

## Chapter 3

-Laura-

“No! Not like that.” my sister sighed deeply, exhaling the air out of her nostrils for longer than necessary. I hated when she did that. It was the same sigh that Mom used when she was very disappointed in me.

“Chest up, shoulders back, hands flat on your thighs, balance your weight on your hips, eyes down, and be still. You already know this, Laura. Do it correctly this time, please.”

Grumbling, I stood up. Pins and needles pricked all over my legs and my knees ached with a dull throb. I ignored them and kneeled back down, shifting my hips back and forth to adjust my position and ticking off all the mental cues. Satisfied, I looked back up at my sister.

Emma circled me for a moment, stroking her chin and muttering to herself. To my relief, she finally nodded her satisfaction and gave me her first smile of the day. “Perfect. But remember, you’re not supposed to look up unless Master wants your attention.”

“Are we done? My knees hurt like hell.”

Her glare hardened, and I looked away. “Speak properly and then I might dismiss you.”

I almost drew out a sigh of my own, but held back. “Are we done, Mistress?”

“Yes, you’re dismissed,” my sister said, helping me up to my feet. “You did well today. Sorry for being such a bitch recently. I just want you to be absolutely perfect for Him.”

I nodded understanding and returned her smile, burying my annoyance deep inside. She was right; Emma had been a real bitch in the last couple of training sessions—snapping at me whenever my positions were even slightly misaligned, and groaning whenever I said the wrong things when she pretended to be James.

I wasn’t perfect, but I was confident that I could present myself well to him. Yeah, so what if there were rough edges in my kneeling and curtsyng? If it was good enough, why go for perfection? Sometimes my sister just drives me nuts.

Emma plopped down on the side of my bed and patted the spot beside her. “You will serve Master for the first time in about an hour from now,” she said. “How do you feel?”

I scooted next to her so our thighs were touching. She smelt different today. Vanilla with something flowery—Roses? Lilies? Maybe a mixture of both.

I inhaled deeply, taking in more of her. “Fine, Mistress.”

Roses. It must be roses. It made sense since James liked them.

“Good!” my sister beamed at me. “I need you to be perfect later on, okay, love? Every mistake you make will reflect on me.” Her smile faded. “And I don’t want Master to be upset with me.”

I put my hands over hers and realized that she was trembling. “I’ll do fine,” I said, squeezing her hand and giving her a smile. “Jam—uh, Master, will be pleased with me. I’ll make you proud.”

I leaned forward to give her a reassuring peck, but Emma stopped me by raising a hand over my hair and cradling the back of my head. She looked at me for a moment, her gaze wandering over my features: my flushed cheeks, the curve of my nose, the rounded arch of my cheekbones, then gazing up, settling on my green eyes, lighter than hers, but still a dull, glittering green.

My sister’s gaze lingered on mine for a while, like she was staring straight into my soul. I fidgeted. I couldn’t tell what she was thinking, no hints from her glowing emerald eyes or from the numb expression on her gorgeous face. Was she scared and worried because she didn’t trust me? Or does she want to fuck me?

I couldn’t tell.

I didn’t avert my gaze. Emma let out a small, sharp exhale, giving me a glimpse of her perfect white teeth and the pink of her tongue, then an equally quick inhale. I realized that her breath was quickening; Emma was getting horny.

She wanted to fuck me.

“Emm—”

Her grip tightened and my words were muffled as I was roughly pulled forward, straight to her inviting lips.

Strawberry. She tasted just like strawberry.

Soon we were in the middle of my bed, with Emma straddling herself on top of me. I felt the mattress sink luxuriously under our combined weight, enveloping me in a warm comfort.

My dear sister was kissing me with a passion that I had never felt from anybody else. Her tongue explored me, darting around as I desperately tried to meet her with my own. I tried to return the passion, pressing my mouth tightly over hers and pouring every ounce of my soul into the kiss.

She squeezed and gently kneaded my breasts as she slid her hands under me. I hoped she could feel my heartbeat thundering beneath her palms. I wanted her to know how much I wanted her, how much she turned me on.

I began sliding my hands from the small of her back, down to her ass, caressing and savoring her lovely curves, before going under the hem of her uniform and gently squeezing those soft, but firm, bare cheeks.

Emma broke the kiss and locked eyes with me. Green met green.

“Harder,” she panted. “Squeeze them harder. As hard as you can.”

