

## Chapter 5

I swear my sister was teasing me.

Every day she wore skin tight blouses and short pencil skirts.

I should be happy. I had this super sexy secretary that made me coffee and gave me massages.

But almost a week after I had hired her, my little sister still remained a *major* distraction.

She was pure eye candy, and my clients have even noticed my lack of focus during the sessions.

But I just... couldn't get my head in order.

"Thank you," I told Han, my last client for the day. A Japanese man that was around my age.

He gave me a curt nod, then walked out of my office. Amara offered him a bright smile, and Jamie froze for a second before stumbling an awkward 'bye' to my sister before brisk walking out, cheeks pink.

"He likes you," I noted as I walked to the front door to turn the 'open' sign to 'closed'.

"Hmm?" Amara looked up from the paperwork she was filing. "What did you say?"

"Nothing."

Of course, she was oblivious. I remembered back in high school. Amara had told me there was a guy in her class that had a crush on her, but in reality, most of them did. You had to tell her directly that you liked her, or my sister would see your gestures of affection as just being 'nice'.

We started closing up shop, and then finally I could afford to sit down on my chair and have my beautiful little sister right behind me, with her hands on my shoulders, giving my daily evening massage to end the hectic day.

Over the past week, I have been slowly but surely conditioning Amara. I had brought up the idea of massages just six days ago, and since then my sister had not only been my secretary but also my private masseur.

Amara has been excellent in her duties. For the most part, she was obedient and followed orders. My sister has always been the submissive type, doing whatever our mother told her, and

since I was her older brother and an authoritative figure in her life too, she didn't complain much whenever I told her to fetch me a document or get me coffee.

But as the days went by, I could tell my sister was growing more annoyed at my constant demands.

"You're working so hard," Amara told me, her voice so soothing, and I couldn't hold back a small groan as she rolled the tension out of my shoulders. "No wonder you're always so moody."

"Mmm hmm." I arched my head back, closing my eyes, and just giving in to the sensations. "The weekend is finally here. I can't wait for that."

On my desk, the office phone rang, interrupting my peace.

Damn it. Who was it? We were closed.

"Should... should I get it?" my sister asked.

"Yeah," I grunted. It had to be important, because the person was directly calling my private office phone. Usually, Amara handled the calls.

Amara's hand left my shoulders, and like an amazing secretary, she picked up the receiver and passed it to me.

"Good girl," I told her, and for a split second, I watched her shudder, the trigger word giving my sister a short burst of pleasure, further emphasizing her obedience towards me.

It was addicting to say her trigger word and watch Amara react. But it had been a gradual process. The first day, she didn't react at all, and just gave me a weird look because saying 'Good Girl' was weird—and even demeaning.

But on the second day, she started to smile whenever I said it, and by the fifth day, she was full on shuddering whenever she heard the phrase.

I knew I had to use the trigger words sparingly. Too often, and Amara would get accustomed to the pleasure, dimming its effects.

I pressed the receiver to my ear. It was one of my 'private' and much higher paying clients, James Anderson.

Faith's father.

After greeting him and asking for a moment, I placed the receiver against my chest and looked at Amara.

"Could you please give me a second?" I said. "Private client."

Amara shot me a frown. She was my secretary, so she should know everything about all the clients, but after seeing that I was serious, she turned around and walked away, and all I could do was watch as she swayed her ass before she disappeared outside.

"Yes, Mr. Anderson?" I said, going back to the call.

"Ah." I could hear movement on the line. "I'm sorry. I didn't see the time. Are you already closed?"

"We're closing right now, but I can take this call. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing. I'd just like to give my utmost thanks. Your work on Faith has been amazing. And I mean, amazing." He was speaking faster, the excitement in his voice clear. "Now, Faith does whatever we tell her. She does the dishes, she throws the trash, she mops the floor, and she doesn't go out with those nasty friends of hers anymore."

"I'm glad you're satisfied," I told him. "That's what I do."

