

Chapter 6

“Ah—fuck!” Another thrust in and another cry escaped my aunt’s lips. “Ah!”

I wasn’t that vocal. I was just throwing out low grunts behind clenched jaw, one hand under her smooth thigh, holding my aunt in place while I fucked her against the kitchen wall.

Waking up to the smell of bacon and eggs was a nice thing, but getting up and watching your beautiful aunt freshly showered and fully clothed in a maid’s uniform, cooking you breakfast, was even better.

She had to forgive me if I demanded her to be up against the wall and fucked her with my morning wood while the eggs were still cooking on the pan.

“M-master!” She tried to say something, but a hard thrust made her gasp. “Ah! Master, wait! The eggs!”

I didn’t care. I just continued ramming her against the wall until I groaned out my release.

When I was finished with her, I let her go, and my aunt was back in front of the stove, her dismayed expression humorous to me as she saw burnt eggs. Shaking her head, she threw the ruined dairy to the trash, reapplied the oil, and cracked open two new shells.

I pulled up my shorts and sat at the head of the dining table while I watched my aunt move around the kitchen, a trail of semen leaking down her right leg. Her heels clicked on the tiles, and a moment later, she was beside me, serving me breakfast.

I didn’t make conversation. I was still in the after haze of my orgasm, and I scrolled through my phone munching the perfectly cooked bacon while my aunt was having her own breakfast.

Going down on all fours and crawling under the table, I allowed her to pull my shorts back down and sighed happily when I felt wetness on my deflating cock.

This had been the daily ritual of my mother’s and I, and having a new pussy and a new set of lips to stick my dick in was a very welcoming change.

My thoughts drifted to mom. I had sent her away on a three day trip to a vacation where she would be pampered with manicures and massages and would come back more beautiful than before.

I hadn't sent her there for her benefit, but for mine. I didn't want Alana to walk around the house while I was training my aunt. It would for sure affect her state of mind, because I had promised her to allow her sister to be set free once she had finished her training.

I wanted my aunt to be fully focused on serving my needs, and a distraction was the last thing I needed. Calling my mother a distraction was cruel, since I was still enthralled by her beauty and still addicted to that wonderful pussy of hers, but my aunt's training was the main priority.

Mom would come back soon, and I was eager to welcome my first and primary slave back. It had been a very pleasant three days alone with my aunt. Three days of non-stop fucking and making love. I had already explored every inch of Mary's body, and there wasn't a cell on her skin that hadn't been coated and marked by me.

But Mom being back would mean the conversation of freeing her would surely come. After all, the only reason my aunt fully surrendered herself was to set her little sister free.

I was anxious about the impending talk, but I shouldn't be. The end result would be the same, with my aunt fully succumbing to my will with my mother alongside her.

Two slaves for one Master.

"Swallow it all," I grunted out as I fucked her mouth and poured cum straight down her throat. Mary choked a little, but her gag reflex was improving. She didn't withdraw, obeying my command and making sure every drop of seed was not wasted, lapping up my length after she was done.

"Good girl," I said, smiling, patting her on the head, my other hand tracing around her thick black collar, feeling up the expensive material, and enjoying the sounds of her moaning as she became consumed by an orgasm that had triggered from hearing the two words.

Life was good.

After breakfast and watching Mary clean the dishes—and her mouth—we were lazing in the living room when I handed my aunt her phone.

“Call him.”

“What?” My aunt sat up and adjusted her blouse.

“Call your husband. He must be worried about you, staying at your sister’s place for so long. I want you to repeat every word I whisper into your ears. Do you understand?”

She gulped. I could see in her eyes, she didn’t want to do it, but after more hypnosis sessions, this time with her mind more open towards my suggestions, I made her more submissive and more willing to obey my commands.

Eventually, she nodded, looking so cute and innocent.

“Yes, Master.”

“Good slave.” I balanced myself on my knees and brought a hand to her ass. “Now, get on all fours. Usual position. Bow your head low and move your hips high.” I waited for her to obey. Soon enough, her ass was right up to my face. “That’s right. That’s a good slave.”

I blew on her clit and smiled when I caught her shivering. The constant suggestion that everything I do to her would seem extremely erotic and feel good was clearly working. I could bring her to orgasm quickly with a single finger now, and she loved it. Mary’s sex life was boring, only having sex a few times a week at most, which was bizarre to me once I had learnt that. She had only experienced missionary sex, she had never been eaten out before, and she never had anal, something we both had done multiple times since I had enslaved her.

