

## Chapter 4

-James-

"I am Yours." My sister's monotone voice echoed through the room.

I fumbled in my chair, scrabbling to pull down my loose cotton shorts. A moan escaped my lips as I stroked my rapidly growing erection, making my pendant hand shake. I hadn't planned to orgasm and make a mess, but this was just so hot. Emma would clean up anyway. She always did.

My rhythm increased. "Say it again."

"I am Yours."

I felt the climax coming. "Again."

"I am Yours."

I was going to cum right on her lovely breasts, then I will fuck Laura. She hadn't experienced waking up with my dick shoved up in her cunt yet.

One more time. "Again."

"I am You—"

A loud sound startled me, and I dropped the pendulum to the ground. The quartz crystal bounced once, then lay flat on the carpet. I whirled around and saw that the door was slightly open, then heard scurrying steps outside.

Shit. Laura.

I hadn't expected her to wake this early, and Emma had assured me she was sound asleep when she'd left her.

*Stupid, stupid! Why didn't I lock the door?*

I turned back to Emma. Her gaze was cast down at the floor, fixated on the gem.

"Trance out," I said hurriedly and at the same time, snapped my fingers in front of her face.

Emma blinked once, twice, then started wiping away tears with the back of her hand. She blinked once more, then looked up at me. "Master," she smiled. "So how wa—,"

“Laura saw us.”

Her brow furrowed. “What?”

I could feel myself panicking. “Laura. She saw us. She fucking saw us, Em.” I started pacing around the room in exasperation, making wild gestures with my arms. “What do we do? Fuck, what do we do?”

Emma stood up. “Relax, Master. Please.” She walked up to me and put a reassuring hand on my shoulder, but I smacked it away.

“Relax?! Are you mad?” I glared at my naked slave. “She saw us, Em. She fucking saw us.”

I felt anger bubbling inside me and I raised an accusing finger at her. “This is all your fault. You said she was asleep.”

Emma’s hand fell back to her side, and she dropped her gaze. “I’m sorry, Master. I’ll fix this. I promise.”

“Fix this? Fix this, Em? How are you going to do that? It’s all over. She was perfect. Now I’ll have to reprogram her and wipe out her memories. She won’t be the same.”

“I’m sorry, Master,” my sister repeated, tentatively putting a hand to my cheeks. It felt warm, comforting, and that soothed my anger a little bit.

I exhaled slowly, mentally counting to ten.

If worse came to worst, I would lose Laura, but that wasn’t all bad. I would still have Emma and she was the hotter sister, anyway.

I raised my right hand to caress her cheek, to show her I was back in control, but my heart dropped when my sister winced.

In my agitated state, she probably expected me to slap her. I don’t blame her, but her reaction hurt me and the rest of my anger faded away, replaced by guilt. I had never physically hurt her, except for maybe going overboard when playing with her ass, but I’d never hurt her.

“It’s okay,” I told her, despite being the one who was just moments ago panicking. I skimmed a hand over the curve of her full breast, along her sides, and finally gripped her hips. “I’m sorry.”

Emma smiled. “Don’t be.” She gave me a quick peck, her eyes twinkling and her scent soothing. “It’s my fault. I’ll make it right.”

I ran my tongue along my lips, appreciating her sweet strawberry taste. "How?"

My beauty started for the opened door, and my gaze instinctively lowered to her swaying hips. "I have got Laura wrapped around my fingers," she said confidently. "She will listen to me."

I wasn't so sure about that, but I followed her out into the living room anyway. The main door was wide open, but strangely, the gate outside wasn't. Why hadn't she unlocked it and run? Did she change her mind?

"Laura?" my older slave called out, opening doors and peeking inside.

There was a loud crash just ahead of us. Laura's room.

Emma raced to it. Laura's door was wide open, and Emma stopped in the doorway.

There was a pause as my older sister accessed the situation. "Laura?" she finally said and took a tentative step inside.

Curious, I followed and peeked over her shoulders. It was like a hurricane had swept through. Everything was a mess and Laura was completely nude, crying in one corner of the room.

She was crouched low with her knees to her chest, disappointedly covering all her juicy bits.

My younger sister turned scarlet when she saw me. She stood up and pointed an accusing finger. "You."

