

## Chapter 4

I didn't sleep that night. I tried to, but memories of what had happened stirred around my mind, making me toss and turn in bed.

After two hours of frustration, I finally got up and switched on the lights. Sitting on the corner of my bed, I wiped beads of sweat off my forehead.

*Why is it so hot in my room when the AC is on?*

"Fuck," I said out aloud, staring at the blank wall in front of me. "Why is this happening?"

It wasn't a terrible question. Why had my sister reacted so badly to the last hypnotherapy session? For some reason, her mind associated 'helping your brother out' with 'obey whatever your brother says'. And the sexual feeling she was experiencing... it was an undocumented reaction.

Hypnosis was still a subject nobody really understood. But receiving extreme sexual pleasure like that was unheard of. If the hypnotherapy had gone right, she should have just received a minor burst of a positive feeling—like a small high or some sexual energy—not whatever she had been experiencing.

I felt so bad for her. This was no doubt all my fault.

But as my mind wandered to thoughts of my sister, thoughts about how guilty I should feel, images of her fingering herself started creeping in.

*No, no, no. I can't be thinking about this! It's wrong. It's disgusting. Vile. No brother should ever have these images in his head. It's disgusting. It's disgusting. It's...*

Images of Clara moaning my name floated into my thoughts.

"No, no, no." I was almost screaming. "It's disgusting. It's disgusting. It's—fuck!"

I shot to my feet when I realized I had been touching myself.

"What is wrong with you?" I stared at my right hand like it was responsible for everything. "You're vile! Sick!"

I was breathing so hard that my chest started to hurt. Exhaling out, I forced myself to calm down. But pushing away thoughts of my sister was close to impossible, and after a few minutes of trying to slow my breathing down and failing miserably, I gave up.

*Aaron... Aaron... Aaron...*

The way Clara had whispered my name. It was so low, so breathy, so full of lust...

"No, please. Please stop!" I got down on my knees and begged no one. "Please stop thinking these thoughts."

But no matter how much I tried to push the thought away, they came back stronger, with a vengeance.

*I enjoyed that.* Images of Clara's satisfied smile flashed into my mind. *Thank you*

That was the final straw. I couldn't take it anymore. Screaming and begging would not help. So, I did the only thing that could release all the sexual tension I was keeping pent up inside.

I grabbed a packet of tissue paper from my desk, knocking books over and sending them tumbling to the ground. I didn't care. My mind was firm on what I was about to do and I was resigned to it.

Walking over to my desk, I opened the drawer, grabbed a bottle of lotion and headed into my bathroom with the items in hand. I shut the door behind me, dark thoughts swirling in my mind.

I began masturbating.

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"Clara?" I called softly, knocking on her door. I waited for an answer, tensing at every sound that came from inside. My heart was drumming in my chest and both of my fists were squeezed tight.

I had thought about texting her back in the comfort of my room, but I knew it was useless. I had to face my sister.

I waited a minute outside her door before I felt my phone vibrating in my pocket. Taking it out, I read the message.

**Clara: Are we going to your office now?**

"Yeah," I said out aloud, tapping on her door. "Let's just get this over with as fast as possible."

I waited another full minute before I heard footsteps. Seconds later, the door opened, revealing my sister in a white striped dress. It was the same one she had worn in the previous hypnotherapy session—the dress that disappointed covered all her curves and most of her legs.

I broke the silence. "Hey."

Clara still hadn't looked at me. Her gaze was on her feet. "Hey."

Silence again. All I could hear were our breaths.

"Let's go," I whispered, turning around and heading for the front door.

We didn't talk in the car. Hell, my sister still hasn't looked at me, or any part of me. Her gaze was always on the ground and whenever I had to walk into her vision, she would quickly avert her gaze.

It was, by far, my longest car ride to work.

After an agonizing thirty minutes, we neared my office, and I parked in my parking spot. I exited the car first, briskly walking towards the front door, unlocked it, before going inside and flicking on the lights.

"I canceled all my appointments today," I called out behind me. My sister seemed hesitant to step inside and was hovering at the doorway.