I obeyed, using all of my strength. She closed her eyes and sighed softly, before wrapping her lips around mine again and continuing where we left off.

Fuck. It felt so good.

We stayed like that for a while, our uniforms grinding against each other and Emma’s ponytail swaying wildly as she kissed me. We should just be naked. It would be so much nicer to feel her warm, bare skin on mine... and with her fingers in my cunt...

My sister drew her tongue back and bit down on my lips, making me squirm and doubling the intensity of my moans. Her hips started grinding up between my thighs, and every thrust pushed me closer and closer to the edge.

Her eighth thrust rocked my hips, making me squeal in surprise. There was more force behind it, and the subsequent ones made it clear that it was no accident; my sister’s movements were now more erratic and aggressive—more desperate—as she drove down on me, her breath quickening and her growls thick with lust.

The thought of her desperate longing towards me ignited a burst of fire deep in my chest, warming my insides and, at the same time, sending cold shivers that spread from my fingertips to the soles of my feet. She wants me to come.

Well, Mistress.. your wish is my command.

Emma suddenly froze mid thrust, and her hands stopped their delicious kneading and squeezing. I let out a mournful noise of protest and frowned in annoyance. Why?! What now?

“Don’t cum,” my sister whispered, staring nervously at my apron. There was a wet spot soaking the fabric, and it was growing larger by the second. “Oh god, Laura, don’t cum. You’re not allowed to, remember?”

“Oh, sorry,” I muttered, blushing slightly, all my dreams and fantasy shattering in an instant.

My lover rolled off me, and my body ached from her absence. “Trust me, I would love to bring you to orgasm right now, but Master’s orders are Master’s orders.”

She licked at one of my nipples, then the other, as a form of apology before walking over to my desk and plopping herself down in the chair.

She frowned at her reflection. Emma started smoothing out the wrinkles out from her uniform and then removed the black hair band from her now messy ponytail. Her smooth auburn hair cascaded down, covering her pretty face and draping over her chest.

God, she was stunning. The literal embodiment of perfection.

My sister carefully redid her ponytail, then stood up, gesturing to the chair. “Sit. Now.”

I shivered at her tone. I was really starting to enjoy being bossed around.

I eased myself into the seat, but not before Emma gave my ass a playful slap. The slight pain sent a thrill through my body, causing me to inhale sharply.

I whirled towards her, and my sister laughed, breaking her strict facade. “Sit,” she smiled, and I frowned in response, not wanting to give her the satisfaction of knowing that I had enjoyed that.

I sat in the chair, eyeing her suspiciously, but Emma just got to work, straightening out my uniform and undoing my ponytail. My blonde hair rolled down, falling in soft, curly waves to my shoulders. Emma helped tie it back up, then started checking for loose strands.

Satisfied, she turned her attention to my reflection. “You are beautiful, Laura,” my sister said, running her fingernails over the fabric covering my chest. “Master should be proud to have you as His slave.”

She buried herself in the curve of my neck, and I felt goosebumps prickling up in response. “The perfume I bought matches you perfectly. I hope Master will like it.”

I went red at her praise and quickly looked away when I caught her gaze in the mirror. I started studying my own reflection as an excuse to avoid her stares... and that damn sly smile that was slowly playing on her lips. She was well aware of the effect she had on guys and found some sick pleasure in teasing them. I always laughed when she did it, but now I know what it's like to be on the receiving end—and it's no fun.

I still thought that I looked weird in my maid's uniform. I felt like a penguin prancing around. On the first day after being handed it, I hid in my room, not daring to go outside and have Emma or James gawking at me.

Eventually, I had to, because Emma had gone pounding on my door, shouting at me to come out and do my chores. Chores that James used to have to do. My brother's gaze would then trail me whenever I was in his sight, and sometimes he would even snap pictures on his phone when I was bent over—to clean something or pick up the things he'd dropped.

The outfit was tight, hugging my tan figure and displaying all my curves nicely. My breasts swelled from the confines of the fabric, begging to be released. I'd gotten used to the discomfort, along with walking around in high heels at home. What I hadn't got used to, though, was the damn collar. It made my neck itchy as hell—I think it's the leather. I'd raised the issue with Emma, but she just told me I would get used to it.

Having to be subservient to both of my siblings was something I was still adjusting to as well. In just a month, I had gone from an equal in the household to having to obey both of them. James hadn't really given me any commands yet, but Emma had gone crazy with them and I often went to bed drained and fatigued. My sister was a strict Mistress, but she was also fair and loving.

