

## Chapter 10

Straightening my tie, I gazed at my reflection in the mirror.

From the exterior, I looked the same. Maybe even gained a little muscle since hitting the gym.

But the way I present myself was different.

I stood taller, spoke more confidently.

I used to be a virgin, devoid of any female attention.

But harnessing the wonders of hypnosis, I started brainwashing my own mother, eventually convincing her enough to spread open her legs for me. I lost my virginity that night, and I was never the same again.

Mom was still in bed, recovering from the ass fucking I just gave her.

Turning around, I strode over to my exhausted mother, taking her chin and forcefully pulling her into a kiss.

“Master...” Mom moaned, eagerly pushing her tongue out, knowing exactly how to please me.

“Mhmm...” I enjoyed those soft lips that existed for me to consume, spending my time savoring Mom.

I should have hypnotized her long ago, when she was more youthful. I wouldn't have to suffer all those years without sex and her attention.

But even at the ripe age of forty-one, Mom could easily pass as an older sister, especially during the evenings where she put makeup on and wore her tight, slutty dresses for me.

I was just grateful to have such a gem of a woman as my sex slave. Even without Amara, I could happily live the rest of my life using Mother's pussy, tits, ass, and throat as my main sources of pleasure.

“You stay here.” I broke the kiss and gave Mom a light slap on her face, making her gasp in surprise. “Clean the bed. Sweep the floors. Prepare my food. When I return, I expect dinner on the table and you serving me naked. Am I understood?”

She nodded, staring up at me like I was her God. “Yes, Master.”

Soon, I'd have Amara looking at me the same way, too. Both Mom and her had the same shade of browns, and it was growing to be my favorite color.

"Good girl." I stroked her. Mom leaned into my touch, purring like a kitten. "You're a good girl, aren't you, Mommy?"

"Yes... Master." She was panting again, her exhales filling me up. "I'm a good girl."

She would say anything I told her to say. Agree to whatever I wanted agreed.

Fuck whoever I told her to fuck.

"Amara's almost there," Mom sucked in a breath when I moved my way down to her tits, then she gasped when I held a nipple in between my two fingers, applying light pressure. "She will be mine soon. She's already okay with you being naked around the house. She's okay with us kissing. She's okay with you giving me blowjobs."

"Master..." Mom pleaded when I left her tits, straying down her crazy body until I touched wetness.

Just fifteen minutes ago, I had poured my load inside her ass, but her pussy was still fresh and untouched since last night.

"What is it, Mommy?" I asked, feeling so dirty whenever I called her that. "What do you want?"

Her lips were trembling. "Please..."

In response, I inserted two fingers inside her cunt, smiling when she clenched around me. "Please, what?"

"Please fuck me."

I thought about it, looking at my watch. "Do I have time...?"

We had to be in the office in thirty minutes. Enough time, especially since I was still hard as a rock, even after already blowing my morning load deep into her ass.

I could fuck her. But I rather leave Mom fantasizing about me the entire day. By the time I'd return from work, she would be drenched for me. I found sex to be better that way.

"Please..." she begged, bouncing her tits at me as an invitation. "Mommy needs you..."

But fuck... she was so convincing.

I looked down at the gem of the woman I owned. "Why don't you go down on your knees and suck me off good? I'll fuck your pussy when I get back."

She was already off the bed, and on her knees before I could finish my order.

I sighed happily as Mom started unzipping my pants. My cock was out two seconds later, and then in her mouth just a moment after that.

Mom was a pro at cock sucking.

It wasn't just the way she licked me, or the way her head moved as she force fed my cock down her throat.

It was her eyes. The eyes always told the full story.

Mom never broke eye contact, adamant about keeping her beautiful brown eyes on mine as she licked my entire cock, drawing long, slow stroked back and forth.

And I grit my teeth and stared back into her browns, I could only see worship and happiness in them.

Mom loved her new life as my sex slave, but she loved me even more. I would even argue that she was the most loving mother in the entire world.

