

## Chapter 11

The TV was on, but I paid no attention to it, relaxing on the couch and watching the better show.

Mom was dusting the living room, on full display for me. Tits and ass out, makeup on, dark hair tied back into a high ponytail.

Not only did Mom know I was watching, she *loved* it. Mom made sure I had the best view of her prime assets, occasionally 'dropping' something and bending down low to pick it up.

But the main event wasn't here yet.

Right on time, Amara's bedroom door opened a crack, and her head popped out.

I eyed my beautiful sister. "Are you ready?"

"Umm..." She sounded nervous, chewing on her lips. "To be honest, I'm not really comfortable doing this."

"Mom wasn't comfortable at first either," I told her. "Isn't that right, Mom?"

Mom gave her daughter a comforting smile.

"Yes, Master." Mom stopped dusting the shelves and beckoned Amara forward. "Come on out, dear. You shouldn't be ashamed of your body."

She didn't seem convinced yet.

"Mommy," Amara spoke out, voice barely a whisper. "Is... is this right? Because I feel like we shouldn't be doing this."

"It's perfectly fine, dear," Mom told her, offering a warm, motherly smile. "Luke is the man of the house. It is our natural duty as his woman to serve him."

Amara stayed silent, fighting between logic and her brainwashing.

"I understand wearing the maid's uniform," my sister whispered. "But naked? This feels wrong."

"But you know deep in your heart this is right," Mom replied. "Luke is a man and men have... certain urges."

My sister thought it over. Amara didn't know it, but she had no choice in the matter.

If she declined, all I needed to do was say her trigger word.

Thankfully, she chose the easier route. Amara nodded slowly, then pushed her bedroom door open further, exposing her perfect body.

I exhaled, staring at her nakedness. I was so fortunate to not only have a hot Mother, but a Mother who understood the importance of female beauty, educating Amara on skincare, makeup, and fitness from the very beginning.

My discriminating eyes licked their way up and down her figure. Amara was gorgeous. Teardrop tits that fit perfectly in my palms, small waist, creamy skin, cleanly shaven pussy, a round ass...

I couldn't ask for a better sister.

"Little sis," I spoke out, drawing Amara's beautiful brown eyes to mine. "Come here, beautiful."

I received the reaction I wanted. A little shudder. A hard lip bite.

Amara wasn't fond of the fact that I kept reminding her that she was my sister. She wanted to alienate our blood relation because they would have made her feel better as she sank to her knees before me and gulped as I took off my trouser and held my erection in hand.

She wanted to label herself as this devoted personal assistant.

I wanted an obedient little sister who would do anything her big brother told her to.

A small detail but an important difference.

We were all naked then, and I almost laughed at the absurdity of it all. Not long ago, this would be an impossibility, but hypnosis was the cure to any challenge.

"Amara?" I addressed my sister, who was staring at my cock, still biting those kissable lips of hers.

She jolted up. "Y-Yes?"

"Yes, Master," I corrected my sister.

She was doing so much with her lips. She folded them in, pursuing those lovely pinks.

She shook her head. "I'm your sister and your assistant, Luke. Not your sex slave."

But even as she said that, she had to look at our Mother for confirmation.

Mom shook her head. “No, dear. We’re women and we have to serve our man.”

“You don’t have a boyfriend,” I added, not liking her resistance one bit. Her trigger phase lingered on my lips. “So it’s only natural for a sister to serve her brother.”

“But as a sex slave?” Amara countered. “I feel—”

“Sleepy time, sis.”

The effect was immediate. She slumped forward onto my feet, eyes blank.

“She still needs to learn,” Mom noted, shaking her head in disappointment.

“She’s almost there,” I said, helping Mom carry Amara over to the opposite side of the couch.

With that done, I nodded over to Mom. “Go wait in the bedroom.”

“Yes, Master.” She gave a little bow before turning around, and I couldn’t but stare at that perfect round ass swaying from side to side as she followed through with the order.

I would fuck her later.

Right then, I had more important matters to attend to.

It had been weeks since I began brainwashing Amara, and she was razor close to being completely mine.

