

Chapter 9

One week later

I was so *close* to corrupting my beautiful little sister.

So close.

I had almost everything down. Amara was obeying my every command except to fuck me. She spent her free time masturbating, fantasizing about obeying my order.

When she was in the office, my little sister acted as my personal assistant, getting me coffee without me asking, and when we were home, she would put on her maid's uniform and become exactly that.

A maid for her brother.

She was addicted to my commands, desperate to fulfill my every desire.

She was basically the picture perfect little sister that I couldn't fuck. Yet.

One more boundary and I'd completely own her. The question was... how do I break that line?

With Mom, it was a lot simpler. But my sister was proving to have a fight in her. Amara had always been so sweet and innocent, so it was confusing to see this much resistance.

We were at home. Mom was naked, tits out, glistening pussy on display, and my little sister was in her sexy maid uniform, drooling on the couch.

"Amara," I began, slipping a hand under her apron and going straight for gold. "Can you hear me?"

"Y-Yes," Amara said in a monotone voice, but her pleasure couldn't be denied.

Over the past week, I've been refining her obedience, cementing the idea that sisters should obey their brothers. That it was right to submit to me. That she should be proud of it.

I ran my thumb over her clit, and even in her trance, my sister reacted, rolling her hips against my hand, seeking friction. Hypnosis really had been a lifesaver. Never in a million years would Amara allow me to finger her.

There was no doubt I was changing my little sister, altering her moral boundaries and modifying her behaviors.

I wanted her to be like Mom, completely enslaved to my will. But they weren't just mindless dolls for me to fuck and order around. Mom still had her personality and could act like her old self with a snap of my fingers.

Amara would be the same. I would still keep her core personality intact. She would still be the cheerful, sweet sister that had me falling for her.

"Good," I said. "You love obeying me, correct?"

"Yes," my little sister drooled out, still working her hips against my hand like a little slut.

"Sisters should obey their brothers."

A crazy logic. Not even long ago, Amara would have valiantly denied it.

"Yes," my sexy sister agreed.

I slipped my index finger into her cunt, gasping myself when she greedily clamped around me. *Fuck*. I *really* wish it was my cock in there. There was no way I could last long inside *that*.

"Amara..." I got on top of my entranced sister, leaning down to kiss her. She didn't respond to the kiss, but I didn't care. "In the same logic, Mothers should obey their son."

"Yes..." my sister mumbled, her monotone voice muffled by my lips. She tasted amazing. Sweet and pure.

Heaving a breath, I sat back and slipped two more fingers into my sister's pussy. I looked to my right, seeing Mom with a broom in hand. She had stopped sweeping, entranced at the sight of her son destroying her daughter's innocence.

"Mom should obey me at all times," I said it like it was a fact.

Amara didn't disagree. I didn't think she could with my fingers so deep inside her tight hole.

"Yes," my sister whimpered.

"If Mom wears a maid uniform at home, then it's fine because it means she's just doing her duties as a Mother. Does that make sense?"

Again, no hesitation.

“Yes.”

My cock throbbed at the sight of both my sister and Mother in their maid uniforms, cleaning the house for me.

“But...” I explored every inch of her wetness, curling my fingers inward, eager to familiarize myself with her body. “What if Mommy’s naked? If I order her to be naked around the house, would that be weird?”

“Yes.”

I frowned. It looked like I had to twist her moral compass a little more.

“Why would that be weird?” I asked.

“Because it makes no sense for her to be naked.”

“But what if...” I breathed, dipping my fingers in and out of her soaked cunt. I felt Amara shudder, making me smile. “What if I want her to be naked around the house?”

“Why...” My sister was having trouble speaking. “W-Why would you want Mommy to be naked?”

“Because I’m a man. You should know what men like. If I kiss you, would that be weird?”

“Yes.”

“But would you allow it?”

She paused. “M-Maybe...”

“Would you enjoy it?”

“Maybe.”

Fuck. This was frustrating.

“I’m a single male in a family of beautiful women,” I told my sister. “Would it be normal for me to have urges?”