Mostly.

I was just surprised that my brother hadn't laid a finger on me yet. I guess I respected him for that—he could just tell me to get down on all fours and fuck me. I couldn't resist because Emma would go bat shit crazy if I dared deny his advances.

My sister was a different matter. I actually wanted her to fuck me—and, oh boy, did she use my body to it's limits.

I knew I had to fuck James soon, and I was certainly not looking forward to it. Somehow, I doubted the validity of Emma's high praise of him, saying that his cock was the best she'd ever felt and that his cum was the finest she tasted.

“You are going to offer yourself to Him, right?” my sister said, as if reading my thoughts. “You know I had to work extra hard and fuck him more ever since you came back last month, right?”

“As if you mind the extra fucking,” I snorted, and she giggled.

My sister rested her chin on my shoulder and started tracing patterns on my thigh with a polished fingernail. “But seriously, Laura, don’t be selfish,” she purred, her breath tickling my skin and sending shivers down my spine. “You’re a slave now and your primary interests should be Master’s, not yours.”

I felt her nibbling at my earlobe and I squirmed. “It’s time to offer your pussy up to him. He won’t wait much longer. He shouldn’t have to.”

“Yes, Mistress,” I sighed.

Emma scooted herself into my view and her green eyes hardened. “I won’t command you to do it but I want you to promise me you will.”

I took her hand and squeezed. “I promise.”

Emma smiled and stood up. “Good. If Master is pleased with you, He’ll most likely give me permission to make you cum tonight.” Her eyes twinkled. “It would be a treat for both of us. I haven’t touched that sweet pussy of yours for a few days now,”—she licked her lips— “I hope the swelling has died down.”

She gave my right breast a squeeze and kissed me once more before winking and slipping out of my room, leaving me with nothing but the lingering taste of strawberry and a disappointed, but a very wet cunt.

\* \* \*

**-James-**

I was beginning to really enjoy stroking Laura.

My younger sister was more of the silent type. She didn’t purr, moan, or shudder like Emma would. In fact, she was stiff as a tree and had worn a stoic expression for the past hour that she’d been kneeling here beside me, only shifting slightly from her kneeling position every once in a while to readjust herself.

Maybe it was the feeling of my fingers running down her blonde hair—smooth, soft, curly, and wonderfully lush—or maybe she was just a nice balance to Laura, who was always vocal.

I wondered if Laura would still be silent while I was fucking her?

This was the first time my younger sister was attending me after undergoing intense slave training. She would be here with me until I dismissed her, caring for my needs and catering to my every whim while I played games and binge watched Netflix.

My gaze flitted between my screen and her. I had the best angle on her cleavage from up here, and it was making me horny as hell. Probably as horny as when Emma excitedly led me to her room to take my virginity. Finally, after weeks of holding myself back, I was going to fuck her. I was going to fuck Laura today.

I stopped my stroking and lifted her chin up with my thumb. Laura met my gaze but quickly dropped her eyes once she figured out I wasn't going to say anything. I grinned at the homage paid to me. Emma had taught her well.

I swept her curly hair back behind an ear and leaned down, sniffing the sides of her neck. Peaches. I liked it.

"Are You pleased with my scent, Master?" my slave asked, her gaze still on the ground. That was the first time she'd called me 'Master'. "If it isn't to Your liking, I can change it."

"No, it's perfect." I sniffed again. "Em bought you this perfume?"

"She did. Mistress has good taste." Laura looked up and offered me a small smile. "I am glad You like it, Master." She purred the last word, and I had to hold myself back from jumping her right there and then.

This was like a dream came true. Finally, Laura was mine.

Truth be told, I hadn't expected her programming to work at all. It shouldn't have. I had mostly kept her free will untouched, which was a *risk*. Laura's submission wasn't like Emma's; she actually had to make the conscious choice to be my slave.

She still had an almost complete say about her thoughts and decisions. There were no jolts of pleasure from obeying me, and no there was no factor stopping her from doing anything she didn't want.

I wanted Laura to make the first move. It would be so much hotter if my younger sister actually wanted me to fuck her instead of being forced to.

I still had to put some safety precautions in her mind. When she was placed under a trance in her hypnosis sessions, I'd blurred out her moral boundaries, forcing her to accept that Emma had become my slave and that being a slave herself and committing incest was completely normal.

