

## Chapter 5

"Please... please stop."

I ignored the pleas from my aunt. I was behind my mother, my chest pressed against the curve of her toned back.

With my aunt still begging in front of us, I continued kissing my mother's neck, my left hand groping her left tit, stroking around her hard pink bud, and my right hand around her hips, teasing her throbbing clit.

"Please, Gabe... Please stop this!"

I trailed pecks from my mother's neck and towards her ear. Fuck, her hair smelled exceptional today.

"Do you want this to stop?" I said lowly, but loud enough so my aunt could hear.

My mother was having trouble forming words. She squirmed in my grip, her eyes squeezed shut. "N-no..."

"See?" I sneaked a peek toward my aunt. Around her dark eyes, I saw tears well and then fell. "Your sister doesn't want this to end."

My aunt said nothing, but her body responded. Her shoulders slumped, tears continuing to trail from her strained eyes down to her trembling lips.

I hid my smile at the show of defeat and took things a notch up. Getting to my knees and urging my mother to bend forward on all fours, I line up my cock towards her needy sex, rubbing my head against around her slit, feeling the searing heat of her pussy. Pearls of cum formed on the tip of my cock, and I took a few moments to mark my territory.

My aunt became capable of speech again.

"No," she choked out. "Please don't."

I lined my gaze towards my aunt's dark eyes. They were strikingly similar to my mother's—and mine too.

"Do you want this to stop?" I asked my aunt. The answer was obvious, but I wanted her to say it again.

"Please... don't do this," she begged. "I-I can't watch this again."

I knew she couldn't bear watching her little sister getting rammed bareback by her son. The first time I forced my aunt to watch us fucking, she broke down. And now, with fresh commands implanted in her mind, she couldn't turn away or blink. She could only sit there and watch the scenes unfold in front of her. I was hoping making her watch this traumatizing experience again would completely break her.

Make her mine.

After all, this was all my mother's plan.

"So you want this to stop?" I asked, really drawing out my aunt's torture.

Before she could reply, I rolled my hips forward, and a sharp inhale escaped my mother's lips. She was already so fucking wet for me, so sliding into her was so easy. I pushed deeper, my hands palming her perfect teardrops, relishing how snugly they felt under my palms.

Alana grunted and churned her hips, working to fit me until her slick heat engulfed my entire length, fully enveloping my cock in its warm folds, my balls pressing tightly against the lower curve of her ass.

My aunt said something, but I couldn't make out the words she was saying. My heart was pounding in my ears and the only sounds my brain could process were my own grunts and my mother's moans.

"Ah—S-Shit," mom cried, adjusting her hips as I withdrew. Her whole body jerked as I slammed back into her. "Shit!"

I was grunting out curses of my own. Beads of sweat formed on my forehead as I performed the cardiovascular exercise. If only working out felt this good, every man would be chiseled to the bone.

For a brief moment, I wondered what my aunt must be thinking. My mother was facing her, and Mary was staring right at her little sister so she could see every expression my mother was making. I had no doubt my mother's jaw was open wide, her pupils dilated, and her dark brows shot up high.

The face of pure pleasure.

My aunt was just watching us fuck. She was sobbing quietly, her whole body trembling, her hands clenched tightly to her chest.

It felt strange to get so turned on at the broken sight. I was halfway to orgasm, but seeing my aunt positioned like that edged me to clench my jaw. I managed my best to form words.

"If you want this to stop," I told my aunt, over my mom's shrill moans. "I will offer you a deal. A pact with the devil, if you would."

She didn't reply. Honestly, I didn't even know if she was listening to me. I carried on.

"I offer you this: swap position with Alana. Become my slave and I'll allow your sister to be set free."

That got her attention. She snapped her head up and looked at me.

"What?"

"Fuck." That was not what I intended to say, but I was dangerously close. Still keeping my rhythm, I slammed my cock against her pussy over and over until letting loose was the only option.

Semen spilled from my cock and shot into my mother's pussy. I felt her inner walls contract as she accepted the intrusion, then clamped up tight, discouraging my cock from withdrawing too much. My thrust became short and sharp as my moans wrapped with my mother's. I was still shooting cum, and my mother was still taking every drop in.

Miraculously, after my balls were drained, I was still rock hard inside her, and I felt ready for an immediate round two. This had been my first orgasm of the day and I guessed after cumming double digits every day for the better part of several months, my body was getting used to the rigorous activity.

I waited for myself to catch my breath before addressing my aunt.

"So? What do you say? Your life for hers."

My aunt's words were low. "How can I trust you? You're a monster."

Withdrawing from my mother with a moan, I reached down to her pussy and ushered the cum that was seeping out from her back inside her depths.

