

## Six Months after the events of Corrupting Little Sister

“Allison, can you hear me?”

The blonde in front of me responded beautifully, her voice a dull monotone.

“Yes.”

“Good.” Grabbing some tissue papers, I leaned forward to wipe her lips clean of drool before ending the session. “When I count to three, I want you to wake up. Do you understand, my dear?”

Her blue eyes stared past me, glassy and unfocused. “Yes.”

“One.” I clicked my fingers.

“Mmm...”

“Two.” *Snap.*

Her head lolled to the side.

God, she was sexy.

If I wanted to, I could have her. An eighteen-year-old beauty queen would definitely spice up my sex life.

I still only had Mom and Amelia, and although I loved both of them, sometimes I wondered if I should start expanding my options. Go outside family circles.

But fucking Arianna was different than fucking other girls. Putting my cock into the same girl I grew up with... the same girl who I used to play with, bathed with... it was a unique feeling no other girl could replicate for me.

“One.” *Snap.*

Alisson jolted awake with a gasp. Some clients handled hypnosis better, easing their way into consciousness as if waking up from a nap, but others couldn't tolerate being put into a trance.

"Ow..." The pretty blonde rubbed her temples. "My head's a little sore."

"Sorry." I gave her a sympathetic smile that I hoped looked genuine and stood up. "Drink some water and you'll be fine."

She gulped the glass of water, wiped her lips, then stood up too. But she was still shaky, and I had to hold her for support.

Her skin was tanned and smooth, and I sighed again at all the 'what if's' and 'what could be's'.

In truth, Alisson was already taken. She just didn't know it yet. She was another person's sister, and I couldn't deny the joy of her brother, who was paying me handsomely to re-educate her.

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice a little husky from the hour-long session. Handing me the glass back, I led her towards the door where James was waiting in our near empty lobby.

James snapped to his feet when he saw us coming.

"So..." He cleared his throat and pushed up his glasses. "How was Ally's first session?"

"It went well," I told him, giving the brother a comforting smile.

I could almost read his mind, watching him stare at Allison. She might not know it, but it was plainly obvious to me. James was completely in love with her. I could recognize the lust in his eyes as he looked at his beautiful sister.

"It was decent," Allison agreed, unaware of everything. "So... Doctor, when can I expect my smoking addiction to ease up? I've tried vaping and nicotine patches, but nothing works!"

"Not that long," I told her, then turned to her nerdy brother.

I completely understood why he had spent months convincing Allison to try my hypnotherapy clinic. Any brother would do the same if they had a sister as hot as her..

“Your sister will start seeing results in just a few weeks.”

James seemed overly enthusiastic, nodding his head happily. “Thank you, Doctor!”

I didn’t know why my clients kept calling me ‘Doctor’, but I wasn’t complaining.

I led James to the front desk where he forked out his wallet and fumbled for his credit card, not discreet in his glances towards the receptionist—my sister.

Again, I didn’t blame him.

Amara looked ravishing in her uniform. A tight white blouse that was purposely too small for her tits, and a mini black pencil skirt that displayed her smooth, long legs.

“Umm...” James cleared his throat for the third time as he handed his card to Amara. He lowered his voice to a hushed whisper, not wanting his blonde sister to overhear. “Doctor, I have to ask. This... umm... she’s your sister, right?”

“That’s right.” I nodded. Not only was Amara my personal assistant at work, she was also an amazing marketing tool.

“Wow...” Now he was gawking at Amara, who didn’t seem too bothered with the attention. Almost a year of tending to my clients had dulled my sister to the lustful glances. “She’s very beautiful.”

“So is yours.”

“Yeah.” He nodded. “That’s why I come to you. Y-You said a few weeks?”

“You’ll start seeing results in a few weeks,” I confirmed. “But it might take a month or two for Allison to be... completely corrected.”

“Oh, okay.” He exhaled, and almost walked off before I had to remind him of his unretrieved card.

“Right!” He forced a laugh, grabbed his card from Amara and stumbled to the front door, his sister already long gone.

Finally.

I flipped the sign from 'open' to 'closed' and brought the window blinders down, dimming the office.

I assumed Amara was doing the finances for the day—my sister was always excellent with numbers—but when I turned around, I was pleasantly greeted by a naked Amara, her uniform discarded to her feet.

She kept her high heels on.

My sister pursed her lips, blinking innocently at me. "Do you want to fuck me now, Master? I know you've been waiting."

