

Chapter 4

I circled my thumb around my aunt's shaven pussy. Even in a deep trance, a moan escaped her lips.

I have never heard Mary moan before, and the soft cry of pleasure that came from those plump lips of hers instantly made me hard, which made me feel strange. In truth, I never thought of my Aunt in a sexual manner.

Throughout my life, I had only seen my aunt in expensive business suits with muted expressions on her face. I have never doubted her beauty—her figure itself would dispel all doubts—but she just doesn't scream sexuality with all those fancy suits and business perfumes.

But now, with the top three buttons of her blouse opened, and my hand jammed under her tight pencil skirt, my cock was screaming to be inside her.

But I didn't plan to fuck her—yet. These things take time, and I always considered myself a patient man.

We were sitting on the couch, still in the room I had 'trapped' my aunt. My back was against the plush leather cushion, and my aunt was sitting in between my thighs, her wavy dark blonde hair tickling my nose, her natural scent intoxicating.

Of course, she wasn't in this position willingly. She hated me with her guts, and if she was conscious, knowing that not only I was this close to her, our flesh touching, but my hand was under skirt and inches away from her sacred parts.

"You like this, don't you?" I continued running my thumb around her sex in slow circles, and I felt her shiver.

Even in a monotone, there was no mistaking the hint of breathiness in her tone, or the fact that she was breathing a little heavier as the seconds ticked by.

"Yes."

I continued teasing the outskirts of her pussy, feeling myself getting aroused as I felt her getting wetter.

"What's the most erotic moment in your life?" I asked my aunt.

No hesitation.

“When I was young, I lost my virginity to Brad.”

Lucky bastard.

“Who’s Brad?”

Her rosy lips curled upwards. “My first boyfriend.”

“Okay.” I exhaled a breath, the gears in my mind turning. “I want you to think about Brad. Visualize him.” I paused for a beat. “Can you see him?”

“Yes.”

“That image of Brad you have in your mind right now will suddenly morph into your nephew, Gabe.”

The smile on her face disappeared.

I continued on. “Every time you think about this moment, you can only imagine your nephew fucking you. In fact, every sexual thoughts you will have from this moment on will be centred around Gabe.”

I neared her clit and circled it with my thumb, causing my aunt to jerk forward. Holding her steady, I continued. “You think Gabe is hot. You think Gabe is the only man worthy in your eyes. All other men are dull and useless in your eyes. You crave for your nephew like you crave for no one else. Everything he does is erotic in your eyes.”

I ran my hand over her clit, then started rubbing it. My aunt groaned, then pressed her thighs together, sandwiching my hand. Tsking, I nudged her thighs open again before stimulating her clit with slow strokes.

“Ohhh...” My aunt threw her chin towards the ceiling and I felt her shiver.

“Do you look up to your little sister, Mary?” I asked her. “Do you admire Alana?”

I knew the answer to that already, but I wanted her mind to go to what I call an ‘agreeing mode’.

“Yes.”

“Then you should envy what she is doing now. Can you tell how happy she is serving Gabe?”

A pause. “I don’t know...”

I slid a finger inside her soaked sex and another moan escape her lips.

Pressing my lips towards her ear, I whispered my next words. “She is happy. Alana is the happiest she’s ever been. Do you want that, Mary? Do you want to be happy?”

“Yes...” she hissed.

“Good.” I slid another finger inside her. Then a third. I held her tight while she moaned and groaned, my own erection pressing hotly against her ass. “Then you should envy what your sister does. You want to be like her. A slave. You want to be a slave to Gabe. You want him to own you. To protect you. To make you happy.”

Her breathing was audible now, and her chest rose and fell rapidly as I plunged my fingers in and out of her slick cunt.

She wasn’t responding, so I withdrew my fingers away. She made a noise showing her discontent.

“Naughty, Mary.” I taunted my aunt. “Do you want to feel good again?”

“Yes...”

“Then repeat after me. I want to be happy.”

“I want to be happy.”

I slid my fingers back into her sex, and she wiggled on my lap.

“To be happy, I need to serve Gabe.”

“To be happy, I need to...”

“To what?”

“To...”

I took out my fingers, and she groaned her dissatisfaction.

“Finish the words, Mary.”

“I need to... to...”

“To what?”

“T-to...” My aunt spat out the last words. “To serve Gabe.”

Even though she said it like she hated saying my name. I needed to keep encouraging her since she technically obeyed my orders. Positive reinforcement was vital in her brainwashing.