"To be frank, at first I was skeptical about this whole hypnotherapy thing, but the result is just..." He laughed. "I'm going to recommend you to all my friends. I'm sure they want their daughters to be... disciplined."

"Thank you, Mr Anderson. You do that."

"Again. Thank you. You have no idea how much you've changed our lives. This is incredible."

"You take care now."

I clicked off, and then I pressed the buzzer on my table, calling my sister inside.

The door opened, and a few seconds later Amara walked in, still having that frown on her face. When she reached me, she crossed her arms over her breasts and glared at me.

"What?" I asked.

"What?" she said back, almost in a snap.

"Amara," I sighed and sat back in my chair. "I'm a hypnotherapist, not a mind reader. If you have an issue, say it now."

My sister glared at me for a few more moments before she spoke out.

"I don't like how you're treating me."

I knew this was coming, but I played dumb. "How am I treating you?"

"I'm your secretary, yes, and you're my boss. But even if I was not your sister, you shouldn't be treating your staff like this." She bit her lips. "Do this, Amara. Fetch me that, Amara. Go make me coffee, Amara. Give me a massage, Amara." She shook her head. "I'm not your slave!"

*You soon will be.*

"You're right." I sighed, then stood up, ready to catch her fall. "I'm sorry."

She looked surprised. "You are?"

"Yes." I clicked my fingers. "Sleepy time, sis."

I had so much experience carrying our mother, and Amara was smaller and lighter, so it was easy enough to lift her over to the other side of the room and set her down on the chair where I had hypnotized countless people in.

I knew that even after implementing her trigger word, it wouldn't be enough to get Amara in line. She was submissive, and she respected the hierarchy in our family, but I knew it would take a lot more until Amara would completely submit to me.

I started the session without pause.

"Amara, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"You're feeling annoyed and dissatisfied with my treatment of you."

Her monotone voice was so fucking sexy.

"Yes."

Asking her why she was annoyed might aggravate her even further. I had learned that Amara wasn't the best subject and could be easily woken up, so I had to approach her brainwashing more cautiously.

"Amara," I started, forming an idea of how I should maneuver my way in her subconscious. "Is being frustrated at my demands logical?"

It took a full thirty seconds for her to process the question. And even after that, she was confused.

“... huh?”

I smiled. “What is your role in this office? What is the purpose of you waking up early every morning to come here?”

“I...” She lapsed into silence.

When she remained quiet and didn’t speak up again, I pushed her, repeating the question.

Again, she took a long time answering it. But at least I had her emotions under control. She wasn’t fidgeting or trying to fight her way out of my control.

“I...” my sister whispered, her tone flat. “I... came here to... help you.”

“Yes,” I beamed, loving that response. “To help me.”

Leaning forward, I continued. “And to help me, you have to listen to me, right?”

This time, it took ten seconds to get an answer from her.

“Yes.”

“You came here to help me.”

Five seconds for a response.

“Yes.”

“To help me, you have to listen to me.”

Three seconds.

“Yes.”

“I understand you’re frustrated with my constant demands, but you know how busy we are, right?”

One second.

“Yes.”

"I have a lot of things I need to do, correct?"

An immediate response.

"Yes."

"So that's why I demand a lot from you." I paused. "Is it wrong to demand a lot from my secretary?"

"Because I have a lot of things to do, I need your help constantly, correct?"

"Yes."

"... no."

Bingo.

"It is not wrong to demand a lot from you."

"No."

I broke into a wide smile. I was so close to Amara, and smelled *incredible*.

I had half a mind to fuck her right then, and it took so much to hold myself back.

Clearing my throat, I continued her programming, starting from the beginning again.

"Why are you here, Amara? Why did you come to this office?"

"To help you."

"Correct. And sometimes, because of the stressful nature of our jobs, your emotions might get in the way. Correct?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember, Ellie? The perfect sister who is also her older brother's assistant?"

"Yes."

"Ellie also sometimes gets annoyed by her brother's constant orders and requests. Do you want to know how Ellie deals with it?"

“Yes.”

“She doesn’t act on her emotions. She knows her job is to help and serve her brother, and that is the bigger picture.”