She turned to Emma, her voice hoarse. "Em, he's been using hypnosis to brainwash you. I saw him."

Emma offered her a smile and walked towards her. Her voice was soft and warm, almost melodic. "I know, love."

Laura's face was a mess of emotions. "What do you mean 'you know'?"

"He told me everything. He did it to improve all our lives." Emma's smile widened. "Tell me, love. Since being a slave, has your life improved?"

Laura was silent.

"I can tell you you're much happier now," my older sister said. "You've found your calling, your purpose, in serving Master." She slowly ran a finger down Laura's breast, twirling it around an erect nipple. "And you found me."

Shit, this isn't looking good. I hadn't tampered much with Laura's free will and she still could form rational thoughts.

Emma was smart, but I hadn't realized that she'd gone so far down in her brainwashing. Right now, she sounded like a crazy woman.

Laura must've realized that too because she pulled away from our sister's grasp, backing until she felt solid wall.

"Em, snap out of it. Please." She started snapping her fingers in front of her face. I would have laughed if not for the direness of the situation. "He's controlling you. He's putting thoughts in your head. Fight it."

My older sister shook her head. "I know that, love." She reached for Laura again. "He told me everything and I'm okay with that. You'll be too."

I started getting worried when Laura picked up a stray glass shard off the ground. "Stay away from me," she said, pointing the sharp end at Emma, then at me. "I'll get help for you, Em. But first, I need to deal with *him*."

She stabbed the air in my direction, her intentions made clear. "I'm going to tell everyone what he is doing to us. To you."

Emma wasn't fazed. "Tell who, love?"

"Anybody. The police. Sam."

"Sam?" Emma scoffed. "What's he going to do? He's terrible at everything." she giggled. "You should've seen him during sex."

This wasn't going well. I should order Emma to restrain Laura, then I will forcefully bring her under trance.

I took a step forward to take control of the situation, but Laura immediately noticed and glowered dangerously. "You stay there. You don't. Fucking. Move."

Emma looked over her shoulder and concern flashed in her vivid green eyes. "Master, please."

When she was sure I wouldn't make any more sudden movements, she turned her attention back to Laura and raised her hands in surrender. She took another step forward.

Laura aimed the weapon back at her. "Stop." She tried to sound confident, in control, but her voice wavered.

Emma spotted the weakness, and her boobs jiggled as she inched forward.

They were now a few feet away from each other. “Or what, love? You are going to hurt me?”

“I’m warning you, Emma.” My younger sister glared at her. Fresh tears were now streaming down her face. “Don’t move. Please.”

My slave ignored her warning and took another step forward, then another. The shard was now touching her upper breast. Slowly, she reached to pry it out of Laura’s grip.

Laura didn’t move, didn’t react. She just looked on defeatedly as Emma yanked the weapon away from her trembling fingers and tossed it aside, landing with a ‘clink’ as it hit the ground.

“Oh, love,” my older sister whispered. She thumbed Laura’s flushed cheeks as more tears streamed down.

“Em please don—“ but she was silenced as Emma leaned forward and gave our younger sister a sweet, passionate kiss.

Time seemed to freeze as I stood there awkwardly, watching my two beauties making out.

Laura was stiff at first, but eventually gave in and committed to the kiss. It was probably the only time in my life where I didn’t get turned on by seeing two hot girls make out with each other.

Emma broke the kiss and offered our sister a smile. She pecked her lips one last time before pulling away with a girlish giggle. Laura smiled too, but that quickly evaporated when she caught sight of me still standing there.

“Kneel,” Emma said flatly, as if telling a dog to sit. Her tone struck the air with a commanding chill I had never heard from her. I shuddered. I was so used to submissive Emma and it was kind of intimidating seeing her like this.

Laura dropped to her knees and, judging by her expression, she was just as shocked as I was. It was probably an automatic response that was ingrained in her during those intense training sessions.

“Laura,” my older sister said, running a delicate hand over her head and stroking her luscious blonde hair. “You can leave. I won’t stop you. Master won’t either. You can go to the police or to Sam.”

I caught her lip twitching as she said her ex's name. "But if you leave this house, you will never see me again."