*Brat.* She knew how riled up I was. I even made her go down on me twice, which was a miracle with how packed the schedule was. But we made do.

I growled, and gestured to her, my cock already uncomfortably hard underneath my work pants.

When she took my hand, I led her straight into my office, where I forced her against my desk and bent her over.

She was dripping so much, arousal was trailing all over her milky thighs. Groaning, I took off my pants and lined up my cock with her cunt that always seemed tight, as if my sister was still that innocent virgin I had corrupted all those months ago.

"Master..." She clutched the edges of the desk, already prepared for the hard fucking she knew was about to come.

I haven't penetrated her yet. Instead, I spent a few moments teasing my pet, rubbing my cock over her swollen entrance, enjoying the little whimpers.

"Yes, my love?"

"That blonde girl..." my sister heaved, swaying her hips back and forth, grinding herself against my cock. "I saw the way you were looking at her."

Where was Amara going with this? Was she jealous?

“She’s very beautiful. Like you.”

“Master should have her too.”

I chuckled.

Grabbing my cock, I finally eased my way inside her. Amara gasped as I stretched her apart, but soon my little sister was moaning wildly as she took me inch after inch, her inner walls flexing and squeezing me in the best way possible.

“I can’t,” I told her with a regretful groan. “Her brother paid me to do a job.”

“But you want her,” my sister countered. “You should have anything you want, Master.”

“I want you,” I rasped, moving my hands to her slim, fit hips. Then I fucked her properly.

Amara cried out, arching herself back, taking me to my balls like the good sister she was. I showed my beautiful sister no mercy, pumping short, fast thrust in and out of her abused cunt.

Amara loved it. I could feel every reaction from her. Her body shuddering, the quivering around my cock, the yelps and moans I dragged out from her with every successful connection of my cock.

“Holy fuck,” I growled, forcing myself to stop because a second longer and I would be bursting.

Amara smelled amazing. She was already starting to sweat, and her light, fruity perfume was divine as always.

Taking her hips, Amara yelped when I lifted her onto one shoulder and carried my beautiful sister towards the coach, where I placed her on her back and laid on top of her.

My cock was throbbing and glistening with my own sister’s fluid. I wasted no time re-entering my precious sister, watching as Amara folded forward in pleasure, her jaw loose, her dark eyes ablaze with the same lust I held over her for countless years.

“Little sis,” I groaned, shuddering with ecstasy and plunging my cock in and out of the best pleasure source in the world.

I shouldn’t keep calling her that. Amara was in her twenties and she was a full-grown adult. But she was *still* my little sister, and I had kept her whole personality intact.

Amara was still this playful and curious girl I grew up with, and I loved that about my sister.

“Y-Yes?” She stared at me back, and I recognized from her pupils that she was really losing it. So I found a middle ground, swaying my hips back and forth, still fucking her hard enough to keep me at razor’s edge, but not too much until I lost all composure.

“I feel a little bad,” I told her.

She tried to show me concern through those eyes, but when I hit a deep spot inside her, it was back to pitiful whimpers.

“A-About what, Master?”

“Hypnotizing you,” I told her, dipping low and kissing my beautiful sister. “I took you away from the world. Stop you from talking to your friends. Forced you to work for me.”

Obviously, I wasn’t sorry for anything. I just wanted Amara to boost my ego a little bit.

Like Mom, I had told my sister the whole truth. Well... almost the whole truth.

She knew about the drugging, the hypnosis, and I even gave Amara her memories back.

The only thing I kept from her was the fact that I had controlled her response to the truth and I also retained some core, important beliefs.

Amara still believed that Mothers and sisters should sexually please the man of the house, and she would fiercely debate anyone over that topic.

With admitting everything to Amara, she believed I had kindly given her some semblance of control back, but in truth, my sister still held no control over her life.

“No...” Amara shook her head and kissed me harder, her soft, velvet tongue sparring with mine.

The first kiss we shared, Amara was awkward, stumbling around my mouth.

But my sister was a fast learner, and I would even dare to say that she was even better than Mom in bed.

My sister actually cared about the micro details. The first dozen or so times we fucked, she kept asking me what I liked and disliked in bed, and then she implemented everything I wanted, allowing me to fuck her in all my favorite angles and positions, no matter how odd they were. She was flexible with her body.

I had the best sister in the world.

“No...” my sister repeated in a low groan. “It’s my duty to serve you. There’s no time for friends or...” She pulled back just a little so she could suck on my lower lip. “Or anything else.”