I thrust my fingers in and out quicker. Her back bowed from the pleasure and I could see she was extremely close to the edge.

“Good girl. To be happy, you need to serve Gabe, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“He makes you happy. He protects you. He *owns* you.”

She didn’t reply, so I held my fingers.

She whined like a little girl. “No, no, please.”

“Say the words.”

Words tumbled from her lips in a rush. “He makes me happy. He protects me. He owns me.”

“Good girl.” I continued ravishing my aunt’s pussy, but when I noticed she was tethering at the edge, I slowed my rhythm down. I didn’t want her to cum yet.

“Listen to me, Mary. Every time Gabe tells you the word, ‘Good girl’. You will feel how you feel now. Extremely horny, and you will experience a rush of pleasure. And the erotic memory you have will play in your mind. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl.”

The moan that ripped from her throat split through the air. I didn’t expect her to orgasm when I said the word, so it was a pleasant surprise as her sweet cunt clamped around my fingers and juices started squirting out from her sex, soaking my thighs.

She was convulsing so wildly, I had to withdraw my fingers from her pussy so I had two hands to keep her still. As soon as I left her cunt, her hands shot into her sex, replacing mine. Her fingers were a blur as they thrust in and out, pleasuring herself to delirium.

“That feels nice, doesn’t it?” I whispered in her ear as she heaved against my body. I watched her breasts rising and falling quickly, the complete view disappointed restricted by her white blouse.

“Yes...”

The word came out in a choked, deep whisper. I waited for my aunt to catch her breath before asking another question.

“Have you ever had an orgasm like this before?”

“No...”

“You can only feel this whenever you are with Gabe. He only can give you this kind of happiness. Do you understand?”

She nodded rapidly, her hair a wild mess. ‘Yes.’

“Good Gi—” I coughed. I didn’t want to say her trigger word again. When I woke her up, I wanted her to be horny, deprived of her trigger. “Listen to me, Mary. Having sex with your nephew is wrong, isn’t it?”

No hesitation. “Yes.”

“But that’s the beauty of it. The forbidden fruit tastes the best. Whenever you think how wrong it is to fuck your own nephew, the thought of doing something sinful will be extremely erotic to you. Do you understand?”

I smiled when she accepted the implementation of the thought. “Yes.”

“Good.” I said, catching myself before I added the word ‘girl’ again. “How do you feel right now?”

“Good. Horny.”

I nodded. “I want you to go back to the place where you’re the horniest. When you had lost your virginity. Can you go back there?”

Her breathing became ragged, hinting that she was in that memory again.

“Good.” I told her. “Now, I want you to count to ten. With each number that passes. As you do, you will also feel yourself getting hornier and hornier, and hornier. So horny that it will soon become unbearable.”

A slit of wetness dripped from her glistening cunt. I watched it roll down until it ran out of steam in the middle of her thigh.

“Count now.” I told my aunt.

Mentally, I counted with her, and I held my breath when she reached ten. I couldn’t see her face, as she was still sitting on my lap, but I felt her move, then groaned as her finger came to her temple.

My aunt looked around, and when she looked back at me, she shrieked and jumped off my lap.

“What the fuck are you doing there?” My aunt looked down in between her thighs and one hand slipped under the hem of her tight pencil skirt. It didn’t take a genius to know what she was doing. “And.. why am I... what the fuck?”

I stood up and walked towards her, excitement bubbling in my chest. Within the next few minutes, I was going to be balls deep inside my Aunt. I took a moment to think how she would feel with my cock buried inside her.

Will she feel as good as Mom? I doubt it, but I will get my answer soon enough.

When I was inches away from my panting aunt, I reached a hand to cup her cheeks. She recoiled slightly at my touch, but didn't make a move to stop me.

"I can make you very happy, Mary," I said. Sliding my hand down her beautiful face, I gripped the side of her smooth neck. "Let me make you happy."

I reached forward with my other hand to unbutton the rest of her blouse, revealing her wonderful tits. I took in air as I marveled at just how perfect her breasts were. They looked so similar to Mom's teardrop beauties, with large areola and perky nipples. But unlike my mother's, hers were slightly large, sitting firmly on her chest.

I was mesmerized, and before I knew it, I was reaching out and grabbing her tits, my thumb playing with her nipples, my mother's fingers kneading her flesh.

My aunt moaned, and the jerking motion under her skirt increased in speed.

I wanted to get a sampling of her lips, but I was so fucking hard and all I wanted to do was fuck her, and fuck her now.

