

Chapter 1

-James-

“Oh fuck, Em,” I moaned as I felt an impending orgasm erupting. “Fuck.”

My sister, Emma, didn’t respond. She was too focused; dutifully working my cock, expertly bobbing her mouth up and down my shaft, her left hand tenderly cupping my testicles while the other was firmly wrapped around the base of my erection.

I initially planned on holding out for as long as possible, but this was impossible; I couldn’t take it anymore. With a grunt, I exploded into her. I felt her grip tightening, encasing my balls in a warm, wet shell that I grew to love, as if she was trying to milk more cum out of me.

Over the months, my sister had perfected the art of cock sucking. Emma had gotten way<i> better compared to the first time. She was really committed, purchasing several books on how to give better blowjobs and I even caught her a couple of times, in her room, deep throating a banana whilst watching YouTube videos about blowjobs.

Even before her brainwashing, Emma had always been a hardworking individual. A perfectionist. When she set her mind to something, she made sure she did everything in her power to master it.

That’s why she had always been a straight-A student and had even competed in the national volleyball team. Of course, I made her drop both of them, along with all her hobbies, interests and social life.

I rather she be here with me, serving my will then continue studying in university or waste her time in team practices or with friends. The only activity I still allowed my slave to continue was going to the gym—to keep her body fit and her curves intact.

I might just even build a personal gym in the garage, so she would be at my beck and call almost twenty-four-seven. My desk would quickly get filled up with half-finished bags of chips and empty sodas cans whenever she went to have her workout sessions or go for the weekly grocery haul.

Emma kept my cock in her mouth, swallowing down my cum until she was certain my orgasm had completely passed. Then she slowly withdrew from my length, her

tongue running alongside my undershaft, teasing him. I leaned backwards a little, using both my palms as support, recovering from the orgasm my sister just gave me.

My slave then started licking the sensitive tip of my penis, like one would do to a popsicle, making sure nothing was wasted—just like I trained her to. Satisfied, she turned her attention and looked at me questionably, her emerald gaze burning into mine.

“Mhmm,” was all I could manage out, trying to tell her how satisfied I was.

My sister gave me a sly smile, and gave a sweet peck on my tip before making her way towards the bathroom to rinse off her mouth with warm water, then finishing it with gagging a couple of mouth washes, making sure there was no residue of my cum left—taste or scent.

She had dutifully followed that order I gave it to her after making the fatal mistake of making out with her after a wonderful blowjob session. Never again.

After a couple of minutes, my slave came back and, as if it were the most gesture to make, settled down on her knees in front of me. My sister looked up at me adoringly, her green eyes glowing with that of submission and worship.

“Did you enjoy that, Master?”

I smiled and stroked her head, feeling the smooth texture of her long auburn hair that was bundled up into a cute ponytail. It was part of her uniform and she wore it exactly the same way every day.

“Yes, I did.”

“I’m glad.” She purred back sexily, then lowered her head and said nothing else. “Stand-by mode” as I liked to call it.

She would remain in that position until she received an order. I always wondered how she did it. Surely no one could kneel for hours and hours on end without getting bored out of their fucking mind. But when your sole purpose in life was to be the best slave you can be while not having any other interest except serving your Master, I could see why.

I stroked her for a few more moments, enjoying the smooth texture of her hair and the barely audible moans that were escaping from her lips before reluctantly giving an order to go resume her chores. The house wasn't going to clean itself.

My sister gracefully stood up then took the tips of her maid uniform, slightly pulling them apart while simultaneously bending her knees with one foot in front of the other. She gave me a deep curtsy, her head bowed, perfected from the thousands of times she had practiced the gesture in front of a mirror.

"Yes, Master," came the response I had expected from her.

I watched her walk away, her hips seductively swaying as she did so until she slipped out of my bedroom. Emma had made sure that I always received a premium view of her ass—she knew all too well that it was my favorite asset of hers.

I used to spend entire afternoons just squeezing, fondling, pinching and slapping those plump cheeks. Despite my fondness for them, I never had particularly liked anal—at least from the numerous attempts I had tried with Emma.

