

## Chapter 8

“Amara, let’s go!”

“C-Coming!” I heard movements in her room. Then a thump. It sounded like books falling to the ground.

“Hey.” I knocked on her door once. “Is everything alright?”

“Y-Yeah!”

She didn’t sound alright.

More movements inside.

I backed off a step when I heard her stepping towards the door. A second later, the door opened, revealing my beautiful little sister in a stylish ribbon blouse and a sexy pencil skirt.

I stared at her, noticing her flushed cheeks and...

Was she out of breath?

Amara was trying her best to avoid eye contact.

“Are you sure you are okay?” I asked.

“Yeah.” She cleared her throat and tried to walk past me, but I blocked her way.

“Hey.” Reaching to her, I tilted her pretty little chin up, forcing her brown eyes to mine. She had the same dark shade of brown as our mother. I have looked into those browns many times as I pounded away into her tight cunt.

“Let’s go,” Amara whispered, still doing her best to avert my eyes. “Aren’t we late already?”

She clearly didn’t want to tell me what was wrong.

“Okay.” I let go of her and then we were off.

I would just extract that information out of her when Amara was more...

Compliant.

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I didn't get to talk to my sister until hours later.

The morning was fully booked out, and truth be told, I missed her. I kept hoping for a knock on my door that would interrupt my session with an entranced subject. Amara would peek in and ask me if I would like coffee.

But there was none of that.

By the time noon rolled over, I felt drained from hypnotizing so many people.

*Knock. Knock.*

Finally.

"Come in."

Amara appeared with a fresh cup of coffee in hand. She headed over to me in her high heels, balancing the saucer, and then leaning forward to set the cup on the desk.

I looked up at her.

Her browns met mine.

"Good girl."

Her eyes went wide, and so did her lips. Amara stumbled on her feet, but she quickly recovered herself.

"Oh..." she moaned, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. "Ah..."

*I don't think I would ever get tired of watching that.*

The power I had over her...

I still had my eyes on Amara. She was trying to play it off, clearing her throat and giving me a smile. But her legs weren't as steady as they were a second ago, and she was breathing *much* heavier.

"T-Thank you." My sister cleared her throat for the third time. "I try my best to please."

"And you do please me," I told her, reclining back into my chair. "That's your job as my little sister, isn't it?"

Amara nodded, as if she totally agreed with me. But a week ago, if I asked the exact same question, she probably would have called me crazy.

“I just think your talents are best suited here, little sis,” I continued. “In our family business. Remember when you said you wanted to send your resume off to all these top companies?”

Amara tried to laugh it off, but I could tell she hadn’t fully recovered from what must be an intense split second of ecstasy. One word from me and all the feel-good chemicals from her brain would all come rushing out.

“Yeah...” She was basically panting the word out. “Yeah, I feel like I belong here. With you.”

“You do. Now...” I grabbed the sticky note from my desk and handed the yellow paper to her. “Here’s what I want for lunch. You can order whatever you want, but get me that burger.”

“Okay.”

“Wait,” I quickly said before Amara could leave the room. “Get a salad for yourself. Chicken salad.”

“Sure.” Amara nodded obediently, took the note, then folded her arms in front of her, looking like the perfect submissive assistant a man could have. “Is there anything else I can get you?”

“Yeah, a cookie from Starbucks would be great. Be a good girl and fetch that for me.”

Amara gasped. Leaned against the wall for support as pleasure overwhelmed her again.

“I... I—I’m sorry.” My sister drew a shuddering breath. “I—I don’t know what’s happening...”

*Damn.* There was even saliva leaking down the corner of her lips. I must have underestimated how powerful the trigger word.

“It’s okay,” I told her, pretending that everything was normal. The more I set the frame of her new behaviors, the faster Amara would settle into this new version of her. “Go on. I’m hungry.”

“Y-Yes, Sir.”

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As we ate our lunch in the office pantry, I could tell Amara wanted to say something.

But I was patient, scrolling through my phone, hoping she would finally speak up and say what was on her mind.

