

Chapter 12

I have never been on a date.

But if you ask Mom, she would swear we have been on countless dates before. All of them romantic and grand.

But none of those were real. Nothing except the fucking afterwards.

I would put my Mother to sleep, narrate a perfect date, force her to believe every word, then wake her up and have my enthusiastic mother spread her legs open for me.

I could have done the same with Amara, but if I thought if there was anyone who I would bring on a real date, it had to be my little sister.

So I drove us to the most expensive place that was available for a last-minute reservation.

The service was great. When we were greeted, the hostess didn't even question my blank-eyed sister.

Dating was nerve-wracking and the only way to ease myself and feel in control was to put Amara under.

The staff escorted us into a private room, and then I placed the order for both of us since a hypnotized Amara couldn't do it herself.

My sister looked stunning in her tight black dress. Amara never wore clothes that showed off her figure, but we did some shopping over the weekend, and I brought an assortment of lingerie and dresses for my sexy sister.

The plan was simple. I would bring her out on a date, force her to think it was the best date ever, then bring her back home.

I didn't need to do all of this. I could fuck her already.

But it wouldn't be fun or satisfying if my dear sister wasn't into it. She was like Mom, where I had to ease her into a romantic mood, then finally have my way when my gorgeous little sister was all wet and eager to fuck.

Why were women like that? They were all into romance and all that crap when I just wanted to fuck.

Sighing, I glanced at Amara. She hadn't said a word since she put on that sexy dress, blushed when I complimented her on how gorgeous she looked, then said her trigger word.

In our private room, my sister was slumped against the chair, drooling so much, I had to retrieve a tissue paper and dabbed the edges of her pretty lips.

“Uhh...” Amara groaned, her brown eyes glassy, her perfume fucking divine.

I thought of the old Amara. My little sister used to be this girl everyone said was going to be successful.

She was friendly, social, loved by all, and had many friends. I felt like I had taken that away from her. It had been a long time since Amara had left the house for social reasons.

She didn't even contact her friends anymore. All she did was work and serve me. Just like a good sister should.

“Amara...” I slid her chair closer, so she was only sitting inches away from me.

As she groaned out a reply, I took the initiative, taking her chin and pulling her lips to mine, savoring her the way brothers should.

She must have been wearing cherry-flavored lipstick because she tasted exactly like that. I moaned, not shy of tasting her, sucking on my sister's lips until I was forced to stop.

The door slid open, and the server stepped in, holding plates of food.

He gave us a curious glance, but I wondered what his reaction would be if he knew the whole truth.

“Eat,” I told Amara once the server left, handing her the utensils which she took with blank eyes. “I want you to think that the pasta is the best tasting pasta you have ever tasted. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she monotoned out.

I feel bad for Amara. Here she was, on her first date ever, and it wasn't even real. Not really.

I blame Amara. She was too pretty for her own good. It was either using my gifts to lock down Amara for myself, or have another guy snatch the one girl I ever loved away.

I had to make this choice.

“I want you to think that this is the most romantic evening of your life,” I continued. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good. Now eat your food and spread open your legs.”

My sister did just that, opening her thighs up while she twirled up the pasta, her actions mechanical. Robotic.

I didn't bother with my food. Amara was my dessert, and I slid my hand in between her legs, grazing the outside of her lace underwear, smiling when I found her wet.

“Amara,” I groaned, moving her panties out of the way and sliding two fingers inside my sister without a care in the world.

She was still oblivious to it all, bringing the pasta into her mouth. “Yes, Master?”

“You're so fucking beautiful,” I told her. “I've always been in love with you.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“I want you to feel that this is an amazing date. And when we return home, you'll be eager to lose your virginity to me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“You're in love with me.” I knew I was overdoing it, but with my finger jammed inside her body, with her so wet and ready for me... I couldn't control myself. “You want to have sex with me.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Say you want to fuck me.”

Her unblinking eyes stared past me. “I want you fuck you, Master.”

“Good girl,” I chuckled, finally pulling out of my little sister. “Say you're a good girl.”

Drool seeped from her lips. “I'm a good girl.”

My cock throbbed. Fuck.

I had complete control over Amara. I could have her say anything. Be *anything*.

“Finish your meal,” I told her, nudging close to my sister so I could whisper more of my dark thoughts into her ear.

Amara didn't say a word. She just sat there, blank-eyed and drooling, believing every word I said.

After dinner, we headed to the pier to see a private fireworks show. Amara loved it.

Of course, none of that was real. But to Amara, everything was reality.

I brought my sister in and out of trance, knowing this evening was the most important one, and I had to forgo my usual precautions.

After tonight, I wouldn't need to hypnotize Amara constantly. After tonight, she would be nothing more than my plaything, existing to be fucked and abused.