I laid back against the warmth of my bed and sighed happily. I needn't do anything for the rest of the day but lay here. No more chores, no more stress, and no more bitchy sister. Life was good.

My thoughts were interrupted by a gentle knock at my door. I sat up and saw my sister tentatively leaning into my room.

"Sorry for bothering you, Master, but there's someone at the door."

Who could it be? I didn't notice the doorbell ringing.

Groaning, I left the warmth of my bed and headed towards the main door, my slave following closely behind me, high heels clicking on the tiles. I took a glance through the peephole and was greeted by the sight of a man in his young twenties wearing a uniform I recognised.

I waited patiently for Emma to put on the robe that was prepared on the rack next to the front door. She slid into the garment, concealing her uniform underneath. I didn't want anyone to spot her in it—it would raise too many questions.

I opened the door just as she was tying up a knot.

“Hi,” the stranger said awkwardly. “Delivery for Mr. James Copper?”

“Yes, I’m James.” I replied.

He handed me a clipboard he had been holding. “Could you sign here, please?”

I took it with a nod just as Emma came into view and I caught the delivery man started, his jaw dropping. I hid a smile behind the clipboard. My sister always attracted reaction like those. He started eyeing her from top to bottom, curiously glancing at her black leather collar, then frowning slightly at her high heels. My sister met his gaze and offered him a seductive smile.

“There.” I handed the clipboard back.

The young man fumbled for it, embarrassed. I chuckled silently and gave my sister a look when I saw his cheeks had gone a shade of red. Poor guy. I didn’t blame him.

“Your girlfriend?” he asked, trying to mask the jealousy of his tone, slightly gesturing at my other hand that was absentmindedly fondling her ass.

Oops. I let my hand drop. That was a bad habit of mine, one that I need to stop doing—at least in public.

“Yeah,” I simply said, taking the package. “Thanks.”

That was our current cover story. Emma was my girlfriend, and we lived together. Though, I admit, it was terrible.

My sister was a solid nine, and I was a four or a five at best. She and Laura had shared all the best genes from mom and dad among themselves and I was left with the scraps.

Having a girlfriend that was way above your league, and combined with the fact that my sister was an inch taller, wasn’t particularly believable, but people bought it. They probably thought that I hired an escort to lie about being my girlfriend or that I was the luckiest man on earth. They were right. Every time Emma brought me to an orgasm, I certainly felt like I was a direct gift from God.

But I hadn’t taken my sister for granted—yet.

I probably could slightly bump up my scores if I had bordered on grooming myself properly, wore better clothes and worked on burning some body fat. Though it didn't really matter; being unattractive wasn't a requisite to have sex with Emma.

Still, the cover story was leagues better than "She's my sister".

"What's that?" Emma asked with all of a child's directness, sliding out of her robe after the delivery man had left.

"It's a new collar I ordered for you," I replied, delighted at the squeal that had produced in the girl. "Something for you to wear in public. That black collar would raise way too much attention."

I opened the package and removed the bubble wrap, taking out the item. It was a simple black laced necklace with a letter "S" hanging in the middle of it.

"Thank you, Master," my sister said as I placed the necklace into her opened palms. She studied it for a while, feeling the cold steel biting at her fingertips as she rotated the 'S'.

"I am assuming the 'S' stands for slave?"

"Yeap."

"Thank you so much!" She threw her arms around and gave me a warm hug, her breast crushing against my chest and my boner pressed tightly into her. She held on for a while and I felt her trembling slightly. I frowned. Was she crying again?

She finally let go and I could see that she was. Emma was wiping away tears, sobbing pitifully.

"Go and finish up your chores," I told her, giving her a peck on the lips, feeling their plumpness and tasting the sweetness of her new gloss. Mmm. Strawberry. Way better than all the ones she used last week. I made a mental note to inform her of my preference later. "We'll talk again when you're done."

She managed a small smile, delighted at the affection I just gave her before turning around to obey my command. I gave her ass a slap, and she giggled childishly. She always liked it when I did that.

I dumped myself on the couch, dreamily watching my slave make her way to the kitchen, my mind drifting back three months ago when Emma was a completely different person—before she became mine.

