

Chapter 2

-Emma-

I awoke to Master's dick still half inside my ass and His forearm draped over my bare breasts, hugging them possessively. I had cheekily snuck it inside of me while He was snoring away last night. His rules stated I couldn't put His dick fully in me without His permission.

Fully.

It mentioned nothing about a little or even halfway in. It was fun—trying to find loopholes in Master's ruling, trying to outsmart Him. I had always been rebellious and my programming hadn't changed that in the slightest. Honestly, I think Master enjoyed this side of me. If He didn't, He would have told me to knock it off a long time ago and I couldn't disobey a direct command like that, nor would I want to. Angering Master and risking banishment from His presence was the worst thing I could imagine.

I shuddered at the thought.

I didn't want to move. I was so comfortable. I wished I could lie with Him like this forever. I was already extremely lucky to share His soft and luxurious queen size bed for the night.

Master used to allow me to bed with Him every night for the first couple of months of my slavehood. But recently, He had me sleeping in my room, stating that He'd rather sleep with me as a treat instead of normalizing it to not get bored with me.

I leaned forward and Master's dick came out with a wet, audible 'pop', making me giggle. I could feel dry cum scattered around in between my hairless cheeks.

Still giggling, I turned around and studied my living God's face—so innocent, so handsome.

The room was freezing. Master had turned the temperature down—way more than necessary—because He was plump and would sweat a lot. I snuggled myself closer, into His radiant warmth and away from the air-conditioned breeze.

I already knew what time it was. I was programmed to wake up at exactly the same time every day. Nine AM. I had to clean, bathe, apply some makeup, then do my daily chores and prepare Master's breakfast that He likes to eat in bed.

He would lazily munch His scrambled eggs on toast while I was having my own breakfast of thick, salted cum.

Master always woke up inconsistently, but I had narrowed it down to between the hours of noon and two in the afternoon. I sighed happily. Today was a special day, and so I could afford to cuddle up with Master for a little while longer before having to pick Laura up from the airport at half past ten.

I shuffled around and retrieved the down comforter from the ground. Master must have kicked it away overnight. I pulled it over us, trying to do so gently so as not to disturb my sleeping God.

I was proud that I had afforded the bed for Master as our two-month anniversary gift. Honestly, it was just an excuse because Master had always complained about His previous bed, stating it wasn't comfortable enough for Him. Mom had spoiled Him as a kid and I used to despise Master for that. Not anymore. Now, I would happily spoil my God if it meant He would appreciate my worth more, especially with my new high-paying job.

I had previously worked as a personal assistant to the CEO of an independent company, finally saving enough to afford tuition on a degree in law at a world renowned university. Master and Laura had no income since Laura was still a freshman in college and Master was being Master, so we just lived off the decently sized inheritance our parents had left us.

It wouldn't last too long, so as the eldest child in the family, I felt the need to be responsible for them. I started job hunting and eventually landed that sweet gig as an assistant. I had planned to finish my degree and looked into becoming a partner at a local law firm. Of course, it didn't turn out the way I had initially planned. Life was strange like that; I had never considered the possibility of being enslaved by my little brother.

In the end, it was a blessing. Probably the best thing to have ever happened to me. Master had told me everything, and I was so glad that He had hypnotized me and made me His personal maid and fuck toy instead of some other woman.

Although I looked like I was satisfied with my previous life; I wasn't. I was depressed and didn't have any real sense of direction and purpose.

Now, I finally did. I had someone to serve and care for, for the rest of my life. Master had given that to me. Honestly, I think I was born to be His slave. I was perfect for the role. Who knew that I could be such a great submissive? I pitied the rest of the world; they will never experience what true happiness was like. They would search and

search, blindly thinking that having more money or more children will finally fill the gaping hole in their hearts.

Fools. The lot of them.

After my enslavement, Master had made me drop my degree and so I had raised the issue of finances to Him, worrying that His standard of living would drop considerably. He gave me His blessing to find another job, and so I did. When I was still studying at uni, I had received many offers of sex for money in real life, when I was walking around campus, or from private DMs on Instagram. They offered fantastic money, but being a prostitute seemed like a really degrading thing for me to do back then. I was disgusted and just ignored them.