"Yes, Master is brainwashing us," she continued, "but it's all for the better. My life has improved dramatically ever since, and yours has too. So you can go get help and ruin everything, or stay here, complete your training."

She pecked the curve of Laura's nose and squeezed her right breast. "And be with me. Forever."

Laura's gaze flitted between the door, Emma, and me. A frown marred her perfect features as she weighed her choices.

"Think about it, love," Emma whispered in her ear. Her voice was now couched low and seductive. "I know you hate Master now, but eventually you will understand Him. And I love you, Laura. I love you with all my heart. Please don't leave me."

Tears welled up in Laura's eyes as she hugged her sister tightly, my cock finally awakening as I watched their slick, naked bodies pressing against each other.

"I'll stay," my little sister finally said, and a huge wave of relief washed over me. "But," she looked up at me and her face twisted into a scowl. "I won't act as a slave any longer. Fuck you, and fuck what you did to Emma. If you want me back, you will have to completely brainwash me."

Her voice cracked and tears began flowing down her cheeks again. "I'll willingly subject myself to your hypnosis, but only if you promise me you will be kind to her."

"Master has always been kind to me," my older slave chimed in, snuggling herself on Laura's shoulder. "Haven't you been watching?"

"I need to hear it from him."

I tried to keep my voice steady and confident. "I promise."

From her frown, I could tell that she didn't believe me, but what else could she do? Besides, I really meant it.

She glared at me for a while longer before reluctantly withdrawing herself from her lover. Laura pushed up to her feet and headed for the door.

"Well?" she looked over her shoulder at me and her scowl deepened. "Are you coming or not? Better hypnotize me quick before I change my mind."

\* \* \*

“That’s nice Em.”

My slave smiled and continued moving her breasts up and down my cock while I lay on her bed and enjoyed the boobjob. The best pair of breasts in the world. Well, I had only felt two pairs in my life, but Emma’s looked way better than the ones in porn videos, so it was a safe assumption.

My sister increased her rhythm and squeezed her perfect teardrop breasts together as hard as she possibly could. She aimed her mouth in front of my tip and her tongue lolled out in anticipation.

“Okay, stop.”

“What? Why? Did I do something wrong, Master?”

I sat up and ran my hand along my erection. I didn’t want it to deflate just yet. “No, but I already fucked you this morning. Now it’s your sister’s turn.”

Emma pouted. “Then why tease me if You weren’t planning to fuck me in the first place? That is just mean, Master.”

I winked at her. “I know. Now, where is she?”

“I told her to clean Your room before You called me in here. She’s still probably there.”

“Alright. Go get me some food. I want sushi.”

“Yes, Master.” My sister managed a smile, curtsied, then walked to the bathroom to clean herself up.

As always, I watched her delicious ass swaying as she went. Then I picked myself up and headed off to my room, still leisurely stroking my cock, pondering how I was going to fuck my little sister.

No foreplay, I finally decided. Just straight raw fucking until I came inside her.

I walked into my room and was surprised to see that it was still a mess. Laura was standing in a corner, hands folded in front of her bare breasts, with an annoyed look on her pretty face.

“If you want your room clean, then tell me to do it yourself.”

“Hmm?”

“You heard me.”

“Didn’t Emma command you to clean up my room?”

My sister scowled at me. “She did. But you told her to tell me that. I’m not stupid. You’re purposely avoiding giving me direct commands for the past two days. Why?”

“Consider it a little punishment.”

Laura bristled with anger and started towards me. “Punishment? Punishment? What the fuck have I done wrong? I did everything you told me to do. Everything. I had been a good slave and you know it.”

She reached for me and balled her hands into fists. I didn’t blink. I knew she didn’t plan on hurting me, no matter how mad she was. “You know what I think?”

I didn’t answer.

“I think you’re ‘punishing’ me because you’re a sadist. You enjoy misery. You know I need the damn jolts and you are purposely not giving me them to make me suffer.” She shook her head. “God, I sound like a crack addict.”

The pleasure jolts. Last week was scary. I really thought Laura would at least put up a fight or something, but she had kept her word and willingly subjected herself to hypnosis, though she was terrified.

She knew it was probably her last moments of free will, and would be a mindless, soulless slave after she woke up.