I opened my office door and let out a long exhale. "Come on," I mumbled.

She came in, her gaze still fixated on the ground. When she was close to me, she spoke.

"Please don't do that."

I looked at her. "Do what?"

"Don't tell me what to do or I feel *it*."

I slapped a palm onto my forehead. "Oh, shit."

With so many thoughts running through my mind, I had forgotten that she received pleasure jolts after obeying me. "Yeah, I'm sorry. Shit."

Clara silently entered my office, and I watched her as she crossed the room and sat down.

"Don't worry," I told her as I slowly sank into my chair. "I'll fix this."

"I hope so."

"It will just feel like a moment, and when you wake up, you will be normal again," I told her, trying to sound as reassuring as possible.

"Are you ready?" I asked after a moment of silence.

Clara didn't speak, her eyes on her lap. Finally, she gave a faint nod.

"Okay," I said, reaching to the side and opening the mini treasure box where I kept the ruby.

For the first time that day, Clara looked up. She watched as I opened the treasure box, then inhaled audibly once the ruby came into view.

"Clara, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

I set the ruby down. Her gaze followed. "You can close your eyes."

She didn't fall forward this time. I watched as her body went limp and her head lolled to the side before her eyes snapped shut.

Let's make this quick.

"Clara," I said. I had probably imagined this scenario a hundred times the night before, thinking of what to say to fix her. I decided to just be as straightforward as possible. "You will not feel the sexual burst of energy whenever you obey your brother anymore. Do you understand?"

I held my breath. It didn't take long before I heard a reply.

"Yes."

I let out a sigh of relief.

Was that it? Problem solved? It felt easier than expected.

"I'm going to countdown from ten," I said. "When I reach one, you're going to wake up. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I counted down.

"It's done," I told my sister when she opened her eyes. "I fixed it."

She met my gaze. “Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” Her breaths were getting quicker by the second. “Tell—tell me to do something.”

“Umm.” Scratching my head, I thought of something I could say. I didn’t want to tell her to stand up because of what happened the night before. “Umm... Clara, lift your right hand.”

Clara obeyed. I watched as her expression morphed from hopeful to despair.

“No, Aaron,” she cried out. “It’s still there. I still feel it!”

“What?” I tried to comfort her as she bent over, hands on her face. “How?”

My sister pushed me away and jolted up to her feet.

“How the hell should I know?” She pointed towards me. “You’re the hypnotherapist! You must have done it wrong.”

“Clara, please.” I stood up. “Are you sure it’s not gone? Because your subconscious accepted the suggestion I gave you.”

“Yes, I’m sure.” One of her hands was clutching her skirt. “What the hell did you say?”

“I told you that you would not feel the sexual energy whenever you obey me.” I threw my arms in the air. “And you said yes!”

Her glare was dark. “Well, it’s clearly not working. I still have it and I still... I still...” My sister broke down.

I decided not to comfort my sister as she dropped to the floor on her knees, shaking and sobbing. I was afraid it would just upset her more.

“I’m so sorry,” I told her as I watched her frame tremble. “I will try again. Just... let me try again, okay?”

“You’re a liar,” my sister said, spitting out the words. “You’re lying to me.”

I walked over to her and knelt down. “Clara, please, I’m not lying to you. I’m trying my best here.”

She looked at me. Her eyes were red and her hair was a mess. “You just want to fuck me, don’t you?”

I recoiled backwards. "What?"

"You just want to fuck me, you sick pervert," she accused. "Because... because... if you didn't... I wouldn't be having these thoughts!"

"Clara—what? What are you talking about?"

"Don't lie to me!"

Her screams had me backing up. I looked around even though I knew there were just two of us in the room. "Clara, I swear to god I'm not lying to you. I swear, please—what are you talking about?"

"Then why am I having these thoughts? Tell me!"

"The sexual thoughts? I will fix it, I promise, I—"

"No!" My sister was hysterical now. "Thoughts about—thoughts about." She choked out the last words. "Thoughts about *you*."

I took a moment to process that. "What?"