I thought about putting up complete mental walls, like I did with Emma, but that would have blocked out her free will—so I didn't, and just resolved in implementing one: a mental blockage if she ever tried telling anyone about my little secret.

The big question was: how could I make Laura want to fuck me, without making that choice for her myself?

The answer was Emma.

Emma was her motivation. In order to avoid any conflict of interest, I'd hypnotized Emma to love her sister again. And I eventually turned Laura bisexual in her programming sessions. I then told my slave that I wanted her to convince Laura to accept being my slave, and she was more than happy to obey.

It worked. I had no idea what Emma did, but in a matter of weeks, Laura now *worshiped* her. Emma even made her willing to sign the contract to be our submissive. The contract was materially useless, but it would have a strong physiological effect on our little sister.

Today was the day. Emma told me she'd make our sister promise to fuck me today. Well, I *really* hoped she would do that soon, because I was losing my patience and my underwear was already completely soaked with anticipation.

If she didn't offer herself up to me, I would just have to punish Emma for failing me, then start reprogramming Laura to be more to my liking. Though, that would mean stripping her will out and replacing it with my own, and I hated failure.

It was make or break time. Either Laura would initiate things or she wouldn't.

I stood up. "I'm going to go find Em."

Laura perked up at the mention of our sister. She got up to her feet, brushing dust away from her uniform and wiggling her toes.

"Stay," I told her. "I'll be back after I fuck your sister. It will be quick."

My heart was pounding as I walked towards the door, my strides slow and deliberately short.

*Please stop me. Please stop me.*

Nothing.

I frowned, my hand tentatively clasping around the doorknob. I started turning it. This is your last chance, Laura.



“Master, wait.”

Triumph blossomed in my chest. She did it. Holy shit. She really did it. I turned towards her with mock curiosity drawn on my face. “Yes?”

I relished the sight of my sister standing there, cheeks flushed and eyes cast down on her shuffling feet. “No need to go. I-I- ”

I watched in delight as her hands clasped more tightly together, turning her fingers to the same shade as her cheeks.

Laura exhaled slowly and straightened herself. “No need to go to Mistress,” she said, her voice soft, but surprisingly steady.

Her gaze traveled upwards, meeting with mine, and I could see clear determination in those dim green eyes. “I will do it. I will fuck You.”

**-Laura-**

My sister shifted her body and turned sideways so her erect nipples were pointed towards me. “Details,” she demanded. “Now.”

I blushed and gave her a lopsided shrug. “Well, he went to find you for sex... but I offered myself instead.”

Her words were a blur. “How did He fuck you? How fast did He come? Did you clean Him afterwards?”

Sinking deeper into the bed, I answered her. “Uh, we fucked doggy style, and he came really fast. Like, really fast.” We both laughed. “Yeah, I did clean him after with my tongue. Then he made me bend over on his bed while he spanked me and played with my ass for like an hour.” I grimaced and unconsciously rubbed a hand over my sore bottom. “That wasn’t fun.”

“Oh, love,” Emma laughed and started her hands towards my ass. “How sore are they?”

“Don’t touch them.” I slapped her hand away and covered my ass with the blanket, using it as a shield.

Emma gave me her adorable giggle and traced a finger down my neckline, between my breasts, and flicked an erect nipple. She giggled again. “That bad? Did He use the toys?”

I frowned. “What toys?”

She scooted closer to me, her body curving into mine and her warm breath tickling my cheeks. “Nevermind. God, Laura. You’re so hot. Has anyone told you that?”

“Well,” I put a finger on my chin, pretending to think hard, “a few guys... and my sister too. Quite regularly, in fact.”

Emma punched my arm. “Oh, shut up. I only say it because it’s true.” She cupped my face. “And You. Are. So. Fucking. Hot.” She punctuated each word with soft, sensual pecks on my lips before leaning forward, committing herself and kissing me harder. I melted against her.

I squirmed as she suddenly bit down on my lower lip, then drew back and glared at me. “Make your hands useful, Laura.” she said sharply, like a teacher lecturing a student.

Emma guided my hands from the small of her back and placed them firmly on her ass—one on each cheek. “Hands stay here. You’re not allowed to move them until I make you cum. Do you understand?”

She was going to make me cum. I nodded excitedly, unable to hold back a grin.

“Laura?”

“Hmm?”

“Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good girl.” Her grip tightened on my wrists. “Now squeeze. Squeeze them harder than what you did this morning.” She winked at me and my heart fluttered. “Don’t worry, I’m used to the pain.”