But all I did was insert the pleasure jolts. They’d trigger whenever she obeyed me or gave me an orgasm. It only took a day for her to get insanely addicted to them. It surprised me too. I knew they were addictive, but nothing like *this*.

I could have made her completely mine. Made her just like Emma. But I didn’t want to admit defeat yet. No. The jolts were a last ditch effort, and it had worked out beautifully.

“And look,” she pointed at my still erect cock. I had abandoned stroking it; the sight of my beautiful, nude sister bristling with rage was a huge turn on in and of itself. “You have been fucking Em haven’t you? You’ll fuck her, but you refuse to fuck me?”

I offered my annoyed slave a smile. “Actually, I just made Emma give me an erection and came here to fuck you.”

“Liar.”



I got annoyed at that. A slave shouldn't call her Master a liar. "Why would I lie to you? Fine then, change of plans." I walked back towards the door. "I'm going back to fuck your sister instead."

Laura grabbed my wrist. "Wait."

I looked back at her. Her annoyed expression was gone and had been replaced with a mixture of embarrassment, guilt and... fear?

"I'm sorry. That was uncalled for. Please forgive me."

I nodded. "Alright, Laura. Tell me, what would you do for the jolts?"

"Anything."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything." She met my gaze. "Was there ever a time I disobeyed you or hesitated on any of your orders?"

She had a point. She had been a perfect slave for the past week, and I had gone to bed every night with a thoroughly satisfied cock.

I made my way to my bed and sat down on the edge. I patted the spot beside me. "Come sit here."

Laura obeyed, practically running to me. My sister shivered as she plopped herself next to me and her eyes rolled back, showing her whites. She was really getting off on obeying me. "Oh god, that feels so good."

After she calmed down, Laura faced me and spread her legs, exposing her engorged pink flesh and thrilling, abundant wetness.

It was tempting, but I had something else in mind now. I patted my thighs. "Lie across my lap."

My boner throbbed against her stomach as she did so. I took a moment to survey the gorgeous landscape of my sister's body. Her tan figure complimented her curves nicely, and I smiled in satisfaction as I saw she was still working hard in the gym.

The lean muscles on her upper back contracted as she tried to get comfortable in her unfamiliar position. Her lower half was undoubtedly her best feature: smooth, toned legs, and an ass so firm and full it was almost worth dying for.

Almost.

I rubbed light patterns over her left cheek, drawing out the anticipation of what was about to come.

“Laura, my dear.”

Her voice was barely more than a whisper. “Yes?”

“I want you to count off each blow.”

I was delighted when she finally realized what I was about to do. She jerked up slightly, and both her cheeks tensed.

I exhaled, drew back, and delivered a firm smack on her left cheek.

The blow wasn’t hard; I wanted to start off slow. But still, my slave whimpered.

“One.”

“That’s my girl,” I said and tenderly traced circles over the spot that I had just made contact with. Then quickly, I drew back and slapped the other cheek.

“Two.”

I slapped the same cheek again. This time it was harder, and Laura gasped in surprise.

“Oh god. Three.”

I delivered another blow. Her right cheek was already turning pink, and I admired the faint outline of my handprint that I had left on her luscious bottom.

Laura was getting wet. I could feel her juices leaking out from her sex and onto my thigh, her warm wetness an inviting contrast to the otherwise cold air.

“Laura?”

“Five. Oh, god five.”

This time, I slapped her harder on her left cheek, the one which hadn’t turned pink yet.

Gasping, Laura tried to roll her hips away, but I held her in place with one hand to her back. “Don’t move.”

Oops, that was a command. I didn’t want her to come just yet. Laura immediately obeyed, holding still and letting out a long, primal moan. “Six. Fucking six.”

“Master.” She shifted her weight to the side again. This time I didn’t stop her. My slave looked up at me, her eyes filled with pleasure and pleading. She pressed her ass to my stomach, using it as a temporary shield. “I’m going to come.”

“No. Do that, and I will really punish you.”

She furrowed her brow, but said nothing, and I pushed her back into position.

The moment she hit my lap, I smacked her cheeks again, one after the other.

“Seven.” A pause. “Eight.”

“Do you like this?”

“I will if you allow me to come.” Her tone grew softer, sexier. “Please?”

