

Chapter 2

I stared at my sister's phone screen, reading the slew of replies from her best friends.

Audrey: FINALLY! A reply! Where have you been, girl?

Sabrina: Yeah! You haven't been to school in almost a week!

Audrey: Where are you right now??

As they continued typing, curiosity got the better of me and I scrolled up to scan the past chatter.

It felt dirty reading messages I shouldn't be reading. But nothing could beat the wrongness of fucking Arianna.

The chat history was mostly just gossip and fruitless ramblings, so I scrolled back and read the fresh texts.

Audrey: Is your disappearance related to that night? Your geek brother wouldn't let us in. Said you were busy or something. I demand you tell us what's happening!"

I grunted. How should I reply to that?

Most importantly...

How would Arianna reply to that?

I glanced over to my right where my lovely maid was setting the plates for lunch, her honey blonde hair tied back into a ponytail. Arianna had always been too pretty for her own good, but wearing that maid's uniform made her the sexiest girl alive.

Whoever came up with this brainwashing invention was a genius at marketing, too.

Once I realized that my large initial deposit for the two DVDS and only one uniform set wasn't enough due to how 'dirty' it got every time Arianna serviced me, I returned to the website, logged in, and discovered a special deal offering a three set for a discounted price.

Of course, I snagged the deal up, along with additional sets for Audrey and Sabrina.

I had already spent the majority of my savings, but it wasn't a problem when Arianna was more than happy to chip in with my new hefty spending habits.

Arianna finally noticed me. She offered a seductive lip-biting my way, a gesture I still haven't gotten used to yet.

Not even a week ago, she was this brat that was the ruin of my life. Not even a week ago, I was a virgin.

But Arianna had remedied that handicap, making sure I thoroughly enjoyed her body in ways a brother should.

All it took to turn my life around was a single DVD.

There was still the second part of the training, and I had been debating whether I should have Arianna watch part two.

On one end, Arianna deserved to get the full maid training. She had been such a bitch, she should spend the rest of her years being blank eyed and used more roughly than she could handle.

But I had a better idea.

"Arianna?" I called out to my maid.

She fixed her striking blue eyes on mine. "Yes, Master?"

I would never get tired of hearing that.

"Come here, beautiful."

I watched as my sister placed the plates down and strode towards me, hips swaying, coming to a stop just a foot away.

I ignored her for a moment, still drafting the text message.

Arianna's whole personality had changed. Before, she was unable to sit still even for a minute, constantly needing some sort of visual stimulant.

But this new Arianna was a saint. She patiently waited for me with her hands clasped in front of her apron until I finally hit 'send'.

I looked over my reply.

Arianna: I will explain everything. Come over to my place at 7 tonight for a sleepover?

I didn't know if my sister actually texted that way, but I couldn't care less. They will come.

And I would have the DVDs ready for them.

"Alright," I sighed, tossing her iPhone to the side. Arianna didn't even flinch to see her once prized possession being thrown like that. She kept her pretty blue eyes on me.

"Sabrina and Audrey are coming over tonight," I informed her.

Her smile flattened. "Who, Master?"

Right. Her memories were wiped clean.

I returned her smile.

"Just two girls," I told Arianna.

She beamed at me, clearly clueless. "Okay."

"Arianna?"

Her smile was nothing short of innocent. "Yes, Master?"

"If I tell you to fuck another girl, would you do it?"

Her answer was instant. "Yes, Master. I'll do anything you say."

"But what if..." I chuckled, drunk on my power over her. "I tell you to watch while I fuck other girls? Would you do it?"

“Yes, Master. I’d be delighted to watch you fuck other girls.”

One thing was for sure. Arianna wouldn’t be watching. It was a test, and my sister had passed beautifully.

Even though I haven’t sampled any other pussies yet, I was adamant no other girl could grant me the pleasure Arianna could.

It wasn’t the fact that my sister was hot. It was the fact that she was exactly that.

My own sister.

“Good girl,” I said, then motioned to my sister on the couch. “On all fours, slut.”

“Yes, Master!”