I couldn't think of another son having the pleasure of waking to... this.

Shuddering, I exploded into her mouth, my seed barreling down her throat. But Mom was a professional. She stayed calm, still gazing up at me as she worked every drop until I was sucked dry.

"Mom..." I blew out a breath as I pulled out of her throat. "That was amazing, as always. I love your blowjobs. I love you."

Her smile couldn't be any brighter. "I love you, Master."

"Like..." Crap, I couldn't speak. "Like I was saying..."

I cleared my throat and stumbled backwards. My knees were suddenly not functioning, and I had to lean against the wall for support. "Amara... Amara is almost there. I-I'm certain by next week, she will understand her true role in this family."

Mom nodded, looking like a vision with my cum dripping down her lips. "I hope she sees the truth."

“She will.” Beckoning Mom forward, I watched her go on all fours and crawl towards me in the most sensual way possible. When she reached my feet, she planted kisses on me.

Smiling, I took her chin and gave her another light tap on her cheek. I really meant it when I said that I loved her. Everything about Mom was *perfect*. I made her perfect.

“When she does,” I continued. “I expect a lot of threesomes in this bed. I also expect a lot of one-on-one mother-daughter action for my entertainment.”

Mom nodded again, her face serious.

I moved my hands down to squeeze her neck. “Remember what I told you, Mommy?”

Her eyes lit up. “That you will get me pregnant!”

The desire in her voice was evident.

“Yes,” I said. “Not only you are my beautiful mother, you’re also a dutiful wife, and wives have to bear children for their husband, correct?”

“Yes.”

That was how I broke Mom. I had hypnotized her and had false memories implanted inside her mind. She had believed we had gotten through several dozen romantic dates before she eventually fell in love with me.

After I had accomplished that, convincing her to marry me was a piece of cake. I had hypnotized her to envision our perfect wedding day too, before I woke her up and fucked my mother for the first time.

Ever since that fateful night, she had been *mine*.

“But I need Amara first,” I told my mother wife. “We’ll get married, then I’ll have you two pregnant at about the same time. You two will bear me beautiful children.”

“Yes...” She was drooling, probably imagining her perfect life with me. “I can’t wait.”

Letting go of my mother, I pulled my pants back up and started to head out. “Now go wash yourself up and clean the house.”

Mom looked so sexy. Kneeling on the floor, saliva and cum dripping down her lips to her tits.

“Yes, Master.”

\*\*\*

It had been a tough day at work, only made more bearable with Mom sending me nude of her cleaning the house, and also my dear little sister serving me coffee with that ever warm smile of hers.

Amara was growing more and more obedient. Over the past few days, she had not disagreed with one of my requests. So when I told her to change into her work uniform and wear the new clothes I bought for her, she just nodded obediently.

So I had my gorgeous sister strolling around the office in a tight tube top that really squeezed her tits, making them look so much bigger and fuller. The uniform included an equally tight skirt that could have been categorized as a mini-skirt, but wasn't.

Every single male client that walked into my office that day seemed dazed.

When the clock finally hit five, I stayed seated in my chair, patiently waiting for my sister to finish closing up and report back to me.

Five minutes later, a knock sounded on my door.

"Come in, Amara."

My sister appeared, looking ravishing in what would have gotten her a warning in any other office. But it was my office, and it was my rules. Soon, I'd amend the work policy again, making my dear assistant wear less and less overtime.

And Amara was aware of that. Her cheeks were constantly flushed, and she walked up to me shyly, as if hiding herself from me, hyper aware of the amount of skin she was showing.

"Here are the reports," my sister mumbled in a voice so soft, I wouldn't have understood her if I hadn't glanced at the papers.

"Thank you," I said, taking the papers and leaving them on my desk. My eyes were still on her, and Amara shifted on her feet, clearly uncomfortable with all the attention.

"Amara?"

"Yes, Sir?" she whispered back.