I laughed at her attempt and brought another hand down on her tender flesh. Both of her cheeks were now glowing red. “Don’t you dare come.”

Before she could count the blow, I delivered another hard smack and a cry of pain mixed with pleasure escaped my sister’s lips. Tears began welling up in her eyes.

“Laura.”

“Eight, nine.”

“Am I hurting you?”

Her whole body trembled, betraying her words. “No.”

The tough girl act, huh?

“You won’t come?”

Despite the tears, she sounded confident. “No.” With that, she lay back down and wiggled her ass at me invitingly, but I was done with it.

“Kiss me,” I commanded instead.

In an instant, she was on me. Laura pushed me back onto the mattress, her luscious blonde hair cascaded down around me, and her hands explored my body. One of them found my erect cock and started stroking it from root to tip.

She knew I was done playing. Making me come meant receiving another one of those pleasure jolts. And that was all she wanted right now. She said she would do anything for the jolts.

Anything.

Laura leaned down, and I accepted her lips, just as eager as she was. She tasted like faded breath mint and it complimented her sweet, savory fragrance of peaches.

We had kissed multiple times before, but this one was different. I could practically taste desperation on her lips.

My sister let out a low growl that rumbled through her chest and the rhythm of her hand increased. She pressed her tongue into the seam of my lips, trying to force it in. Her message was clear: Let me enter.

I sighed and her tongue quickly slipped in, tasting me in long, leisurely licks with just the right amount of aggressiveness to make me go wild. I returned it with lush slides of my own, grabbing her tender ass cheeks and squeezing them tightly.

I could feel Laura's body reacting to the pain, and I swallowed her gasp. Her pussy throbbed with wild, hot excitement and I could feel her heart thundering against my body as her body curved perfectly into mine. It was as if she was born for this, born to make love to me. Born to fuck me.

Laura broke the kiss, her chest heaving with lust. She stopped jacking me off and instead angled my eager cock right below her sex. She didn't even wait for permission like she was supposed to.

With a wild thrust of her hips, she brought my full length into her, and it was my turn to gasp. She was tight. Very tight. I exhaled in a rush, not wanting to orgasm right then and there.

My sister started pounding against me, her grunts in sync with her short and powerful thrusts. Laura held my eyes as she wrapped her toned legs around my midsection, inviting me deeper and deeper into her until I could go no further.

"Oh God," she bit out, still maintaining eye contact, her teeth grinding. "I'm going to make you come in me so hard."

The dark promise excited me. In the heat of the moment, it seemed as if this was the best sex of my life. I wanted to prolong the experience. Prolong it for as long as I possibly could.

"Sto—" But it was too late. I felt the rapid rise of my climax as her hips mercilessly pounded into mine. I had never seen this side of my sister. At that moment, she was an animal; driven by a singular goal: to make me cum.

I cried out as I exploded into her. The pleasure jolt kicked in and she came too. Her core seemed to tighten up even more, clenching and flexing around my throbbing shaft.

I expected her to scream or moan loudly, like Emma always did, but Laura was silent. Aside from the low grunts that matched her unceasing thrusts, she was taking all of me silently.

“That was great.” She smiled as the last of my orgasm ebbed away and she leaned down to give me a peck. Her lips lingered on mine for a while, then she drew back. “Thanks for that.”

Great? That was fucking amazing. I should have implemented the jolts from the very beginning. Why hadn’t I?

“You came without my permission,” I said, layering my voice with fake irritation.

“Oh, please,” my sister snorted. “Your rules are stupid.”

“You’re my slave. You have to obey them.”

She stuck her tongue out at me. “Fine.”

I was still inside of her, and the thought of that made me smile. “Em told me that there’s a fancy new restaurant that just opened in town.” I ran a hand through her messy sex hair and brushed several stray strands away from her face. “Want to go tonight?”

“Is that an order?”

“No, but if you come, I’ll be extra kind to you from now on. No more punishing you for no reason.”

My sister put a finger to her chin. “A date with my brother, huh? What shall I wear?”

I glanced at her curves. From her pronounced hips to the cute slope of her nose, the rounded arch of her cheekbones and the smooth descent of her upper breast, there was no doubt all eyes would be on her tonight, and on me too—but probably with a much different emotion. “Your choice. But something sexy. I want to show you off.”

