house, Mom acted differently. She was more youthful and energetic—something she displayed in bed a lot.

Sighing happily, I returned my attention to Amara.

The goal for the next few sessions was to remove my sister as an obstacle at home. She needed to be convinced that Mom walking around naked was normal and that our new relationship wasn’t anything to raise an eye about.

I had to convince Amara that incest wasn't bad. I already had the conversation with Mom, so hopefully that would be smooth sailing, too. But my sister had already proven to be a difficult subject to deal with, and I had to mentally prepare myself, taking in a few deep breaths and clearing my mind before I started.

"Amara, can you hear me?"

Her immediate monotonous reply was encouraging.

"Yes."

"Good." I fought back the urge to get closer and feel her up like I always did with Mom. Especially the later sessions. Hypnotizing Mom always involved jamming my fingers up her pussy and making her orgasm over and over.

Good times.

"Amara," I started. "I want you to picture a woman. Her name is Ellie, and she's the perfect little sister."

I gave Amara time to digest the words before I continued.

"Can you picture her?"

"Yes."

"She's young, she's beautiful, and she has an older brother and a mother."

"Same as me."

"Yes," I beamed. Her reply was encouraging. It meant she was *deep* in her trance and completely glued to my words. Had she suddenly turned from the worst subject to the perfect one overnight? "Same as you. Ellie is a good sister. She loves her mother, and she loves her brother." I paused. "Ellie is a good sister, right?"

Only a few seconds of pause, before her sexy monotonous 'Yes' entered my ears.

Maybe I should call for Mom. My cock had grown rock hard, and I needed a quick relief.

No. Focus. This session was vital. I could have my moment with Mom later.

The goal of the next few sessions were to get Amara okay with me fucking our mother. She would be seeing it as a normal mother-son relationship, along with Mom's new subservient

personality. But her life goals were still unclear, and it would also be great if I could take a deeper dive into her psyche and imprint my own directives in there.

I held my breath. "Do you think you're a good sister?"

Unlike Mom, Ellie didn't take much time to answer.

"I think so."

I was about to reply when she slurred another sentence out, saliva already dripping from her beautiful lips.

"Do you think I'm a good sister?"

I couldn't explain how difficult it was to watch Amara completely entranced and looking so fuckable, but having to hold myself back.

I blew out a slow breath.

"I think you can do better."

Her question was almost instant.

"How?"

"Do you remember you asking me if there was something wrong?"

"... yes."

"What did I say?"

"That..." She shifted on the couch. "You were overworked."

"And what was your reply?"

"That I'll help you."

"Yes," I agreed. "You would be a great sister if you delivered on your promise and spent all your focus and energy helping me out at work."

"I..." I watched as saliva dripped along her cheek. "I will."

"I would love a good secretary."

It took a while for her to process my words. But when she finally replied, a little groan escaped with her words.

"I... will."

Fuck. Me.

"Excellent." I leaned forward in my seat. "It would be nice if you wake up every day and help me out at work. It will really make you a great sister."

"Yes..."

I had planned to approach the topic of incest in this session, so this was an unexpected, but delightful turn of events. A quick glance at the clock showed it had already been fifteen minutes, and it would just be wiser if I woke her up then. I'd touch on the idea of incest at a later session.

I pictured Amara sitting in the chair where I had hypnotized hundreds of people already. That would be a sight.

"Amara," I started, starting the process of waking her up. "I'm going to count to..."

Seeing my little sister in a blouse and a tight pencil skirt was pure torture.

If she wore high heels and put on thick-rimmed glasses, she would look like those insanely hot secretaries in movies.

But that was the thing. She was too attractive, and I was already regretting my decision to hire her.

It wasn't like she was bad at her job. In fact, she was *too* perfect.

I was sitting at my desk, typing away at the computer while she stood beside me, her focus on the screen as I explained to her how I perform the boring work. Creating invoices, setting appointments, securing sensitive client information.

Last night, I had brought Mom out to another hotel where she gave me a spectacular night. Then I had woken up extra early to sneak into the Master bedroom where I gagged Mom and fucked her against the bathroom wall, hoping that the shower would mask her muffled moans.

And even after emptying my balls, the fact that Amara was beside me, smelling like pure sin, wearing clothes that actually showed off her hard work in the gym had me testing my resolve. But I stayed strong and answered all the questions Amara had.

My sister was an academic genius, but working with her had me admiring her even more. I never had to explain anything more than once. As soon as I explained something, she would remember it. And if she was hesitant about something, she would fire off a couple of questions, and she would understand it right after.

As my three o'clock appointment neared, Amara headed off outside to welcome our next client, while I recompose myself. My erection has not died down since this morning, and having my sister constantly near me was costing me work.

Throughout the entire morning, I found myself stammering and unfocused. Instead of having my full attention on my clients, my mind kept drifting off to the new sexy secretary right outside. Amara must think I was terrible at my job, but if only she knew the reason for my poor performance.

After another agonizing two hours, we finally closed up. Amara was a natural at it. After she shot the client with her signature smile and bid them a pleasant evening, she brought all the paperwork to my desk and waited beside me as I looked through it.

"Is everything there?" my sister asked.