It came five minutes later.

“Luke?” She forced a laugh. “I mean, Sir. I honestly don’t know what to call you anymore.”

“We’re still in the office, so address me appropriately.”

Obviously, that wasn’t the core reason I wanted her to remain calling me ‘Sir.’ If she kept addressing me as that, in her mind, I would always be in this position of authority over her.

She would be more obedient. She wouldn’t mind me taking the lead.

It would make hypnotizing her much easier.

“Yes, Sir.”

I chewed on a fry. “What is it, Amara?”

“Umm...” I watched my sister munch on her salad. “I hope I’m not crossing a line here, since you know... you’re my boss and all.”

I readied myself for anything. “But...?”

“But...” Amara pursed her lips. Maybe it was because I was attracted to her, but my sister could make anything look sexy as fuck.

“Go on...”

“It’s just an idea.” My sister shrugged, her eyes down on her salad. “Butttttt... Maybe... maybe you could try hypnotizing me?”

I kept my composure, staring at her blankly. For Amara, she has never been hypnotized before. All her memories of being in a trance were erased.

I tried my best to remain clueless. “Why do you want to have a session?”

Amara shifted in her seat. “I just see all the work you’ve been doing with all our clients. You really improve their lives, so... maybe you could improve some aspects about me?”

Now I was curious. “What aspects?”

“Aspects like...” using her fork, my sister stirred her salad around. “Being a better sister.”

That would be great.

“You’re already an amazing sister,” I told Amara. “What makes you think you’re a bad one?”

She finally looked at me. "I know I'm being a great sister, but I could always be better. Maybe you can change some of my habits so I can be a better assistant to you or something."

"And I trust you," Amara added. "Honestly, I'm nervous and I'm scared about this whole hypnosis hocus pocus thing. But I trust you, and I know you only want to help me."

I couldn't hold back my smile then. This was amazing. Her admitting that just proved I had successfully tinkered with her enough that all she wanted to do in life was to please me.

It wouldn't be much longer until I had her corrupted completely.

I pretended to mull it over while she looked at me.

Slowly nodding, I agreed with her. "I think you have a point. Maybe we can have our first session right now?"

"Now?" Amara blinked those beautiful brown eyes. "Like... now?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Do you need me to brew the tea?"

"No need. Just fetch me my pendulum."

Amara disappeared. I tried my best to keep my cool.

What does this mean for me? If her conscience knew that she was being hypnotized, then maybe Amara would put two and two together on her gradual personality changes.

My sister was smart, so this might be a risk.

But maybe I could use this unexpected turn of events in my favor.

Amara returned half a minute later, pendulum in hand.

"Should we do this in your office?" She suggested. "It's kind of cramped here."

"Sure."

Soon Amara was in her usual spot, sitting on the chair I had hypnotized countless clients in.

For her, this was a new thing. I could tell from her bated breaths and the constant fidgeting that she was nervous.

“Relax, Amara,” I told my little sister. “You know how important it is to relax for this to work.”

“Maybe I should brew the tea for myself.”

“No need,” I offered her a small smile. “All you need is a little sleepy time, sis.”

Her head lolled to the side.

I smiled. For real this time. I would never tire of seeing the trigger word in action.

“Amara, can you hear me?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good.” I took a stool and sat right opposite her. I was so close to her I could touch that soft skin. Run my hand up and down those amazing thighs of hers.

Unlike before, she wouldn’t wake up to the inappropriate touches.

“Amara,” I officially began the session. “What were you doing before I drove us to work?”

“I...”

When she paused, unsure if she should answer, I already had a good idea about what my sister was hiding from me.

“Amara.” I dip my hand under her pencil skirt, sighing, as I slid my palm across her silky smooth skin. “You trust me, don’t you?”

“Yes...”

“So, tell me. What did you do?”

“I don’t know if I can say it.”

“You can. You will. Be a good girl and tell me.”

She jerked up in her seat, and for a moment, I thought she had woken up. If she had, it would have been bad.

I had a hand under her tight pencil skirt. There was no lying my way out of it.