"Thoughts about you. All I can think of all day is you. Doing—doing." She stood up and pointed a finger towards me accusingly. "Doing stuff with you!"

"You have sexual thoughts about me?"

"Yes! And I never had these thoughts before! You must have been putting those thoughts in my mind."

"No, Clara. Why—why would I do that?"

"I don't know." She was crying again. "Maybe you are just a sick pervert who wants to fuck me."

"I promise I'm not, Clara. I just want to fix you."

"Then why am I having these thoughts, huh, Aaron?" More tears sprung out from her weeping eyes. "Why is it so coincidental that after two sessions, I went from being a normal girl to wanting to fuck my own brother?"

"I don't know, okay? All I can promise you now is that I am not putting these thoughts in your head and I'm trying to fix you." An idea hit me and I took out my phone. "Look. I will record myself talking to you while you are under. I can prove to you that I really just want to help you."

“No.” she shook her head. “Just—just bring me home. You have done enough.”

“Please, Clara,” I begged. “Just give me a chance to prove it to you.”

But it was useless. My sister was already out the door.

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I spent the whole day on my laptop researching potential solutions. I read every research paper I could find about hypnosis and hypnotherapy. It was mostly information I already knew, but I was desperate to figure out why my sister was reacting so differently to hypnosis than basically everyone else.

I did research on links between hypnosis and sexual tension, but everything came out blank. By the time I forced myself to take a break, it was already way past dinnertime.

Fishing my phone from my pocket, I fumbled a text to my sister. She had locked herself in her room and never came out since we got home.

**Me: Hey, I’m sorry, I forgot about dinner. Do you need anything? I could order takeaway.**

I held my phone and waited for a reply.

A minute passed. Five minutes passed.

Nothing.

I sighed and reclined back in my chair. She must be furious. I didn’t blame her. It was perfectly reasonable to come out with the conclusion she did, even though it wasn’t true. I just needed to get her back to normal to prove I was on her side.

Many more hours flew by as I typed and clicked away on my laptop.

A knock on my door.

Immediately, I was on my feet and heading towards the door.

“I’m sorry,” I said, when my sister came into view. She was in the same silk nightgown she had been wearing yesterday, but it was a different color. This one was neon pink. “Are you hungry? I’ll go get you some food.”

“No, I’m not,” my sister said, her gaze on the ground. “I just need—I just need your help again.”

I knew what she was implying, but I had to ask and hope it wasn’t. “Help with what?”

“Help,” she replied simply. “Can I come in?”

“Yeah.” I moved to the side and inhaled peaches as she breezed past me.

“I can go in the bathroom if you want,” I told her.

She sat on my bed, facing me. “For what?”

“For your privacy. Or, if you want, we can go to your room and I will just wait outside.”

My sister looked at me and frowned. “What are you talking about?”

“I mean—you.” I cleared my throat. “I can order you to do something and you can do your thing in private. You don’t have to worry about me looking. I will be a distance away.”

“Oh.” She thought about it for a few seconds, then shook her head, her eyes on mine. “No, I want you here.”

“Clara, I—”

“Just come here.” Her tone was sharp and her eyes meant business. I looked at her for several seconds, trying to figure out what to say, but I resigned myself and walked towards her.

“Come here,” my sister said, urging me on as I slowly made my way towards her.

When I was inches away, she held up a hand. “Give me your hand,” she said.

“Clara, what—”

“Just give it,” she snapped.

Hesitantly, I held up my hand. She took my wrist. Her fingers were ice cold, and I shivered at the contact.

She brought my hand down to her right knee. I frowned as I tried to figure out what she was planning to do.

Clara kept my hand there for a moment, then she moved north, to her thighs.



Her legs felt silky smooth. I tried my best to keep my breaths steady as she had me feeling up her legs.

“What are you trying to do?” I asked wearily as I saw her gaze softening and her breaths quickening.

She didn’t reply. Instead, she moved my hand north again. Slowly, she had me trailing up her thigh and heading towards the hem of her gown.

“Clara!” I jerked my hands away. “What are you doing?”

“I want you to help me,” she replied, slowly opening her eyes and meeting mine.