Arianna couldn’t look happier, squealing as she rushed to the couch, hastily getting down to her hands and knees.

As she presented her pussy to me—no panties underneath her uniform—I briefly wondered how many brothers had used the maid DVDs to enslave their hot sisters, too.

Surely I wasn’t the only person who could enjoy Arianna. Surely there must be a bunch of brothers out there who had turned their sisters into their personal maids too.

Sighing happily, I took off my pants, grabbed my cock in hand and guided myself inside of the only girl that could ever make me truly happy.

Ding Dong.

Arianna pulled back from my cock, cum dripping from her pretty lips.

“They’re here, Master.”

“I’m aware.” Grunting, I stood up on wobbly knees and stroked my beauty queen.

Having Arianna as my sex slave wasn't as easy as it seemed. With Arianna, I had zero self control and I knew that one day or another, I had to pull back from this deranged sex addiction.

"Go and wash up," I told my kneeling sister, still clad in her maid uniform. "I'll greet the guest."

It was the maid's job to welcome guests, but I wanted to get to know my sister's best friends before they were... reeducated.

Everything was ready. The TV was on, their new uniforms ready to be worn, the curtains drawn down so nobody would disturb us.

As Arianna stood up to head to the bathroom, I smacked her ass hard, but my sister just giggled and blink her lashes at me, ready to fuck at a moment's notice.

Ding Dong.

"Go," I grunted, striding to the front door.

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, I opened the door and greeted my two guests.

Out of the two girls standing in front of me, I preferred Sabrina.

She was tall, dark-haired, and owned the most gorgeous pairs of deep green eyes. Sabrina came from wealth. It was obvious from the designer purse slung over her left shoulder and the expensive, but modest dress covering her hourglass figure.

She was the only person in Arianna's friend group that I could tolerate. Sabrina didn't throw constant backhanded insults at me, and always tried to be nice.

"Hey... Max." Sabrina offered a small smile. "Is your sister in?"

"She has to be in," Audrey snorted, folding her arms over her tits. "You better let us in, geek."

The other girl wasn't so nice, but I had to admit, she was as pretty, if not prettier than Sabrina.

Audrey had dyed her hair a beautiful shade of ash blonde and had the most fuckable figure I have ever seen—besides my own sister.

With those curves and that ass sticking out in her tight dress, it was clear she put a lot of effort and care into her body.

She also came from money, but she flaunted her wealth more openly than Sabrina.

If her shiny Hermès handbag she was holding or her diamond earrings weren't extravagant enough, then the bright blue Porsche behind her told the whole story.

I had assumed I would enjoy Sabrina more, but having seen Audrey again, I changed my mind.

I had been hard, but merciful to Arianna.

Audrey wasn't going to receive any sympathy from me.

It took a lot to maintain my smile. I even had to let out a forced chuckle.

"Arianna's home," I told them. "She—"

"Move!" I didn't expect Audrey to barge in, but she knocked me aside and headed into the house.

When I looked at Sabrina, she just offered a sympathetic smile before stepping up onto the porch and walking past me too.

"Ari!" Audrey's voice rang through the house. "Ari, where are you?"

I closed the door. Locked it.

"Ari!" Audrey tried again, storming from room to room and calling out my sister's name. "Ari! Where are you?"

Sabrina tried a different approach. She looked around for a bit before turning to me.

"Where's your sister, Max?" she asked, her voice a saint compared to Audrey's shrill shouts. "You said she was here."

She was. Audrey was just not thorough in her investigation. There was a room she hadn't barged into yet.

When I saw my room door slowly opening, I nodded in the direction. "There she is."

Both girls whirled their attention towards my room.

My beautiful Arianna stepped out.

Their jaws dropped.

"What the..." Audrey's mouth was wide open.

"A-Ari...?" Sabrina took a tentative step forward towards my sister. "Is... is that you?"

My sister frowned at her.

"Ari?" My sister shook her head. "My name's Arianna."

Audrey was the first one to act. She rushed to my sister's side and grabbed her hand. "What are you wearing?"

Then she answered her own question.

"W-Why the fuck are you wearing a maid's uniform?"