I brought us home, ordered Mom to leave the house so Amara and I could have some privacy, then brought my beautiful entranced sister to the bedroom where I snapped her awake.

"Are we..." Amara shook her head, disorientated from being brought in and out of trance. "Are we home?"

"We are." I sat on the edge of the bed and gave my sister an expectant look. "Amara."

She suddenly seemed nervous, clutching her hands. "Y-Yes?"

"Strip naked."

Even with all the brainwashing I had done to her, I could never remove the wrongness of our act. Amara knew just how sinful this was, but she nodded, bit down on her lower lip and began stripping.

Amara was wearing that black lace lingerie set I bought for her last week. It was perfect, clinging to all her lean curves, and I had to grit my teeth and hold myself back from doing anything stupid.

"Are you a virgin, little sis?" I asked, already aware of the answer, but Amara didn't know that I knew.

"Y-Yes." She nodded, then cleared her throat, repeating herself. "Yes."

"Nervous?"

She nodded again. Pursued her lips.

"We don't have to do this," I told my sister. "If you aren't comfortable..."

I had been brainwashing and manipulating her for weeks now. What more was one more lie?

She shook her head, and my heart soared.

"I want to do this," Amara whispered, glancing down at her feet. I couldn't ask for a better sister. Her body was *perfect*. My sister had inherited her hourglass figure from Mom, but years of gym and being physically active had turned her into this twenty-three-year-old beauty. "I... I love you and if you want this, then I want to give this to you."

"I want this," I told her, leveling our gazes together.

I saw resolution in her brown eyes. She nodded, started peeling the rest of her clothes off.

"Are... are you a virgin, too?" Amara asked, nervous again as she exposed herself to me. She crossed her legs and covered her tits with her palms.

"No," I told her, frowning. "Mom took my virginity. Like she's supposed to."

Amara nodded as if she understood. In her ruined mind, it all made sense. If the guy in the family didn't have a girlfriend, the mother and sister had to provide that feminine support.

"I hope..." She clutched her tits together, still refusing to reveal much. For Amara, this was my first time seeing her naked. "I hope I can please you."

"You will, little sis," I said, glancing at her to see if I would receive the reaction I wanted. I did. There it was. The little shiver. The dirty moan.

This felt even worse than the first time fucking Mom. Sweet, innocent Amara was never going to be the same again.

Nodding, I gestured for her to drop her hands

"Don't hide yourself from me," I told my sister. "You're very beautiful."

"Umm..." She seemed unsure, but it was a direct order from me, and I had programmed Amara to be unable to disobey me.

Slowly, tentatively, my sister dropped her hand and uncrossed her legs, revealing true beauty.

"Put your hair down," I whispered, dragging my eyes over my insane body.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered back, and I wondered if she could see the unrest that happened in my eyes.

This was actually happening.

I was going to have sex with the girl of my dreams.

She was all mine. Forever.

As Amara freed her hair down to her tits, and as I gawked at her teardrop tits and shaven pussy, the more shy Amara became.

“Stop it!” she half chuckled, almost moving her hand up to block the view of her body again.

“Sorry,” I muttered, leaning back on my elbows, refusing to look away from her body. She was like Mom, all lean curves and tiny hips, but Amara definitely had a more youthful body. Her skin was glowing under the bedroom lights. “You’re just too beautiful.”

“Stop it!” She half turned to the side, cheeks blushing a cute pink. “I’m not used to compliments, especially from you.”

“You better get used to it, little sis,” I said, then gestured her close. “Come here, beautiful. On your knees.”

She giggled again, an angelic sound that filled me up. Then my sister swept her hair to the side and sank to the floor before me.

I never thought I would ever see Amara’s turned on face, but there it was.

A dark glint in her eyes. A sexy lip bite. She seemed more than excited as she reached for my pants, unbuttoning them.

“After we fuck,” I heaved, already lightheaded from how much blood was rushing down south. Amara gasped when my cock sprang out, upright as a flagpole, and throbbing with need. “Mom’s going to join us. I want you to fuck her after I take your virginity, little sis.”

“Okay.” She nodded so fast, her hair was a mess around her pretty face. “I’ll do anything you want.”

“That’s my girl.” She had my cock in a warm, solid grip, but I wanted to sample Amara first.

Leaning down, I took her chin and brought our lips together.

“Mmm!” Amara clutched my cock tighter as I tasted her sweetness. She even parted her lips, allowing me in.

This wasn’t how Amara used to kiss me. She always started off shy and slow, and she was usually the one who was apart first.

But this was a different Amara, ferocious and full of lust. I growled with satisfaction as I tangled with her tongue and licked every corner of her mouth.