“This is crazy.”

She fired back. “Crazier than you making me your personal sex object?”

“I told you, I didn’t—”

“It doesn’t matter now,” she cut me off. “This is all your fault, right?”

She paused for me to answer.

“And I’m sorry for that. I’ll fix you.”

“This is all your fault, right?” she repeated.

I paused. Her gaze was like steel, burning into mine.

I reluctantly answered.

“...yes.”

“Then help me,” she said, her voice sharp. She held up her hand, gesturing mine. “At least help me with this.”

“I can’t.”

“Why not? You want this, don’t you?”

“No—what? I swear to you I don’t.”

“You don’t think I’m pretty enough? Is that it? Am I not good enough for you?”

"What?" I backed off. "Listen to yourself. This is insanity. You're not thinking straight."

"Maybe," she replied, standing up too. She walked a few steps towards me and I backed off a few paces. "But all I can think of now is this. And since this is all your fault, you're going to help me."

My back touched solid. "Clara, I told you I'll help you. I'll stand outside and I'll order you to do something. After—" She was getting closer, inching her way towards me. I thought fast. "Clara, stop."

She obeyed and squeezed her eyes shut. A soft grunt escaped her lips. When she opened her eyes again, they were filled with something I had never thought I would see from my little sister.

Lust. Pure lust.

"You want me to stop?" she asked, her voice low and soft now. "What else do you want me to do, *Sir*?" She added the last part with a soft purr.

"This is not you," I told her. "Just—please. Think about what you are doing."

"You want this too. Look." She nodded to the tent in my pants. My erection was straining against the front of my pants, begging to be free.

"No." I tried to turn away. "No, I don't want this."

But even as the words left from my tongue, I knew it was a lie.

"You want this." She moved forward again. A second later, she was on me and I felt my throat tightening. Our lips were just inches away.

I inhaled sharply when I felt her hands in between my thighs.

"Clara..." I warned when she unzipped my pants. She didn't look away. Her gaze was locked onto mine, full of want.

I didn't move to stop her as she undid my pants, her pants hot against my flesh. With one swift motion, she pulled down.

My sister finally broke eye contact and nodded at my throbbing erection. "How can you tell me you don't want this?"

She tugged down on my boxers, and my cock sprang free. I was so hard like I haven't felt in so many years. A profusion of pre-cum trickled from the tip of my cock. We watched as a single drop oozed to the ground, landing in a small pool in between her feet.

"It's so big." She commented. Still as a statue, I watched as her fingers enclosed around my length. She held my cock in a firm, light grip, breathing out the last words in a rush. "And so warm."

My heart thundered in my ears, blood rushing into my head, clouding my thoughts. I was so poised at the edge, I could orgasm just listening to her dirty talk.

We were both panting now, our harsh breathing becoming the only sounds in the room.

"I dare you to tell me you don't want this," my sister said, locking eyes with me. She began moving her hand down my length, then up. A low groan escaped my throat and more pre-cum oozed from my tip. I was practically dripping with anticipation. "You can tell me to stop and I'll stop."

I said nothing. I just stood still and watched as she jacked me off.

"You want this, don't you?" Clara used her free hand to tug at the strings of her nightgown.

I watched in a daze as she unhooked the strings from her shoulders. Seconds later, her pink nightgown pooled down on the ground, revealing her nude.

"Shit," was all I said as I looked at her breasts, her nipples so hard. My gaze fell to her curves, and then down to her glistening cunt. My sister was shaven.

"Shit." she echoed. "Is that all you have to say?"

Her silky voice ripped through my daze. I brought myself to her lust filled eyes. "Clara, I—"

I couldn't recognise my voice, so hoarse and cracked. It was as if someone else was speaking for me.

She inched herself closer, pressing her breasts against my body. "You... what?"

"Shit." I gasped, my will seeping away as she pumped my cock faster. "Don't stop."

She increased her rhythm, moving her right hand up and down my length. She must have received a pleasure jolt, because her neck snapped up towards the ceiling and she moaned loudly.

"Don't stop," I repeated. I gripped the sides of her body, my nails digging into her skin.