I obliged, and Emma nodded, her green eyes glazing over. “Better,” she breathed. “Much, much better.”

Her lips came back to mine, and I accepted them eagerly, taking it all in—her soft lips, her firm ass under my palms, her full breasts crushing against me, and a mixture of strawberry, vanilla and roses overloading my senses and sending me into heaven.

My sister ran a smooth, delicate hand over my thigh and I instinctively spread my legs apart and tilted my hips, angling myself to give her easier access. Emma began making small circles around my labia, tantalizing me with what was about to come.

Without warning, she plunged a finger inside, then another, spreading them apart and stretching me open. My groans were muffled by her mouth as a third went into my tight confines, making me thrash around in complete ecstasy, my hips rocking back and forth against her fingers, and my boobs swinging wildly.

*I can’t take this anymore. I am going to cum.*

My lover broke the kiss, drew herself to my ear and whispered. “Cum now.”

The climax hit me like a tidal wave. My hips jerked and my knees weakened before collapsing under me. “Oh God! Oh fucking shit, Em. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

My sister withdrew her fingers and rolled off me. She sat up, causing her auburn hair to cascade messily across her face. She hurriedly gathered it up and tossed it behind her shoulder to watch in satisfaction as the orgasm that she had brought me tore

through my body. I writhed and shuddered uncontrollably as every single muscle fiber in me tensed up, then spiraled out of control.

I didn't fight it. Instead, I plunged my fingers deep into my core and rode out the waves and waves of pleasure as it overwhelmed my entire body and filled my soul. I didn't want it to stop. I wanted to feel this every day, every moment of my waking life.

But of course, that was impossible; all good things must come to an end. And as the last waves of pleasure slowly left me, and the fire in my chest fizzled out, I let out a final, drawn-out moan—more primal than human—that shook the walls and filled the room.

Finally, I collapsed on the bed with a muffled moan and gazed up at my sister. My Goddess.

Emma caught my gaze, and a coy smile graced her lips, making her pretty cheeks blossom. Making sure I was still watching, she took her fingers, that were just moments ago inside of me, to her lips and began lavishing them with her tongue.

After she licked them clean, she used those same fingers and slipped them between her thighs. My sister began masturbating; biting down on her pillowy lips and rubbing her clit furiously. Soon, she came too, lifting her head up to the heavens and grunting softly through clenched teeth.

"Mistress," I managed through heavy breaths as I slowly recovered myself, "that was amazing."

My sister cuddled up against me, her smooth skin slick with sweat, and her sweet scent overpowering me. "I know," she giggled. Emma removed her fingers from her cunt and wiggled them in front of my face, making her juices drip off her fingers onto the mattress ... and my body. I shuddered.

"Taste," she said, and I froze. I had never tasted her before. There had been a lot of kissing, slapping, kneading, and cuddling, but she never allowed me inside her pussy—near, sure, but never inside—which was unfair because she'd spent plenty of time in mine.

She had been strict about it too, saying that her 'prize' was only reserved for James and would slap me whenever I'd asked or begged for it.

"You deserve it," Emma said, noticing the look on my face. Before I could reply, she slid her index finger between my lips and pressed down on my tongue.

I was finally tasting her, and oh my god, she did not disappoint. It was everything I'd dreamed of: light, smooth... fucking delicious.

I started lapping at her finger, sucking and savoring every bit of her wetness. Emma withdrew her finger when it was sucked dry and I closed my eyes with my mouth open invitingly, expecting another to pop in.

When none came, I opened my eyes and looked at Emma questioningly, frowning my discontent. My sister challenged my gaze, her eyes boring through mine with such intensity that I dropped them, submitting to her will.

I yelped as my sister tugged my hair roughly, making my head snap back up as she growled. "You will get more of me when you have earned it."

My sister let go of me and immediately pushed me down. The moment my back hit the bed, she crawled onto my lap and straddled my hips, not giving me a chance to escape—not that I wanted to. "I'll bed you tonight, but first —"

She leaned down and licked my pebbled nipples, sending jolts of pleasure radiating through my body, and making my hands involuntarily shoot up into the air. They were swiftly brought back down to the mattress as Emma roughly seized my wrists, locking me in an iron grip, and pinning me back to the bed. "Your hands stay here, understand?"

I nodded meekly. "Yes, Mistress."

Emma returned the nod and released my wrists, resuming her delicious nipple, licking and sucking. I bit my lips, suppressing a moan and trying my best to keep my hands as still as possible.