“Wow,” I heaved, pulling back for air. “Are you okay, sis?”

“Feeling better than ever, Master,” she murmured, using her thumb to swipe her glistening lips, then giggled like a little girl.

I have never seen her this happy before. Maybe I should never have felt bad about brainwashing her.

“I think...” She surged upwards, bringing her lips to my neck, offering me amazing feather light kisses that had me groaning in pleasure. “I think I’m in love.”

I couldn’t be happier with what I was hearing. All the weeks of putting her in a trance was well worth the frustrations.

I returned her smile. “With who?”

“I’m in love with my own brother.” She giggled again, but this was a high-pitched, crazy giggle. “I can’t believe it.”

“Believe it,” I grunted, taking her hair and forcing her down on my cock.

Amara yelped in surprise, but soon warmth enveloped my cock. I grunted, force feeding myself deeper and deeper into her throat, relishing the gagging noise my own sister was making.

But she never quit taking me in, and soon I had my balls pressed up against her lips, and I savored the sight right below me. She had drool all over her face, dripping saliva to the ground.

“Naughty girl,” I muttered, pulling back, which had Amara gasping for air.

But I didn’t let her recover. I was in full lust as I hauled my sister up to her feet, turned her around and pushed her onto all fours.

“Oh god...” She was dripping everywhere, saliva leaking down her chin, her arousal streaming all over her milky thighs. “Luke—wait!”

I growled, not liking her sudden resistance.

“What?”

I must have forced the word out too much, because Amara looked back at me, her eyes wide with shock.

“Sorry,” I heaved. “Just... in the moment.”

“Is...” she gulped. “Is this going to hurt?”

“I’ll go slow,” I promised my little sister. “And Amara?”

She looked so nervous. “Y-Yes?”

“Sleepy time, sis.”

Her eyes rolled back into her head and her naked body slumped down against the mattress.

I didn’t waste any time.

“Amara, can you hear me?”

“Yes, Master.”

“When I take your virginity, you will completely submit to me. Heart and soul. There won’t be any resistance in you anymore. You’re giving me your virginity. There’s no other deeper act of subservience than that. Do you understand?”

Her monotone voice filled the room. “Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good girl. When I click my fingers, you will wake up feeling amazing and completely in love with me. You want nothing more than for me to have my way with you. Remember, once I take your virginity, you will submit to me. Completely. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

I raised my hand.

Snap

Amara gasped as if she was holding a long breath. She looked around, and for a second, my sister looked completely lost. This was the fifth time this evening I had put her under. This couldn't be good for her brain.

But she finally came to her senses, saw me and my rock hard cock, then looked down at her nakedness.

"Oh..." She blinked, not resisting as I moved her into position, back on all fours, with her dripping cunt positioned towards me.

"I'm going to fuck you now, little sister," I told her. "Lift your hips up higher."

When Amara obeyed without so much as a word, I had to praise my pet.

"That's it. That's a good girl." I gripped her ass cheeks, brought a palm back to slap her once.

"Oh!"

I watched as her cheeks bounced lovingly.

"I'm going to fuck you now," I repeated, not believing what I was actually going to do.

"O-Okay!"

Okay. I exhaled. *Okay.*

Gripping my rock hard cock, I used my free hand to squeeze her right ass cheek, feeling her plump muscle there.

I watched as Amara readied herself, lifting her hips even higher so she could dig her forehead against the pile of pillows in front of her.

This was it.

I sucked in a breath, lined my cock up to her dripping cunt.

Pushed in.

"AH!"

A sharp scream pierced the room.

Was I hurting her? I lifted my eyelids and saw the carnage. I had just entered my sister an inch, but I was *too big* for her.

Fuck.

“Relax,” I grunted, gripping the sides of her hips. I kept my promise of being gentle, easing into my little sister, stretching her unused pussy apart, snatching away her innocence once and for all.

God, it was such a tight fit inside of her that every little shudder and shake threatened to send me over the edge. But I grit my teeth and kept my composure, even as Amara moaned and shrieked, taking me inch by inch.

“Are...” I panted. “Are you okay, love?”

“Yes, Master!” She gasped, her high-pitched voice a cocktail of pain and pleasure.

I forced another inch into her which made Amara jerked up and yelped in surprise. She was taking me well, and pleasure was jolting through me in short, rapid waves.

This felt even better than fucking Mom, and then it was my turn to moan and shudder. I had stretched my sister to her limits. From then on, it was easier to slide inside her, and Amara cried out once again when I flexed my hips forward and fed her all of me.

“Master...” she whimpered, clutching the bedsheet so hard I watched her knuckles turning pale.

She sounded so girly and submissive, and I had to wonder if the programming was kicking in.

