

## Chapter 6

“Amara,” I said, shifting closer to my hypnotized little sister. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Even in a dead monotone, those two words never failed to get me going.

It had been a little over a week since Amara had first called me ‘Sir’.

Not only was she addressing me as Sir under trance, she still kept to her role as my assistant even after office hours.

To her, I was growing to be less of a brother and more of a boss.

But ‘Sir’ wasn’t enough. I didn’t want a personal assistant. I wanted a sex slave, someone whose sole purpose in life was to get me off and fulfill my every desire.

Given enough time, I could brainwash any woman I want, but what was the point in enslaving someone else?

Amara had grown up to be such an eye candy, and I wanted no one else.

“Good girl.” I said, smiling when she reacted the way I wanted her to.

With a shudder and a low monotone moan.

She was *really* getting addicted to her pleasure trigger.

I shifted my chair closer to my hypnotized little sister. As I studied her, I had no doubts Amara was the girl of my dreams.

Long dark hair. The body of a bikini model.

Amara received all the premium genetics from our mother and then added some quality of her own.

Her breasts were smaller than Mom’s, but they seemed to hold better shape. Amara also had the better ass and longer legs.

I couldn’t wait to start our session.

I had already been hypnotizing my little sister for more than two weeks, and my patience had run thin.

If I couldn't fuck her, then at least I should be able to touch her.

Feel her up. Enjoy her body like I wanted to.

The last time I had felt her up, Amara had reacted badly. She had jolted awake from her trance and was disarrayed for hours. That couldn't happen again. Hypnosis was a delicate matter, and I didn't want my sister to end up with memory loss. Or worse—braindead.

But seeing Amara so close to me... how amazing she smelled... I knew it was finally the right time to try again.

I had been hypnotizing her daily for weeks now. I had successfully turned my sister more obedient and compliant to me, and I had re-shifted her life goals. Instead of applying for other companies and wasting her talents there, I had encouraged her that the right thing to do was to serve me.

After all, I was her big brother.

"Amara," I whispered, feeling my pulse kicking up as I began. We had just closed up shop, and I had immediately put her in a trance. "Do you feel happy working for me?"

"Yes."

No hesitation.

"Why do you feel happy working for me?"

The words fell from her lips without emotion. By then, my sister was so used to getting hypnotized because she was replying to me in an instant, unlike the long pauses when I first started putting her under.

"Because I'm helping you."

"Is that all?" I asked. "You are happy because you're helping me?"

"No," my little sister admitted after a short pause.

"What other reason is there?" I asked, playing dumb. "Why do you feel happy serving me?"

Amara didn't even flinch when I said 'serve'.

She had accepted her new reality.

But right as I grew too confident and expected another instant reply, my sister stayed silent.

Fuck. Even after weeks of conditioning, she still somehow had spare willpower in reserve.

I lowered my voice. "You can trust me, remember? I won't tell anyone."

"I..." I watched her as she struggled. "I'm happy because..."

"Go on..."

"... because I feel pleasure when serving you."

I broke into a smile. "Do you know why you feel pleasure?"

"... no."

"Because deep inside, you know you're doing the right thing and being a good little sister. Little sisters are supposed to help their big brothers. You're doing what's right." I paused, letting her hypnotized mind digest the revelation. "Does that make sense?"

If I could make her agree that—

"Yes."

I had to take a second to compose myself.

I was making so much progress with Amara.

Her agreeing was the difficult part. All I had to do after was reinforce her new beliefs.

"A little sister's job is to serve her big brother."

No hesitation.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Your job is to serve me."

"Yes, Sir."

“You feel happy when you serve me.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“You’re doing amazing as my personal assistant. But your work doesn’t end when the clock hits five, doesn’t it? As my sister, shouldn’t you also help me at home?”

I held my breath, hoping for the best that she would agree.

So far, Mom has been serving me dinner and giving me my nightly massages, and I’d love it if Amara took over.

“Yes, Sir.”

Wow. That was easy.

“Good girl.”

She shuddered.

“After work, you will serve me at home.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Do you know what you can do to help me?”

“Serve you dinner.”

Good.

“What else?”

“Give you your massages.”

Great minds think alike.

“What else?”

“Clean your room.”

