

Chapter 3

I didn't see Clara for three days after our hypnotherapy session. She had a flight scheduled to Dubai, and I had been busy with clients.

When we finally met up, it was at the airport on a gloomy Sunday. I had been reading a book, relaxing in the driver's seat of my car when my sister knocked on the window. I unlocked the doors and greeted her as she sat down.

"Hey," she greeted me back as her scent of peaches drifted into the vehicle.

"So, was Brad busy or something?" I asked her, half wondering how the hell she always smelled so fucking good.

It was unusual for her to ask me to pick her up from the airport. That was her boyfriend's job.

"Something like that," my sister mumbled. She looked down and adjusted her neck scarf.

There was a moment of silence between us. I turned on the radio.

"So," I finally said, trying to start a conversation. "Have you seen any improvements with your confidence?"

She nodded and offered me a smile. "Yeah, I really did. You know, it feels like magic. I do a hypnotherapy session and I come out a better person. You're like a miracle worker or something."

That made me chuckle. "I'm just glad it's helping you. Few people respond so quickly and so well like you have."

We talked for a while. Clara had traveled to Dubai many times already, so there really wasn't much to share. She just talked about some fresh sights she saw, but it wasn't anything spectacular.

We finally arrived back at our apartment and I drove into the private parking area. Our parents had bought a condo for us, so we were comfortable when we moved here to find job opportunities.

"Hey," I told my sister as I parked the car. "I bought some groceries at the back. Mind if you help grab some?"

That was my little test to see if my suggestion about being more helpful towards me had worked out or not.

My sister frowned and my heart sank. "Is it a lot?"

"Well, not that much."

"Then, it's a man's job," she said, before hopping out of the vehicle and starting towards the lift.

I sighed, got out of my car, and opened the back door to get the groceries. It looked like my suggestion bore no fruit, which was weird, since all my other suggestions had immediate effects.

I just chalked it up to luck. Everyone's minds worked differently. Sometimes, a suggestion to one person wouldn't work for another person. That was normal, and it was part of my job to figure out a fix. It was like I was a mind engineer.

I boarded the empty lift with her, and we were silent until we reached the sixth floor and came to a stop at our apartment.

"Can you at least open the door?" I muttered. She made a face at me.

"Well, duh," she replied, fishing her purse for the door key. She continued looking at her phone while she fumbled at the lock with her free hand.

"Ow!" my sister yelped when she pushed the door open.

"What?" I asked, going around her and pushing the door all the way through. I examined her for a moment before allowing myself in. "Did you hurt yourself?"

With a grunt, I heaved the grocery bags onto the dining table.

"Clara?" I called out from the kitchen when I didn't receive a reply.

Still no answer.

I shook my head and headed towards the front door where my sister stood. She looked shocked. Her mouth was ajar, and she was slightly bent over with one of her hands pressing against the groin area on her skirt.

"Is everything alright?" I asked.

All I received was a nod.

"Are you sure?" I said, realizing that she was breathing a little heavy.

Clara raised a hand at me and nodded again. "Yeah, yeah. Just.. something weird happened. It's nothing." She straightened herself and closed the front door.

"It's nothing," she repeated as she breezed past me towards her room, taking off her heels on the way.

I watched my sister until she disappeared into her room, slamming the door shut behind her.

What was that all about?

I had forgotten about the incident as I prepared dinner for two. I didn't really didn't like cooking, but what can you do when you have a spoiled little sister who just refuses to do anything?

Tonight, I was making Aglio e olio. It was simple enough to make, and I was exhausted after a full day of work. As a hypnotherapist, I had to work on weekends since that was when a lot of clients had time to see me.

I chopped the garlic, the parsley, and then prepped the water while I whistled a tune I didn't remember where I had heard from.

"Dinner's ready!" I called out to my sister, placing two steaming portions of pasta onto two empty plates. It was already half-past six, I was exhausted, and I badly needed to decompress.

I sat down and ate a spoonful of pasta while I whipped out my phone and browsed Reddit.

"Clara?" I called out again when she didn't show up.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm here." My sister walked into the kitchen and sat down in her usual spot, right across from me.

