

## Chapter 7

I had two options.

Make Amara forget everything. That was the most tempting choice because it would mean a clean slate.

Wipe her memories. Make her forget everything she saw.

It was possible, but it wasn't a permanent solution.

What Amara just witnessed would be very difficult to be wiped away from her memory bank. Making her forget about our sessions was easy because she had been unconscious the whole time.

But she was fully conscious when she witness me fucking our Mother. She saw *everything*.

I could blur out the past thirty minutes, but there was no guarantee it would stay that way. Sooner or later, something might trigger the memory. Maybe just a glimpse of me or Mom was enough to trigger the flashbacks.

Wiping her memory was a band-aid to the problem, but maybe that was enough. Maybe by the time she remembered everything, it would be too late for dear Amara.

The second option was more chilling, but also very tempting.

I could have my little sister locked up in a room. Have her in a constant state of trance while I continued her brainwashing.

But did sweet, innocent Amara deserve that?

If I chose the second option, there was no telling how much I would corrupt her. Since I would be programming both her conscious and unconscious mind, by the time I was done with her, she might never be the same again.

The way I corrupted Mom, I had been programming her subconscious for months until I forced her conscious to accept all the programming. That ensured that Mom was still 'Mom' and her personality wouldn't be affected.

I stared at my gorgeous little sister. She was slumped on the chair, head lolled to the side, dark hair a mess, drool leaking from her full lips.

What should I do?

I wanted her to be the same. By the time I was done with her, Amara's cheerful, innocent personality should still be intact. She should still be my sweet little sister.

That meant I had to resort to option one. But that meant I'd have to speed up her programming because I'd be on a timer. There was no telling when the gap in between her memories would return.

Fuck it.

"Amara," I said, just then realizing how shaky my voice was. Looking down revealed that I was actually trembling. Clenching my fist, I continued speaking.

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

Glancing at Mom, who was standing beside me, I signaled her to return to the bedroom so I could have full concentration.

This session was too important, and I couldn't fuck this up.

"Amara," I exhaled, trying to steady my voice. "You're going to forget about what you just saw. Everything will be a blur. Every time you hear the snap of my fingers, you'll feel sleepier and everything that just happened today will be a blur to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good girl."

The little moan that leaked out of her lips had me so fucking hard.

*Soon.* Soon, she will be moaning me out every day.

Once Amara was mine, there was no chance in hell I wouldn't be fucking her daily. At home, in the office, everywhere I could.

Shivering at the thought, I snapped my fingers.

Instantly, Amara went limp, falling forward. I caught her and laid her head against my shoulder. Her hair was all around me, her sweet scent intoxicating.

It was almost painful to not give in to my urges and do whatever I wanted with her.

She looked heavenly, felt amazing, and smelled like pure sin.

God help me.

"I love you," I whispered in her ear, then clicked my fingers.

*Snap.*

She shuddered, and I felt her exhale against my neck, leaving me with clenched fists.

I only had so much willpower.

*Snap.*

She leaned against me even more. I was carrying her entire weight.

"You'll forget everything, little sis," I continued whispering my dark thoughts into her ear.  
"Today is a blur and you wouldn't think much of it. Today is just another day. Nothing special."

*Snap.*

She shuddered. Sighed.

"Do you understand, Amara?"

"Yes."

*Snap.*

Amara isn't responding anymore, so I pulled her up and stared at her.

I have seen so many people helplessly deep in a trance, and Amara was the picture perfect example of it.

Her eyelids heavy, her lips ajar, drool all over her chin...

*Patience. Be patient.*

"Yes, what?" I asked.

Her lips moved. More saliva dripped out, falling from her chin and landing on my lap.

Her monotone voice filled the living room.

"Yes, Sir."

I smiled and leaned forward, giving my hypnotized sister a peck on the forehead.

“Good girl.”

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“Here’s your coffee, Sir.”

Reclining back into my chair, I beamed up at those gorgeous brown eyes.

“Thank you.”

“And here are the files you requested.”

My little sister handed me the paperwork, but I just nodded for her to set them down at my desk.