Dropping my hands, I took her hand in mine and started leading her to the bed that sat in the middle of the room.

She suddenly stopped short.

"What?" I said, almost snapping at her. I could feel my shorts getting completely soaked with all the pre-cum seeping out of my tip, and I didn't want to waste a second longer not being inside her.

Her dark eyes, that were so similar to Mom's, studied me. She shook her head. "No. Y-you did something to me. This is wrong."

I didn't have time for this. She was resisting my control, and it was pissing me off.

I glared at my aunt. "You want to be a good girl, don't you?"

"Ohhh." Her jaw dropped, and she bent forward, her hands dropping to her pencil skirt. "Oh, shit..."

“That’s right,” I told her. “You see what I can make you feel? You’re my bitch now and if you want more of that, you will do as you are told.”

I reached for her again, but she took a step back, shaking her head, looking like she was about to cry.

I sighed. “So, you don’t want to be a good girl?”

She really tried to hold back her moan. She really did. But, as more moans spilled out from her throat, my aunt gripped the bed-side table for support as her knees weakened and trembled as a pleasure jolt ripped through her body.

“Please...” she begged me, her dark eyes filled with plead. There were tears forming at the edge of her eyes as she looked at me. “Please stop this.”

“If you want it to stop, get out of your clothes, lay on the bed with your legs spread wide.”

She grit her teeth and a tear rolled down her right cheek. “No.”

I sighed. I didn’t have time for this.

I reached for her hand again, but he pulled back and turned her back towards me, denying me the view of her breasts.

“Fuck you,” she hissed, and I could feel anger seething within me, threatening to explode.

Why was she so stubborn? I have made her the horniest she had ever been in her life, made her think I was the most attractive man, implemented an addictive pleasure trigger, and she still refused to fuck me.

What the fuck did I do wrong?

“You’re my slave and you are to do as you’re told.”

She spat the words out, her saliva flying in my direction. “I’m no one slave. You’re a monster and I will never, ever have sex with you.”

“Fine,” I snapped at my aunt, heading towards the door. “Enjoy the rest of your life being deprived of pleasure. Let’s see how long until you break.”

With that, I slammed the door and headed towards the servant’s quarters where I could hear my mother ironing the clothes.

She looked up, stunned, as I barged into the room. I watched her teardrop breasts jiggle as she perked up to attention.

“Master?” she squealed, her hand coming to her left tit, clutching her chest. “You scared me. How did it go?”

Aside from her sexy thick-rimmed glasses, three-inch black high heels, matching thick black leather collar, she was naked, with her perky breasts out and her shaven pussy ready for taking.

I didn’t bother admiring my near naked beauty. All I could see was red. My confidence and self identity had just been attacked, and I needed assurance. And what better woman can I get that from than my most loyal servant?

Although Alana’s nakedness was hypnotizing, I wanted to see my mother in uniform, just so I could have a reminder of who was in charge.

Snapping my fingers, I issued my command. “Wear your uniform.”

“Yes, Master,” came the immediate reply I was expecting.

That felt good. Finally, having someone obeying me.

Why was my aunt so stubborn? Why couldn’t she be more like her sister?

Within a minute, my slave was standing in front of me wearing her maid’s uniform, her black blouse buttoned up, except for the top three buttons, her black skirt covered by a clean white apron that was perfectly tied, both knots symmetrical, and her French braid all perfect looking.

My mother stood upright in front of me, hands clasped behind her back and her gaze on the floor while I circled her, checking for any faults in my slave’s looks.

They were none, and so I slid a palm across her ass as I circled back to her front. Her breathing increased at my touch, and when I reached her front, she gasped when I slid my hand under the hem of her skirt, finding wetness.

“Master...” my slave moaned, snapping her gaze up to mine.

I placed my other hand on her neck, just under her collar, and applied a little pressure. “Remind me who you are, Mom. Tell me what you are.”

“Y-your slave...” Her words tumbled out in a ragged whisper. “Your bitch.”

I stroked my thumb over her clit, and her whole body jerked slightly.

“Oh...”

“Who do you serve?”

“You...”

I plunged two fingers inside her and explored her depths. My mother’s jaw dropped, forming an ‘O’.

“What is your sole purpose in life?”

“To...” She took in air urgently. “To... serve... you...”

My cock was throbbing so much, I dropped my hands from my neck and started pumping, feeling myself nearing the edge already.

“Who owns your body?”

“You, Master.”

“Who decides what happens to your body?”

“You, Master.”