I added. “As long as I don’t have sex with you or Mommy?”

Amara had to think about it, but I sped the process, thrusting my fingers in and out of her cunt, paying special attention to her clit.

Amara writhed on the couch.

“Amara...” I said, showing my little sister no mercy. “Would that be normal?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Mommy is beautiful, isn’t she?”

“Yes...”

“So it would be normal for me to want to see her naked, as long as I don’t go overboard and fuck her, correct?”

My sister whimpered.

“Amara...” I scolded her, but I didn’t stop my onslaught on her innocence. “Answer me, little sis.”

“Yes!” she gasped, her monotone breaking. “Y-Yes!”

“Good girl.”

Her trigger word was more than enough to break her. Amara started spasming on the couch, moans spilling out from her lips, filling up the apartment with the sounds of goodness.

I held her down as my Amara’s pupils rolled back in her head, showing pure white as my sister experienced the biggest orgasm I have seen yet.

By the time she was still on the couch, I didn’t even need to wake her up because Amara was panting on the couch and staring at me, her brown pupils glazed, but I could tell she wasn’t in a trance anymore.

“L-Luke?” Amara stammered. “I... What happened?”

“You felt a little horny while cleaning up the house, so I helped you,” I told her.

I held my breath. This was the first time Amara consciously would know that I had done something sexual with her. If she reacted badly, then it was just four words away to fix my mistake.

Amara gasped, saw my hand drenched, slick with her arousal. She sat up, then gasped again, looking at me with her wide brown eyes.

"I..." She shook her head. "Did we..."

"I just helped you, little sis," I reassured her, using my hypnotherapist skills to keep my voice calm and controlled. "You were a little excited about obeying me the entire morning."

"But..." My sister kept shaking her head. "We can't do this, Luke. It's not normal!" Then she realized Mom was standing there, completely nude, and her mouth went wide.

"Wha—"

But I didn't let her finish her sentence.

"Sleepy time, little sis."

Her eyes rolled up over her head and Amara slumped down onto the couch, completely unconscious. This couldn't be good for her brain, but I didn't know when Amara's memories would return, so I had to take risks.

I laid my beautiful sister back down on the couch, and while Mom grabbed a towel to clean the mess her daughter made between her legs. I knelt down beside the couch, whispering words into Amara's ear, telling her it was normal for a brother to finger his sister, just as it was normal for her to give me head. It was normal for our Mother to be naked around the house. Everything was normal.

Everything was the way it should be.

A weekend later

"Sir?"

"Hmm?" I blinked and looked up at my sister. "What is it?"

Amara giggled. "You're daydreaming again." She leaned forward to hand me some papers. "Here are the files for our next client."

"Oh." Sighing, I sat up in my chair and went through the files, but my mind was still far away.

Like a good assistant, Amara noticed it.

"Are you okay?" she asked me.

I cleared my throat. "No, not really."

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m feeling a little...” I cleared my throat again, and Amara’s expression shifted when she knew what I wanted.

“Umm...” She took a quick glance back at the door, as if we weren’t alone in the office.

We were alone in the office. She looked so fuckable in that blouse and pencil skirt.

“I-Is this a good time?” Amara asked, still glancing back at the closed door. “Maybe... maybe a massage would suit you better?”

“It’s not like we are going to have sex, little sis,” I said, watching as she flinched at the word ‘sex’. “I’m just a little excited. I’m sure you can understand. I’ve been single my whole life.”

“Right...” She still looked unsure.

“And you...” I coughed into a fist. “You’re my sister, and you know your duties.”

“But...” Amara bit down on her lower lips. “This isn’t right.”

I sighed, feeling disappointed as I should be. But I didn’t want to push her too hard, especially while she was conscious.

Standing up and sighing, I started to head for the door when my sister called out behind me.

“Where are you going?”

“Bathroom,” I told her. “I guess I need to do it myself.”

I had my hand on the doorknob on the knob.

“Wait.”