A woman such as her deserved to be worshiped, and her husband was dumb enough to not make good use of her insane body. Their reasoning was that both of them were always busy with work. Bullshit. If I was her husband, I would make time for a woman of her stature.

I scrolled through her phone and clicked on her husband’s contact. While the phone dialed, I set it in front of her and, without a warning, slipped my cock into her.

She inhaled sharply, but quickly adjusted, moving her hips and shifting her weight, accommodating herself to my girth.

“Oh—fuck. Fuck.”

I could hear the bite on her lips as she spat the words out. That was one thing I liked about Mary. She was as expressive as her sister during sex. Moans, groans, cries, chokes, and curses were abundant in the bedroom whenever I was with any of them.

Her husband picked up on the third ring.

“Hello?” It was a voice rich with smoothness and culture. I could immediately tell he came from old money. “Mary? Where have you been?”

When my aunt didn’t reply, I remembered she was under orders not to talk and only speak out my words. She was a mere puppet in this conversation. I grabbed the sides of her body and pulled myself close to her ears, whispering words.

“Hello, David. I’m still in town.”

My aunt parted her lips.

“Hello, David. I’m still in town.”

“Still?” He sounded annoyed. “When will you be back? Are you okay? Why does your voice sound like that?”

Maybe I shouldn’t have thrust my hips forward because my aunt seemed unable to control herself as a moan leapt from her lips.

A pause on the line.

“Mary?” Another pause. “Mary, where are you?”

I sighed. Time to cut to the chase.

“I’m sorry, David,” I whispered darkly into my aunt’s ears. As I did so, I thrust in, hard, and my aunt craned her head against my lips. She was really getting off to the commands that she would feel extreme, addictive pleasure whenever we fuck, and I

was pleased to see the results. I settled my cock deep inside her and I felt her shiver. "But I'm not in love with you anymore. I want a divorce."

I had planned this call in my head days ago, even before her enslavement. While envisioning the scenario, I was sure my aunt would not repeat back the words, and I had to resort to force.

My mother had told me they were in a very happy marriage, but questioning my aunt under hypnosis revealed that she always wanted more from a man, and with some brainwashing, I have made my aunt believe I was that man.

After all, she now thought I was the most attractive man in the world and the only one worthy of her pussy. Combined with the fact that I was constantly giving her pleasure every single day, pleasure that she had never felt in her life, it shouldn't be a big surprise when the words tumbled out of her lips without hesitation.

"I-I'm sorry, David." Mary was panting now, not even bothering to hide the hoarseness in her voice. She wiggled against me, begging me to thrust into her again. I did exactly that, and she groaned. "But, ah! Ah—I-I'm not in love with you anymore. I—fuck—want a divorce!"

"What? Mary, W-what are you talking about? What is that? Who are you with?"

At this point, I was getting annoyed with the call. All I wanted now was to finish inside her, and everything else was a distraction.

"I want a divorce," I whispered quickly into my aunt's ear.

"I want a divorce," she repeated back with the same coldness I delivered.

Before he could reply, I tapped the phone, ending the call, and settled back, fucking my aunt properly.

I rode her hard and fast, and she was enjoying every second. Our neighbors would surely hear those loud moans. Hell, the entire building could probably hear her screams of pleasure every once in a while if I thrust in too hard.

"You're mine," I grunted, slamming my cock into her. She jerked from the force, then nodded her head enthusiastically. Her hair wasn't done up, since Mom wasn't there to

braid her hair, and she didn't know how to do it herself, so it was a wild mess, flying around her as she moved her head.

"I'm yours!"

My aunt didn't just say it. She screamed the words at the top of her lungs. I didn't realize she was riding another orgasm until her pussy walls clamped down tight and her juices squirted all over me.

I tried to hold my release back, but the tightening of her pussy just felt so fucking good and I couldn't help me but tilt my chin up to the air and let everything out.

When Mom came back to the condo, she immediately stripped off her dress and embraced me in a deep French Kiss, sliding her tongue against mine. I clutched her hair in my fist, angling her mouth so I could take her in deeper.

