

## Chapter 5

I stood outside my sister's door. I had been gathering the courage to knock on her door for the past hour, but memories of last night kept my hands by my side.

Even though I had barely slept for the past forty-eight hours, I felt wide awake.

What had happened? Why was my sister's brain so messed up from our hypnotherapy sessions? Was I to blame for everything?

Last night... everything was still fresh in my mind, the touch of her fingers as she gripped my cock... the way she squeezed my balls as I came. And her lips... how heavenly they tasted.

The door opened, and I jerked backwards.

"How long are you going to stand there?" my sister asked.

I looked at her. There was a stark difference in her behavior compared to the day before. Yesterday, she couldn't even bear to look me in the eye, but now she had no problems meeting my gaze. Her posture was different, too. There was much more confidence in her stance.

"Hey," I said, slightly disappointed by her choice of clothing. The last time I had seen her, she wore that sexy, silky nightgown, but now she was sporting a simple black tee and white pants. "No, I was just going to knock."

"Uh huh." Clara urged me inside. "Come in."

"I was just telling you to get ready. We're going to my office."

She frowned. "You're going to hypnotize me again?"

"Yeah, I told you. I'm going to fix you and—"

"There's something I need to tell you," she said, interrupting me. "Come in."

I stood outside her door for a few more seconds before I nodded and walked past her and into her room.

Her room was much cleaner since the last time I saw it. Everything was in the right place and her bed was made.

I turned to her. "What's that smell?"

My sister closed the door. "You like it? It's a new incense I bought from Dubai. Green tea."

I nodded. "Yeah, it's pretty fragrant."

"Sit." Clara gestured to her bed.

I sat on her desk chair instead, wary of what being on her bed would imply. That made her laugh.

"Okay, so," my sister sat on her bed, facing me. "We need to talk."

"Yeah, we probably need to."

Her gaze cut into mine. "Did you enjoy last night?"

I shifted in my seat. "Clara, maybe we shouldn't talk about that."

She tilted her head. "Why not? Last night happened. Did you enjoy it?"

"No."

"Liar. You were so hard, Aaron. And the way you came all over me, you—"

"Clara—please. Why are we talking about this?"

"Because I would like to know. Did you enjoy it?"

I sighed and looked away.

My sister broke the silence. "There's something you have to know. I—how do I put this." She cleared her throat. "I think I know why the therapy went wrong."

I snapped my attention back to her. "Why?"

"I—when I was..." she sighed, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When she opened them again, they were clear and full of determination. "I think while under hypnosis, whatever you said or did to me. I think... I think it brought out my true self."

I shook my head in disagreement. "This isn't you, Clara. There's no way you're like this."

"You don't know who I really am. Nobody does." She sighed again. "I have always been like this. I'm a very sexual person. I just never told anyone."

"I'm not surprised to hear that," I said. "During hypnosis, all you could think about was sex. But your sex drive is all messed up. It seems like you are now constantly turned on and all that energy is directed at me."

"Yeah, I think my sex drive has been off the charts lately. But, that's because I'm getting this high every time I do what you say. I also can't seem to orgasm by myself anymore. It seems like I can only get off after you tell me to do something or when you are there with me."

"I don't get it," I said. "Why is your mind making me the object of your sexual obsession? All I did was try to make you feel good whenever you would help me around the house. It doesn't make sense that you're thinking all these thoughts."

My sister's voice grew soft. "It's because I always liked you."

I snapped my head up. "What?"

"I always liked you, Aaron. It started when we were young, when I was thirteen. I always had these..." She paused to find the right words. "I had these fantasies about you. Hypnosis must have brought all these things I have been hiding to the surface."

My head was spinning. "You have fantasies about me?"

She nodded. "Yeah... very wild ones."

"No, this has to be a mistake," I said. "Sometimes hypnosis can mess with memories. Maybe under a trance, you—"

"No, Aaron. I know myself. I lusted over you for years."

"But... why?"

"I don't know. I guess it's because we're so close and always see each other."

"So it's not the hypnosis then? Are you really sure you had these thoughts before and it's not just from hypnotherapy?"

"Yeah," she nodded her head confidently. "I guess it just brought everything to the surface and now I can't bring them back down, no matter how hard I try." She blew out a breath. "That's the truth. You needed to know that."

"But, I still don't get it. Why do you still have the sexual feeling when you do what I say? I tried to remove that, remember? Somehow it didn't work."