“Don’t stop,” my sister echoed me, moaning out the words in a lustful rush. She pumped me faster and faster.

“Keep saying that,” Clara said, her gaze upwards. “Please, command me. Say it again.”

“Don’t stop,” I repeated. I closed my eyes and steeled myself. “Don’t stop. Don’t stop.”

“Oh, fuck—” was all I could manage before I went over the edge. I exploded my load, but Clara didn’t stop. She continued to jerk me off. I felt her other hand on my balls, squeezing.

That had me orgasming even harder. I groaned out her name as I spurted waves after waves of cum onto her stomach, clutching her frame like it was my lifeline.

“Oh my god,” I breathed out as I felt my body dying down. “Holy shit.”

Clara finally let go of my cock and took a step back. My hands dropped from her sides and I almost fell over. I wasn’t in control of my knees yet. They were shaking like a leaf.

I dug my back against the wall to steady myself. I could see deep red nail marks on my sister’s sides from where I had gripped her. My gaze went over her body, and I smiled inwardly at the sight. Cum was coated all over her breast and her stomach. I looked towards the ground and saw I had made a big mess there, too.

I had never produced that much semen before. Not even close. This was no doubt the best orgasm in my life.

The thought felt weird. It felt so wrong.

My sister just gave me my best orgasm.

I looked up and slowly straightened myself, studying my sister’s expression.

She met my gaze and chuckled. “That must have felt superb, huh?”

I tried to say something, but it seemed like I was still incapable of speech. I just nodded.

My sister wiped globs of semen off her breasts. “Have you not orgasm in a while or something? This is....” She gestured around. “It’s everywhere.”

I shook my head, still trying to catch my breath.

“Do you think you still have some left in the tank?” Clara wiped more cum off her breasts before she closed the distance between us. She grabbed my cock and rubbed it gently, her thumb making circles around my tip. “Maybe you can fill me up instead.”

The after effects of my earth shattering orgasm were fading. My sister dropped my cock and took my hand, pulling me towards my bed.

"No, stop—" I jerked my hand away.

She turned around. "What's wrong? You don't have enough for round two, big man?"

"No, it's—" I looked at all the cum on the ground and my eyes went wide. Realization of what just happened hit me. "Clara, I just—look." I pointed to the floor.

"Yeah, that's your semen, if you didn't know," my sister said in a matter-of-fact tone.

I looked at her. "You just jerked me off."

"I did."

"What the fuck?"

"You're not giving me this right now." Her tone grew sharper. She placed her hands on her hips. "You wanted it."

"Yeah—no." I shook my head. "What the fuck, Clara?"

"Maybe you just need a little stimulant." She closed the distance between us and took my cock again, stroking it softly. Her gaze dropped to my lips. She got up onto tiptoes and a second later, I tasted peaches.

Her lips were soft, wet. Heavenly. I closed my eyes and felt her tongue pressing against the seam of my lips, trying to force it in.

Her message was clear: let me enter.

I could feel my cock hardening again, but my mind was clear now.

This was so wrong.

"No, Clara." I gripped her shoulders and pushed her back softly. Hurt flashed in her eyes.

"Why?" she asked me, her gaze searching mine. "Why can't we?"

"You're not in your right mind," I told her. "The hypnosis must have changed your thinking. This is wrong. You know this is wrong."

"But it feels so right," she countered, taking a step towards me. "Tell me it feels so right."

I didn't reply.

"See?" Another step towards me. "You agree. So, what's wrong with this? We're both adults." I felt her hands on my chest, and she began sliding them down. "You want this."

I grabbed her wrists and shook my head. "No, you should go."

"Aaron..."

"Go," I told her firmly. My mind was screaming for me to not do this. It was telling me to bring her to bed and give into my urges. "We'll talk about this tomorrow. I'll fix you, okay? I promise."

Clara tried to say something, but I pushed her towards the door.

"Go."

"Aaron," my sister started to say, but my command seemed to take effect. She wasn't resisting me as I ushered her out of my room. "Please don't."

"Go to sleep," I told her and shut the door.