But her eyes were still closed, and I felt her shudder.

"Tell me, little sis," I continued. "What were you doing?"

"I was..." Her monotone voice filled up the office. "I was..."

"Yes?"

"I was touching myself."

Expected. But what was she masturbating to?

"What were you touching yourself to?"

"You."

What?

"Me...? I drew my hand away from her skirt, pointing to myself as if she could see me. "Wait. Amara, you were touching yourself to... me?"

"Yes." She actually sounded regretful. "I'm sorry."

"You..." I cleared my throat. "Umm..."

What the fuck? Obviously, this was a good thing. A very good thing. But no matter how hard I thought about it, I couldn't figure out why she was doing it.

I had to stand up and pace back and forth as I thought about this new revelation.

This was good. This was fucking good.

If I accidentally made Amara lust after me, then introducing her to incest would be a cakewalk.

But why was my beautiful Amara touching herself to me?

Exhaling, I headed back to the stool and sat down.

"Amara," I began again. "What were you thinking about as you were touching yourself?"

She replied immediately. It seemed like she was suddenly eager to answer me.

"I imagine you calling me a good girl." Amara droned on. "I thought about you ordering me to get you more coffee. I fantasize about you..." Her breaths grew in volume, and I watched as her teardrop tits rose and fell. "You... giving me orders after orders."

If Amara was wet, I would have been drenched. Hearing my sister say all those words...

*God.*

Fucking hell, I wanted nothing else to touch myself. Bust all over her face.

Instead, I reeled myself in. I forced myself to stay glued to my chair and continue asking questions.

"You like it when you obey me."

It all made sense now. I had made her addicted to her pleasure trigger, and I only said her trigger aloud when she was obeying my command.

Her mind must have linked pleasure with obeying me, and so this was just a side effect from that.

"Yes." My sister nodded. "I love obeying you."

"It turns you on."

"Yes..."

I couldn't be happier with the progress I was making with Amara.

But during the last session, I found out that there was a hard limit to what she wouldn't do for me.

Would Amara obey me no matter what I said? Or did she still draw the line somewhere?

"Amara, my dear," I spoke out. "You love obeying me."

"Yes."

"Is there anything you wouldn't do if I told you to do it?"

No hesitation. She spoke the word with regret, almost breaking her monotone.

"Yes."



Disappointment washed over me.

“Like what? What would you not do for me?”

“Kill someone for you. A person or an animal.”

Yes, yes.

“What else?”

“Anything sexual.”

Fuck. There it was. The fucking line.

I unintentionally got her fantasizing about me ordering her around like a slave. So why wouldn't she go all in on that fantasy?

What more can I do?

I sighed.

I guess it was back to the drawing board.

I took a glance at the clock.

Shit. There was a client coming over in ten minutes. I had to end the session.

“Amara.” I shook my head, all my energy sapped away. “I’m going to wake you up now. When you wake up, you feel refreshed and feel amazing.”

“All you remember during this session is us talking about obedience. You want to obey me, Amara. You love obeying me and you want nothing more than to listen to your big brother.” I stood up and took the stool away. “We worked on your obedience. That’s all. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I woke her up.

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For the rest of the day, Amara was the perfect assistant.

My sister had always been excellent, but she was going the extra mile, bringing me a constant supply of coffee and snacks.

And she kept asking me the same thing.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?”

We were busy, so the most I could ask for was a short back or an arm rub. But the most important thing was Amara getting more and more addicted to obeying me.

We didn’t talk about the hypnosis session until the last client walked out the door and we were back in my office.

“So we worked on my obedience?” My sister asked from behind me. She had her hands on my shoulders, giving me yet another massage.

At this rate, she was more of my personal masseur than my assistant.

“Yeap.” I forced all my muscles to relax, sighing as I felt her skillful hands applying pressure to my tender traps. “I found out that you were feeling bad because you felt you weren’t obedient enough, so we worked on that.”

“Does that mean, eventually, I cannot disobey you anymore?”