I could seriously get used to this submission shit.

I sighed happily and relaxed my muscles, letting myself sink back into the bed and allowing my sister to do whatever she'd planned to do with my body for the rest of the night.

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I awoke to sunlight streaming down upon my face, coating me like a thin, warm blanket. I blinked the sleep out of my eyes, then raised a hand to shield them from the sun.

The first thing I noticed was the soreness that pulsed throughout my body. I groaned. Emma really did a number on me last night.

Emma.

I shifted to my side, and to my dismay, only saw an empty pillow and a discarded blanket. My sister was gone.

My hand reached for my phone on the bedside table. Twenty-three unread messages, and if the time on my clock was accurate, she had gotten up way earlier than usual. Strange. What purpose did it serve waking up at the crack of dawn, aside from gazing upon the hazy orange sky and the thin layer of fog that surrounded our neighborhood?

I sat myself up and groaned again. I rubbed my knuckles into the small of my back, trying to drive some of the soreness away and tugged on my collar, to give my neck some relief. Fuck, I hate this collar.

Normally, I would just go back to sleep, but I was thirsty, and maybe Emma was in her room. I could sneak in and flop down in bed beside her.

There were clean pairs of black and white maid uniforms hanging from a knob at the entrance to my closet. Emma must have cleaned and ironed them out, along with lavish pairs of midnight black high heels that were sitting in the corner.

I didn't feel like spending the time to get dressed, so I just walked into my closet to look for my undergarments but found none. I'd completely forgotten—our uniforms didn't consist of any, so Emma had thrown them all away. With a sigh, I headed out of my room butt naked and resigned myself to the long walk to the kitchen.

I ran a tongue through my mouth, tasting the aftermath of last night, and a small smile played across my lips.

Emma had promised me more soon, and I couldn't help but be excited about my—no, our—future. My sister was the perfect lover, and I really doubted that anyone else could fulfill my needs like she could.

As I made my way to the kitchen, I heard whispers coming from the room directly ahead. Emma's room. As I drew closer, I could make out two voices.

The talkative one was male, and the other was soft, feminine, and weirdly dull, as if she was droning from a script.

I pressed my ear against the door and almost gasped when it swung open a crack. Curious, I glanced through the ajar door. Were they fucking?

No, Emma was sitting on a chair, facing me, with James opposite her. My sister was nude, which was odd since she had applied light makeup to her face, had done up her hair and was wearing her high heels.

What was even weirder was the look on her face; her eyes were glazed over, unblinking, and tears and drool were dripping off her chin and onto her lap.

She was following the motion of a swinging pendant that James was holding, her flat eyes moving left and right in a steady rhythm, completely fixated on the quartz crystal. I recognised it as the same one my brother used when we had our hypnosis sessions.

Why was she getting hypnotized? Was she that stressed out from all the training she'd given me and wanted James to help her relax? Guilt wrapped around me, and my insides churned.

I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I had given her my best during training. Was I such a bad student that she needed hypnosis to relieve the pain I had caused her?

James's voice broke through my thoughts.

"Who is your Master?"

What?

Emma replied, her eyes glistening with tears, but never moving away from the swinging pendant.

"You are, Master." Her voice was monotonous. Dull.

Eerie.

"What is your sole purpose in life?"

Her answer was immediate. "To serve You, Master."

"Do you love Laura?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you love Laura more than me?"

"No, Master."

My heart sank.

"If you had to choose between her and me, who would you pick?"

"You, Master."

"Good girl." Even if I couldn't see my brother's face, I could hear the obvious satisfaction in his voice. I imagined he was probably wearing a smug grin, too.

Why was he even asking her these questions? Wasn't this supposed to relax her and clear stress? He already knew the answers to all those.

"Is there anything you are hiding from me? Anything I need to know?"

"No, Master."

"Is that little spark of resistance still in you?"

"No, Master."

"So, it's not there? You don't want to escape my control anymore?"

"No, Master."

"You are completely fine with me brainwashing you?"

"Yes, Master."

The realization hit me like a truck. Oh my god.

"So you want me to keep brainwashing you? To keep you as my slave forever?"

Her voice cracked. "Yes, Master. Please." There was a need in her voice. The same desperation I heard whenever she wanted our brother to come inside her.

"Why?"



“Because my sole purpose in life is to serve you.” She paused. “And it makes me so happy.” My sister cracked a smile and her hand slipped between her toned legs. “So so happy.”