She shrugged. "I don't know. I think maybe it's because I like to do as I am told. I kind of like serving people. That's why I chose to become a stewardess. I'm what you call a submissive, if you know what that means." She tilted her head. "Do you know what that means?"

"Yeah." I buried my hands in my face. "I know."

"You look upset." she pointed out.

"I just..." I let my hands fall to the side. "I don't know what to think."

"I know this is a lot on you." she sighed. "Honestly, it feels soooo good letting this all out. No one knows this about me. It's only you. And I hope..." she trailed off.

I looked up. "Hope what?"

"I hope you can accept this about me... about us."

"Us?"

"I saw how you were last night, Aaron," she whispered. "You really enjoyed it. I hope that maybe... you know..." My sister shrugged. "Maybe we could... work something out?"

I let her words sink in. "You mean... you want to continue this?"

She nodded. "Yeah. Not, like, a relationship." She apostrophes 'relationship' with her fingers. "I mean, not like a normal relationship. If you want, I mean, we could make this work out. I could, like, be your submissive."

When I didn't reply, she added, "I mean if you want to. I mean, I don't know, Aaron. What I want is complicated."

I shook my head. "I don't know what to say, Clara. I don't know where to begin with all this."

"The important part is that you enjoyed it," my sister said. "You haven't had a girlfriend in a while, so you must be sexually frustrated, right? I mean, I don't know if you are having someone sexually pleasing you. But, if you're not..." She shrugged. "I could be that person."

"What about Brad?" I didn't know what to say so that was the first thing that came out of my mouth.

"I already broke up with him," she said softly. "I mean, he's a good guy and all, but... I just... I don't feel the same way with him as I felt with you."

I just sat there, staring numbly at my sister.

"Listen," she said. "We don't have to do this all at once. We can start slow. I will start by taking over all the chores. You won't have to do them anymore. You can just sit back and relax and I'll do everything for you. Just think of it like I'm your personal stewardess, or like your maid or something."

"Clara," I started. "This is a lot for me."

"I know," she replied understandably. "But you like what you hear, don't you?" She nodded at my growing erection.

I sighed. "If we're going to let it all out now. Then, yeah, the thought of ordering you around the house... I don't know why, but... it... it sounds hot."

A smile appeared on her face. "I thought so."

She stood up from the bed and walked over to me. Then, as if it was the most natural gesture to make, she settled down onto her knees in front of me. Reaching up, she pulled down my pants. I didn't stop her.

"We can start off slow," my sister said, pulling down my boxers too. My reaction sprang out, hot and throbbing. "Here, you can start by ordering me to suck your cock. How's that sound?"

I didn't know if my horniness was clouding my judgment or I was actually starting to like this new development.

I nodded.

"Then command me," she said, almost begging. She held my cock in a taut grip and squeezed once. "Tell me to suck your cock."

"Clara," I said slowly, realizing I was relishing what I was about to do. "Suck my cock."

The sexy grin she gave me almost made me cum right then and there.

"Yes, Sir," she purred, then dove in.

I felt her tongue first. I watched, in a daze, as my sister pressed her tongue on my tip, lapping up all the pre-cum that had pooled at the edge. She moaned softly as she tasted my seed, then swirled her tongue around my tip, making my cock throb and twitch.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned out. "Fuck, Clara."

She lapped her warm, wet tongue across my entire length, lubing me up with her saliva.

Then I felt her lips, her fucking lips. More groans lept out from my throat as she took me in her mouth, first my tip, then deeper as she took half my length.

She started choking a little as she tried to take more of me. She withdrew.

"I'm sorry," she told me when our eyes met again. "Let me try again."

I shook my head. My heart was pumping so hard, I felt my chest was going to burst. "No, it's okay. It's okay. I know you're not used to it."

Clara squeezed the base of my cock. "You're just so big."

"Just take half of me now, okay? Build your way up."

She nodded. "Okay. But could you say it differently? Like, more demanding? Please?"

"Clara." I reached for her cheeks, and she pressed herself against my palm. "Take half of me. Now."

I felt her lips again.

"Fuck," I spat the word out. Shivers ran through my body as her tongue pressed on the underside of my cock. "Holy shit."

I couldn't last long. I tried, but I was already so close to the edge before she even had touched me, and actually having my cock in my sister's mouth was extreme overkill.