It was so tempting to reach over and touch her. Feel her smooth cheeks. Run my fingers along those plump lips.

But I persevered. “Ellie focuses on the bigger picture. Do you want to be a good sister to me? Like Ellie is to her brother?”

“Yes.”

“So what do you have to do? What does Ellie do?”

“She focuses on the bigger picture.”

“Yes. And how does she deal with her emotions?”

“She doesn’t act on it.”

I smiled. “Good girl.”

A small moan leaked out through her lips. Holy shit.

“Correct.” I *really* wanted to fuck her. So badly. “Ellie doesn’t act on her emotions. She knows her role is more important than acting so childishly.” I paused. “Have you been acting childishly?”

It took a few moments for Amara to admit that.

“Yes.”

“You’re acting childishly.”

No hesitation this time.

“Yes.”

“The next time you feel annoyed at me, what do you do?”

“I wouldn’t do anything.”

“Correct. You’ll still follow my orders.”

“Yes.”

“Your job here is to help me.”

“Yes.”

“Your job here is to serve me.”

I didn't expect her to respond immediately, but she did, and I couldn't be happier. Dealing with Amara was getting easier and easier each day.

“Yes.”

I should stop, but I wanted to push more. This session had given me even more control over my sister, but I needed to go further with my power trip. It was intoxicating.

“You serve me,” I said.

She didn't reply to that, so I rephrased my words.

“In this office, you serve me.”

I could tell even in her hypnotized state, she didn't like the term 'serve'. But after a whole ten seconds, she had to face reality. Amara opened her lips.

“Yes.”

“In this office, you are my secretary first, my sister second.”

I hoped she would understand that. If not, well... I still had ten minutes to reframe her thinking.

Thankfully, Amara understood. She took this job very seriously.

“Yes.”

I was unsure how to approach this. After a moment collecting my thoughts, I proceeded with the session.

“In here, you're my secretary. My personal assistant.”

“Yes.”



"I'm your boss."

"Yes."

"Isn't it unprofessional to refer to your boss by his name?"

It only took a few seconds for Amara to admit that.

"Yes."

This session was amazing. Amara was becoming so receptive. Her mind must be getting so accustomed to being under trance after our constant daily sessions.

"It's unprofessional to refer to your boss by his name."

"Yes."

"In this office, it's unprofessional to refer to me by my name."

"Yes."

"What should you refer to me as?"

"Mr Lee?"

I almost laughed. "No, you have the same last name. Think again."

I could see the gears of her hypnotized mind turning. After a long pause, she answered me.

"Sir?"

She spoke the word out in a monotone, voice completely flat. But hearing her say the word for the first time?

Fuck.

"Yes," I breathed. My heart was racing so fast. "Correct."

I wished she would call me as our Mother did.

Master.

But our mother also had a phase where she had referred to me as 'Sir'. Brainwashing was a slow and gradual process, and so I was more than happy with this progress.

She would call me 'Sir' first. Then 'Master' later.

"Say that again," I told her.

No hesitation.

"Sir."

"Good." I sighed. "Good girl."

I watched her shudder in her seat.

"Okay." I glanced at the clock. "I'm going to count down from three..."

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The first time Amara officially referred to me as Sir happened the very next day.

It was midafternoon, and I had a thirty-minute intermission before the next client arrived.

I walked out of my office to stretch my arms and legs. Amara was sitting at the front desk, filing paperwork, stapling and binding.

She finally looked up when she heard me stepping closer.

"Hmm?" She glanced at me with those brown eyes that were so similar to mine.

I smiled at her before faking a small yawn. "I'm feeling a little tired. Could you make a cup of coffee?"

"Sure."

She said the word so fast, it was like she was speaking before thinking. She stood up, and I made sure to give my sister her first compliment of the day.

"Good girl."

She stumbled a little, her programming kicking in. But she continued walking to the pantry, and I returned to my office.

A couple of minutes later, there was a knock on my door and Amara entered after I told her to come in. She was careful not to spill a drop and my sister carefully placed the cup on my desk before standing at attention, awaiting my next order.