I raised a brow when I saw that her hair was damp and that she was smelling fresh. She had changed out of her uniform and was wearing a one shoulder sleeveless white tee and short gray pants, which was unusual. She had always worn baggy t-shirts at home.

"Showered already?" I asked. She never took a bath this early. Midnight showers had been a ritual for her for years.

"Mhm," my sister replied, twirling the pasta around her fork. Clara was a slow eater and always picked at her food, except when it came to chocolate.

"Any reasons for the change of habit?"

"Mhm. Nope, nothing."

"Where did you get the shirt?" I asked, feeling like an annoying, probing older brother.

"You like it?" My sister stood up and did a slow turn. "I'm trying to change my style a bit. Just, you know, showing off a little—you know?"

"A little skin?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"You know, you talked about wanting to show off more while under hypnosis."

She perked up. "Really?"

"Yeah, while under trance, people talk freely, like there is no filter. You mentioned wanting to show off more skin to help with your confidence."

"And you are okay with this?"

I chuckled. "Clara, I'm not mom or dad. You're an adult and how you choose to dress is up to you."

"Okay."

I finished my meal and got up to wash my plate. Our kitchen didn't have a dishwasher since it was inconvenient to have one for only two people, but I had thought of buying one many times.

"Aaron?" my sister called out behind me. "You said people talked freely under hypnosis. Have I said anything, like... weird?"

"No, not really."

"So, just my desire to show off more skin?"

"I mean, you mentioned some other things like wanting to talk more openly when around your friends."

She nodded. "Yeah, that's something I want to get better at."

When I said nothing, she spoke up again.

"Nothing else?"

I continued to wash my plate. "No, not really."

"Okay."

"Hey," I said. "Could you pass me a new packet of sponge? This one's pretty old."

"Sure."

"It's in the top drawer to your right." I gestured at it with a wet finger. "Yeah, right there."

She grabbed what I asked and tossed it towards me. I caught the packet, then frowned when I saw her freeze.

"You good?"

"Yeah, I—oh god."

Did she—did she just moan?

"I need to go," my sister said before hurrying out of the kitchen and straight towards her room.

"Clara?" I called out to her. She ignored me.

I looked towards the dining table and sighed when I saw she had barely touched her plate.

"Whatever," I muttered and tossed her unfinished dish in the microwave before wiping the dining table clean and heading towards my room.

I slumped on my bed, relaxed for a bit, then took out my phone.

Me: Everything ok?

It took a full minute before I received a reply.

Clara: Yeah.

Me: Pasta is in the microwave if you get hungry.

Another full minute for her to reply. Clara usually replies to me within seconds, since she was always on her phone.

Clara: Ok

The next day, I had a whole day packed full with clients. I only arrived home when it was already dark. I had texted Clara that I was going to be late, so she needed to wait a bit before dinner. That happened sometimes, and Clara was always fine with it.

“Hey,” I called out after I opened the front door. At this hour, I expected to see my little sister cozying up on the living room couch watching a film on Netflix while tapping away on her phone.

But, as I walked into our apartment, there was nothing playing on the TV, and my sister was nowhere to be seen.

I called out to her as I walked through the living room, but received no answer. My phone beeped out a text message before I could check the kitchen.

Clara: I am in my room. I already ate. Ordered take out. Sushi’s in the fridge.

Why was she texting me instead of telling me in person? My sister was really acting weird these past weeks. I might have to ask her about it when we have our next session that was scheduled in a few days.

Sighing, I headed towards the kitchen to have dinner. The sashimi was great, but that was because Clara had ordered from a high scaled sushi place.

After dinner, I crashed on the living room couch and played a random film about soldiers trapped on an island. I typed away on my laptop as I laid there, answering emails that needed to be replied to.

Clara never came out of her room to watch the movie with me. I just shrugged it off as her being in a mood. Maybe she and Brad had relationship problems. That might explain her strange behavior as of late.

It was close to midnight by the time I finally snapped my laptop shut. With a loud groan, I struggled off the couch and headed towards my room, where I took a quick bath and then went straight for the sack.