"Because you have no choice," I told her. "It's either that or I make you watch this for the rest of your life. Every day."

"No, you won't." Her voice turned into a snarl. "My husband will come look for me once he sees that I'm gone."

I chuckled. "You should know by now I can make you say things from your own mouth. I can make you call him and use that lip of yours to tell him you're breaking up with him."

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“Try me.” When she didn’t reply, I sighed. “So, what do you say? You for her. Honestly, I’m getting bored of Alana. I need a different pussy.”

My aunt switched gaze to her sister. When she found that my mother didn’t react to my words, she looked back at me.

“If I agree to be your... *<i>slave.</i>*” She spat the word out with venom. “you will release whatever spell you have over her immediately.”

She didn’t phrase it like a question. It was more like a demand.

I shook my head, absentmindedly fingering my mother now. I didn’t even realize I brought her to orgasm until her pussy clamped down onto my fingers and her moans that followed shook the walls. “After a period of time, after you have settled into your position as a slave, I’ll allow her to be released.”

Her voice was back to being frightened. “How long?”

I shrugged. “Could be days, could be weeks. It will entirely depend on how willing you are to give yourself up to me completely and serve my will.”

Silence followed. When I wasn’t liking her lack of response, my voice grew hard.

“I’ll give you ten seconds to decide. Take the deal—or don’t.”

It took half a second. “Wait. I’ll agree on one condition. Alana has to—”

“I’ll have you know that you’re in no position to negotiate. You have five seconds left.”

“No, wait! Alana—”

“Four.”

“Please, Gabe. Listen to—”

“Three.”

“Okay!” My aunt was screaming. “I’ll take the deal! I’ll do it!”

I tried my best to not let my smile out. Standing up, I wiped my soaked fingers on the armrest of the couch and spoke the same conditions I had set for my mother not long ago.

“Understand that this is a serious job. Twenty-four hours shifts, seven days a week. You will have to wear a uniform, and I’m going to work you hard. Displease me and you will be punished.”

“Okay.” My aunt was nodding. “Okay. Just... please promise me you will free Alana.”

I couldn’t hide my smile anymore. “I promise I will allow her to be set free.”

I snapped my fingers, and in an instant my aunt was blinking her tired eyes. She moved her neck and groaned, no doubt strained from being in an unanimated position for so long.

“Go fetch her things,” I told my mother. She got up on shaky knees and left the room.

“W-where is she going?” my aunt asked me. “What is she doing?”

“What is she doing, Master,” I corrected her. “Address me properly. If you don’t, the deal is off. Do you understand?”

She nodded, her eyes fearful.

“Don’t just nod,” I snapped. “Answer me.”

“Yes.” She paused, then opened those beautiful lips of hers. “Master.”

The word brought back my smile. She didn’t say ‘Master’ as seductive as my mother, but she will learn.

Just on cue, my mother reappeared back in the room with clothes neatly folded in her hands.

It was a maid’s uniform, and it should fit my aunt’s curvy body perfectly. I had her dimensions measured while she was under and I had the same tailor that custom made my mother’s uniform to make hers.

My mother set seven piles of the same uniform on the bed, next to my aunt.

“One for every week,” I explained to my confused aunt. “I expect your uniform to get... Dirty every day, and I want you to always be clean. Hygiene is very important to me. In your new room, you will find boxes of mouthwash and toiletries in the bathroom. Use them.”

I looked at my aunt. Her expression was a mix of horror, anxiety, shock, and acceptance.

“Well?” I prompted her. “You’re supposed to respond to me.”

“Y-yes.” Another brief pause. “M-master.”

I shook my head. We need to fix that pause. She should address me without hesitation and with pride. But we had all the time in the world.

I jerked my chin towards the clothes. “Well? Get up and prepare. Alana will help you.”

Standing up, I raised my hand high to stretch, groaning as I did so.

“I will leave the room while you do your makeover. Go and take a shower. Make yourself presentable to me. Mom will also help you with your makeup, your perfume, and your hair. When you present yourself to me when you’re finished, I expect you to be perfect.”

With the parting comment, I left my two girls in the room. I didn’t show my excitement, but my heart was a jackhammer in my chest and I was so fucking hard. Well, Mary could see my obvious hard-on since I wasn’t wearing any clothes—only she was—but she didn’t know I was seconds away from another orgasm.

I would just go to my room and masturbate my excitement down to a manageable level while I wait for my new maid to prepare.

Finally, I was going to fuck my aunt. It was so worth the wait to not take her while she was in a trance. Our first time together would be when she was fully conscious and willing. The right kind of sex.

And the best part?

She would be in uniform.

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One orgasm wasn’t enough to calm myself down. I had to masturbate twice, and even that was just enough to barely collect my nerves.