She tried to play it off like a joke, but I could tell from her awkward laugh, Amara wanted that to happen.

I was so close. So fucking close to gold.

“No,” I told her. “You know I can’t make you do anything you wouldn’t want to do.”

“Right.” She moved to the back of my neck, and I couldn’t hold back a soft groan as she applied just the right amount of pressure there. “Was I a good subject?”

“You were.”

“And...” She chose her words carefully. “Did... did you ask me anything weird?”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. Like anything at all.”

“Nope. We just focused on your obedience.”

She didn't say anything, but I could tell she didn't fully believe me.

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Amara's job as my servant didn't stop in the office.

When we returned home, I had my sister sweeping the floors.

Because of Mom, I found it hard pressed for Amara to clean anything, so I just told her to grab a broom, and she was more than happy to oblige.

So while Amara disappeared into my room to perform her duties, Mom sat beside me on the couch. I had my eyes towards my room, keeping watch while my hands did things a son shouldn't.

"Master..." Mom breathed, as I squeezed that juicy ass of hers through her tight shorts. "We shouldn't..."

"I have Amara almost under control," I told Mom. "She doesn't remember anything about that night."

"I see that. And also, I see that you've been doing work. Amara is always diligent with her chores, but never like this."

"I worked on her obedience, Mom," I told her. "She's now addicted to obeying me. But there's still a limit to what she will do for me."

"I see." Mom nodded. "We—"

"I want you in a sexy dress tonight," I whispered into her ear, my eyes locked on my closed room door. I knew I was playing with fire. Again. But I didn't care, overconfident in my control over the two women in the household. "I'm going to bring us out to a nice, candle lit dinner, then I'm going to fuck you in a hotel room."

Mom shuddered. Giggled like a little girl.

"I'd love that."

"Good." I gave her ass a last squeeze before we all heard my room door opening.

Amara appeared, glancing at us before walking over. She didn't question our closeness to each other.

"There wasn't much to clean," Amara told me. "But I did what I could."

“Very good.” I motioned to her work uniform she was still wearing. “It must be very uncomfortable for you to wear this while you do your chores, don’t you think?”

“Yeah.” She nodded. “I’ll go change to a shirt or something.”

Amara started to turn.

“Wait.”

My sister glanced back at me, eyes wide.

“I have something more appropriate for you.” I turned to our Mother. “Mom, could you fetch me the uniform I just bought?”

“Uniform?” Amara frowned as Mom stood up and carried out her order.

“Yes.”

The truth was, I didn’t ‘just bought’ the uniform. Before my sister returned home from graduation, I had gathered all the supplies needed for Amara to settle into her new role as my slave.

Having her as my assistant in the office was unplanned. I had originally intended for my beautiful little sister to be my permanent at-home maid, helping Mom with the chores.

“I don’t...” My sister looked so adorably confused. “I don’t think a uniform is necessary.”

“It is,” I argued, motioning to her pink blouse and tight pencil skirt that didn’t reach her knees. “You need something comfortable to wear while doing the chores.”

“I have comfortable clothes to wear.”

She didn’t seem pleased with the situation, and when our mother returned with her set of new clothes—a black dress sleeved dress that was trimmed with white lace, a neat white apron, and a frilly white cap, Amara went pale.

“This...” She looked between the outfit and me, nervously chewing on her lips. “Luke, this is a maid’s uniform.”

“Yes.”

Mom handed it to her. Reluctantly, Amara accepted it, loosely holding her new clothes in her hands.

My sister chewed on her lips nervously. "Luke, I'm not a maid."

"It's just comfortable to wear," I told my sister. "You—"

"I'm not your maid!" She threw her hands down and glared at me. "Luke, this is demeaning and—"

"Sleepy time, sis."

Mom was beside her, so she caught Amara as she went limp.

"She resists a lot," Mom said, shaking her head in disapproval.

"She's feisty," I agreed, helping Mom as we carried Amara to the couch. "But I'm breaking her down. Slowly. She will be wearing the uniform by tomorrow."

"Yes, Master."