“You live to serve me.”

“I live to serve You.”

Oh my god.

“You are mine.”

“I am Yours.”

“Say it again.”

“I am Yours.”

Oh my god.

“Again.”

“I am Yours.”

“Again.”

That motherfucker was brainwashing her! It all made sense now. Emma’s sudden devotion to him.... my sudden devotion to him. And thinking back now, I hadn’t been attracted to women—to Emma—until very recently. Was that fucker brainwashing me into being infatuated with women?

It had to be. I vividly remembered a couple of weeks ago, after my hypnosis session and waking up from the trance. I had been extremely horny. James had dismissed me and I spent the whole night, masturbating to female models, my female friends, and... Emma.

Was my love towards Emma fake? Was it all a lie?

No. It couldn’t be. It felt so real, as real as all my previous lovers—even more so.

This couldn’t be happening. I needed to get out. Escape. Go somewhere. Anywhere. I needed to tell someone about what that bastard was doing to us.

The police.

Adrenaline pumped through me as I turned on my heels and ran towards the front door, flinging it open. A barred steel gate blocked my path. My hands flew to my pockets

to search for my keys, but my fingers found only bare flesh; I had completely forgotten that I was still naked.

Shit, shit, shit.

I ran back towards my room and my eyes frantically darted around, hovering over the usual spots. Where are my fucking keys?

Books, makeup equipment, my phone, water bottles were all flung into the air as I desperately searched for my keys. I knocked over the lava lamp that Emma had given me for my eighteenth birthday and watched in horror as the lamp cracked and split in half. Liquid spilled onto the floor, painting my toes blue.

*This can't be happening. This is all a dream.*

*A very, very bad dream.*

I continued looking for the keys: under my bed, in my closet, in the crack between my desk and shelves, in the pockets of my maid's uniform. Nothing. No keys.

My eyes lit up. My phone. I could call the police on my phone. For the hundredth time, I scanned my room and saw it lying face down in the corner.

I sprinted towards my phone and grabbed it, almost tripping over an upturned chair as I did so. The screen was cracked, making my wallpaper all jagged and distorted, but that was the least of my worries. I dialed in the number but stopped myself.

Stupid. I was so stupid. What was I supposed to say? My brother has been hypnotising me and my sister to be his sex slaves?

They'd probably think it was a sick joke. No, the police wouldn't believe me, but I knew who would.

I punched in the number and waited with ragged breath and a thundering heart, hoping that he would pick up.

A cheerful tone greeted me. "Hey, Laura!"

"Sam, you need to help me. Please."

"What? What's wrong?"

My brother. He's been hypnotising me and my sister, brainwashing us to be his slaves. He probably was the reason that Emma had broken up with you all of a sudden, with no explanation. Please, you have got to help me.

That was what I wanted to say. But the words got stuck in my throat. I panicked, trying to force them out. “Uhhh.. Uhhh..”

“Laura? What’s wrong? Tell me.”

“Uhhh...”

Why? Why was it so hard? Why can’t I say it? Why can’t I fucking say what I want?

“Hello? Laura?”

Click. I ended the call and broke down in a fit of tears.

I felt angry, confused and lost. James had thought of everything.

He probably had made me not be able to tell anyone. Somehow, I needed to convince Emma. Make her see reason.

Maybe she would believe me, listen to me. She has to. She will. Then we will run away together, get help, and if that doesn’t work, we will go far, far away from that monster, and then we will—

I heard a sound from the entrance to my room and I jerked my head up, expecting James to be there, the pendulum in his hand and a smug look on his face. He would force me to go under trance, make me forget all this, and complete my enslavement.

I clenched my fist. No. It won’t happen. That cannot happen.

*I will fight him. He is bigger than me, but still, I will fight him. I will win. For my sake. For Emma’s.*

But, no. It wasn’t James. Emma was standing at the doorway, a concerned look on her pretty face, and my heartbeat tripled in pace, reverberating through my bones.

As I saw her standing there, naked, thoughts began to inevitably race through my head and I could feel pulses of desire heating between my thighs. With her elegant curves, perfect teardrop breast and cleanly shaven cunt. She was a sight to behold. A Goddess of beauty and sex.

My sex began to leak unwillingly.

Emma looked me up and down before speaking, her voice silky smooth—like an Angel’s—and I almost didn’t notice the overwhelming concern that clouded her sexy voice.

“Laura?”