Today, Amara was wearing that blouse with the cute little ribbon again. It was in a different color than the one before, but seeing her in that blouse had my memories jogging back to when I had her tits in my hands.

Keeping my smile in place, I spoke to my sister. “How do you feel?”

“Hmm?” She tilted her head and stared at me. “I feel great. Why?”

“Nothing, just asking.”

“I’m not tired, if that’s what you mean. We still have a long day ahead of us.”

“We do.”

The session last night went amazing. When Amara had woken up, she had no clue where she was and, most importantly, she had forgotten everything.

But I had to remember that this was a temporary solution. Sooner or later, her memories would return, and I had to step up in my game.

One session a day wasn’t enough.

Amara was going to have to go through two trances a day. Risky since I would be forcing her mind into twice the amount of trances, and I wasn’t sure what or if there were any side effects from constantly being put into such a suggestive state.

I cleared my throat. “When’s our next appointment?”

"Hmm..." Amara checked her notebook. Eleven. So in an hour's time.

Perfect.

"Alright." I stood up, which got a raised eye from my sister, but I just had to be sure she wouldn't hit her head. "Sleepy time, sis."

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"Amara, what is your role here?"

"To assist you."

"Can I rephrase that by saying that your role here is to serve me?"

"Yes."

"Can I say that your role here is to carry out my needs?"

"Yes."

"Whatever my needs are?"

"Yes."

Her instant replies were encouraging.

"Do you recall Ellie? The perfect sister to her big brother?"

"Yes."

"Ellie also helps her brother, serving all his needs. Ellie is a good sister, correct?"

"Yes."

I had to somehow ease Amara into the idea of incest.

I remembered back when I had just started brainwashing Mom, I had brought in the idea of a blowjob and Mom had snapped awake.

The same would happen to Amara.

But how do I frame incest in a way that would be appealing to my little sister? It seemed impossible, but I had already done it once with Mom.

But applying the same tactic as I did with our mother to Amara just wouldn't work. I didn't exactly know how I knew.

Maybe it was just a hunch, because not only Amara was a much more difficult subject than our mother, she also had just witnessed a traumatizing event. Any idea of incest could force that memory out of her subconscious.

I couldn't risk broaching the idea of incest to her.

Damn it. Corrupting her had just become twice as hard.

What could I do?

I considered my options.

It had been more than a week of brainwashing my dear sister. Throughout the week of brainwashing, my focus was on strengthening Amara's obedience towards me.

What was the saying? If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

Amara was already the most obedient little sister there was, but maybe I could push that further.

Maybe I could make her so obedient, I could command her to fuck me, and she would do it even though she knew it was wrong.

Yes!

I clicked my fingers. That was the answer.

If I couldn't make her accept incest, then I had to change strategies and force her to accept my every command.

No matter what it was.

"Amara," I resumed the session. "Ellie is a good sister because she obeys her brother, right?"

"Yes."

"And you're a good sister because you obey me."

“Yes.”

“Ellie does whatever her brother tells her to do.” I paused for a second before deploying the dreaded question. “Would you do anything I say?”

I watched Amara carefully. She thought about it, her hypnotized mind processing the question. It took a while.

“No.”

“Okay.” I nodded. I expected that. Of course she wouldn’t say a yes. “What wouldn’t you do for me?”

“Umm...” Even in a trance, Amara looked uncomfortable. She shifted in her seat, not liking the idea that she wasn’t as good of a sister that she thought she was.

“Go on...” I urged her. “What orders you wouldn’t carry out if I told you to do them?”

“Maybe... kill someone?”

I chuckled. That was not what I was thinking of. Amara had some imagination.

“Okay. What else?”

“Ummm... give you all my money.”

I had to try my best not to burst out laughing. “What else?”

For the next few minutes, we dug down deep into everything she wouldn’t do for me. Amara never mentioned anything sexual. It probably never even crossed her mind.

I only told her to stop because she was on the verge of breaking. Her eyelids were twitching, and she was fidgeting way too much.

“Ellie would do all those things for her brother,” I told her. “But you wouldn’t do any of those to me.”

“No.”

Even in her monotone, she sounded sad.

“So you aren’t a good sister.”

“No...”