“Aaron?”

I rubbed my eyes and slowly sat up, groaning as I did so. Had I just heard my name?

I blinked through the darkness. Nothing was out of place. Reaching for my phone at my bedside, I frowned when I saw it was three in the morning.

It must have been a dream.

A knock on my door almost made me drop my phone.

“Aaron?” my sister’s voice called out to me.

Was something wrong?

Immediately, I was on my feet and towards the door. Opening it showed my sister, in a nightgown I have never seen her wear before. It was a bright red v-neck nightgown that covered little of her skin and looked like it was made from silk. She looked as if she hadn’t been sleeping because her hair wasn’t a mess. In fact, she seemed to have taken time to style her hair down and textured it into a tousled lob.

She looked breathtaking.

“Clara?” I said, rubbing my eyes some more. “Is everything okay?”

“No.” I realized my sister was breathing a little heavy “Can I come in?”

“Of course.” I stepped aside and watched her as she walked past me and sat down on the edge of my bed, looking distraught.

Before I could ask what was wrong, my sister spoke up first.

“Something is wrong with me.”

I sat down beside her and placed a hand on her thigh. She seemed to shudder at the touch.

“Okay,” I kept my voice low and steady, as if we were in therapy. “What’s going on?”

“I think... I think...” She sniffed and looked down, almost on the verge of tears. “I think something happened during therapy.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know.” She shook her head and finally looked at me. There were tears in her eyes. “But something definitely happened.”

“What? Tell me what’s wrong.”

She sniffed again. “After our last session... when I first saw you yesterday...”

“Yeah?”

My sister choked the words out. “Remember... remember when you ordered me to open the door?”

“Ordered? I just asked you, Clara. I had the groceries in my hand.”

She nodded. “Yeah, after you told me to do it, and I did. Suddenly, I...” She trailed off in silence.

“Clara, you have to tell me what’s going on. I remember you were in pain or something. Is there some health issue you are having?”

She shook her head, tears rolling down her cheeks. “No. No, I wasn’t in pain. I was—I was...”

“What, Clara?”

“I was fucking horny, Aaron. I was god damn horny.”

I recoiled back. Clara had never used the f word before. Never.

More words came tumbling out of her. “I don’t know why. It was like a sudden feeling and I became so wet and turned on. And then, last night, you... you told me to get the sponge, and I did it, and I got so damn turned on again. It’s like... I’m like... you must have... you must have done something to me.”

She broke down after that, weeping and crying.

I didn’t know what to do but just sat there and processed what she had just said.

“I don’t understand either,” I finally said. “This shouldn’t have happened.”

My sister managed a sentence in between tears. “What did you do to me?”

“I did what I normally do. I just made you associate a sexual feeling with helping me out.”

As soon as the words escaped my lips, I knew it was bad.

"I know it sounds bad," I quickly said before she replied. "But a lot of hypnotherapists use this technique where a good feeling gets associated with a good habit. I used something sexual because that was all you could think about while under trance."

"Why would you do something like that!" my sister cried out and hit me on my shoulder.

"You said you wanted to improve yourself! I just thought it would be nice if I were to encourage you to help me with the chores around the house. I know it's wrong and I shouldn't have made a suggestion without your prior consent, but... it..."

"You're going to fix me." My sister stated like it was a fact.

I nodded. "I'm sorry, Clara. Definitely, I will definitely fix you. I'm so sorry to hear this. This wasn't supposed to happen. I don't know why your mind processed it like that. There has been a lot of research done about connecting a sexual feeling as a motivation, but something like this has never happened before. It should never have happened."

Clara didn't respond. She just looked down at the ground. Her breathing hasn't slowed, and I watched her chest rise and fall.

"Clara... I'm so sorry."

When she didn't respond again, I thought of something better to say, but all I could think of was how messed up this was, and how distraught she must be feeling.

"Just..." my sister finally spoke up. "Just... for now... help me out."

"Yes," I told her. "I will fix you. Tomorrow, as soon as—"

"No," she interrupted me. "Just... I want you to help me out." She looked up at me, and her expression told me everything.