Her sounds were muffled by our clashing tongues. I was aggressive with her, but she responded by melting at my touch and allowing me to own her.

When we finally broke apart, I looked at my aunt, who was standing awkwardly behind me, clad in her maid's uniform.

"Why don't you greet your little sister?" I prompted, licking my lips, savoring more of the taste I had waited three days for.

My mom fidgeted at my words. They both did. The sisters knew what I meant.

Alana acted first.

"Come here, sis," my mother said, opening up her arms. They hugged, but only for a beat. As they met each other gazes again, my mother leaned forward and pecked her sister on the lips. They tasted each other, pecking a few more times, before both of them mutually agreed to deepen the kiss, and soon, both their eyes were closed, and their hands were roaming each other's bodies.

The kiss didn't stop until I clicked my tongue. They both looked relieved as they broke apart and Mary's face was flushed a deep red, and she wiped her lips with the right sleeve of her uniform.

Gathering my girls together and bringing an arm over each of them, I led them both to the Master bedroom.

“Let’s have a shower, shall we?” I said out aloud.

“Yes, Master,” they said in unison.

Of course, they both knew I didn’t want a simple shower.

The Master shower was big enough for all three of us. We were surrounded by glass walls that were fogging up as hot steam dispersed all around us.

I couldn’t get my hands off my mother. Seventy-two hours of not being inside her had driven up a hunger inside me I didn’t know existed.

Not even a minute after we were under the hot jets of water and I had already had her back against the glass wall with both her legs wrapped around me and her weight supported by the wall and my hands and hips.

We fucked like that until it became too dangerous to continue. The walls were begging to be slippery with all the condensation, and her weight was becoming a problem. Even though my mother was slim and fit, her frame was filled with toned muscles, and I hadn’t been hitting the gym in a while.

I made a promise to myself that I would begin working out. Maybe build a private gym inside the apartment. It would be an exciting activity, working out with my girls.

After I was satisfied with filling my mother up with my cum and having heard her familiar moans—music to my ears—I sat myself on the floating bench and tried to catch my breath. My heart was beating so hard in my chest and fatigue was starting to set in.

My aunt was just standing in the corner of the shower, hands in front of her, her fingers interlaced. She was flitting her gaze between her sister and me, but lingered around me longer.

I looked at her. “What is it, Mary?”

She seemed hesitant to speak. Her fingers formed into fists, and she rubbed her knuckles tenderly, her gaze cast down now.

“Your... deal. Do you remember? Me for Alana?”

“Yes,” I leveled at her. “What about it?”

“I-I completed my training, haven’t I? S-So... can you please release her now?” She looked up at me, her dark eyes full of nervousness. “Please?”

I nodded. “Of course.” With my eyes still trained on my newest slave, I addressed my mother. “Alana, you’re free now. You can leave.”

“But I don’t want to, Master. I want to stay with you.”

“Then it’s settled. Happy?”

“Wait.” My aunt frowned. “No, you have to let her go. You promised.”

“I promised I would allow her to be set free,” I corrected her. “And I did. I gave her the opportunity to be free once again, and she declined.”

“No.” She was shaking her head now, her sleek dark blonde hair moving with her. “That was not the deal. You promised.”

“Mary, baby,” I told my aunt. “I delivered my part of the deal. You don’t need to be upset.”

“No...” Her hands fell limp by her sides, her fingers still balled into fist. “No! You lied to me. You tricked me!”

“Shh.” My mother stepped forward and comforted her sister. Mary accepted her embrace, but she didn’t move a muscle. Her dark eyes still glared at me. “Don’t worry, sis. I want to be with Master. We’ll be happy together as a family. Don’t be angry at Master. This is what I want. This was all my plan, to bring you in as a true family member.”

Mary shook her head again. “No, see!” Remove whatever brainwashing you did to my sister. Please, Let her go! I did what you wanted!”

I sighed. "I'm sorry, Mary. I can't undo what has been done. Besides, aren't you happy being with me? I promise I'll take good care of you both. Make you both happy and satisfied for the rest of your life."

"No!" My aunt broke out of my mother's embrace. "Fuck your promises!"

"Mary," I warned, standing up and stepping to my defiant slave.

She took a step back when I stood up and backed off until she felt glass as I drew closer to her.