"You shouldn't be ashamed," I told her. "You're beautiful. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

She blinked. "You think I'm beautiful?"

I almost laughed. "You're the most beautiful woman alive, especially with what you're wearing right now."

She smiled, then tried to hide it behind her palm. But she couldn't hide her flushed cheeks which were turning even more pink by the second.

"Come here." I gestured for her to circle over to my side.

She did so, standing right in front of me, nervously biting down on her lips.

I gestured again. "Turn around."

This time, she didn't look too eager with the order. Amara stared at me, but when she saw I was serious, she turned towards my desk.

"Place your hands on the table."

She obeyed without a word.

"Now bend down, little sis."

"Uhh..." She turned back at me, brown eyes wide in panic. "Umm..."

"Do it."

"Y-Yes, Sir."

Slowly, very slowly, my sister bent forward, pushing her hips back towards me. She kept lowering herself until I had a prime view of what was hidden underneath.

Unfortunately, she had panties on.

I couldn't hide my smile anymore. Here she was, in the perfect position to be fucked in. All that was between her virginity and me was a thin piece of cotton and her morals.

The last thing I wanted was to rape my own sister. She had to *want* this.

But Amara still held on to one last value before complete corruption. And I had some ideas to remove her last line of defense.

But first... some fun after work.

I deserved this after such a draining day.

Amara's breath was growing heavier by the second. She tried turning around, but I clicked my tongue.

"Your eyes stay forward," I ordered. "And your hands stay on the table. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

*Fuck.*

I was on a power trip. There was no doubt about it.

Who wouldn't be if they had their mother completely brainwashed, and their hot little sister progressing quickly too?

It took so much out of me to not lose control, tear off her panties, and take her virginity right then and there.

Instead, I raised a hand and dipped under her skirt, running my palm across her bare ass cheeks.

I felt my sister stiffened.

"Relax," I told her, not pausing my advances, softly squeezing her ass cheeks in various places, drawing out little whimpers from her.

"You're gorgeous, Amara," I said, shuddering myself as I felt those plump muscles beneath my palms. I was actually feeling her up, and she was allowing this madness. Hypnosis really was a miracle. "You have an amazing body."

She could barely speak, her breaths filling up the room. "T-Thank you... S-Sir."

It took some willpower, but I drew back from her perfect ass. "I want you to do something for me."

"W-What is it?"

"Take off your panties."

She tried to look back, and I had to click my tongue quickly, warning her to keep her gaze forward.

"Sir... this... this is wrong."

"I won't fuck you, little sis." Without warning, I smacked her ass cheek, giving her a tease at what was about to come. "So take it off for me."

Even though I didn't hit her hard, the blow had Amara reeling forward and gasping so loud, everyone in the lobby would have heard her if we weren't closed for the day.

"I..." Amara gulped. "I have to take my hands off the table to do that."

"Do it."

My sister drew her hands back. She kept her gaze forward as she dipped her hands under her skirt and hooked her fingers under her cotton panties.

"Good," I said. "Very good."

With my encouragement, Amara slid her panties down, exposing her pussy to me for the first time. It was insane to think how much progress I made with her. Just a few weeks ago, this very act would be unthinkable, but now, she was doing it willingly.

"Slide them down," I said. "All the way down."

"Y-Yes, Sir."

Soon her panties were on the ground and then she had her hands back on the table.

For her compliance, I rewarded her.

"Good girl."

"Ohhh!"

I saw everything. From the way her pussy clenched, to the sudden arousal that came leaking out of her sex.

Amara shuddered, gripping the edge of my desk so tight, her knuckles started turning white.

"Oh god..." she was still shuddering, and I could only imagine the pleasure I was force feeding her.

"Do you see?" I said, returning my hand to her bare bottom, feeling up her smooth plump skin. "If you obey me, you get rewarded. Do you like getting rewarded, Amara?"

"Yes..." She was panting. "S-Sir."



“But with rewards also comes punishment.” I was using two hands then, clutching those beautiful cheeks in my hands. “I have to punish you, too.”