Clara started bobbing her head on my cock. The combined feeling of her heavenly lips around my length, her tongue swirling around the sides of my cock, and her hands as she pumped me from the base and massaged my balls... it was heaven on earth. There was no way any man could take a minute of that.

So she had to forgive me when I exploded into her mouth without warning.

"Mhmm!" Clara made a sound as cum started spilling into her and down her throat. Her hands stopped jacking me off and she reached for my thighs to steady herself.

I felt my muscles melting away as I moaned and groaned, spurting hot bursts of seed down my sister's throat.

My sister started gagging and tried to withdraw again. Unconsciously, I held her still. One of my hands reached over to grab the back of her head and I kept her in place while she choked and gagged, semen dripping out from her mouth.

I realized what I was doing too late. As senses started forming back into my mind, I let go of my grip, but the damage had been done. My sister fell onto the floor, clutching her chest, coughing and spitting out semen.

“Shit, I’m sorry.” I tried to crouch down beside her, but I didn’t have complete control over my body. Instead, I fell off the chair.

“Shit,” I cursed out, then reached for my sister. Her body was shaking, and she was still choking.

“It’s—” *cough* “It’s—” *cough* “—okay” She grabbed my wrist and offered a light squeeze.

“I’m sorry,” I repeated as her eyes started to clear up. “I was just so in the moment. I didn’t mean it.”

“No,” my sister looked at me and offered a smile. Cum was dripping down her chin. “I like it when it’s rough.”

“Oh,” I said, scratching my head. “Sorry, I just—this is just so different from the normal you.”

“This is the real me,” my sister replied, still holding my hand. “I hope you like her.”

“I love her.”

That seemed to really please her because her smile widened tenfold, and she looked away.

We sat in silence for a while, holding hands. I still haven’t fully recovered from the orgasm she gave me.

Clara was the first one to break the silence. Looking up at me, she swiped a stray strand of hair from her forehead and spoke quietly. “Did you enjoy the blowjob?”

Hearing those words from my sister felt so wrong, but at that moment, I didn’t care. All I could think about was my sister and how fucking good it felt.

I chuckled. “Clara, did you hear the sounds I was making? Fuck, I only lasted, what? Thirty seconds?”

She returned my chuckle with her own. “I’m glad you liked it.”

“You know,” I said, releasing her hands and placing my palms on the ground. “Under hypnosis you told me that you gave bad blowjobs. I mean, if that was bad, I don’t know what is good anymore.”

"I must have told you a lot, haven't I?"

"Just a little."

"Well, that's not much left. I have pretty much laid everything in front of you."

"Not everything," I told her. When she raised a brow, I continued. "Can you tell me exactly what you like? I mean, like, what gets you off?"

She smiled. I loved her smiles. I was getting used to this new Clara.

"Well, I guess I enjoy being ordered around in a demanding, confident way."

"If you like it so much, why didn't you help me with the chores?"

She shrugged. "I guess I was in denial about what I like and don't like."

"I should have hypnotized you way earlier."

She chuckled. "Maybe you should have."

"That can't be all," I told her. "Tell me, I want to know what else turns you on."

"You really don't have to ask," my sister said, rubbing her left arm. "What really matters is what turns *you* on. Not me. It's what the Dom wants."

"Dom?"

"Dominant," my sister explained. "It's the one in charge." She reached out a hand, offering me to hold her. I didn't hesitate to take it.

"I want you to be my dominant, Aaron," she breathed. "I want you to be the one in charge of us. I want you to start ordering me around." She looked a little worried when she opened her lips again. "Would you like to be my Dom?"

"If it's anything like what I just experienced, then sign me up."

A smile appeared. "Thank you. You have no idea how long I waited to hear that."

"Aaron," she started to say. "Have you ever thought about me sexually before?"

"Not really, no. But, what man would deny a sexy lady offering herself up like that?"

"You think I'm sexy?"



"Clara, you're beautiful." I squeezed her trembling hand. "Gorgeous."

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice cracking. Tears started forming in her eyes and she looked to the side.

"Hey." I used my free hand to cup her cheeks. "Don't cry."

"I'm just happy," my sister told me.

"I'm happy too." I looked at her cum covered face. "I could kiss you right now if it wasn't for all the—you know."

"Not into that, huh?"

"Sorry."

"No, it's okay. I want what you want."

"About that." I paused to gather my thoughts. "I'm not into this one-sided relationship you're making it out to be. It's not all about me. I want you to feel pleasure, too."

"I already feel pleasure knowing that you feel pleasure."