Ever since our parents died, Emma became a stuck-up bitch to everyone but her closest friends. Even towards Laura, our youngest sibling. They had always been close.

I had managed to convince my sister to let me hypnotize her in exchange for a hundred dollars. She accepted the offer, with a snort and a laugh, thinking she would just be a hundred bucks richer—only if she had known better.

The entire process was slow but eventually, I moulded my sister into what she is today; an extension of myself; a completely devoted and subservient companion and a great fuck toy.

To achieve that, I had first blurred out her moral boundaries and blocked out all negative emotions she had towards me. She would never resent me anymore and would now always see me in a completely positive light.

The effect was instantaneous. After waking her up from the trance, for the first time in years, Emma started treating me nicely. It was great, finally having my sister back again, but that didn't make her my slave.

To accomplish that, I took the ability to feel and experience any sort of pleasure away from her. It was scary. I had always hypnotized her in sessions, and after that session, she became a zombie, completely void of happiness and joy, a shell of her former self. I would often catch her having breakdowns, crying in the corner of her room.

Despite my dislike of her, I hated having to see her like that. It almost broke me and I didn't get much sleep during those few days. But I knew it was necessary; a small sacrifice for the greater good.

I was relieved when it was time for her next session. Emma had not experienced any sort of joy for days and would be in an extremely vulnerable state of mind.

That session had marked the beginning of her life of servitude. I implemented a deep trigger within her mind, so that whenever she obeyed my commands or gave me an orgasm, endorphins that I had previously suppressed, would be momentarily released in her brain, giving her jolts of pleasure—kind of like an electric shock.

She became *extremely* addicted to it.

Emma would often time beg me to give her more commands or to have sex with her so that she could experience the much needed jolt.

I was, of course, happy to oblige.

I finally had the chance to fuck my sister—something that I had always fantasized about. It was scary, losing my virginity, but Emma had been gentle, guiding me through. She had lines of ex-boyfriends and had fucked many more, so she knew what she was doing.

After weeks of receiving pleasure jolts from me, Emma became extremely emotionally attached to me, and eventually falling in love with me, something I had completely not expected.

My initial goal was to make her my sex slave, which I had finally accomplished then, not to make her go head over heels for me—I didn't care about that. I should have expected it, though. It was obvious.

After all, she wasn't able to think badly of me anymore and I was the only person in the entire world that could make her feel happy.

Loved.

It was a welcome side effect. Initially, she would just have sex with me just for the jolt, to feel good, but slowly, as her feelings for me grew, our sex became way more intense and she would start initiating foreplay without me actually ordering her to—something she had never done before.

There were a couple of drawbacks, though. I loved watching lesbian sex porn, so when I made her have sex with another woman, she clearly wouldn't enjoy it.

Emma would try her best to pretend to, but it was painfully obvious. I didn't want to change her programming. If I did and made her able to feel pleasure from women, she might potentially leave me for one.

It was too risky. I couldn't just command her to just enjoy having sex with a woman, too. I only could change how her mind—and thus how her endorphins—worked through

hypnosis and it would have been a chore to hypnotize her whenever she was ordered to have sex with a woman, then reverse it after.

The most annoying drawback had to be her extreme attachment towards me. Well, it was more of a double-edge sword. It felt great to have a woman worship you and make you feel loved, but whenever she thought I was displeased with her for whatever reason or that I didn't find her attractive anymore by denying sex, she would become extremely depressed.

Emma wouldn't bring the issue up to me; she would maintain her cheerful composure around me but would go on breaking down and crying whenever she thought she was alone. I had finally found out about it through questioning her during hypnosis and immediately tried to fix it.

I had told her that if I ever was displeased with her, I would tell her directly and give her a punishment. I didn't know what the punishment was yet, since she had never done anything wrong.

And if I ever found myself not attracted to her anymore, I would immediately dismiss her from my service. Apparently, that wasn't the best thing to say since it would mean I was taking away her only meaning in life away from her, and so she became obsessed with plastic surgery and make up.