Now, circumstances have changed. I really wanted Master to have a good, stress-free life, so I found work as a stripper downtown. It made us a lot of money, but soon enough Master made me drop that too. He was extremely jealous that I was performing naked for other men's pleasure, and had angrily stated that I was His and His alone.

Now I work as a cam girl on the side. For some odd reason, Master found that performing for people online wasn't the same as performing in real life, so He didn't mind my new job.

In fact, Master would often join in on the fun and fuck me in whatever way our viewers requested. It was shocking—the money we made. I hadn't known it previously, but they are *a lot* of people who were into incest and even more people who have a kink for dominant/submissive power play.

When they found out that I was His submissive, not to mention His sister, they would go *crazy* with their requests. Some even offered ludicrous sums of money for private shows or specific requests for me to do the most degrading things possible for their viewing pleasure.

It was sick. But Master loved it, so I had to love it too.

They didn't know that I was brainwashed to be His submissive. They just thought I had always been a submissive at heart and chose my brother to be my dominant, so they foolishly assumed my loyalty could be swayed.

One guy had offered me one and a half million to ditch Master and be his submissive instead. Of course, I had told Master about the deal. I had hoped Master would reject it, but that amount of money could set Master up for life and I would respect His decision and be happy for Him if he had accepted the deal.

I will never forget that moment when Master kissed me after I informed Him what the guy offered. He said that no amount of money could take me away from Him. I cried and then He took me to bed and fucked me until His cock could take no more.

A slave couldn't possess anything, so all the money we made from the cam job belonged to Master alone. Along with my share of the inheritance, previous savings, and all my assets.

Even my body.

My breasts, cunt, ass all belonged to Master so I couldn't use them without His explicit permission. Master had been smart and generous enough to open up a joint account to put half the money we earned in so I could still have money to purchase groceries and buy just about whatever that caught my fancy.

I was already completely satisfied with everything I had, or lack thereof, so I just used the money to purchase more gifts for Master, and to buy makeup—not that I used it too often. Master didn't like girls who had too much product on their faces, so I just used a pinch here and there—mostly preserving my natural beauty. All the beauty products I used had to be the highest end designer goods. Anything cheap—Master shuns.

Groaning, I swept away some of my hair that had fallen limp across my face and reluctantly moved Master's arm to the side so I could crawl out of bed. I realized His cock was still wet; pre cum was oozing from the tip, leaving a small pool on the sheets. I was half tempted to just lap it all up, but I would need Master's permission for that and waking Him up for no good reason was the last thing I wanted to do.

With a sigh, I gave Master a peck on the cheek and headed to the bathroom to perform my daily rituals... and to pick up my little bitch of a sister.

* * *

"So how's the brat?"

I stiffened with anger at my sister's words, but quickly calmed myself back down—I had to act normal to avoid any suspicion. I wasn't a slave when she had left for college and I'd hated my brother back then.

"He's fine," I replied coolly. "Still a spoiled little shit. You should see the queen-size bed he bought for himself!"

“Typical,” Laura laughed, then turned towards me, her eyebrows raising in surprise like they did when we first saw each other at the terminal. “Nice dress. Are you going on a date with Sam later? Where did you buy it?”

She was right to be shocked. Wearing a dress like this wasn’t ‘me’ at all and certainly wasn’t appropriate for the occasion. It revealed too much skin—way too much—and hugged the curves of my body so tightly that I felt like I was suffocating.

It was a sexy red dress, one that you would wear only for something like prom night. My back was completely bare except for a couple of stylish straps that crossed each other, forming an ‘X’. The expensive material only just barely covered my breasts and was hung on by a pair of thin straps that connected to the ones on my back.

I was worried that my nipples would pop out if I moved too much, but fortunately, they hadn’t ... yet.

The dress ended down at my heels, but there was a huge open slit along the right side showing off my smooth, tanned legs, sending cold chills to my bare pussy.

I didn’t have any other clothing to wear. Master had me burn all my previous outfits along with making me delete all my contacts and old photos. He bought me only the sexiest and most expensive clothes for when we had occasional fancy dates out. I thought it was a waste of good money, since we seldom had such dates, and all I wore at home was my maid uniform or nothing at all.

“Bought it at Lavender,” I replied, more self-conscious about my choice of clothing now that she had mentioned it. I wished I was in my maid uniform. It was still fetching -revealing a bit of breast and hugging my ass nicely—but it didn’t show nearly as much skin. “You like it?”