My mother leaned forward, and I took her invitation for the kiss. Still pumping my cock and fingering her, I tasted her lips and sucked on them lightly.

“Will you ever disobey me?” I asked, as her lips moved against mine.

“Never.” she pledged the word out with such conviction. I knew she meant it with all her heart.

“Good girl,” I said, inserting another finger into her. Her back bowed, and I swallowed the moans that followed.

My mother didn't have a trigger word. I just made her addicted to having sex with me, and that was enough to break her. It helped that she was a natural born submissive, something I was realizing her sister was not.

I withdrew from her lips and looked down at my cock. I was so close now. With my attention back to my gasping mother, I nodded towards the ground. She knew what I wanted.

I slipped out from her sex and rested a palm on her nape as she kneeled down, opened her mouth wide, and extended her tongue towards my tip.

A grunt was the only indication she had before I exploded. Jets of white liquid poured all over her face. Most went into her mouth, but as I pumped faster and moaned out my pleasure, she had to forgive me as some smudged her glasses, stained her hair, landed on her breasts, and soaked her blouse.

“Thank You, Master,” my mother said, her cum soaked lips curling up into a bright smile.

I helped her up and led to bed.

“I'm not done yet,” I growled, laying on the bed and patting my thighs.

“No, turn around,” I ordered as she sat on my legs, facing me. “Show me that pretty ass of yours while you ride me.”

Nodding and wiping semen off her face, licking her fingers as she did so, she positioned herself in a reverse cowgirl position, pulling up her skirt and spreading her ass wide, giving me the best possible view.

“Begin,” I said, my eyes journeying the plumpness of her cheeks, my voice growing low and husky.

“Yes, Master.”

I placed my hands on her hips and exhaled a breath as she raised herself up. The frustration and anger with my Aunt disappeared as my beautiful mother lowered herself onto my cock. I squeezed my eyes shut at the pleasure ripping through my body as I penetrated her.

Our moans wrapped together and filled the apartment. I had no doubts my aunt could hear us, and the thought drove my hunger up.

“Faster,” I grit the word out as my mother expertly rolled her hips back and forth, taking me in and out at a pace I wasn’t satisfied with. It was perfect if I wanted slow, loving sex. But all I wanted now was to fill my mother up. Nothing else mattered.

Grunting softly, my mother increased her rhythm, and soon, the sound of her ass slapping against my skin added to the music of moans and groans. Occasionally, a soft cry would escape my mother’s lips whenever I hit the right spot inside her.

“Master!” Even though I couldn’t see her face, judging by her tone, I could imagine how tight her jaw was clenched.

“Not yet,” I said, digging my nails into the sides of her hips. “Wait.”

“Master!” she whined, not slowing down her rhythm because I didn’t command her to do so. Her ass repeatedly slammed down onto me, and I could tell she was holding her release back with all her willpower.

“Wait.” I released my grip from her and clenched my fist, losing myself to raw pleasure. “Fuck. Almost. Wait for me.”

“MASTER!” She was screaming at the top of her lungs now as she rode me into ecstasy. “PLEASE MASTER!”

“Now!”

As soon as the words left me, her walls clamped shut, squeezing my cock so tight that the initial burst of cum that exploded into her felt twice as strong as the orgasm I had moments ago.

My mother was screaming me out, and in a wild state, she rode me harder, and I could only hope she didn't break my cock as she slammed her ass against me with no restrictions. Her glasses slipped off her face and flew across the room from her violent movements. But we never slowed down.

Time ceased to have any meaning. My back bowed from the pleasure ripping through me and my cries seemed to drown out my mother's screams as I shot load after load inside her. I swore if I didn't make her take birth control, I would have dozens of children with the gallons of semen she had received from me.

When I was done, an hour seemed to have passed. I knew it was impossible to orgasm for that long, but it really felt like an eternity, and we were left dripping with sweat and panting.

My mother slid my cock out and dropped herself beside me, and I wrapped my hands around her, feeling her body heat warming me up and her heart pounding in her chest, just like mine was.

I took a few minutes to regain my breath before speaking.

"Your sister is stubborn," I told her, drawing my thumb across her collar.

"She is," my mother agreed, nodding. "She has always been like that ever since she was young."

"I need help to bring her into my way of thinking." I paused and slid my hand through her back, feeling all her curves even through her uniform, now showing wrinkles after the wild sex. "Will you help me?"

"Master." She batted her long eyelashes at me, her dark eyes searing into mine, showing overflowing confidence. A sexy smirk appeared. "You only have to ask."