"Yeah." I gathered up the papers and aligned them neatly. "Good work."

My sister beamed at my praise, and an idea formed in my mind.

"Shall we go for dinner, boss?" Amara joked, her smile as bright as ever.

"Yeah." I stood up. I was starving, but dinner could wait a moment. We were closed for the day, but I was ready for my last patient.

"Sleepy time, sis."

Amara's phone dropped to the ground as she fell unconscious. I hoped her screen wouldn't crack because I didn't bother to check it as I carried her over to the *chair*.

The same chair I had hypnotized countless people in. The very same chair I had committed so many sins in. But what I was about to do with Amara might just be the worst one yet.

The enticing thought had my heart racing as I headed across the room for the light switches, plunging the office into darkness, the only source of light a dim orange glow from the setting sun.

I didn't waste a second to start things.

“Amara, can you hear me?”

Her monotone voice filled up the room. “Yes.”

From another person’s perspective, the scenario might be chilling. Here I was, alone in a dark office with my unwilling hypnotized little sister’s mind open and ready to be programmed.

I should feel bad, but all I could see was opportunity. All I could think about was how my sister reacted to my praise.

Leaning forward, the next words tumbled off my tongue.

“Amara, do you trust me?”

No hesitation. “Yes.”

She shouldn’t trust me.

“Since you trust me, you know I won’t judge you or tell anyone your secrets, right?”

Her answer took much longer, and after a full fifteen seconds of waiting, all I received from her was a little sexy groan, so I pushed.

“Amara, have I never spilled any of your secrets?”

I waited for the response I knew she was going to say. It finally came after another long wait.

“No.”

“Do you think I’d leak any of your secrets?”

I was aware I was just repeating my initial question, but her hypnotized mind wouldn’t recognize that.

Amara shifted slightly in her seat. It wasn’t the best idea to ask her tough questions, but I had no other choice.

Her reply came ten seconds later.

“No.”

“Am I judgemental to you?”

It only took my sister a few seconds this time to part her beautiful lips.

“No.”

“Do you think I’ll judge you if you tell me your secrets?”

“No.”

“If you tell me your secrets, I won’t judge you or tell anyone.” I paused. “Correct?”

“Yes.”

It took a while, but we got there.

“Amara.” I leaned forward in my seat. “Have you ever masturbated?”

I was pretty sure I knew the answer. Everyone touches themselves, even sweet, innocent Amara. But I had to ease my way in before asking her the questions I wanted to know the most.

I had originally intended our sessions to make Amara see Mom naked as normal behavior, but after experiencing her acting as my personal secretary, I knew I had to switch directions.

We can take care of the problem at home in a future session. Firstly, I’d like Amara to be more enthusiastic about her new job and make sure she would never leave her role. She was a natural as my secretary, and having my sister serve me coffee every morning and give me massages whenever I wanted was tired was too good of an idea to pass up.

I knew I was being undisciplined and greedy. I had crafted a full month’s plan, and organized pretty much every session before my sister had even arrived back home. But a hypnotherapist job wasn’t always a planned routine, and we had to always be ready for last second changes—the human mind cannot be predicted.

Even under hypnosis, Amara was uncomfortable with answering my question. She shifted in a seat, groaned, parted her lips to speak, then sealed those beautiful pinks back up again.

“Amara,” I said patiently. “Have you ever masturbated?”

“I…”

The first question was always the most difficult. After she answered this, she would be less hesitant about subsequent questions. I just hoped she wouldn’t snap out of her trance.

I crossed my fingers and watched as my sister struggled.

"I..." she groaned again. I half-expected her to snap awake. I was ready for it, but then her expression dropped, and she was still again.

Her lips parted. "Yes."

I cleared my throat. "When was the last time you masturbated?"

Her brows furrowed, but it was only for a couple of seconds. Her beautiful monotonous voice entered my ears.

"Today."

Today? Fuck.

She had my full attention.

"Was it this morning?" I asked.

"Yes."

I took a guess. "While you were showering?"

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

It was a silly question, but people in a trance weren't usually the brightest to get upset over my questioning.

And as smart as my sister was, she wasn't any exception.

"Good," she whispered. Mono-whispered?

"Do you like the feeling of touching yourself?"

Another monotone whisper. But it was softer, and I had to lean closer to hear her.

"Yes."

"Amara." I was desperate to touch her. Feel her up. Enjoy her smooth, perfect skin. But all I could enjoy was her amazing perfume. "Can you recall the morning in the shower this morning? While you were masturbating?"

I knew she followed the instructions when her lips dropped in a soft and silent 'O'.

“Good,” I said. “Visualize it perfectly. Capture the feeling.”

Her fingers twitched. She was noticeably breathing much heavier.

What I was doing was what all hypnotherapists did for their clients. We would bring up a memory with the intention of getting the patient to focus on a specific feeling. Then we would bridge that feeling with a goal in mind.

If I wanted to make someone stop smoking, I would bring up a bad memory, make the person bathe in that uncomfortable feeling for a while, then connect that unpleasant feeling with the smell of cigarettes.

The tactic almost never fails.

“Amara,” I spoke out. “How do you feel?”