Laura’s eyes widened in surprise. “Lavender? The designer store?” she gasped. “Holy shit, Em. You must earn crazy money!”

I shrugged and forced a laugh, careful to keep my eyes on the road.

Laura continued talking about school, her new friends, and whatever else that popped into her head. I only paid half attention. She was soooo boring! Had I been like this too? I must have been.

We reached a red light, and I used the pause to look Laura over. She was pretty—like a mini version of me. Strangers never doubted that we were sisters. My male friends would often talk about her. Some even wanted me to be their wingman for a go at Laura once they figured out I only saw them as friends and nothing more. They figured if they couldn’t have me, Laura was the next best option.

I admit I was jealous. Why should I share Master with this woman? Wasn't I enough? But those are selfish, ignorant, scandalous thoughts. If Master found out, he would surely punish me. Master wanted Laura as His next slave, and I should do my duty and carry out Master's wishes—whatever they may be. I might not be happy about it, but Master's happiness was what really mattered. Not mine.

Laura was only nineteen, five years younger than me, and had the look of someone much younger, which was clearly reflected in her attitude. Like me, she had natural auburn hair with matching green eyes. Recently, Laura had experimented with a new look, by dyeing her hair blonde, cutting it to shoulder length, and styling it with curls.

I wasn't sure if Master would approve of that or have her dye it back to its original color. Master was very picky with my looks and had a big uniform fetish—often dressing me up as a schoolgirl, cheerleader, stewardess, nurse, and He would fuck me in them. He finally settled for a permanent uniform, since dressing up as a maid was suitable for my role as His submissive. My brother was different from all my previous partners, preferring to fuck me in clothes rather than naked.

I wondered if Master would go so far as to make us sisters as similar as possible—same hair length, style, color, and with matching uniforms. Aside from a few freckles on Laura's face and her being much shorter than me, we would be hard to distinguish then.

My gaze trailed down her breasts, to her curves and finally, to her ass. I nodded with satisfaction to myself and for her benefit, still pretending to be interested in the conversation. Master would be very pleased that Laura had kept fit. Especially the ass.

Master was a *huge* ass lover and Laura had a pretty nice one, though mine was certainly better. I worked very hard at the gym, so my curves were more pronounced, and my ass larger and firmer still—having been toned to near perfection.

I loved the times where Master would spend hours and hours just worshiping it. I would be hurt if He switched His attention to an inferior one like Laura's. That wouldn't be fair. Not at all.

I focused my attention on my sister's lips. She had been talking nonstop for the past 15 minutes, so they were a little chapped, but otherwise they looked made to be kissed—soft, tender, and very full.

Master would definitely make me worship them soon, and I licked my own in anticipation. Not from my own pleasure—I wouldn't get any—but the pleasure of Master watching, maybe recording the scene from afar, and then afterwards I would have the

blessing of being allowed to play with his cock. He would replay the video over and over until his salty cum filled my mouth.

Master used to enjoy buying escorts—sometimes multiple—and had them come over for me to fuck in any way He desired. But He hadn't done so in a while. I guess I'll be stuck with Laura. She still had an innocent, sweet look on her face that I hope will drive Master crazy.

I hoped Laura wouldn't notice the wet spot that was forming on my dress. I wasn't wearing any panties—Master didn't buy me any.

The light turned green, and I stepped on the gas, finally trying to pay attention to my sister's boring yet persistent yapping.

David

I was delighted when my two beauties returned home, safe and sound. Of course, Laura didn't even bother to greet me. She just sniffed and walked past me to her room.

I hoped Emma had cleaned her bed well—we had fucked on it a couple of times, and I vividly remembered a time where I completely missed Emma's boobs when I forgot to warn her I was about to cum as she was giving me a handjob.

Emma greeted me with a deep curtsy, like always—making sure that Laura's back was turned—and gave me a quick peck on the lips. I nodded with satisfaction when I tasted strawberries. She had taken my preference to heart.

My elder sister looked stunning today. She was in a tight, sexy red dress that I had bought for her a couple of weeks back. Coupled with the 'social collar' that was neatly strapped to her neck—she was a vision and my wet dream came to life. I had originally planned to take her out to a Michelin star restaurant to test how she looked in it, but the idea always slipped from my mind. I had been busy recently, having joined an online gaming tournament, and spent the past week practicing for it.