Now it was Arianna's turn to look confused. My sister glanced at me with a look I understood.

What are these girls talking about, Master?

I chuckled. "Serve us drinks, Arianna."

"Yes, Master!"

I was in absolute glee watching both Audrey and Sabrina in absolute disbelief, standing there in silence as my sister disappeared into the kitchen before reappearing a minute later with a tray in her hands.

I was relishing every second, even more so when Arianna served me my drink first. As if it was the most natural gesture to make, my sister sank to her knees and offered up the tray.

It was all the same tea, but I took my time choosing which cup, more than aware of the dubious stares on us.

“Thank you, sis,” I said, finally picking my choice and sipping the hot tea.

“You’re very welcome, Master,” Arianna said, gracefully rising to her feet on her high heels before offering the tea to the guests.

“Ari...?” Sabrina stared at my sister. “What the fuck?”

“What the fuck?” Audrey echoed. “Is this a joke, Ari? Tell me this is a joke.”

“This is no joke,” I said, forcing the attention back to me. “Arianna has decided to be my maid.”

I guess Audrey didn’t know how to react because she started laughing.

“Ari!” she giggled. “Stop! I know this is a prank, but...”

Her laughter died out when she saw my sister’s impassive reaction to it all. And I guess the truth was settling in because she took an unsteady step back, her face masked in confusion.

“Arianna,” I said, wanting to get the plan in motion. “Have the guests seated.”

“Yes, Master.” My sister set the tray to the side and then gestured over to the sofas. “Girls, please have a seat.”

Amazingly, they complied. I guess they were in shock and didn’t know what to do, so they didn’t protest as Arianna ushered them to the sofas.

“I know you’re confused,” I said as I fished the TV remote out of my pocket. The TV was already on, but the DVD wasn’t playing yet. “I will explain everything in due time. Just sit back and relax.”

Audrey and Sabrina were strangely silent. They just kept glancing helplessly between Arianna and the blank TV screen.

Little they know, it would be their final moments as Audrey and Sabrina. From then on, they would be nothing more than my blank-eyed pets.

“Enjoy the show, ladies,” I told them, raising the remote and sealing their fates.

For some reason, the swirling patterns on the screen didn't affect me.

But my two guests didn't have that luxury. Not even a minute had gone by and Audrey was already slumped against the couch, her blue eyes as blank as I ever saw them.

Sabrina was in a similar position. Her body was limp against the sofa, her green eyes fixated on the screen. Her jaw was slack, and I watched as the first bead of saliva dripped from the edges of her lips.

Arianna had her back towards the TV screen. My sister was watching me, patiently awaiting instructions.

“Good girl.” I reached over and stroked my sister's cheek, smiling when she purred and leaned against my touch. “You have done well. But do you remember your next orders?”

“Yes, Master,” she breathed, and I slipped my hand under her uniform skirt, grinning when I found my sister *soaked*.

“What is it, slave?”

“I will change DVDs after five hours have passed.”

That was the time frame for the first DVD. I had enquired about the length after emailing the ‘Maid For You’ support team.

“And...?” I urged my whimpering sister, having no shame or remorse as I slipped my ring finger into her eager pussy.

"I..." Arianna gasped as I explored her depths, curling my finger inwards. "I will not look at the TV screen no matter what."

I could have done everything myself, especially since I was immune to the hypnotic DVD effect. But that meant I had to stay awake for the night.

I had a maid now. And Arianna had a lot more uses than just being a pleasure hole.

"Good girl," I said. Her high-pitched gasps were making me so fucking hard, and her girly whimpers had me closer and closer to the edge. "You're a good girl, aren't you, Arianna?"

"Yes, Master." She leaned forward. Pressed her soft pink lips against my neck. "I...I'm a good girl."

Christ. Arianna would be the death of me. Was it really my fault for having a sex addiction when my own little sister was constantly offering herself to me?

It was her fault.

For the third time that day, I ordered my precious little sister to go on all fours.

Arianna didn't seem to mind going down in front of her entranced friends. She didn't even show the slightest bit of shame or hesitation, hastily falling to her hands and knees like a bitch, presenting her innocence to her big brother.