I was still rock hard, pacing around my room, thick black leather collar in hand. It was my aunt’s collar, and I wanted to put it on her myself, to fully confirm her submission towards me. After all, there wasn’t any other way to rationalize kneeling before a man and willingly allowing yourself to be permanently collared other than giving yourself completely up to him. It would fully break her.

My mom’s voice wafted through the open door and into the room.

“Master, she’s ready.”

My cock throbbed as visions of my aunt in a maid's uniform appeared in my mind.

"Send her in."

"Yes, Master."

It took a few moments before I heard movements outside, and Mary appeared in the doorway.

I couldn't explain my emotions in more than two words.

Fucking horny.

My aunt looked *<i>perfect</i>* in her new uniform. Everything was exactly how I envisioned her, but seeing it in person was a hundred times better. More erotic.

Gone was her sleek, wavy hair. She now wore a double French braid, so similar to mom's, except hers was a little longer and was dark blonde instead of jet black. Having a French Braid made her look much younger and innocent, a stark contrast to her usual looks: all clean, mature, and business looking.

Her uniform fitted perfectly on her body. Her curves seemed even more pronounced and the top three buttons of her black button up blouse were unbuttoned, revealing a delicious portion of her breasts. They held the perfect teardrop shape Mom had, only larger and rounder.

Her black skirt was covered by a spotless white apron. As I circled my new maid, I noticed both knots of the apron were perfectly symmetrical. My discriminating gaze trailed down to her ass, looking perfect under the skirt, and then I dropped towards her three inch black high heels.

Mary was taller than Mom, so wearing those heels made it so that she was eye level to me. I circled back to my new maid's front. Her gaze was cast on the ground, not from submissiveness, but from shame.

Using a finger, I tilted her pretty chin up and studied my newest possession. She was breathing loud, and her flesh was hot, almost feverish.

"Mary?" I said my slave name, and her gaze lifted up to mine.

"Yes?" A pause. "Master?"

I sighed. We needed to work on that pause.

"Kneel."

Another pause. My aunt's dark eyes searched mine, as if she was checking if I was serious. When she realized I was, she cast her gaze back to the ground, and after a few seconds, she lowered herself, slowly.

Gracefully.

My eyes followed her path as she dropped lower and lower until her knees hit the ground and her lips were inches away from my cock. I was dripping so much pre-cum, I was forming a small pool on the ground between us.

"G-gather..." I brought a fist towards my mouth and cleared my throat. I didn't even realize how breathless I was, how fucking horny. My aunt didn't even need to touch me. She could blow a breath towards my throbbing erection and I would explode cum all over her face.

Taking a minute to gather my thoughts and steady my breath, I issued the command.

"Gather your braids up and lift your chin."

She obeyed, this time with no pause. I guess obeying those commands was a simple enough task compared to making her address me as her Master, and making her kneel before me.

I leaned forward and down, setting the collar around her neck, and then clasping the lock in place. It snapped shut with a loud 'click'.

Straightening myself, I dug a hand in my pocket and fished out a black key.

"This is the only key that can unlock your collar," I told my slave. "I'll be keeping this in a safe place. While you're collared, you're mine, and mine alone. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good girl."

"Ohh!" she squeezed her eyes shut and her body convulsed. I had almost forgotten that I had implemented a pleasure trigger in her.

Smiling, I helped her up and placed a hand on her cheek. It still felt hot, and fuck me, her scent was delicious. Mary always smelled of crisp business perfume, but freshly cleaned with a



new body wash and wearing a new fragrance, she now exuded a light, sweet vanilla scent. Perfect for her new identity.

I couldn't take not doing *something* with her anymore, so before I could control myself, I skated my hand towards the back of her head and pulled her towards me, sealing our lips together.

Oh god. She tasted delicious.

There was a strong hint of freshly used minty mouthwash. Probably from her recent clean up, but I also tasted something else. Something light and flavorful. Soon, I was moaning out my pleasure and how fucking good she tasted, sucking on her lips and pressing my tongue through the seam of her rosy lips.

It seemed like she didn't want to let me in at first. My aunt was still resisting me, still defying my control, even when in a uniform and collared for life. I thought of punishing her, but I was a slave to the pleasure she was giving me, if only just a kiss.

I didn't want to break the connection between our lips, so I moved my hands from her hips, going around them, and then cupped her ass through her uniform.

She seemed to enjoy that, because a low moan escaped her, causing her lips to open up and an opportunity for my tongue to slip inside. I'd assumed she would be hesitant to make out with me properly due to the mounting evidence of her incessant resistance, but as I squeezed those firm cheeks of hers, feeling her muscles beneath the fabric and my palm, my aunt seemed to relax and allow herself some pleasure.