I shook my head. "That's not enough for me. I want you to feel what I feel too."

More tears began to fall from her eyes. I leaned forward to hold her as she cried on my shoulder.

"I love you," my sister said between tears.

"I love you too," I told her confidently, never being more sure of anything else in my life.

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When my sister regained her composure, she was hungry for sex.

"I will clean myself up, then you can do whatever you want with me," she told me after we separated. There was a certain twinkle in her eyes.

"First," I started, an idea forming in my head. "I want you to thank you for the blowjob." I nodded to her bed. "Lie on the bed."

In an instant she was up and making for her bed, stripping off her clothes on the way. Only seconds had passed before she was laid on her back, nude.

I chuckled at the display of speed and got to my feet. My knees were still slightly shaky and I half staggered towards the bed, taking my shirt off.

I finally made it towards the edge of her queen-sized bed and crawled towards my waiting sister, admiring her nakedness. Her skin was hot to the touch, her breasts flushed, her nipples hard, and her pussy wet.

God, she was beautiful.

And all mine.

What we were doing was so wrong, but it felt *so right*

My sister squealed in delight as I crawled on top of her.

"I'm not going to fuck you," I told her, lowering myself to her body. I almost laughed when her expression immediately dropped.

"I'm sorry," I told her. "But this is all so new and going way too fast for me. I want to take things slow. Like, for fuck sake, I'm on my sister, naked. Like, what the hell happened?"

My sister started to say something, but I placed a finger on her lips. I felt her shiver.

"But that doesn't mean I'm not interested," I said. "God only knows how much I want to fuck you right now. I want to fuck you until tomorrow comes. But, I don't know... being inside you right now... it feels a little odd. I don't know how to explain it, but—I—"

"It's okay," my sister mumbled against my finger. "I understand. You must be so confused right now with me dumping everything on you. We can go at your pace. As slow as you like. You're the boss. But, just promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"That you will fuck me within a month's time. To be honest, I don't know if I could stand it if I don't have your huge dick in me after that."

I laughed, and I felt her body shake as she laughed along with me. "One month? Clara, I would be shock if I am not fucking you within the week. But, just give me a while, okay?"

"Then I can't fucking wait," she giggled. "Honestly, it might be better this way. Let's relish all the sexual tension, and when we finally fuck, it would be like fireworks."

"It will be something I will never forget, for sure."

"I want you to bend me over on all fours and fuck me from behind," my sister told me, her eyes wide and dreamy. "Then, I want to ride your cock until you cum inside me."

"See?" I smiled. "You have a preference. Don't tell me about the 'it's only me that matters bullshit'. You have a personality too. You're not just some mindless fuck doll."

"I love it when you say 'fuck'," my sister told me. "I love everything about you."

"Same," I said. "I still can't believe I am naked on top of a goddess."

"A goddess?" She laughed and I felt her whole body shake underneath me. "Aaron, you think too highly of me."

I shook my head. "Have you ever looked in a mirror? You're fucking hot."

"You're sexy too," my sister said, turning away as her cheeks glew red.

"I can't wait to see you around the house doing all the chores for me," I said. Just imagining my sister actually doing chores had me laughing.

Her smile was so radiant. "And I can't wait to have you order me around."

"You know," I started to say. "The thought of you cleaning the house naked sounds so appealing. But... what if..." I paused to draw anticipation from her.

"What if what?"

"What if I have you wear a uniform?"

My sister thought it over seriously. "Sounds... hot." She looked at me. "What do you want me to wear?"

"Maybe your stewardess uniform?" I suggested.

"Aaron," my sister faked a gasp. "You're sooooo dirty! Are you sure you never thought about me sexually before?"

"Shut up," I said, shaking my head. "You just look so hot in it, okay? Name me one guy who doesn't want to fuck a slutty stewardess?"

“Okay, okay.” She was laughing uncontrollably. When she was done, she asked, “What else do you want to have me wear?”

“Do you still fit in your school uniform?”

“I probably do! I mean, it hasn’t been that long since college. What else?”

“Then I will have you in a maid uniform,” I told her, really feeling myself. “We will have one custom made for you.”

“I never knew you were so kinky, Aaron.” She smiled. “I love it.”

“So you will wear them?”

“I told you, your wish is my command. I will do whatever you say. From now on, I live for your pleasure.... Master.” Her smile widened as she added the last part.

“Master, huh?” I thought about it for a second. “You know what? I really like the sound of that.”