“F-For what, S-Sir?”

I quickly came up with an excuse. “Can you agree that there’s room for improvement with you? Could you have served me better? In here and at home?”

Amara took a few seconds to think.

Finally, she nodded slowly. “Yes, Sir.”

I released her ass, preparing for her punishment that was about to come.

“What could you have done better?” I asked.

“I could have...” she shuddered.

“Could have...?”

“I could have obeyed your orders quicker.”

As soon as the words left her lips, I reeled back and delivered a firm smack onto her left cheek.

“Oh!” She tumbled forward. Amara almost made the mistake of looking back.

“What else?” I said, keeping my voice steady even though I was so fucking turned on by what I was doing to my own sister. “What else could you have done better?”

“O-Oh god...” There was a mix of shock, fear, but also a small hint of delight in her voice. And judging by how much she was leaking from her pussy, it was evident my sister was enjoying this, even if she wasn’t fully aware of it yet.

I had to remind myself that this was innocent Amara. She was most certainly a virgin, and my sister probably never did anything sexual with someone else in her twenty-three years on this Earth.

What I was doing to her... this was all brand new to my angel of a sister.

“What else?” I urged her.

“I...” Amara seemed like she couldn’t even talk. “I... I...?”

“You... what?”

“I could... kiss you better.”

I delivered another blow to the same cheek. Harder.

“Ah!” Amara gasped, before a low moan leaked out from those lips of hers. “Oh god! Oh my god...” More arousal started leaking down her thigh. Holy fuck, she was dripping.

“What else, little sis?”

“I... could...” She whimpered. “I could please you better, Sir.”

This time, I slapped her other ass cheek, watching as both cheeks started turning pink. “How?”

“I could spend less time sleeping and more time cooking and cleaning for you.”

Good. *Smack.*

Her whimper was turning me on so much.

“What else?”

“I could be more timely with your coffee.”

Alright. *Smack.*

“Oh!”

“What else?”

“I could dress sexier for you.”

Now we were talking. *Smack.*

I watched her cheeks jiggle delightfully before delivering one more smack for good measure.

*Smack!*

Her cheeks were so pink. Amara wasn't reacting anymore. Just whimpering.

“Okay.” I was also breathless, in a daze myself at what the hell I just did to my own sister. “Turn around.”

Amara was moving in slow motion. With staggered breaths, she straightened herself, then slowly, very slowly, turned to face me.

I couldn't tell what she was thinking. From her expression, it seemed like she was in shock too, wide-eyed with parted lips.

I nodded at her. "On your knees. Now."

Amara didn't say a word. Just obeyed, as if she was in a trance.

I watched as my sister sank down. Moments later, she was kneeling before me.

She could probably guess what the next order was. My erection was as evident as it has ever been.

I took a second to stand up. Unzipped my pants.

My cock sprung out, throbbing and huge. Like Amara, I was leaking too, and my sister watched as cum dripped down from my tip, leaking to the ground.

"Amara."

"Yes, Sir?" Although she was drawing heavy breaths, her voice was steady, coming out in a whisper.

"You know what to do."

She nodded obediently, and I had to smile.

"Go on," I urged my sexy sister. On her knees. Willing to do almost everything I told her to.

Almost.

"Open your pretty little mouth," I ordered.

Amara parted her lips.

"Wider."

She stretched her mouth.

"Wider."

Her jaw started trembling from how much she was stretching.

“Good. You’re a very good sister, Amara.” I spread my legs and pushed my hips forward, closing in towards her hole. “Sexy and obedient. The perfect combination.”

Amara stayed silent, just waiting for me to corrupt her further.

If I did this, then there was no going back. Amara probably never touched a cock before, and her first exposure to it would be going down her throat.

But I had already passed the point of no return.

Sighing and gazing down at my beautiful little sister, I pushed my hips forward, entering my little sister for the first time.

It wasn’t her pussy.

But this would do for now.