Now I know how it fits her and it was well worth the couple of grand I paid. The dress complemented her curves almost too perfectly. Though, there was a dull stain on the dress where her pussy was, and I could only wonder what she had been fantasizing about to get so worked up like that.

I hoped it was not from staring at a hottie. It should be impossible, given her programming, but I still needed to make sure, so I made a mental note to question her under hypnosis later on. My hold over her might have weakened since I had not hypnotized her in weeks.

"I can't be in uniform?" my slave grumbled when Laura was safely ensconced back in her room. There was a loud click as she locked the door.

"Soon, love," I replied, running a hand along the small of her back, enjoying her curves like I always did before moving down to her ass. "I'll soon start hypnotising her and then she'll have no choice but to accept you acting as my slave."

"I like the way she did her hair," I added as I kneaded her soft ass cheeks. "She looks exceptionally hot today. Maybe I should cut yours to match."

My slave replied with a strained smile, then leaned in to me once more, firmly wrapping her lips around mine before I could say anything else. I accepted it and soon we were making out furiously with her tongue deep in me, moving in ecstasy with mine.

I pushed her roughly to a wall and used a hand to raise her right leg up high so that her dress slit widened and her dripping pussy was fully exposed to me. Emma almost lost balance when I raised her leg without warning, but she steadied herself by leaning backwards. Finally, my beauty broke the kiss, panting hard. She quickly unbuckled my jeans and zipped open my fly, allowing my throbbing wet cock to spring free.

Emma moaned, a little too loudly, when she caught sight of my hard-on, her lips quivering and her eyes filled with a mad hunger. I suddenly remembered that Laura was in the house and cursed myself for momentarily forgetting her. How could we possibly explain ourselves if she were to suddenly pop out of her room?

"No," I whispered in my sister's ear as she tried to kiss me again.

"Please?" my slave begged, biting her lower lip. "We'll do it quietly. She won't hear a thing. I promise."

“No,” I said again firmly, and Emma nodded her head obediently, her gaze cast down at the floor.

I felt a bit guilty, so I added, “We’ll do it tonight, when she’s asleep. I’ll even let you blow me beforehand.”

Emma brightened up almost instantly and she gave me a final lingering kiss before she curtsied her dismissal. Her red dress was now stained with both our juices, and I grinned at the sight. It reminded me of dogs marking their territory, and I surely had marked Emma plenty of times.

My slave swung her hips at me as she walked away, but took a moment to pause by Laura’s room in the hallway before storming off to her own, shaking her head and muttering something.

I knew Emma was jealous when I told her of my plans to enslave our younger sibling. She never was good at hiding her emotions from me. Before her enslavement, Laura was everything to her. Now that I had knocked Laura out of that position, Emma had come to despise her, seeing her as a competitor and a nuisance.

Truth be told, I didn’t know what to make of it. Should I let her be jealous or hypnotize her so she would love Laura again? I couldn’t decide.

Emma and I were alike, in that we were both very jealous individuals. I didn’t like it when she performed for the pleasure of other men when she was a stripper, and God forbid if there was even the slightest of chance she might develop feelings of attraction for another man.

No matter how harmless it seemed, sometimes she would unintentionally glance up when a hot guy passed by us and that’s why I had stripped her of her ability to feel any attraction. All men were now ugly in her eyes, except for me. She could still find women attractive, but couldn’t derive any sort of pleasure from them. That probably explained the sudden dislike of Laura after she became my slave.

Emma, in turn, would hate it when I ignored her and gazed longingly at other women when we had our dates, or when she was forced to perform handjobs on me while I

jacked off to pictures of hot models instead of the pictures she sent me. It was an extremely one sided relationship—but I was the Master, not her. Though there were limits on what I could do since she was so emotionally vulnerable towards me. I didn't want Emma to be miserable.

Recently, I had even started masturbating by myself again, in private, getting off while scrolling through Laura's Instagram and Facebook photos.

Best to keep that a secret from Emma.

It's kind of funny; like a forbidden fruit situation. Although they both look alike, Emma was still the much more attractive sister—someone I had lusted after for as long as I could remember.