“You had a bright future, Amara,” I said, defending her just for the fun of it. “Everyone said you were going to be this successful woman climbing the corporate ladder and making an impact on the world.”

“I’m making an impact,” my sister told me. Her tongue was back, and I moaned as I clutched her hair in my fist, kissing my sister good. “Why would I serve someone else when I can serve you? Someone I actually love and care for?”

It was hard to argue with that.

“You’re correct,” I assured her, biting on her lip and hearing her gasp in pain, a sound that went beautifully with my heavy balls slapping against her bubble ass.

“And I’ll make an even greater impact...” She was so damn close, shuddering every so often as my cock disappeared into her pussy. “... when I...”

“When you...?”

She shuddered. “...when I... I bear your children. Like Mommy is doing right now.”

I groaned. I could cum just hearing my own little sister say those words to me, never mind fuck her.

God. It was filthy and so wrong, but it was the truth Amara believed in and it was the truth the world should too.

Society would be better off if incest wasn't frowned upon and brothers could just have their way with their hot sisters.

I was happier. Amara was happier. Everybody wins.

"That's right." I ramp my thrusts up. "You're going to get pregnant soon, little sis. Like Mommy is. Then I'm going to marry you. You're going to be such a good wife, aren't you?"

"Yes..." Amara hissed. "That's my dream. To serve my brother as his wife."

I couldn't take it anymore. I poured into my sister.

Throughout the day, Amara had been happily slurping my cum in between clients, but right then, she was a moaning mess, her inner walls spasming along with my pouring cock, taking in the torrent, eager to have my baby and be the slave wife she was destined to be.

I pulled out of my trembling sister and gave her a light smack on the ass.

"Finish closing up, beautiful," I told her. "I can't wait to get home."

"Yes..." she heaved. "M-Master."

With that, my sister straightened herself on shaky knees and I had a delight of sitting back and watching as Amara paced around the office, performing her duties naked while cum trailed down her bare legs.

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While we took the elevator up to our floor, I had my lovely sister pinned up against the wall.



She was moaning, but it wasn't surprising because I had my hands jammed underneath her miniskirt and my nose pressed up against her neck, smelling her sweet scent, unable to keep myself away.

It was a deadly combo. I was addicted to Amara, and she couldn't say no to me.

"It's almost the weekend, little sis," I breathed, affording myself a nice whiff of her divine perfume. "How about I take you out to a nice hotel and fuck you there? Have a change of environment?"

Her breaths were molten against my neck. "I'd love that, Master."

"Good." Just on cue, the elevator ding and I peeled away from her, just in time for an older couple to step inside.

I gave them a polite nod, and they nodded back. Taking my sister's hand, I led us out and straight towards our door.

Amara cleared her throat and brushed her dark hair down. "Mommy's cooking some kimchi. I can sell it from out here."

She was right. I could smell it too. I never was particularly fond of the dish, but Amara loved it, so I had our Mother pander to her. A happy Amara meant better sex.

Amara unlocked the front door and bolted inside, heading straight towards the kitchen.

Shaking my head, I followed after her and saw my beautiful Mother plating the dish, completely naked except for a frilly white apron tied to her front.

But when Mom spotted me, she discarded her apron and I sighed with contentment when Amara took the hint and discarded her clothes too.

Both my girls were completely nude, having mindless small talk. If you could ignore their nakedness, it was as if everything was normal and we were just another family.

But as I stepped forward, Mom offered me a wide smile and embraced me. Not in a hug like normal Mothers would, but a full blown kiss on the lips.

I didn't resist, moaning as I accepted the warm, wet bliss of her tongue. Mother was eager for my cock, grinding her hips against mine, desperate for the sexual attention only her son could grant her.

"You just can't wait, can't you, Mommy?" I whispered, my hands finding their way to her bare ass, urging more moans from my beautiful Mother while Amara watched us from behind.

I knew it wasn't just hard work that earned my sister such a great physique. Amara had inherited the best part of Mom. Those teardrop tits, the slim waist, that bubble ass, and her perfect skin.

"Is dinner ready?" I muttered, pulling back so I could look at my Mother's reaction while I squeezed her ass some more.

"Y-Yes, Master..." Her eyes widened and her lips parted in a soft 'O'.

I grinned. Mom looked so young with her wavy dark hair down to her shoulders.

Under certain lights and at the right angle, she and Amara looked completely alike. Two gorgeous young Korean women under my service.

"Good." I shot my Mother a small smile and left her ass, my hands journeying their way to her stomach instead. "And how do you feel?"