“Good...” my sister breathed. “Very... very good.”

I smiled. This was the closest I have ever been sexual with my sister. A depressing thought, since I wanted to do so much more with her, but I had to start from the ground up.

“Amara,” I started. “Just now when I said ‘good work’, how did you feel?”

“Happy.”

“Do you feel good?”

She gave the barest hint of a nod. “Yes.”

“Amara, whenever I say the words ‘Good girl,’ you will feel what you feel now. You’ll feel good, you’ll feel amazing, and most importantly, you want more of it. Do you understand?”

Now it was Amara’s turn to have her cheeks flushed. Her fingers twitched again.

“Yes...”

I glanced at the clock. Twenty minutes had passed, so I had to be quick.

“Do you remember, Ellie? The perfect sister?”

“Yes.”

“Ellie works for her brother as his assistant.”

“Like me.”

“Yes.” My smile widened. “Like you.”

“Ellie works hard. Ellie wants to please her brother by working hard. Is Ellie a good sister?”

My sister nodded. “Yes.”

“And Ellie’s brother always praises her after she works hard. Ellie feels good. Ellie feels happy. Ellie is a good sister.” Pausing, I let her digest the words before hitting it home. “Ellie is a good sister, right?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to be a good sister?”

“Yes.”

“You want to be a good sister.”

“Yes.”

“Good girl.”

Amara stayed slumped in her chair. Aside from her twitching eyelids, she was completely still, and I tried not to get too disappointed. It was the first time I had said her trigger word, and it would take many, many repetitions before her new programming was concreted in her mind.

That was fine by me.

I had all the time in the world.

“How’s...” I shivered as I felt Mom’s hot breaths against my neck. Then I felt those lips. Warm, wet lips sucking on my flesh. “How’s progress?”

We were shrouded in darkness, the only source of light the flickering street lights ahead of us.

It was crazy to think that I had sneaked my own mother out of the house, driven us far away, and parked in an abandoned parking lot. As soon as I stopped the car, Mom was on me,

straddling my hips, then peeling off her nightgown as she continued kissing her way around my neck.

I closed my eyes. I loved the way she kissed me. Every peck was filled with passion and lust—just the way a mother should love her only son.

“Good,” I replied, sighing happily, sinking into the cushion for the driver’s seat. “She’s a tough subject... but... but it’s going well.”

“She needs to see things...” Mom pulled her nightie down to her hips, exposing those huge tits. Opening my mouth, she arched herself forward and up, feeding me her right tit, gasping when I started sucking. “... see things your way.”

“Yes.” I swirled my tongue around her right tit before redirecting my attention to the left. Mom’s moans filled up the car, and she started grinding her hips against mine, clearly desperate for my cock. “She will see the truth soon enough.”

There was a wet ‘pop’ as I drew back from her tits and signaled her to get off so I could pull down my pants.

Mom had to open the door and hop out to give us space as we discarded our clothes. But she was back on me in an instant, and my horny mother started grinding against me again, this time with no barrier between us. I hissed when I felt her dripping cunt sliding against my cock.

“Mom,” I gasped. “Once Amara truly understands her role as a sister, I need you to do something for me.”

“Anything,” she moaned, in complete ecstasy, and I wasn’t even inside her yet. “I’d do anything... for you.”

“I want you to fuck Amara,” I groaned my pleasure out. “I want to watch you both go at it, just for me.”

“Of course.” After Mom thoroughly lubricated me up, she took my cock and lined it up with her dripping pussy. “I’ll never disobey you, Master. I live to please you. That’s my job as your Mother.”

I nodded for her to begin, and the smile Mom gave me was picture perfect. Mom didn’t hide her enthusiasm as she sank down onto me, then threw her head back and moaned loud as I stretched her apart.

“Fuck.” I gritted my teeth, doing my absolute best to not cum right there and then. Mom’s pussy was always tight, always warm.

Always ready for me.

“Mom...”

“Master...” She tipped forward, touching our foreheads together. Our lips were barely grazing, her tits were crushed against my chest, and I could feel her every breath as she worshiped me.

“I am yours. Yours to fuck. Yours to command,” she whimpered, and I didn’t stop her as she fully completed the completed, joining our lips as I slammed my cock in and out of her pussy hole. “Yours.”

“Mine,” I growled, feeling her tits bounce wildly against me. Growling, I punctuated every word with more force and lust, ramming myself deep into her. “Mine. Mine. Fucking. Mine.”

Mom came first, screeching, moaning, her pussy clamping around me so tight, it was over for me immediately after. I poured everything into her, all the stored up cum that I wished Amara could take instead.

By the time we were finished, Mom was slick with sweat, and I was no better. Her dark hair was a wild mess, and I tucked her hair behind her ears so I could get a better look at the person that was once my mother.

“Mom...” I was still inside, but we both knew I was done. We would be spending a few more hours in the car, and this was just a short intermission before she would be singing moans again. “You’re the best mother ever. I love you so much.”

Her lips trembled as she whispered the words. “I love you too, Master.”

We were kissing again, and Mom gave me everything she had to offer.

Her body, her love, her soul.

Everything that was rightfully mine.