“Something sexy. Got it.”

“I swear that was our best sex yet.”

“Daily practice with Em has paid off.” She fidgeted. “May I get off you now?”

I nodded my approval and grunted when she crawled off me. My dick seemed to mourn as it went from being in warm heaven back down to earth. My slave roughed her hair for a moment before glancing at me. "Do you want a hot bath?"

I grinned. "Yeah, with you in it."

I laid in bed, not wanting to move from my comfortable position as my slave prepared my bath. Life was good. Too good.

I had two beautiful women who were totally devoted to me. And I owned them. I wondered what life would be like if I hadn't discovered hypnosis. Probably filled with depression like I was all those months ago.

"Master, it's ready," my sister called out from the bathroom.

I grunted, stood up, and stretched. My back suddenly ached, probably from the merciless hammering Laura did to me and to my dick, but I was still up for more.

Maybe again, after our dinner.

I had never had sex in the car before, but I suspected it would be fun. Laura will make it fun.

But first...

I walked into the bathroom. "Hey, Laura?"

"Yeah?" my sister was sprawled in one end of the steaming tub. Thank god it wasn't a bubble bath—all her important bits were on full display for me.

I slipped a finger in the water. Perfect temperature. Just the way I liked it. I dropped myself into the tub and moaned in delight as warm water enveloped my body.

"Master? What is it?"

I slid to the opposite end of the tub. "Come here."

She quickly obeyed, desperate for more jolts. I spread my legs, and she settled in between them. "Mhmmm."

"Well? I'm waiting."

"What? Oh." My sister's gaze flitted between my limp cock and me. "Up for another round so soon? Are you not, like, exhausted already?"

In response, I ran my hand through her luscious hair, across her flushed cheeks, down her fine shoulders, through her smooth curves, feeling up her tan, toned figure, and finally down to her...

Laura slapped my hand away. "Don't touch them," she snapped.

"Those belong to me."

"Yeah, well, you can't touch them till they recover. Seriously, I really don't get your obsession with ass."

I raised my hands in mock surrender. "Alright, alright."

Her gaze settled on me. There was a long pause, then finally, "we need to talk."

Ah, those dreaded four words. The four words that ended friendships, relationships, and even marriages. Except she couldn't end this one. That wasn't her call.

Still, I was nervous. "What is it?"

"I need to know about our future."

I raised an eyebrow. "Our?"

"Me, you, and Em. What will happen once you get bored with us?"

I frowned. "Bored?" I leaned down to lick her erect nipples, savoring the left one first, then the right. "How can I ever get bored with you?"

"You will. You're human. We won't entertain you for long. After years of this, you are bound to get bored with us and find other women."

I went silent. I hadn't thought about that before.

"I'm just thinking about the long term. If you decide to leave us, I really don't think Em will accept that. She worships you. I don't know what she would do. And me too; I need the jolts or I'll go bat shit insane."

I squeezed her breast affectionately. At least what I thought was affectionate. "I won't ever leave you. You're my sister."

"Promise me then. Promise me you won't ever leave Em or me."

Another promise. But if that is what it takes to make her happy...

"I promise."

Laura nodded, flashed me a small smile, then her gaze dropped, and she stared blankly at her rippling reflection. "Thank You."

There was another long silence, but finally my sister looked up at me, and once again, I took in all of her features. I still couldn't believe that we were sitting in the tub together, naked, and that we were about to fuck again, and again tomorrow, and again the day after, and—

Laura leaned forward so that our lips were almost touching. "So, are we doing this or what?"

Her breath tickled my skin, and it sent warm tingles through me. "Yeah, we are."

"Then give me the command."

"Laura—"

My sister spread her legs, raised her hips and inched closer, so close that her breasts pressed against me, and her cunt was just inches above my swollen head. I afforded a short moment to inhale sharply, appreciating her scent of peaches.

It seemed as though the temperature of the water had doubled, making me perspire in heated anticipation. Her emerald eyes, so filled with yearning and lust, seemed to glow with even more intensity.

"—fuck me."

She smiled and lowered herself. "Yes, Master."