Swallowing my smile, I turned around.

Amara was the picture of guilt.

“Yeah?” I said.

I watched as my sister struggled with her logic and her programming, the two at war in her mind.

"I..." My sister sighed. "I... maybe... I..."

I played dumb. "What is it?"

She pushed the words out in a breath. "Maybe I can help?"

I couldn't hide my smile anymore. "I'd love that."

Returning to my seat, I sat down and then gestured to my sister to sit on my lap, facing me.

She was still hesitant, but she did as she was told, and once she was sitting on my erection, I promptly rewarded her.

"Good girl."

"Ah..."

For a second, she lost balance, but I held her hips and pulled her into me.

While she calmed down, I felt her up, running my hands along her lean body.

"S-Sir?" Amara whimpered.

"Hmm?"

"W-What do you want me to do next?" My sister asked. "Just tell me."

Fuck me. Ride my cock in under that tight pencil skirt of yours.

That was what I wanted to say, but I knew that wouldn't fly well with how unsure my little sister was.

So I opted for the easiest option. I just realized we haven't kissed yet, at least officially.

I stared into those browns that were identical to mine. "Why don't you start by kissing my neck?"

"Umm..." Amara chewed on her plump lower lip. "O-Okay. But..."

"But?"

"I might not be very good at this."

"It's okay," I reassured my sister. "Just try."

She gave me one last nervous glance, then dipped forward.

I sighed when I felt wetness on the side of my neck.

Amara was clearly very inexperienced. She was sloppy with her kisses, and she didn't know what she was doing with her hands. But I wasn't a sex god either, even with all the practice on Mom.

But this was *Amara*. My own beautiful sister I was lusting over for years.

The mere fact that she was sitting on my lap already had me on edge. She could kiss me however she liked, and lust and desire would take its course.

I groaned, letting her suck all around my neck. When I was satisfied, I raised my hand and tilted her chin towards me.

Amara froze, but I acted before she could have second thoughts, meeting her lips and forcing her mouth open.

She tried to pull back, but I held her tight, kissing her like I was making out with Mom, meeting her tongue with mine, kissing my sister like she was my lifeline.

God, she tasted amazing. Even though she was an inexperienced kisser, I felt just as good, maybe even better than when I was making love with our mother.

Soon Amara started relaxing into the kiss. She even started using her tongue, trying to spar with mine. The kiss grew slower, deep and claiming, and I stroked along her tongue, feeling my cock throbbing under my pants, eager to bury itself deep inside her fertile body.

Amara was the one to end the kiss.

"That was..." Amara's eyes were wide, her glistening lips parted in shock. She seemed for words, and then she finally just shook her head. "Wow."

"Good?" I smiled at her.

"Y-Yeah." Amara let out a breath.

"Did you enjoy it?"

She was trying her best not to give me eye contact, glancing away to the side. "Maybe."

I was about to take her chin and kiss her again when the buzzer on my desk rang, indicating someone at the door.

In a flash, Amara was off my lap and smoothing down her pencil skirt.

"I..." My sister cleared her throat. "I should get that."

"Yeah, you should."

She finally looked at me. "Sir?"

"Hmm?"

"T-Thank you."

"No problem, little sis."

She shivered. "It feels so wrong when you call me that."

"Could you hypnotize me again?"

We were having dinner in our dimly lit office. The only source of light was the setting sun outside.

It was a sudden request, and I pretended to think about it.

"Why do you want to be hypnotized?"

"I..." Amara sighed deeply. "I think I'm confused."

I raised a brow. "Confused?"

She nodded. "Remember... what..." She looked away. "What happened earlier?"

"Yeah. What about it?"

"I might be..." Amara sighed, looking troubled. "M-Maybe you could dig deep into my mind and give me some clarity about my emotions?" My sister looked at me. "I trust you. I know you wouldn't do anything I wouldn't want."

I felt a little bad, but I kept to my hesitant act. "Okay... we can try."

When Amara kept staring at me, I frowned.

“Now?” I asked.

She nodded.