“Do you want to be a good sister, Amara? Do you want to be the best little sister to me?”

“Yes.”

I leaned forward. “You feel good when you obey me.”

“Yes.”

But it was clearly not good enough. She still had reservations when it came to my orders.

I eyed my sister. With drool all over her chin and her eyes closed, she looked beautiful. Vulnerable.

Fuck it. To accomplish what I wanted, I had to give in to my desires.

Just a little bit.

“Amara. Stand up.”

She rose with shaky knees and she was swaying left and right, but she obeyed me nonetheless, and I gave her praise.

“Good girl.”

A tiny moan leaked out from those lips.

Standing up too, I sat down on her chair and patted my thigh.

“Sit on my lap.”

When she did, I pulled her close.

My hard cock was throbbing against her lower back, and if she wasn't unconscious, Amara definitely would have said something about it.

“Now, Amara...” My voice had gotten raspier, and I had to take a few breaths to control myself. “You said you feel good when you obey me. Is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“Spread your legs.”

She did.



“Good girl.”

I felt her shudder.

The last time she sat on my lap, I had felt up her amazing tits. And now, I was going several steps further.

After this, there was no going back.

Reaching for her front, I dipped my right hand between her legs. She was wearing her usual uniform of a tight pencil skirt that unfortunately reached her knees. Maybe that was a hidden blessing, because if it didn't, then there was no way I could concentrate on work.

I made sure to watch Amara carefully as I pulled up her blouse and then began using my other hand to undo her skirt from her back.

My sister didn't look like she was going to wake up anytime soon. Her eyelids still looked heavy, and she was breathing steadily, tits rising and falling.

Her skirt loosened, and I used the cue to reach further.

This felt so fucking wrong, but that only had me harder as I slid down her upper thighs and made first contact with her panties.

It didn't feel like silk. Amara probably wore boring cotton panties.

Sucking in a breath and keeping an eye on my beautiful sister, I slipped under, and then—

She gasped.

“Relax,” I coaxed her, whispering into her ear. “You feel relaxed, Amara. You're with me. You're relaxed. You're relaxed.”

I didn't dare to move my hand until I saw her easing back into her trance.

I continued telling her to relax, urging her to not panic, reassuring her she was safe with me, her big brother.

It took some time until I felt Amara slumping back against me again before I gained the confidence to move.

Amara felt...

I didn't know how to explain it. But she was just the tiniest bit wet, most likely from all the praise I had been giving her.

A good sign, but Mom always felt drenched, and it just showed that although I had implemented a pleasure trigger into Amara's consciousness, it still wasn't strong enough. She should feel an irresistible need to obey me, and that was exactly this session's goal.

I had to drive her need to obey me, way... way up.

I was going to do to Amara what I did to Rose. Rose's parents had complained about her constant disobedience, and what I did to break Rose was to bring her to orgasm, then connect that intense feeling of pleasure to obeying her parents.

Not long after, Rose was the perfect daughter to her parents.

It was a strategy I often employed, and so far it had worked out beautifully.

Amara was not going to be an exception.

Fingering a subject that I didn't personally know was one thing, but having my own hand in between my sister's legs?

God.

"Easy, Amara," I whispered into my sister's ear. I wasn't inside her yet, but I found her clit, and when I rolled my thumb over it, the reaction was immediate.

"Oh!" Amara jerked in my lap, and then she was pressing her back against me.

"Shh..." But I couldn't keep the excitement away from my voice. I was actually fingering my own sister.

This couldn't be real.

But it was. The proof was sitting right on top of my lap. And her moans...

Oh fuck, her moans.

I continued stroking her clit. She was growing wetter by the second. She wiggled on my lap, her moans low at first, but the more pleasure I was delivering, the louder Amara grew.

"Ahh..." She writhed on my lap. "Oh!"

“Amara, my love.” I was *really* feeling it, and I couldn’t help but give in to my desire a little. I breathed in, moving to the side of her neck, inhaling her amazing scent. “I want you to capture this feeling. This pleasure. Can you do that?”

“Oh god...”

“Amara, focus...” But I couldn’t focus myself, not with my own little sister writhing on my lap and groaning out beautiful sounds. “Capture this pleasure. Can you do that?”