“What else?”

For the next two minutes, Amara listed off all the ways she could help me.

I ended the list by giving her positive reinforcements. Like a pet.

“Good girl.”

“Mhmm...”

The first objective of the session was completed.

*Now all that was left was...*

“Amara...” I stood up from my chair. “You feel very relaxed right now.”

“Mmm...”

“Very relaxed,” I repeated, slowly reaching out and touching her arm.

When she didn’t react, I took it a step further, lowering my hands and touching her hips.

Amara laid completely still, and I managed to stand her up so I could take a seat and then have my little sister sitting on my lap.

She slumped back, her head lolling against my chest, drool dripping down her chin.

Fuck. She smelled even better than Mom. Her perfume was light and fruity, and her hair shampoo complimented it perfectly.

There was a part in me that screamed to not do this. To not risk what I had going on with Amara. I was slowly programming my little sister into this obedient pet and yet I was jeopardizing all my progress so I could have some quick satisfaction.

It was such a dumb idea.

But just last night, I thought of a way to act on my impulses with Amara while also furthering my goals.

If it backfired, then...

But if it worked...

“Amara.” I planted a kiss on the top of her head. I really loved my sister. More than any brother should. “You said you feel pleasure when you obey my orders. Is that correct?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Describe to me this pleasure.”

*“Amazing.”*

Maybe it was my imagination, but I swore her monotone was breaking.

“How good?”

“I...” She started shifting, and instead of pulling back and not risking her waking up, I did the opposite.

Amara was wearing her usual work uniform. A loose silk blouse and a tight pencil skirt.

Today she had one of those cute red ribbons on her blouse and I started untying it, watching my sister carefully. She wasn't moving, and soon her blouse was undone.

With the angle I had, I had the most amazing view of her tits, just covered by that damn bra. It wasn't the sexy lingerie I sometimes had Mom wearing, but even with dull bras, Amara's tits looked heavenly.

“Amara,” I whispered. “I want you to relive the pleasure when you obey me. Can you do that?”

It might be a paradox, because if she did exactly that, then it would mean she was carrying out my orders, thus triggering her pleasure.

Immediately, my sister's breathing became audible.

“Yes...” She panted. “Yes... Sir.”

“Good girl.”

Amara spasmed on my lap, and for a second, I thought she had woken up. I swung my hand away, but then I noticed her eyes were still closed, and more drool was seeping down her lips.

Shit. She was breathing as if she had just run a marathon.

Keeping her balanced on my thighs, I placed my hand on her, then started shifting closer to the gap I made on her blouse.

This was it.

Even though I was more eager than I have ever been, I made sure I was careful. I made contact with her neck first.

Amara didn't react. She just kept panting and kept drooling. I moved my hand lower.

And lower.

I was actually going to touch my sister.

For a brief moment, I had a lapse in judgment. I returned to it over a year ago, when I was still considered by society as 'morally on track'.

This was Amara. My little sister.

She was innocent. More so than Mom.

At least, my initial motivation to hypnotize our mother was to get her to spend more time with me.

Amara didn't do anything wrong.

Wasn't I supposed to protect her? Wasn't that an older brother's job?

I was taking advantage of her. It felt *wrong*. So wrong.

But that was what made the whole moment special.

I touched her tits.

She gasped.

No. No, Amara didn't make a sound. Aside from her pants, she remained silent, and I realized I was the one making the sound, but I couldn't help myself.

She felt...

Fuck, she felt amazing.

I didn't bother with her bra. I slipped my fingers under and started to form a grip around her right tit.

I felt her nipple, and then I had a solid grip around her breasts. Amara didn't have the largest breasts, but *oh god*, she felt divine. She fit perfectly around my palm.

Like a lock to a key.

Amara still wasn't reacting much, just breathing, and I felt, *really felt* her chest rising and falling.

I gave her teardrop tit a gentle squeeze.

This time, she reacted.

Her full lips parted in a soft sigh.

Even though there was zero emotion behind it, the fact that Amara had reacted positively to my touch had my cock jerking up. I almost lost myself right then and there, having half a mind to strip her naked and plunge my rock hard cock into my sexy little sister.

What was holding me back?