All I needed to do was make her accept her new role as my sex slave.

Amara was already fine with making love with me. Kissing, feeling her up, blowjobs, handjobs were all okay.

Everything was fine except sex.

Sure, she might still be a little hesitant when I asked her to get down on her knees at inappropriate moments like during lunch breaks or in between waiting for our next client.

But there was no denying her pleasure whenever I kissed her good or shove my fingers in her tight virgin pussy. Her moans were plenty of evidence.

But even through the weeks of brainwashing, there still lied the stubborn part deep inside my sister that refused to submit.

It had been a frustrating part to conquer, but I knew I would get the job done.

“Amara,” I began, reaching out so I could stroke my pet. But it didn’t take long before my fingers lingered their way down to her teardrops, and I spent a good few seconds, squeezing her tits, urging a little monotone moan from my beauty.

“Uhh...” Saliva was already dripping down her lips.

I let out a breath, dipping down and planting my lips on my sister’s exposed throat. She must have just finished showering because she smelled like fresh jasmine, and I couldn’t resist running my tongue along her throat. “Can you hear me, beautiful?”

“Yes, Sir.”

‘Sir’ wouldn’t cut it anymore.

“Amara, you love me. Correct?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“You have a crush on me. You masturbate to me.”

“Yes.”

It would have been easy to have a proper relationship with Amara. Take her out on dates, bring her flowers.

I have made Mom fall in love that way. It had been the easiest path forward to fuck me.

I cleared my throat. “You want to have a relationship with me.”

“Yes.” But her monotone shifted, dipping low. To sorrow. “But you don’t want a relationship. You want a slave. Like Mommy.”

“But you are not okay with that.”

Hypnosis always reveals the truth. Her consciousness was shut off, and that was nothing holding back Amara to spit out what she truly felt.

She stiffened. “I don’t want to spend the rest of my life as a sex object.”

“But—” I stopped myself.

Arguing with her wouldn't do much good. I would be arguing against the 'dumb' part of her mind, and it would be near impossible to convince her if she was on the offensive.

I had to coax her into an agreeable state. Convince her to change her mind then.

And it would be much easier to convince her now.

Weeks ago, getting my sister to fuck me would be horrifying to her, but after she had kissed me already?

After she had taken my cock down her throat?

Nothing would be seen as depraved after we had crossed those boundaries.

“Amara.” I forced myself away from my sister, sitting down on the opposite couch. I had to retain full focus. “You always look for Mom for advice, correct?”

Her reply was immediate. “Yes.”

“You listen to Mom. You always have.”

“Yes,” my sister agreed.

Getting up, I headed towards the Master bedroom, opening the door and groaning when I saw the erotic sight.

Mom naked on the bed, legs spread out, ready to fuck.

“Master,” she purred, giving me a sexy smile. “I—”

“Not yet, Mommy.” I beckoned her. “I need you to do something.”

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“Mommy.”

Amara sounded so childish, her voice in a high-pitch girly squeak, her monotone gone.

“Yes, baby,” our mother said, getting comfortable beside me. I watched her tits bounce. “It's me.”

Amara stayed silent, just drooling all over her tits.

I leaned into Mom's ear, whispering the words she had to relay.

"Amara, why don't you want to serve your brother?"

Mom opened her lips. "Amara, why don't you want to serve your brother?"

"I want to serve him." God, her little girl's voice was so hot. "But not sexually."

I continued whispering words to Mom. "Why not?"

"Why not?" Mom repeated, and I rewarded my pet by reaching up and squeezing her right tit.

Mom sucked in a breath. Grabbed my wrist.

"Because..." Amara's voice returned to a monotone. "Because it's wrong."

Everything hung on that one belief.

If there was someone who could remove that limit, it was the person Amara loved and trusted the most.

"It's not wrong, baby," I continued speaking to Mom. "Luke is the man of the house, and we have to serve him. Does that make sense?"

Moments ago, Mom had already said those words, but Amara had been wide awake and could think straight.

It was different now.

Amara processed the statement, still drooling all over herself.

"Yes," she uttered the word in a dull monotone.