“Amara,” I heaved, pulling out halfway before re-entering my beautiful sister. “You’re such a good slave.”

Her whimpers had me closer and closer to the edge. Fuck.

“I’m a good slave.”

“As a slave...” I grunted, properly fucking her then, moving back and forth, re-entering her again and again, the sound of our fucking music to my ears. “What would you do for the rest of your life?”

Her answer was instant.

“Serve you,” my slave gasped. “I’ll serve you.”

Groaning, I started ramping up my thrusts.

“AH!” Amara wasn’t used to the increased intensity. She started shuddering, her cunt pulsing rapidly around my cock, her shrieks in sync with my thrusts. “AH! AH! AH!”

“Would you do anything I say, little sis?”

“Yes!” A gasp. Another wild shudder. “I’ll do anything you say!”

“If I tell you to fuck me, even if you aren’t in the mood, would you fuck me?”

“YES!”

“If I tell you to fuck Mom...” I sank my full length into her pussy. “Would you fuck Mom?”

By that point, Amara was nothing more than whimpers and moans.

“Yes...”

I thought back to our previous session and all the limits my sister had set before.

“If I tell you to kill someone for me, would you do it?”

She nodded. “Yes. I’ll do anything you say.”

That had me hammering into her harder and faster.

“You’re mine.”

Amara groaned lowly, her pussy stretched out, her body slowly growing used to the abuse.

“I’m yours.”

“You’re my sister.” I was fucking her at full force like I would fuck Mom, surrendering all self control, hammering in and out from the best pussy I have ever felt. “You’re my slave.”

“I’m your slave!” Amara repeated, her voice breaking apart.

With that promise, Amara came first, screaming out her pleasure, experiencing the first orgasm in her life brought by someone else. Her own brother.

As soon as I felt her pussy spasming around my cock, I was a goner too. With a roar, I poured out everything I had into my fertile sister, spurting out waves after waves of hot cum into her tight body until I was lightheaded and panting with exhaustion.

Holy fuck. We actually had sex.

As Amara heaved against the mattress, sweaty and completely spent, I pulled out of her, smiling as I saw my slick cock coated in my own sister's juices.

I heaved. This was by far the best sex I ever had. Fucking Mom was always a highlight in my day, but my sister? A younger, more energetic and innocent version of Mom?

It wasn't even a competition.

Leaving my freshly fucked sister on the bed, I stumbled away and grabbed my phone off the bedside table, dialing the number I had already memorized.

A sexy purr greeted me.

"Master?"

"Come back home," I told my Mother.

"Have you fucked her yet?"

I chuckled. "I did. It was amazing. Her pussy was something else."

Mom giggled. It was wild to see how brainwashed she was. Mom was actually ecstatic to know that her own son had sex with her daughter. I had done a fantastic job programming her.

"Now it's your turn," I told Mom. "I want to film you while you fuck your daughter."

"I can't wait, Master!"

Clicking off, I returned to Amara, still laying on the bed and catching her breath.

Crawling to her, I turned her around and palmed both her tits, urging a soft moan out of my beauty. I couldn't stop touching her, and I spent a minute feeling my sister up, running my hands along her lean curves, squeezing her ass, even inserting a finger inside of her cum filled pussy.

"Amara," I said.

"Yes..." She exhaled. "Master?"

"Mom is returning home. When she comes back, I want you to have sex with her. Can you do that? For me?"

Even in her exhausted state, heaving and panting, Amara looked at me through her heavy eyelids and nodded.

"I'll do anything for you, Master."

Her corruption was complete. Amara was mine. Forever.

As we waited for Mom, I laid down beside my beauty, pressed myself against her wonderful tits and made out with her.

Amara wasn't innocent anymore, her purity snatched away by a person who she was supposed to trust.

A thought came to me.

If Amara had accepted her life of slavehood and would do absolutely anything I say, fuck anyone who I tell her to fuck...

Should I expand my business?

My hypnotherapy clinic was doing well, but my current clientele was full of wealthy people who wanted their girlfriends, wives, even daughters re-educated.

I had no doubts they would be interested in my sister. Hell, they would pay a hefty price just for an hour with a beauty like Amara.

I glanced at my newest pet, stroked her chin, smiled when she purred and leaned against my touch, wanting to be as close to me as possible.

No, I decided.

Sure, I could be making an extra small fortune lending Amara out, but what was the whole point of spending weeks corrupting my gorgeous sister just to not have exclusive access to her?

"Little sis," I said softly, pressing my lips against hers.

"Yes, Master?" she whispered back.

"I'm going to fuck you every day for the rest of your life. You'll know nothing else but my cock and my happiness. Do you understand, slave?"

She nodded, then resumed kissing me, sucking on my lips like I was her lifeline.

"I understand, Master."

END