Amara was already accustomed to hypnosis. She wasn't waking up easily anymore. I was holding her tit, and she was still deep in her trance, unmoving and drooling.

What was stopping me from giving in to my full desires?

I could do it.

I really could. But...

*Fucking her right now seems cheap.*

What would I rather have?

Pounding into her while she was unconscious and wouldn't remember a thing, or have her fully aware, kneeling before me, begging me to take her?

The answer was obvious.

"Amara..." I didn't know what I was saying or why I was talking to her, especially since she wasn't actually 'hearing' me. I moved my other hand and reached underneath her blouse, taking her other tits. "You're so fucking hot."

As expected, she didn't reply. Just laid there with more drool leaking down the edges of her lips.

"I always loved you. More than a brother should." I started squeezing. Softly at first, and as I increased pressure, they started moaning again. "Do you love me?"

"... yes."



“I love you too.”

One look at the clock revealed I was nearing the time limit. Amara had already been in a trance for almost thirty minutes and any longer could harm her mind.

Sighing, I gave her tits one last good squeeze before I peeled my hands away and tied her ribbon. I did a relatively poor job at it, so I hoped Amara wouldn't notice the lousy knot on her blouse.

I did my usual routine of snapping my fingers while counting. As I snapped for the third time and said 'Three', Amara came to life.

She gasped, flinched.

“Luke...?” My sister blinked her pretty lashes, then looked around, trying to soak in her surroundings. “Where...” Then she realized where she was. “Oh.”

“Come.” I held out my hand and helped my little sister to her feet. “It's almost six. Mom's probably waiting for us with dinner ready.”

“Okay.” Amara blinked once more, then held my arm as she steadied herself on wobbly knees. My sister was already so used to 'waking up' in the patient's chair every single day she never questioned it already.

I could still feel her on my palms. Her tits felt so much like Mom's. Soft, plump, full.

Just... *amazing*.

But I expected nothing less from my beauties.

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“Do you think Amara is a virgin?”

“Hmm?” Mom half-turned around. She was still staring at herself in the vanity mirror, making her hair just perfect for me. “What did you say?”

“Amara. Do you think she's a virgin?”

Mom thought about it.

I was in bed, hoping Mom would finish beautifying herself so I could start fucking her.

I had been getting much more daring. We were in the Master bedroom—Mom’s room—and Amara was just on the other side of the house, probably asleep.

Maybe it was my growing confidence, but Amara was already deep under my control, and it was only due time until she submitted completely.

“She might be,” Mom mused, then turned around, looking stunning with her tits out, nipples already hard. “She’s too focused on her studies to mind boys.”

“I hope she’s a virgin,” I told my Mother. “So her pussy’s tighter than yours.”

It was such a wild thing to say to your Mother. If I had said that a year ago, she would have slapped me, but the new and improved Mom just smiled.

I watched Mom stalk forwards in her high heels, hips swaying, tits bouncing. She crawled onto the bed and then my mother was on top of me, hands on my body, heavy breaths on my chest, then my neck, then close to my lips.

“You have to be quiet,” I reminded her and gave her ass a good slap. She sucked in a sharp breath at the contact, then giggled like a girl. “Your daughter might hear you.”

“You can gag me if you like, Master.”

“Maybe I will.” I closed my eyes and Mom leaned in for a kiss, and then I was in bliss, kissing the one woman that should be the most off limits to me.

My own mother as my sex slave. A year later, and I still had to wonder if reality was real.

Her hands felt real. Her lips definitely felt real, and her tongue and tits...

I couldn’t get enough of Mom. I dug my hands into her hair and pulled her in to deepen our lovemaking. She responded with a growl and rubbed her exposed pussy against my hard cock, lubricating me for the entry that would come soon after.

“Master.”

“Y-yeah?”

“You’ve been doing good work with Amara,” Mom said in between kisses. “You taught her respect.”

She was probably talking about Amara starting to call me ‘Sir’ around the house. I have not yet assigned Amara chores, but there was no doubt now that my sister would still remain my assistant even after five o’clock hits.

As soon as I came home, I expected Amara to help Mom serve me dinner. Then maybe a joint massage with Mom on my shoulders and Amara on my back.

"I did." I wanted to fuck Mom so badly, but I hated this position. I preferred fucking her raw while she was on her hands and knees.