Sliding my hand down, I found Mom's drenched sex. Started rubbing her clit.

"Master..." she groaned lowly, closing her eyes. "Please..."

It was a simple task to keep Mom devoted to me. I kept her happy by giving her treats whenever she was doing a good job, and in return, she continued serving me in the best way she could.

"You're already serving your brother faithfully, correct?" I whispered into Mom's ear.

She peeled her eyes open, her voice audibly shaking. "You're... already serving... serving your brother faithfully, correct?"

Amara's reply was almost instant. "Yes."

I slid my fingers into her abused sex. "Serving your brother also includes serving him sexually. He is a man and men have needs, correct?"

Mother stuttered the words. Amara replied.

"Yes, Mommy."

"You serve your brother's sexual needs."

"You serve your brother's sexual needs."

Amara's arm fell, dangling from the sofa. "Yes, Mommy."

Why didn't I think of using Mom earlier? It was so much easier to have her do it.

Of course, it was easier. Amara had absolute trust in our mother. And trust was the most vital asset for hypnotism.

Mom shuddered, and from the way she was biting down on her lips like Amara had, she was trying her best to hold back a moan.

Withdrawing my fingers from her depths, I nudged my lips against her ear.

"Tell her to repeat herself."

Mom gasped. "Repeat yourself..."

Amara's eyes flickering open, revealing glazed brown pupils. But my sister was still oblivious to the sins we were committing right in front of her.

Amara squeezed her eyes back shut. "I serve my brother's sexual needs."

I couldn't get enough of Mom's body. I was back to her tits, enjoying her with no remorse or shame. Mom let out a squeal, her own pants filling up the living room.

"Do you know what that means?" I hushed out the words, intent on fucking Mom as soon as this was all over.

Mom moaned. "D-Do you know what that means?"

"No," Amara monotoned out.

"It means you are a slave," I said, directing my words to both my girls.

As Mom looked at me, I moved my focus to her nipples, pinching both hard peaks.

"It means..." My beautiful mother gasped and clutched my wrist tight. "It means you're a slave."

My hypnotized sister paid no attention to us. "I'm a slave."

Excellent.

"Go." I let go of Mom and motioned her to the bedroom. "I'll finish up with Amara. Wait for me in bed."

Mom left in a puddle, arousal leaking down her thighs, her nipples perked up, her breaths hard.

I smiled as I watched her go, Amara momentarily forgotten. I loved teasing Mom. Every time I get her *that* wet, the sex after never disappoints.

Mom disappeared into our bedroom and I turned my attention towards my drooling little sister, knowing her time was numbered.

Was this it? Was my sister's corruption finally completed?

She had accepted being sexual with me. She had forfeited her independence, urged on by Mom's words of confidence.

"Amara." I stayed in my seat, my cock rock hard, my breaths heavy from what I had done to Mom. "You're my slave."

"Yes."

I leaned in. "I'm your Master."

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it make sense for you to address me as Master from now on?"

"Yes."



“You will address me as Master.”

“Yes, Master.”

Even though she uttered the word in a dull monotone, my cock throbbed at the title.

“As my slave... wouldn't it make sense for you to obey me at all times?”

“Yes, Master.”

“You will obey me at all times.”

“Yes.”

“If I tell you to strip naked, you will strip naked.”

“Yes.”

“If I tell you to suck my cock, you will suck my cock.”

“Yes.”

“If I tell you to...” I gulped. This was it. The moment of truth. “If I tell you to... to fuck me, you will fuck me.”

“Yes.”

I blinked. There was no hesitation in her reply. She must have said it instantly.

My heart was pounding against my chest. I had to reconfirm what I was hearing. “If I tell you to fuck me, you will fuck me?”

I was phrasing it as a question, completely stunned at how easy this was.

“Yes,” my hypnotized little sister repeated.

All I had to do was bring Mom in, and Amara had folded instantly.

Was it always this simple?

I blew out a breath. “But... but will you be happy fucking me?”

“No.”

There it was. The final thing that was keeping her away from being a true, devoted servant.

Mom was more than happy forgoing her independence and being subservient to me because I had programmed her to be that way. But it took time.