Finally, I told her she was beautiful and that I would always love her, no matter what. My sister bought it, of course. How could her beloved Master ever lie to her? Hell, if I told her that the sky was green, she probably wouldn't even have second guessed me.

I had kept my sister's personality intact—well, mostly. I didn't want to fuck a robot. My sister still had most of her traits and could still be somewhat displeased with my decisions and actions.

I also had kept some of her will left in her so she could form her own opinions and decisions. But just as a safety precaution, in the event my slave ever developed thoughts of escaping my control, I made her unable to disobey any of my commands and she could never lie to me.

But I knew her rebelling against me would never happen. Her programming made her very, very happy with her new life of submission. But it was always good to have a backup plan.

“Master?” Her silky smooth voice brought me back.

I looked up and saw my slave standing in front of me, her back straight, breast puffed out and her hands clasped in front of her apron, trying to look proud and presentable.

“Master,” my sister repeated. “Your dinner is ready.”

* * *

Dinner was nothing fancy, just meatball pasta served with mushroom peas. Emma was a pretty decent cook, but she was not the greatest, despite her best attempts to improve at it. Even my sister had her limitations.

My slave was standing at attention at the side of the table, holding a bottle of red wine. Emma would refill my glass whenever it was required and would see for my needs if need be, but otherwise, she served as a glorified statue while I ate.

I picked at the fettuccine, my mind wandering to different places. That was the consequences when you had a slave to do everything for you, from bathing you to tying your shoes. Hell, I had even forgotten what it's like to masturbate. I literally didn't have to do anything anymore, and so I was always in a constant state of haze.

I finally sighed and ate my food. Emma's meal was getting cold. She always made dinner for two, but she would have to wait until I was finished before she could eat.

“Dessert, Master?” my slave purred after I cleared up my plate, licking her rose coloured lips and glancing slyly at my crotch.

I shook my head. I wanted to, but it was best not. My poor dick had been abused so many times over the last couple of weeks that it was now very raw. From time to time, I would try to have a couple of orgasm-free days. It was an annoying problem to have. Why couldn't I fuck her ten times a day, every day?

But I was sure there were worse problems out there.

My sister nodded understandably, cleared my plate and went back to the kitchen, her hips swaying invitingly in my direction.

* * *

We were watching a movie that night with Emma cuddled up against me, her ass pressed firmly on my tender groin. I was fiddling with her leather collar and half listening to the action adventure fantasy that was playing in front of us.

My sister always wore her collar, unless she had to leave the house. For her, the collar was a symbol of pride and honor, and so she had tried to protest with me about the usage of her collar, saying it should always be on her. To show her undying devotion to me and remind herself of what she was and always will be—a slave, a piece of my property.

But I objected. It would definitely raise way too many glances and double takes in her direction. She already attracted enough of those. Well, I had solved that problem by ordering a more suitable collar for her to wear when she was out of the house.

“I should be marked,” my sister said, pressing herself closer to me, forcing my body to react. Despite my attempts, my cock quickly grew hard.

Emma had watched some documentaries a couple weeks ago about cults and was intrigued when she saw that the cult members were all marked—signifying that they were owned by their respective cult leaders.

I buried myself in her smooth auburn hair. My slave was naked and not in uniform, so she hadn't bothered to style up her hair, leaving it down instead.

“I will think about it,” I told her, enjoying the sweet lime scent that stayed with her from her pricey shampoo.

“Maybe I will get a tattoo of my signature on you and place it right here.” I gestured to my desired point by bringing a hand down hard, slapping her right ass cheek. It jiggled wildly from my touch and left a reddening outline of my palm.

“That would be great,” my sister giggled, not even flinching from the pain. She had gotten very used to it.

It was her suggestion that we watch the film naked together. I could still turn back, tell her that there we were just watching the movie and fuck tomorrow instead. My sore cock would thank me.

Emma would no doubt be disappointed, but she couldn't disagree with my wishes. But, no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't muster up the willpower to do so. Even though I was her Master, I was a slave to her beauty and my own lust.

Just on cue, like she knew I was second guessing my decisions, Emma began moving her hips, grinding on my now fully erect penis. Resigned, I reached out both hands to cup her breasts, my fingers playing with her already hard nipples, occasionally flicking them. My sister responded with a soft gasp, then let out a long drawn-out sigh.