“Thank you,” I said, making sure to be extra nice. I was trying a new tactic. Even though I had suppressed her emotions, or at least discouraged her from acting on them, it would still be better if she actually enjoyed carrying out my orders than feeling annoyed at me.

We called it positive reinforcement.

“No problem,” my sister replied. “Is there anything else I can get you?”

She was starting to act more like an actual secretary eager to please me than my own sister.

*I like it.*

Even if I had nothing in mind, I loved ordering her around and watching her obey me.

“Yeah,” I said after a moment of thinking. Handing her my car keys, I gave her my next order. “There’s an umbrella in the backseat. Fetch it for me in case it rains.”

“Okay.” She nodded, but I realized she was nervously biting her bottom lips. She didn’t leave right away, clearly pondering on something.

When I was about to ask her what she was thinking, she suddenly blurted out.

“I mean—Y-Yes, Sir.”

She left quickly, probably embarrassed that she had actually said the words.

Days went on like usual.

I made sure to hypnotize her daily, reinforcing her obedience towards me. At the start, she only called me Sir once or twice a day, and I encouraged it by not reacting at all—reaffirming to her that it was completely normal to call me that.

And soon, she was calling me ‘Sir’ *really* regularly.

But there was a glaring issue. As soon as we stepped out of the office, she reverted to calling me by name. But I’d be fixing that in due time. Even though I had little patience when it came to Amara, I forced myself to be disciplined.

In just over a week since, Amara had changed from a normal loving sister to this obedient assistant that would do almost anything I wanted her to.

Almost.

I love this new version of my sister.

*Knock. Knock*

"Come in," I called out.

The door opened, and my sister breezed in, handing me the third coffee of the day.

"Here you go, Sir," Amara whispered as she placed the cup down on the table.

"Thank you." I smiled up at my gorgeous little sister. "You're a good girl."

Her jaw went slack for a moment.

I watched as Amara tried to compose herself, her breathing audibly becoming heavier as a wave of pleasure hit her.

Her reaction to her trigger word was growing stronger day by day. It was like training a pet. If I gave enough positive reinforcements, eventually, Amara would bridge her pleasure with obeying me, and then she would be addicted to obeying me.

I was loving this pathway of her brainwashing. I had initially planned to make it so that she would view our mother's relationship with me as normal, then work on her subservience. But switching it up and making her more obedient first had definitely been the right choice.

"T-Thank you," she practically panted the word out. "I... I'm happy to help."

When I said nothing, she clasped her hands in front of her. "Is there anything else I can get you, Sir?"

"No, you can go."

"Yes, Sir." She did a little bow. It was the first time she had done it.

"Wait."

She immediately stopped and turned back around.

"We have some time before our three-thirty arrives. Could you give me a back rub, please?"

Her smile almost melted me.

"Of course, Sir."

As she massaged me, I couldn't stop and think how amazing it would be to bend her over the table instead and fuck her raw.

I was getting closer and closer to my ultimate goal, and I couldn't wait for today's session with my sister.

Her massages were amazing. Her obedience was on point. And her desire to please me had been solidified.

It was time to go to the next step.

It was time to blur her moral lines and introduce the idea of incest.

Not sex. Not just yet.

I closed my eyes and imagined her amazing fingers wrapped around my cock instead of on my back. Soon enough, Amara would be giving me very regular hand jobs, and then we would move on to dirtier and darker stuff.

We heard the front door opening. Amara stopped her massage and waited for my instructions.

She was starting to let me do all the thinking. I would think, she would do. That was the ideal way I'd like our relationship to be.

"Go," I told her. "We have a couple of sessions left, and then I'd like you back here after you do closing. Is that understood?"

She nodded obediently. "Yes, Sir."

"Good girl."

She gasped and almost crossed her knees. "Ah..."

"Amara."

"Huh...?" My sister's cheeks were so pink.

"Our guests are waiting. Be a good girl and go greet them."

She was full on panting.

"Y-Yes, Sir."