The steaming bullets of water still pelted down on us. As I closed the distance between my aunt, our lips now an inch away, I raised a hand up to her neck and held her by the collar.

"Are you really going to do this?" I asked my slave. "Are you really going to defy me again?"

When she didn't reply, I felt pride swell in my chest. Her gaze was back to down on the ground, her shoulders slumped down, and her hands clasped in front of her pussy.

The posture of a broken woman.

"I'll take care of you," I whispered, then tugged at her collar, crashing her lips onto mine.

She didn't protest as I kissed her, and she definitely didn't stop me when I broke the links of her hands apart and slid two fingers up her sex.

"Please," she whispered to me, and her eyes choked with tears. "If you're going to do this, please take care of her. I love her."

"And I love her too."

With my mother as practice, I had gotten pretty decent at fingering a woman, and I was doing my magic on her pussy. With the added suggestion of having my slaves being easily brought to orgasm, my aunt was having trouble resisting me as I slid the pad of my thumb across her clit while my other fingers brought her close to the edge.

“Don’t worry,” I reassured her again. “I’ll take care of you both. I’ll make you both happy. You’re my girls and I will let nothing bad happen to the two of you.”

“Thank you. Thank you,” she sobbed out, then sank her head against my chest, sobbing and shaking.

“Shh...” I whispered, and after she calmed down and her choked breathing became labored gasps, I let out my final command. “Cum now, baby.”

Six Weeks Later

“Oh, Master! Yes!” my mother was moaning out in a sing-song-like voice. “Yes! Yes! Harder, Master. Harder!”

I gave into her wishes, pushing my body to its limits and ramming my cock into her harder and faster. My mother was on all fours in front of me, and the feel of her teardrop breasts were so soft and nice against the palms of my hands as I squeezed her tits as hard as I could, leading my mother to shriek her delight.

I came as quickly as I had entered. She orgasmed again; her moans brightening up the dark and glum atmosphere. It had been raining outside for the better part of the week, so I have been stuck at home with my beauties.

Not that I was complaining.

After unloading inside my mother, I slid my cock out, and a shiver ran through me, one that I felt all the way down to my toes.

I looked to my other slave, already positioned right beside her sister, on all fours, with her freshly shaven pussy spread out and ready for the taking.

My body throbbed with need and I settled behind my aunt, gave her ass a playful slap, which caused her to giggle and wiggle her ass at me. Smiling, I slid into her and began rocking my hips back and forth. My aunt liked it slow and loving, and it was a nice change to her sister, who always loved it rough and hard.

This was already a familiar sight to me. I had resumed my hypnotist shows, and every night I would open the door, head into the Master bedroom, and be welcomed by

the sight on both my slaves, side by side, on all fours, with their asses pointed invitingly towards me.

I would always take my mother first, because she was my favorite, and I suspect, always would be. She knew me better than my other slave, and would always move or angle her body in a way to maximise my pleasure. Her kisses were more loving and her tongue more skilled.

But I would never discount my second slave, who looked as beautiful as Alana, and had the body to rival hers, too. Although she didn't worship me as much as my mother; she had now fully accepted her role as my slave and worked hard to please me in every way. She had never disobeyed any of my commands since the day my mother returned, and she was now loyal to a fault.

I made sure of that, using more hypnosis sessions on both my girls, fine tuning their programings and adding more suggestions into their unconscious as I see fit. Their minds were mine to tinker with.

It took longer for me to blow my load, since the sex was slower. Even so, I didn't last long. Within a few minutes, I was grunting out as the last waves of pleasure ripped through me and spilled right into her waiting cunt.

With a happy sigh, I slipped out from her pussy and sat back, my weight supported by my arms behind me. My balls were empty, my breaths were heavy, and my chest was thrumming in my eardrums. I closed my eyes to compose myself.

"Master?"

My eyes flew open at the sound of my mom's husky voice.

Turning my head, I saw both of them were now on the bed, naked except for their collars and their heels, smiles on their faces, and hands wrapped around each other in a suggestive embrace.

A smile lit up my face. I knew the show they were going to be putting on was going to be wild and full of sounds.

Settling back once again, I enjoyed the show.

If I record my two girls making love to each other, anyone would swear they were lesbians. The passion they had when one would eat the other out, or the way both of them touch each other... or the making out. God, the kisses...