“Yes,” she squeaked out.

“Good. very good.” Circling my thumb over her clit, I watched in delight at my sister’s reaction.

She jerked up, and I didn’t waste time. I slid two fingers inside her wet pussy, and then I guessed my sister was a simple person to please, because not long after, her pussy clenched around my fingers and then moans began spilling out of her lips.

“Amara, capture this feeling...” I held her tight as my sister had her orgasm on my lap, whimpering and moaning, shuddering and writhing.

“Ah...” She wasn’t as loud as our mother, but the mere fact that I had brought my own sister to cum had me groaning out loud, too.

“Yes!” She jerked on my lap. “Yessss...”

Tight was an understatement.

Amara was so fucking *tight*.

She had to be a virgin. The way she was clenching round my two fingers... I wish it were my cock instead. I wouldn’t last a minute inside my sister.

“Capture this feeling, Amara,” I forced the words out, feeling like I was about to bust in my pants. Ideally, I wanted to have this conversation with her before she cum, but I guess I had to make do.

If Amara was this easy to please, I couldn’t imagine the sex we would have. She would be orgasming all throughout the night with me.

The things I would do to her...

“I want you...” It was hard to talk, and I didn’t even know if Amara was registering my words. She was still moaning and writhing on my lap, but I continued anyway. “I want you to feel like

this every time I say the word 'Good Girl'. You will feel this just only for a split second, but the feeling would overwhelm you, and you'd want more of it."

I tried to dig my fingers deeper into her cunt, but it was impossible. She was squeezing me way too tight.

I managed the words out.

"Do... do you understand?"

"Yes..." She moaned, throwing her head back, exposing her neck to me.

I didn't need any invitation. I sucked on her skin, in pure rapture as I watched my sister gasp and buckle under the pleasure I was force feeding her.

Amara was just going on and on, filling the office with beautifully sung moans.

It was a wonder how she didn't snap out of her trance, especially with just how much she was squirming on my lap.

When we were finished, my sister collapsed on top of me, with beads of sweat on her neck, her eyes still closed, but her face contorted in pure pleasure.

I pulled out of her, noticing my glistening hands, slick with everything good.

It took a while to clean her up. Thirty minutes was the maximum allocated time I had with a subject, and I was already pushing it. I found a cloth, wet it, and wiped Amara clean.

By the time I sat her down on the chair and woke her up, it had already been forty minutes, and Amara blinked away, looking around, clearly having no idea where she was.

"L-Luke?" She stared up at me, rubbing her head. "Where... are we in the office?"

"Yeah. Come." I offered her my hand and helped her up on her unsteady legs.

"I don't remember coming to work. I was in my bed, at home... then..."

Her memory loss was getting more severe. Maybe I should take a chill pill with her programming and not push it.

But I had a timer.

"We did come to work." I held her chin up, stroking her jawline with my thumb. The same finger that was partly responsible for her orgasm. "You're a good girl."

Usually she would just moan or gasp whenever I said her trigger words. This time, it was different.

My sister's eyes went wide, her knees buckling under her. She stumbled forwards, and I had to hold her arm to prevent her from collapsing to the ground.

"What..." Amara stared up at me, her brown eyes filled with confusion. "Why...?"

Did she just come again? Amara took a look down in between her legs.

Was she dripping? Just like that?

God. Amara was unbelievably easy to please.

I hid a smile as I noted the vital information.

"I..." Amara let go of me and hurried off. "I need to go to the ladies. Be right back!"

I watched her go, then stared at my hand when she disappeared out the door.

I had just made my sister cum. Twice.

The session had proven a massive success. Whether people knew it or not, everyone was motivated by one singular thing.

Pleasure.

I had already successfully linked Amara's pleasure with obedience, but now it would be different.

I can invoke a stronger reaction of pleasure out of her, further reinforcing her subservience to me. And further sessions with her were going to be focused on *displeasure*.

I was going to train Amara like one would do to a pet.

Obey me = pleasure.

Disobedience = displeasure.

It would be a different strategy than I had with Mom, but I just knew it was a matter of time before Amara had no other choice than to bow to my will.

Willingly.