Fuck it. I can afford one more orgasm tonight. Tomorrow I will abstain. But first—

Emma turned around to face me, positioning her dripping slit near the base of my cock. My sister looked at me, her eyes full of begging and her lips were quivering slightly.

"Master, I'm already wet," she informed me, trying her best to sound as seductive as possible. She couldn't make the first move. Only I could—one of my many rules.

"Not now, love," I replied, teasing her, and was rewarded by the sight of my beauty whimpering. Although my teasing was counterproductive to what I ultimately wanted, I enjoyed the games I occasionally played on her.

I admit, watching her acting all submissive and whimpering like that made me feel powerful. Often, when I teased her too much, she would get so sexually frustrated that she would go down on her knees, crying and begging for me to just start fucking her. I had always happily obliged then.

"Can I at least get more ready for you?" She pleaded, gesturing to her twitching fingers that were near her glistening cunt. "Please?"

"No," I said flatly. She couldn't masturbate or orgasm without my permission—another one of my long list of rules.

Emma turned her gaze down, disappointed, looking like she was about to cry. "Yes, Master."

Damn, she was such a slut. We had fucked multiple times on a daily basis for the past week and a half, but she still wanted more.

Resigned that I would not budge, she rested her cheeks on my chest and offered her ass out to me. I took them and she closed her eyes, moaning in an exaggerated manner when I started stroking her perfect ass.

Sly bitch. I thought, listening to her moans filling the room. She knew my weak points and was trying to get me as horny as possible without actually breaking my rules. Props to her, though, it was definitely working; my cock was already throbbing wet with anticipation.

I concentrated on the film for a while, tuning out her moans, trying to see how long I could go before she dropped to her knees and started begging me. It would be hard, but victory would be mine. I was going to fuck my sister either way.

My slave switched position on the couch, trying to get more comfortable as I stroked and pinched those juicy cheeks of hers. I could see a huge wet patch on the leather where her pussy had just been—she wasn't exaggerating when she said she was wet for me.

Fuck. I couldn't take it any longer. It would be a waste of an orgasm and a huge embarrassment for me to just cum right there and then, just by feeling up her ass and listening to her moans. I was better than that.

"My lips are getting dry," I told my sister, admitting defeat. That was all the cue she needed. The moaning immediately ceased and Emma jumped me, her naked body tumbling down firmly onto me and her strawberry lips pressing hard into mine.

I grabbed her body, feeling every inch of her pretty frame, and picked my sister up, replacing her so that she was now kneeling on my lap.

Her hips began moving with mad fervor, grinding up on me, desperately trying to find my cock, her juices spilling all over my lap. I lifted one of my hands to the back of her head, pressing her closer to me as she explored my lips that were already soaking wet from hers.

Emma leaned forward, pushing me back into the confines of the couch, and slipped her tongue through the seam of my lips. I greeted it with my own, enjoying the fury of explosions as we spared.

We stayed like that for a moment until I realized that I still had a free hand.

Better put it to good use.

I lifted my knees up slightly so her ass was now exposed to the stinging cold air. I trailed my hand over her back, enjoying her smooth, wavy curves before finally drawing it down to one of her cheeks, cupping it firmly. I squeezed her perfect, round ass as hard as I possibly could. Emma replied, moaning into my mouth, my sister lost in complete ecstasy.

Emma finally broke the kiss and gazed crazily into my eyes. She had the look of a mad woman; one full of lust and desperation. She drew her gaze down, settling it onto my rock hard cock, then right back at me. "Please," my sister whimpered, her voice full of need. "Please."

I almost said 'no', wanting to see how she would react then. She would probably run back to her room, crying in frustration. The mental image of that almost brought me to laughter. Even for me, that was too mean. So, I returned her gaze and nodded, giving my permission.

I didn't even have time to register the emotions in her face. She had already lined up her dripping wet pussy to my cock and the second she received her confirmation, Emma thrust forward with all her might, bringing my full length into her and I gasped at how incredibly tight and wet she was, almost blowing my entire load into her right then and there. I caught myself just in time and gritted my teeth, trying to hold it all back as I felt her pussy pulsing around my throbbing cock, bringing waves and waves of warmth that enveloped around my entire sex.