So many masturbation sessions, wet dreams, thoughts, and long gazes when she wasn't looking—all dedicated to her. But when Emma became mine, it downplayed her value and I would find myself lusting after someone else who wasn't always at my beck and call. I had already explored, fondled, and felt every inch of her body. Once the unknown became known, it wasn't special anymore.

Now she was going to have a lifelong competitor for my affections. I had to tread carefully—Emma was already extremely emotional when dealing with me, so I had to make sure she would still feel loved even when I would have Laura as my own.

And I didn't want Laura to be as emotional, so I had to program her differently from Emma.

Very differently.

One clingy, jealous, emotional slave was already more than enough.

* * *

Laura

I pressed the pillow more tightly against my eardrums. Why the fuck are they so damn loud?

Especially Em! I never knew she was a screamer, but my God, she was the loudest screamer on the entire fucking planet. I wouldn't be surprised if astronauts in space could hear her right now. There was no way I could possibly get any shut eye. Don't they know anything about privacy?

It's been two weeks since I arrived back home and everything was fine and dandy until about a couple of days ago—when my genius brother and sister decided to just start fucking in the living room, which was right outside my door, instead of the usual Master bedroom. It was like they didn't even care that I was right here.

Having had enough, I angrily threw my pillow across the room. I watched it sail through the darkness before making contact with my bookcase, knocking off a couple of my teddy bears. I strode across the cold floor and opened the door.

I squinted my eyes and blinked repeatedly as I was temporarily blinded by the harsh fluorescent lights.

I could immediately smell sex in the air—a thick, dirty, musky scent. As I regained my focus, I could make out two figures on the floor. One was naked, lying on his back while the other was on top, clothed in a maid's uniform, and was thrusting back and forth furiously. My dear sister was riding my brother with such brutal intensity. Both of them were groaning, grunting, and moaning, but I could only really hear one of them as the other was drowned out by the screams.

I just stood there in my pink PJs, arms crossed and a disgruntled frown on my face, while I watched them from my doorway, hoping one of them would notice me.

James came first. I saw his eyes widen and his body tense up. My brother—finally making use of his hands that were previously limp on the floor—half sat up and leaned in, wrapping them both around my sister's hips and thrusting even deeper. It was unnecessary, since the entire length of his cock was already buried deep inside Emma's sex.

"Cum now," he grunted, thrusting again, forward and up.

Emma obeyed. Her rhythm quickened and her screams got even louder still as she came.

Soon both of them were breathing heavily, slick with sweat. There were a couple of cum stains on the ground—semen that looked thick as treacle. I could hear James muttering something to Emma, and she lifted off his cock and gave him a kiss that would put most couples to shame.

My brother was the first one to notice my presence. He grinned when he saw me, not even noticing the anger that was written on my face. “Hey Laura, enjoy the show?”

Emma turned, and I could see her features harden when she spotted me. “What are you doing?” she snarled. “You are supposed to be in bed.”

“Can’t sleep when you’re fucking screaming all night,” I retorted and shouted an imitation of her.

“I AM CUMMING, MASTER! MASTER! MASTER! FUCK! OH MY GOD!”

Emma bristled with rage. Then she took a threatening step towards me, but James, still on the ground, reached over and gently touched her thigh. She immediately stopped, her rage evaporating just as quickly as it had come, and turned her attention back to him.

James gestured her to lean closer and whispered something in her ear.

Emma got up and walked over to me. This time, there was no anger, just a sly smile on her pretty face. I didn’t know how to react. I half thought she would slap me for shouting at her, but what she did was far worse and completely unexpected—my dear sister wrapped her hands around me and gave me a passionate kiss that was similar to the one she had just given James.

She tasted sweet. Her wet lips had a lingering hint of strawberry. I could feel my PJs getting wet as she pressed herself onto me—her uniform was splattered with semen.

Before she could do much else, I regained my senses and pushed her away.

“What the fuck, Em?” I yelled, confused and angry at the same time. I started brushing off some of the thick white liquid that had stained my PJs but all that did was get my fingers wet. I cringed in disgust. Emma didn’t say anything. Instead, she looked back over at James who was softly stroking his cock, trying to get it back to erection.

My brother met my gaze steadily, and I found myself looking away. “What’s wrong Laura?” he said softly, “Emma not a good enough kisser?”

“No!” I stuttered. “I’m straight. I don’t like women.”