I glanced at the clock. Unfortunately, molding Amara into a perfect sister would come at a later session.

*For now...*

"Amara..." I got out of my seat and knelt beside my sister, touching her wet cheeks. "As my slave, it makes no sense to disobey me, correct?"

"Yes," she said, her voice completely flat.

"You will never disobey me. Repeat it."

"I will never disobey you."

"Good." I ran my thumb across her cheek. "When I snap my fingers and count to three, you will forget everything while asleep and wake up, feeling horny and willing to do whatever I tell you to. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Master."

"One." *Snap.*

Amara lifted her eyelids, showing glazed brown pupils.

"Two." *Snap.*

She let out a sexy little groan.

"Three." *Snap.*

Life flooded back into her eyes. Amara blinked.

"Hey." I smiled at my sister and used a couple of tissues to wipe the drool from her face. "You fell asleep."

"Oh..." she blinked again, then reached up to rub her eyes. "I'm sorry."

I frowned and corrected her. "I'm sorry, *Master.*"

I knew I was being a jerk, but Amara had to be *perfect*. Even though she had resigned to a life of slavehood, my sister still had some rough edges I needed to fix.

She pursed her lips, clearly not too happy. "I'm sorry, Master."

I jerked her pretty chin up. "Say it again."

"I..." She blinked. "I'm sorry, Master."

"Again. Mean it."

Her voice went low. "I'm sorry, Master."

"This is what's going to happen," I told my new slave. "You're going to blow me, then I'm going to fuck you."

I waited for a protest, but Amara just nodded, defeated.

I had broken her. So why wasn't I feeling satisfied?

Fuck.

"Little sis," I gripped her chin tight. "Are you a virgin?"

She tried to look away, but I had an iron grip on her.

"Yes, Master," she squeaked out.

That revealed it. Amara had never been sexual with another man besides me. Her own brother.

This was all too perfect.

Yet...

Fucking her while she didn't want it was such a turnoff.

Amara didn't just have to want it, she had to *crave* it.

I let go of her. "You don't want to get fucked by me, do you, Amara?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, Master."

"And why is that?"

She sniffed, looking away.

Amara didn't answer my question, but the answer was clear as day.

She wanted the romantic aspect to it. If I just fucked her right then and there, there would be no romance involved, and just our mother, Amara craved that intimacy too.

I didn't want a romantic relationship with my sister.

Should I remove that aspect of her? Make her crave obeying me instead?

Doing that might compromise her personality. It had been a long while since Amara had giggled or smiled widely.

All the brainwashing sessions had muted her vibrant attitude, and I missed that aspect of Amara.

Maybe I should give her what she wants.

"Hey." I was back to her chin, running my thumb over her cheek. I loved touching her. Amara's skin felt so smooth and soft. "How about... we go on a date?"

"A date?" She perked up, confirming my suspicion that she craved intimacy.

"Yeah. Tonight."

She smiled, the first genuine, excited smile I have seen her give me for quite a while.

"I'd love that!"

It looked like I had to program her just like Mom. Force Amara to fall in love with me by conjuring up fake dates in her mind.

"Before we go on our date," I told my slave. "I want you to do something."

Amara nodded seriously. "Of course, Master."

"Watch me fuck Mom."

What I just said to my own sister was insanity.

But the past few weeks of constant programming and ludicrous orders have made my sister numb to it all.

She nodded slowly.

“And I want you to touch yourself while you watch us.”

She nodded again.

“Good.” I brought her in, dipping a hand in between her legs and sliding two fingers inside her. “Good girl.”

“Oh!” I felt her pussy clenched around my two fingers, but I kept my composure, pushing deeper until my fingers were jammed inside her pulsing depths.

Leaning forward, I kissed her neck and inhaled her delicious scent. “You’re such a good girl.”

“OHH!” She clenched around me even tighter.

“Good girl,” I said for the third time.

That broke her. She bent forward, screaming me out, trashing in my grip, but I held Amara tight, not stopping, dipping my fingers in and out relentlessly, letting out all of my frustrations into dear Amara.