Her tongue sought mine. She licked at me playfully, and that was enough to make me lose control. I swallowed her squeal of surprise as I forcefully moved us towards the bed. My lips were wet with our combined saliva as we broke apart and I shoved her towards the mattress.

She landed on her back, and before she could compose herself, I was on top of her, my hands slipping under the hem of her skirt and gripping her bare cheeks. I groaned as I felt them mold under my palms, and then I was back to seeking her lips. Our tongues tussled, our teeth clashed, and our moans collided.

Time seemed to slow down as we made love. My aunt was fully committed now. Her wild eyes filled with desire told me that. It felt like hours had passed before we broke apart. Her hands were on my sides, her nails digging into my flesh. Mine were still on her ass, but not for long as I rode the hem of her skirt up and lined my cock directly above her dripping sex.

She was fucking wet; I was fucking ready, and there was no need to wait.

Mary saw what I was about to do. Her dark eyes snapped to mine and her swollen lips parted to say something, but I was having none of it.

I pushed forward and entered my slave. It was my right to claim what was mine, and fucking her when she was so against it just days ago solidified the fact that she was completely mine now.

Now and forever.

My lust for her showed. Her scream split the room as I thrust into her without remorse, shoving my length into her eagerly, roughly pushing through her folds and inner walls with unrestrained lust.

I was causing her pain, but I didn't care. All that mattered to me was how fucking good she felt and the feeling of ecstasy that was ripping through her body.

Her pussy felt even better than Mom's, but I knew I would think that in the heat of the moment. Especially when it was my first time entering her. Her inner walls felt foreign to me, and experiencing something new was going to over-exaggerate the experience.

My lips were back on hers. I was balls deep now, but I tried to dig deeper until I couldn't go any further. I relished the feeling for a brief moment before I pulled my hips back, withdrawing halfway, then sank back down into her. My aunt reacted by biting down on my lower lip. Hard enough that I was sure she drew blood, but not painful enough to cause me to stop.

I slammed into her repeatedly, so hard and rough I wouldn't be surprised if my cock was going to be sore for days after this, but in the heat of the moment, any and every consequence didn't matter.

I couldn't tell if my aunt was enjoying it or not. Her screams had stopped, and she groaned every time I slammed down, and moaned softly whenever I withdrew. Her nails were in the middle of my back now, and she was pulling me back into her whenever I withdrew, so I guessed she was loving this.

It didn't really matter. This felt like the best sex I ever had, and the Master's feeling was the most important factor. I loved this. I loved her, and I was going to spend the next few days with my cock constantly buried deep inside her. Her pussy was like a drug.

Another thrust down edged me over the line. Breaking the connection of our lips, I threw my head towards the ceiling and screamed out as all my muscles tensed for a second, then relaxed as a tsunami of cum spilled out from my cock and into my aunt.

Her being on birth control never entered my mind. But if she was fertile, she would no doubt be pregnant from the amount of semen she was accepting from me.

Mary went rigid below me, and then she cried out her orgasm with me, her body torquing widely beneath me as she climaxed.

We were both prisoners to the pleasure. I was ripped to pieces as I came, and when my balls were drained dry, and I slumped to the side, my aunt was still going. Cries of pleasure and wild screams spilled tore from her throat and she shattered apart until her voice became hoarse and her muscles went limp.

Our harsh breathing became the only sound in the room. I mustered the energy to roam my hands around her body. Her uniform was a mess and soaked with our combined arousal, and as my hands slipped under her blouse, I could feel her breasts slick with sweat.

I was still inside her. I didn't even want to slip out. My cock felt right at home inside her moist depth, and I took a brief moment to send thoughts of pity towards her husband. He would never have sex with this beautiful woman beneath me every again, and I really doubt he would find a pussy as exotic as this, no matter how rich and successful he was.

My aunt moved beneath me and I looked at her. Even sweaty and her light makeup a mess, she still could cover modeling magazines.

I saw the tiniest of smirks cracked the straightness of her lips and it confirmed to me that she thoroughly enjoyed the sex.

Reaching up and cupping her face, I spoke to her.

"Tell me, Mary. Who are you? Who are you now?"

She didn't seem confused by the question. Her eyes didn't widen. In fact, they remained in that after sex glaze, happy and content. Her lips parted to answer.

"Your slave."

"Mine," I growled with a ferocity and possessiveness that surprised even me. One tasting of that pussy of hers, and I knew I was addicted for life.

Her eyes snapped shut and her head fell limp to the side. Exhaustion had consumed her, but not before her parted lips uttered a final word, all low, husky, and so fucking sexy.

"Yours."