If there was a heaven, this was it.

I just laid there on the couch, my sister doing all the work, thrusting her hips back and forth, moving up and down my cock. My sister was fucking me with mad resolve but still held a steady, unceasing rhythm, her boobs swinging wildly as she does so. Emma threw her head back and over, staring at the ceiling, moaning and screaming me out, letting the world know all her lust and desires.

"Master, I'm going to cum! Tell me when you are close."

"Almost." I nodded through gritted teeth. I was at war inside, mentally trying to force my orgasm back, repeating a mantra over and over in my head.

Just a little while longer. Please. A little while longer. Please.

A noise in the air started us both, and we both turned towards the couch opposite us. It was a ringtone. Emma's phone was buzzing.

"Stupid bitch. Stupid fucking bitch," I heard my sister growl, recognizing the specific ringtone she had set up. "Don't ruin this for me."

"Who's that?" I asked her, confused.

"Laura," my slave replied with venom, spitting her name out. "Please, Master. Ignore it. Cum into me. Please."

That wasn't hard; I was already close to the breaking point. Determined that we should be released as one, I looked deep into her glazed, emerald eyes and nodded.

"Cum now," I growled, giving her a thrust of my own and opened the floodgates, exploding everything into her. My sister screamed, and came too, shaking and moaning me out, her sounds filling the house.

"FUCK! MASTER. MASTER. MASTER. MASTER."

I finally withdrew, panting hard, her sex tight around my sensitive cock, as if it didn't want me to leave. Emma was still in the midst of an orgasm and she rolled off my lap and onto the carpet, writhing in convulsion.

She finally stopped and laid there, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she tried to catch her breath. The ringtone had also stopped and I could hear my sister moaning me softly. It was like music to my ears.

After what seemed like an eternity, my sister crawled back to the couch and rested herself on my shoulder, her sex hair messy and her once smooth skin now slick with sweat. God. She smelled good.

"I love you, Master," she finally whispered to me, pecking my cheeks. "Thank you for that."

"No problem," I replied, offering my slave a small smile. I should be the one thanking her, but a Master should never thank his slave.

The sharp sound of the ringtone broke the silence again and Emma scowled, muttering something foul under her breath.

“Go pick it up,” I told her, and she immediately stood up and walked over, scooping up the phone, still spewing curses out.

My sister looked at the small screen, her frown deepening. She took the call, pressing the device close to her.

“Hey, sis,” she said, mustering up fake enthusiasm. “What’s up?”

Emma started nodding, and a drop of cum fell from her pussy, rolling down her smooth legs. Using her free hand, she palmed her slit, trying to keep the rest of me in her. “Uh, huh. Yeah.”

“Oh really! That’s great, Laura! Okay. See you soon.” My slave ended the call, tossing the phone back to the couch. She made a face. “Bitch.”

I looked up at her. “What did she say?”

“She’s coming back home from college,” my sister replied, forcing a smile. “She just finished her semester.”

I nodded and pointed towards her pussy. “Alright, go clean up yourself then the coach. I’ll bathe myself”

I knew she was still horny, so I added. “And you may masturbate as many times as you want for the rest of the night.”

“Yes, Master. Thank You, Master.” she replied, bowing low, before walking to her room, her hips swaying directly at me. She stopped midway and looked over her shoulder, smiling slyly when she realized I had been eyeing her. I smiled back.

Maybe I should have included a limit. I thought. There was no telling how many times she would masturbate later.

Oh, well. I shrugged, then sighed happily as I made myself back to the master bedroom. I unlocked my desk drawer and picked up the pendulum that I had used to hypnotize Emma with. So Laura is coming back home, huh? Believe it or not, I had never had a threesome before. I had Emma fuck escorts after escorts but I had always

just watched, recording the sex on video, then had her to jack me off while I played it on repeat.

I placed the pendulum back down and headed towards the bathroom, whistling as I did so. That soon was about to change.

Very soon.