I grinned at the gem of a sight in front of me. Her cunt had been so abused, it was bright pink. It must have been agonizingly sensitive too because the moment I pressed the tip of my cock at her entrance, Arianna started whimpering.

Not that long ago, I used to assume sex was over-hyped. It was probably a coping mechanism because no girls would look at me.

Spoiler. It wasn't over-hyped.

It was crazy to think that a hole between my sister's legs could force so much pleasure out of me.

Hissing my delight, I pressed forward, entering my sister once more, grunting as her cunt flexed around me, her warm walls welcoming me in.

Audrey and Sabrina were still limp against the couch. They kept their blank eyes forward, showing no reaction to the depravity happening right across from them.

My new maids-in-training had to sit through five hours of brainwashing for the first tape, then another seven hours for the second.

A question popped into my mind.

What would their parents think?

For us, it wasn't an urgent issue. Dad and Mom only visited us once every few months, so I had plenty of time to train Arianna to act 'normal' in front of them.

But Audrey and Sabrina?

Honestly, I didn't think the plan through.

I could worry about the specifics once I have my new maids ready for use.

"Master..." Arianna's moans were filling me up. I squeezed my eyes shut, pleasure rising in waves as I pumped short and hard thrust in and out of her abused pussy hole.

I could feel every tremble in her fragile body, every tight flex of her pussy, every moan and yelp I was forcing out of her throat.

I still couldn't believe it.

Right below me... was Arianna.

I had turned my own little sister into a sex slave.

She used to be this stuck-up bitch who thought she was better than everyone else.

I had improved Arianna.

Made her *useful*.

“Little sis,” I grunted, loving the music we created together as brother and sister. The TV was silent, only displaying the dizzy swirling patterns. But Arianna was frantic, grunting with me, moaning me out, shrieking her pleasure every time I made a successful plunge deep inside her.

“Masterrrrrr,” she moaned in that little girl voice, forcing me to fuck her even harder.

“Yes! YES!” I watched as Arianna collapsed onto the ground, but she was still working my cock, driving her hips back and forth, eagerly matching my insane rhythm. “YES! YES!”

God. She was loving my cock.

For the fourth time that day, I blew my load into my favorite hole of Arianna’s. It was the tightest, the warmest, and I always received the best reaction from her every time I fucked her there.

Arianna was cumming along with me, shrieking so loud I fear the neighbors might call the cops. Her pussy was so tight, pulsing around my cock with that all pleasuring grip.

Her pussy was just something else.

Fuck.

I couldn’t stop cumming and I took a quick peek down at my work in action. My balls were working overtime. I had poured so much into my sister that cum was overflowing out of her pussy, staining her uniform.

Would she get pregnant? She wasn’t on birth control and I never gave my poor sister a break, constantly fucking her till the point of exhaustion.

Heaving, I pulled out of her, spurting the last remains all over her ass, thighs, and back as my freshly fucked sister slumped onto the ground, groaning softly.

I had completely forgotten about our guests until I looked to the side and saw them still on the couch, unaware of the mess I had made.

Sabrina was a sight, with tears all over her cheeks and drool all over her chin and chest.

Audrey wasn't doing much better. Her head was lolled to the side and her lips were ajar, saliva waterfalling down, ruining her expensive dress.

I glanced back at my sister. She was still on the ground, heaving breaths, her blonde hair a roguish mess around her face.

Ordering her to get up, we stumbled into the shower, and I didn't know if it was a fetish of mine or something, but having Arianna lick my whole body clean was unbearably hot.

My sister finished me off by happily deep throating my cock, and then we headed to bed where I snuggled up close against her naked body, sighing softly as I used her beautiful tits as my preferred sleeping place.

I started to doze off, but Arianna stayed wide awake. She had a job to do, and I was beyond excited to wake up tomorrow and greet my new blank-eyed maids.

Especially Audrey. She was like my sister. Too pretty for her own good. Too spoiled to see reason.

Someone needed to put that hot ash blonde bitch into her place.