"What are you—what are you saying?"

"Tell me to do something. I have been so fucking turned on for the last two days. I couldn't sleep last night. All I did was masturbate thinking about what you said."

"What? What I said?"

"Yeah." My sister's eyes were glazing over and she slid a hand under her gown. "Open the door, Clara. Give me a sponge, Clara. Fuck." The motion from her arm increased in speed and she bit down on her lower lips, hard. "Fuck. Just tell me to do something, Aaron. Anything."

"Clara—I..." I looked between her eyes and her arm. "Stop. Stop it, Clara."

Her arm immediately stopped, and she threw her head up to let out a loud moan. It was so primal... so unlike my little sister.

"Oh, shit, Aaron. Fuck." She grabbed my knee with her free hand and her eyes locked in on mine. There was a glint of desperation in her eyes I have never seen before. "No, not that! Don't tell me to stop. Something else, Aaron. Please."

I stood up and backed away. "Clara, you're not in the right mindset. I'll fix you, okay? Just—"

"Please," my sister interrupted me. "Yes, you'll fix me. But that doesn't matter now. Right now, I—you don't understand how much I need a release all fucking day. And I can't fucking orgasm until you tell me to do something."

"What?"

"I can't god damn climax, Aaron! I have tried! But the only two times I have managed was right after you ordered me to do something."

I reached for her. "Okay, I will fix you, don't worry."

"Aaron," my sister bit the word out. "This is all your fault, right?"

"Yes, and I'm so sorry. I will—"

"Since this is your fault, at least help me out? At least give me a command so I can finally get off."

"Clara, I think—"

"Aaron!" she was screaming now. "Just tell me to do something!"

"Okay, okay." I put my hands in the air. "Clara, I don't know. Clara, just stand up?"

Immediately, she was on her feet, and her hand began moving in motion again. I half wished I could see exactly what was happening because her nightgown was covering the act between her legs. Her rhythm increased and my sister started moaning.

Really, really loud.

She wasn't on her feet for long as her knees collapsed underneath her.

Clara was writhing on the ground.. Her moans wrapped into words and she was spitting them out with fierce passion.

“Holy fuck, fuck, fuck. Fuck. Fuck!” She turned her head to look for me, and once she found me, her eyes zeroed into mine. “Aaron, fuck! Aaron, holy shit.”

I just stood there watching in horror at what was unfolding.

It felt like an eternity until her orgasm finally died down. She wasn’t spasming erratically or moaning anymore. She was just panting heavily and whispering something under her breath.

Slowly, I moved closer until I realized she was repeating my name.

“Aaron... Aaron... Aaron...”

“Clara...” I knelt down and shook her shoulder. Her right hand dropped. It was soaking wet. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” her reply was so low, it was barely a whisper. She offered me a drained smile and managed some last words. “That felt so good. Thank you.”

She closed her eyes slowly, and seconds later, she was snoring.

I knelt there for what seemed like hours. I had almost convinced myself that I was in a dream, but after pinching myself in several places, I had to face it—that all happened.

I picked my sister up, carrying her weight on my arms, grimacing when I realized the whole bottom of her gown was wet. I carried her back to her room, where I gently placed her onto her bed.

Her room was a complete mess. Clothes were everywhere, and as I examined them, I realized most of them were her undergarments.

I closed her room door, and my mind raced as I made my way back to mine.

I had to fix my sister. I had to find a solution and bring her back to normal.

This was all so fucked up. There was no doubt about it. Even after I had fixed her and everything went back to normal, there would for sure be some trauma left on her.

It was all my fault.

What had happened was so wrong, so disgusting. I had to try everything I could to fix her. I would not stop until she gets back to normal.

But as I closed my door behind me, not locking it in case my sister needed me, I had to face reality.

“Christ, man,” I told myself as I looked down and saw what I wished wasn’t true. “Why?”

There was no hiding it, while my sister was telling me how turned on she was, begging me to command her, masturbating in front of me, then orgasming out my name... The whole time, I was...

It was sick. It was twisted. It was disgusting.

But...

But I enjoyed it.

I enjoyed it a lot.