No one would suspect that they were straight and were only attracted to one man. No, they *could* only be attracted to one man.

The programming made sure of that.

But what I didn't program them to have was a genuine love for one another. After they knew I was into lesbian sex, they started experimenting more with each other. When they had free time after finishing their daily chores and when I was at work, or late into the night after I had fallen asleep.

They weren't sexually attracted to one another, but they held love, and that was enough to make a very convincing show of lesbian sex. And all dedicated to the audience size of one person—me.

For both women who were straight, they sure fucked each other than most lesbian couples.

As always, they made love first. I watched, my cock back to its full hardness as my mother closed her eyes, tilted her head and kissed her older sister as if she was her genuine lover—as if Mary was me.

Mary accepted her kiss and a low moan rumbled in her chest. The older sibling clutched the back of my mother's head and deepened the kiss. Both women were moaning lowly now, and it was my Mary who was the first to break away.

My mother moaned in protest at the quick kiss, but her objections died on her lips when her elder sister pushed her down to the mattress with her lips now on my mother's erect right nipple.

I pumped myself, in awe of the show that was played for my sole pleasure.

Mary paid special attention to the hard pink bud, then switched her attention to the other one, licking, sucking, and nipping gently.

The erotic sounds that were leaping from my mother's throat were genuine. She was loving this. My aunt was now on her sister's right tit, licking around the nipple, then

sucking. She glanced at me, and confirming that I was still watching, winked at me once before pecking her way down her sister's stomach.

The older slave spread the younger's thighs outward, then looked at me again.

I nodded my approval. She smiled at me, one full of adoration and affection, then dove right in. The gentleness and kindness were gone. Mary was eating her younger sister out with renewed vigor and wild drive.

Mary was always leading the lovemaking, the older sibling possessing the more dominant gene. My mother was extremely submissive, but her sister was the complete opposite. She was always the one in control when fucking her little sister.

But Mary always switched off her stubbornness and commanding aura when she was with me, and it felt so erotic to tame such a lioness.

I had been planning to wait until late in the night to work my balls again after fucking them both back-to-back, but my two damned slaves were sex maniacs, and it was me who had to keep up with their insane sex drives.

With a huff, I pushed myself up to my feet and got onto the bed. They both stopped what they were doing and looked at me, hungry expressions on both of their faces.

I took control quickly. Laying down on my back, I barked out the commands.

"Mom, I will finish you off. Sit on my face. Mary, mount my cock. Both of you face each other and continue kissing until I cum into her pussy."

"Yes, Master!" They cried out in unison.

My girls were quick. Mom spread her thighs and hovered her swollen pussy over my lips and my hips jerked upward when I felt warmness enveloping my cock. My aunt had inserted herself into me with such quickness and smoothness, I hadn't expected it.

Pleasure ripped through me and I bowed my back as a groan involuntarily escaped my throat. I felt movements on top of me, no doubts from my beauties having a good time on top of me.

Liking my lips, I continued where my aunt had left off, licking around my mother's clit, then sliding my tongue over it. She trashed on top of me, her moans muffled by my

aunt's mouth. And when I lapped inside her depths, her movements became more erratic and soon enough, my mouth became flooded with her juices.

She tasted fucking great—all sweet and savoury. I didn't last much longer, not with how fucking great my aunt's pussy felt as she moved her hips up and down, riding me to heights of pleasure few men had the luxury of experiencing. I cried out against my mother's pussy as I spurted seeds into my fertile aunt, and then she was next, her cries of pleasure drowning out my mother's low groans.

It was all over, and my beauties collapsed on top of me. Four breasts were pressed up against me and I rubbed my cock up and down the crack of one of my beauty's ass. I didn't know who. My eyes were shut tight and my body was heavy from exhaustion. It didn't matter. When it came to bodies, I didn't have a preference. Both of them felt heavenly.

I was a fucking lucky man.

As sleep threatened to take me, I thought if I wanted more women. With time, I could have a harem of beauties at my disposal. Mom and Mary could just be the beginning, leaders of my pack.

I was already hypnotizing people every day, and from time to time, a stunning beauty would step up on stage with me. I could easily enslave her, make her disown her family, and move in with us.

Should I?

Or should I keep my harem bound by blood only?

Choices. So many choices.

But I had all the time in the world to mull them over.

End