She giggled. “Really?”

“Yeah. Honestly, hearing you say that gets me going.”

She giggled some more. “Then you will be hearing it a lot... *Master*.” She purred it out. It sounded so seductive, so fucking hot.

“I’m so hard already,” I told her and wiggled my bottom so my cock was rubbing against her body.

“Stop it!” Clara laughed, slapping my side. “If you’re not going to fuck me, then stop teasing me like that!”

“Stop teasing me like that, Master,” I corrected her.

“You’re really getting into your role, aren’t you? I think you have dom genes inside you. On occasions, it shows up.”

“Maybe.”

I could tell that she was growing hornier by the second. Her chest was heaving against mine and her breaths were getting heavier.

“So, what are we doing, Master?” Clara asked me. “Are we just going to grind our naked bodies forever?”

“No,” I got off and sat beside her, keeping my gaze on her magnificent body. Seeing her wearing that sexy stewardess uniform was something, but watching her nakedness was on another level entirely.

My hands started for her breasts, grabbing them in my palms. Clara’s breasts weren’t huge, but I was never a guy for big breasts. My sister’s tits fit under my palms perfectly, as if they were made specifically for me.

“That feels good,” my sister moaned out as I played with her tits. She closed her eyes.

“Spread your legs,” I told her, my tone sharp.

Clara immediately obeyed and I smiled. I was really getting off to my sister’s submission. I could seriously see myself enjoying this dominant role she was offering me. Maybe she was right. Maybe I had dominant genes.

I slid my fingers in between her legs.

“Aaron,” my sister gasped out, her eyes snapping open.

“Address me properly,” I said, my voice low. I circled my thumb around her labia. She was so fucking wet, so fucking ready for me.

“Master.” Clara whimpered the word out. She was looking at me, her expression pleading, her lips trembling.

I played the outside of her pussy, circling the folds, while my other hand reached for her right breasts. Her nipples were so erect, begging to be pinched.

Her moans were growing with intensity, and I was worried about our neighbors for a second.

“Master,” my sister moaned out. Her body writhed from my touch and she rolled her head left and right. “Please, Master. Please take me.”

“No,” I said, really enjoying her show of wild desperation. “I told you there will be no fucking today.”

“Please,” she whimpered, the longing in her voice unmistakable. “Please please please please fuck me.”

She almost convinced me. I almost jumped her then.

Almost.

“Shh,” I said, drunk with the power I had over my whimpering sister. “Just relax and enjoy.”

I parted her pussy and slid a finger in, half wishing it was my cock instead.

The motion made my sister jerk. She let out a long moan as I slid another finger inside her, then another. I have never heard a moan like that. It was so... primal.

I pumped my fingers in and out while my thumb rubbed her clit.

She moved her hips, trying to take me in deeper. “Master, I—I am going to—fuckkkkkk!”

“Come, baby,” I told her, increasing the intensity. “Come for me.”

Her whole body started convulsing widely but I didn’t stop my finger fucking. Instead, I used my other hand to hold her in place as I watched her unravel, her moans and cries of ecstasy music to my ears.

It was several long minutes until my sister’s orgasm died down. There were tears in her eyes and a faint smile on her tired expression. I took my soaking fingers out of her cunt and cupped her cheeks. Her smile brightened.

“Thank you,” she whispered to me, her voice quivering. “I love you.”

“I love you, Master,” she repeated as tears flowed down her eyes and around my fingers.

“I love you too, Clara,” I told my sister.

She half closed her eyes and stared at the ceiling. ““I have never orgasmed like that. I wish it were your cock.”

I chuckled. “Me too.”

“I want your cock so bad,” my sister told me. “I want you to fuck me and fill me up like there’s no tomorrow. I want it so fucking bad.”

“Soon,” I told her. “Very soon.”

My sister was crying again. “I mean it when I say I love you. Master, I love you like I love no other man. I swear, I will—I will be the best partner and servant you will ever have. You will never need another woman.”

“There’s a big promise to give.”

I felt her nails digging under my skin.

“I will be,” my sister swore to me fiercely. “You’re mine, and I’m yours. Forever and always.”

“Forever and always,” I echoed, then leaned down to kiss her forehead. “Let’s clean ourselves up.”

“Another blowjob in the shower, Master?” Clara offered.

“Yeah, and more.”

“Oh.” Her eyes glowed. “What else do you have in mind?”

I smiled at her. “You will see.”