Even as I said that, I wondered what the hell was wrong with me. I should be screaming at them for causing so much noise and also... the kiss! What was that all about? Emma should be apologizing to me!

“No?” my brother asked, his voice still soft and strangely eerie. I shuddered. “Go clean yourself up and go back to sleep or you might be late for your hypnosis session tomorrow.”

Hypnosis sessions. I don’t know why I bothered with them. It’s not like I need it or anything. But, dear sister had convinced me otherwise, saying it was a great way to relax and clear my stress for the day. She had practically begged me to just try it once—and so I did.

I had started a week and a half ago and I admit I felt so much more relaxed and happy after my sessions, even though I couldn’t remember a damn thing. After that first session, I found myself unable to say no to the subsequent ones.

I stuck my tongue out at him. “You’re not the boss of me.”

“LAURA! GO NOW!” Emma thundered, her voice booming around the house. I jumped up. She had NEVER gotten this angry with me.

I could feel tears forming around my eyes and I ran back into my room, slamming the door shut behind me.

* * *

“Laura?” a familiar voice said, shaking me awake.

I groaned and opened my eyes to see Emma staring down at me. Strange. Her emerald eyes seemed to glow. They were so mesmerizing.

I sat up and raised both fists to stretch.

“What time is it?” I asked with a yawn.

“Half-past nine,” my sister said, without looking at the clock.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at her. She had already gotten ready, having a little makeup applied and her hair tidily done up in a ponytail. She was wearing her usual clothing: a simple black dress—that was perhaps a little too tight—that ended just below her knee, revealing her shins. Emma had a clean white apron tied to the front of the dress that was held together by a perfectly symmetrical knot, finished with an expensive looking black leather collar and matching black high heels.

“What do you want?” I asked her, yawning again.

“Breakfast in bed,” my sister piped up happily, carefully handling me a tray. It smelled good. There were two items on it. A piece of toast with scrambled eggs on top, and a cup of steaming hot coffee.

I frowned at them, then looked at my sister. She shrugged. “Master ordered me to.”

She watched as I ate and sipped. I pretended to only care about the delicious meal in front of me, trying not to meet her gaze.

“Sorry for last night,” Emma suddenly spoke up. “I was too loud. I won’t scream as loudly next time. But as a woman, you have to understand.”

I didn’t, but just nodded, not even bothering to question it. Since last week, my mind seemed to be in a constant haze, not questioning anything—no matter how weird or sick it was. It’s like I didn’t have the willpower to do so, and was trapped in my own head.

Whenever, I wanted to text my friends about what I’d seen in my home recently—my sister suddenly calling my brother “Master”, her wearing a maid uniform and performing the role of one, and not to mention the loud, constant fucking—I just couldn’t. My mind would go blank and I would just shrug and toss my phone away, accepting it for what it was. I knew it wasn’t normal, but somehow it seemed like it was.

I was just so confused.

Emma kissed me on the cheek and then brushed the back of her hand along it, sweeping my hair back behind an ear. “I knew you would.”

I said nothing to that and continued eating.

“Master asked if you had any ongoing relationships.”

I frowned. “Why would James be interested in my sex life?”

Emma frowned too and creased her brow. I could feel her fingers on my cheek stiffening. She opened her mouth to say something but stopped herself.

“Master,” she said after a while, giving the word a certain tone. “Master has every right to know about His pets’ lives.”

I wanted to scream. I was not his fucking pet, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t say it. The words seemed stuck in my throat, and then it would fizzle out entirely.

She resumed stroking my cheek. “Anyway, finish your meal and get yourself ready for your hypnosis session in thirty.” She got up and wandered into my walk-in closet

before coming out and throwing me a tank top and a miniskirt. “Wear these for now. I’ll come back later to get measurements for your uniform.”

She started for the door, but stopped at the doorway. “Oh, and I threw away your old shampoo and all your perfumes. You will only use the ones that I buy for you, and later on I will get you some lip glosses and eyeliners. Meanwhile, you can borrow mine.” She pursed her lips before adding. “Also, I’m going to buy you a car and give you access to His joint account. Master doesn’t want you to use His BMW. Do you have any vehicle preferences?”

I looked at my sister like she had just gone crazy. “Why would I need a car? I’m only staying here for three more weeks before catching the plane back.”

Emma laughed at that and waved her hand dismissively before heading out with her hips swaying. “Not anymore.”