A minute later, we were back in my office. Amara was sitting in the client’s chair, while I sat in mine, right opposite her.

I was holding my pendulum, but it was just an act. I didn’t need the tool to put her under.

“Okay.” Amara let out a long exhale. “I’m ready. Remember, just ask me questions about my feelings. I just hope to get some clarity.”

“Of course.” I gave a brief smile before I put her to sleep. “Sleepy time, sis”

Immediately, her browns grew unfocused. Her head lolled to the side.

“Amara,” I started. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I leaned forward, curious myself about how she felt after all the programming. “How do you feel about the kiss just now?”

“I...” Her monotone filled up the room. “I liked it.”

“But you feel guilty.”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because I shouldn’t kiss you. It feels wrong.”

“Like I told you, little sis.” I sighed. “What is your role in life?”

“To assist you.”

“To serve me,” I corrected her.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And serving me includes my sexual desires, too. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes.” But her reply was hesitant.

It seemed like Amara, despite the weeks of programming, had not fully agreed with us doing anything sexual.

Understandable, but her feelings were misplaced.

Still, I was curious why she wanted to be put under.

“Amara,” I continued. “What’s the real reason why you wanted to be hypnotized?”

She stayed silent, and I knew right then that whatever it was, she really didn’t want to say it.

“You can trust me, little sis,” I told her. “I’m your brother and you trust me, correct?”

“Yes.”

“You can tell me anything, correct?”

“Yes.”

“So why did you want to be put under?”

“Because…” She bit down on her lips, as if she really was trying to shut herself up. But she told me the real reason. “I’m terrified that I might be developing a crush on you.”

Terrific.

I smiled. “Why are you scared?”

“Because you are my brother.”

“It’s normal, Amara. Having a crush on your older brother is normal.”

“It… is?”

“Yes,” I said it as if it was indeed nothing she should be worried about. “A lot of younger sisters see their big brothers as this protective figure. There’s nothing wrong with developing feelings for me. You shouldn’t be ashamed of it.”

“But...” My sister frowned. “It’s wrong.”

“Why do you think it’s wrong?”

“Because you’re my brother.”

“But we aren’t fucking, are we?”

She flinched at the word, and I mentally pinched myself for saying it.

“No,” Amara agreed.

“So if we aren’t fucking, then having an innocent crush on me is completely fine, wouldn’t you agree?”

She thought about me for a long time, her hypnotized mind processing the logic.

A minute later, my sister nodded.

“Yes.”

I smiled my victory. “It’s normal to have a crush on your big brother.”

“Yes.”

“You shouldn’t be ashamed of it.”

“Yes.”

“Amara,” I looked at the most beautiful sister in the world. I really was the luckiest man alive. She was twenty-three, probably a virgin. I had hit the lottery being born into this family. “You enjoy kissing me.”

“Yes.”

“And we have already established that having a crush on me is normal, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Kissing your crush is normal, correct?”

“Yes.”

“So that means kissing me is normal.”

“Yes.”

Good. Very good.

“Amara, when you wake up, I want you to realize that you have developed this extremely strong crush on me.” I knew what I was doing was so evil, but I didn’t care. “You remember that I tried to remove your feelings towards me, but you didn’t want it gone. You want to keep feeling this way towards me.”

“In fact...” I continued. “You will find yourself unable to have feelings for any other man except for me. You want to explore your new found feelings towards me. Do you understand?”

An immediate, monotone reply. “Yes.”

“And you’re not ashamed of your desire, Amara,” I told her. “You’re not ashamed of kissing me. You’re not ashamed of your sexual desires towards me. Is that clear?”

She exhaled. “Yes.”

“I’m going to count to three. When I reach three, you will wake up, feeling refreshed and...”

Should I do it?

It was a dumb thought. Of course I should.

“And horny.” I told my entranced sister. “Very horny.”

“Yes.”

“One.” I snapped my fingers.

Drool leaked down her lips.

“Two.”

Snap.

She groaned.

“Three.”

Snap.