"Amazing, Master," she whimpered, still pressing herself against me. Her tits felt amazing against my chest.

Mom was a beauty queen. Her looks were the only reason why she was hired to be an eyecatcher for a prestigious airline.

"I'm so happy," Mom added, and I raised a brow when I saw her eyes watering up. "As your Mother and as your wife, I'm so honored to be giving you your first-born."

"There's still a little way to go," I chuckled, feeling awkward from her sudden surge of emotions. "You're just two weeks in, aren't you, Mommy?"

"Yes, Master. I hope Amara will get pregnant soon," Mom said. "So we can have a big family together."

Groaning, I took her hand and turned around to face Amara. “You heard her. Let’s get you pregnant, little sis.”

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Threesomes were weird.

I preferred the one on one intimacy, but sometimes I indulged in some chaotic fun because my girls loved them.

But for tonight, I just wanted to fuck Amara while using Mom as a prop to get myself close to orgasm.

So I had Mom on all fours with Amara right on top of her, straddled over her hips, both their pussies presented before me.

I started off by getting my cock wet, entering Mom first and foremost.

Pregnant or not, she wasn’t going to get any mercy from me.

Even though she didn’t look like it, Mom was in her early forties, so she was fertile for a good while longer. I couldn’t wait to have her spend the rest of her forties pumping out more children for me.

She would raise them differently than she raised Amara and I. I haven’t hypnotized Mom in a while, but once Mom was closer to giving birth, I would be educating her on what it means to be a caring, loving Mother.

“Fuck...” I exhaled, shuddering when Mom took me to the balls. Even though Amara had a tighter, warmer pussy, I still loved Mom’s, especially since it had been my first pussy I have ever known.

Literally.

“AH! AH! AH!”

Mom had always been the more vocal one. As I started pumping short, and quick thrusts, the bedroom was lit up by screams of pleasure, followed by sharp gasps and loud moans.

I have never felt as connected with my own family as right then. Hypnotizing them was the best decision of my life.

“Master!” Mom gasped again, pounding her hips back against me. “Y-Yes, there! Master, don’t stop! DON’T STOP!”

I didn’t stop, even when I was on the verge of breaking myself. Mom’s pussy clamped all around me, her screams filled my ears. God, I loved fucking Mom.

“Mommy,” I gasped, squeezing my eyes shut and trying to hold my orgasm back. I could cum inside Mom later, after Amara had taken as much semen as she could. “I love you, Mommy.”

But she couldn’t hear me over her own orgasm. I was with Mom all the way, ramming in and out of her until she was a whimpering, shuddering mess.

My sister squealed when she saw me pulling out of Mom. She practically shoved her pussy right up at me, offering herself just like a good sister would.

“Cum inside me, Master,” Amara heaved, revealing just how hungry she was for my cock. “Please...”

She didn’t need to ask. Gripping the best bubble ass on Earth, I entered my sister, sighing at how wet and ready Amara was for me.

She even offered these amazing hot flexes as I stretched her apart.

We both found the perfect rhythm in seconds. Moaning, Amara swayed her hips with mine in a sweeping motion, making my cock bottom out deep inside her.

Honestly, I didn’t want Amara to get pregnant so quickly. I wanted to enjoy my sister’s crazy body for as long as I could.

But with how much cum Amara was taking daily, it was only a matter of time before she came up to me with tears in her eyes and exclaimed that she was going to have my baby.

Just like Mom had.

“Cum inside me!” Amara was *desperate*. Her movements became erratic, her hips battering against mine. *Fuck. Fuck!* “Master, p-please! Cum inside me!”

There was no way I could last inside Amara. *No way.*

With my heart pounding and pulse racing, I cried out, pouring an avalanche deep into her.

She absorbed it all, her beautiful body spasming in ecstasy, her cries turning into screams at our combined release.

The rest of the evening was as eventful as it started.

We ate dinner to recharge.

Then I had Mom eat Amara out. By the time I was ready to unload again, Amara was a tear-stained, whimpering mess, the perfect state of mind to take in another barrage of cum before I finally refocused my attention on Mom.

Days later, I wasn't even surprised when Amara came up to me, clutching her stomach. I already knew she was pregnant before the news left her lips.

Fatherhood was something I never expected, especially with the lack of attention I have received from women my entire life.

Hypnosis had undoubtedly changed my life for the better. It has made me a better man. A better brother and an excited Father.

I can't wait.

**THE END**