So I did that. Breaking the kiss, I pushed her off me, making her gasp in surprise.

Like a good Mother, she understood the assignment immediately. Her perfect hair was now a mess as she got on all fours and raised her hips up high for easy entry.

But I had other plans. I sent another slap to her right ass cheek, and Mom sounded like she was on the verge of going insane as her hips buckled forwards and her muffled shriek lit up the bedroom.

"Master..." Mom breathed. "Please... You said it yourself... Amara might hear us."

"And I gave you an order to not be loud." I grinned at her as I saw the understanding forming in her pretty brown eyes. "So be quiet."

I reached for her pussy, and as soon as I made contact with her drenched clit, Mom jerked forward, burying herself against her pillow, knowing exactly what was going to come.

I loved torturing Mom in the best possible way. I'd never abuse her, but seeing her squeal and squirm as I played with her clit and then watching her eyes roll to the back of her head when I jammed two fingers into her pussy was something I enjoyed too much.

She pumped her hips back and forth to meet me, and she was trying her absolute best not to scream as I worked her up to an orgasm.

I knew Mom's body so well. It never took long for her to go over the edge. Her moans would grow harsher when she was razor close, and her hips would start shaking, as it did right then.

I continued working on her clit, and soon her pussy was gripping my fingers tight.

"Master..." she croaked out in a sob. "Please... please... don't."

I ignored her pleas.

"Cum for me, Mom," I told her and gave her plump ass cheek a good slap. That was the straw that broke Mom because she started shuddering violently, and then wetness started pouring out of her pussy.

“MASTER!” She really tried to keep the volume down, but she could only so much as I continued ravaging her pussy.

I looked over her spasming body to see Mom biting the pillow, spilling out groans after groans as the pleasure overwhelmed my beautiful, obedient Mother.

She finally slumped down in a heap after a long, fulfilling orgasm, but I didn't give her a break. I peeled her high heels off, and then hopped off the bed so I could pull Mom to the edge, where I had her face down and panting on the mattress.

Her hips were just off the edge and she was slick with sweat, with beads of salt all over her neck and back. Mom was still catching her breath, but I didn't allow her to regain too much composure.

“Master...” She sounded so out of breath, barely pulling the word out of her lips.

“Shh...” I spread her cheeks wide and then pushed my hips forward, entering her sensitive pussy and joining our bodies as one.

“Ah!” Mom dug her head into the mattress, bracing herself for the hard fucking she knew would come.

I didn't disappoint her.

Her pussy welcomed every hard drive of my cock and Mom was trying her best to not defy my orders and go screaming loud, but other sounds started filling the bedroom up.

The heavy thud of my balls slapping against her clit. The wet slams as I drove my cock in and out of her pussy, the slaps as I smacked her ass every once in a while to keep her on her toes. And then there were the muffled shrieks, groans, beautiful moans, and silent grunts.

It was wonderful.

I couldn't be happier as I was right then as I spilled my load. I managed to not make too much noise as I bit my tongue and groaned out my absolute delight, filling my darling mother up so full, cum started to leak down her thighs.

But I didn't stop. I continued pounding, continued pouring my desires out, and then—

“WHAT THE FUCK?”

We both turned the source of the sound, but I already knew who it was.

Amara stood at the open bedroom door. I was sure I had locked it, but then I saw the ring of keys in her grip, which she dropped to her feet as my wide-eyed sister brought both hands to cover her open mouth.

“What.. the...” She couldn’t complete her sentence because Amara suddenly turned on her heels and dashed outside.

Fuck. Fuck!

I didn’t look at Mom. I pulled out of her and ran after my sister.

I was just in time because she almost made it to the front door before I shouted out the words, more desperate for it to work than I was right then.

“Sleep time, Sis!”

She crumbled to the ground, and thank fuck she didn’t hit her head, but Amara crashed towards the living room she before she crumpled to the ground, completely still.

Okay. Okay. Fuck—

I heard Mom behind me, and I looked over at her. She was still naked, and she still had my cum all over her legs.

“Master.” Mom bit her lips. “What do we do now?”

I knew what to do.

“Take Amara to the couch. It’s time to begin her real sessions.”

