

## Chapter 6

I laid back on my bed, laptop on my stomach and hands on the back of my back, watching my sister clean my room, completely nude.

It should have been a familiar sight by now. It had been three days since we started this relationship, but every time I glanced at her dusting, with her tits and ass out, it felt like I was watching her with fresh eyes.

I set my laptop away so I could have a better view. My sister was organizing my books on my desk, her back turned to me. I admired her magnificent ass swaying left and right.

She must have felt eyes on her because she turned her head around.

“Do you like what you see, Master?” Clara asked, wiggling her ass at me invitingly.

When I growled a reply, she dropped what she was doing and made her way towards me.

“Mhmm,” I said when I tasted peaches. I reached up and gripped the back of her head, pushing her lips against mine, desperate for more of her exotic taste.

My sister sighed and parted her lips. I took the invitation and slid my tongue forward. I met hers and our tongues did a dance, licking and sucking hard, until I drew back to catch my breath.

But Clara was hungry for more. She climbed onto the bed and got on top of me. I sighed when she began kissing my neck, planting soft, wet kisses, then began trailing tender pecks down my body.

I watched, my breaths ragged, when she reached my hardening cock. She planted a parting kiss on my tip, sucking the pre-cum pooling at the edge, before rolling off me.

“I have to finish cleaning your room first,” my sister told me. “Your orders.”

I licked my lips, savoring the faint taste of peaches. “Sure.”

My sister gave me a smile, then leaned down to plant a peck on my lips. I will never get tired of that. The past seventy-two hours have been filled with us making out. It was as if our lips were made by magnets. We couldn't get enough of each other.

“It will just be for another few minutes,” she informed me. “Do you need anything, Master?”

“Not right now,” I said. “Continue with your chores.”

Another smile. "Yes, Master."

I sighed and relaxed against my pillow. Weekdays had never been fun, but this particular one was heaven on earth. I had canceled all my appointments with my clients to spend time with my sister. It was bad for business and my reputation, but I felt I made the right decision. I had been filled with stress, but all that had disappeared, thanks to Clara.

She was serious about our new relationship. Clara hadn't called me by name ever since that day, only referring to me as 'Master'. I was getting used to commanding her around the house, and so far, none of my commands had been received with hesitation. Every time I wanted something, either my sister was already on her way with it, or all I had to do was open my mouth.

This was the life.

I hadn't taken my eyes off my beautiful sister as she dusted my room. Clara must have known I was still watching because she made it a point to show off her bubble butt as much as possible.

She would 'accidentally' knock something over, only to bend down and pick the item up, making sure her ass was pointed directly towards me.

I could only take so much. She would have to forgive me if I started pumping my cock as I enjoyed the show.

A moan from me made my sister turn around.

"Hey," she called out, then made her way to me.

She sat beside me, pulled my hand off my cock, and replaced it with her own, her freshly manicured fingers enclosing around my cock in an iron grip.

"You don't need to do that anymore," my sister said, her voice growing low and so damn sexy. She started pumping my cock. "Allow me to do my job."

"Okay," I said, the word coming out as a rasp. I was losing concentration with the world around me as pleasure took hold.

Clara bent down and met my lips with hers. We were making out again, our lips pressed against each other, our tongues intertwining. I explored her mouth as peaches exploded around my taste buds. My hands roamed the length of her body, eventually stopping where it felt best, her ass.

As our kiss grew deeper and heavier, my sister started pumping me harder. I didn't have time to warn her before I blew my load. I felt my whole body tensing and a second later, I was spurting cum from my overworked balls.

Clara swallowed my moans and returned them with moans of her own as I cupped and squeezed her delicious ass cheeks until my orgasm ebbed away, leaving us both out of breath.

"Sorry," she mouthed at me, grinning from ear to ear. She looked all over my bed. "I will clean this all up. Don't worry about it."

"Did you orgasm too?" I asked her after filling up my lungs. I looked at her glistening cunt. My sister had been in a constant state of sexual haze. She still received jolts of pleasure every time she obeyed me or got me off. We found out about the last one yesterday when she had unexpectedly orgasmed after giving me a superb blowjob.

Her eyes glazed over, and her fingers disappeared into her pussy. "No, but I'm close."

"Need help?" I offered, sitting up.

She moaned softly before nodding, her eyes snapping shut.

"Get on all fours," I said, patting on the bed.

She obeyed, and her entire frame shuddered as a jolt of ecstasy shot right through her.

"Are you going to finally fuck me, Master?" my sister asked, a glimmer of hope in her voice. Her pussy was leaking juices, staining the mattress.

"You can continue fingering yourself," I told her. "But you're not allowed to cum until I say so."

"That's not fair," my sister whined. But she nodded and her fingers disappeared inside her glistening cunt, dropping to her knees and breathing hard as she got closer to her release.

Clara moaned out as I grabbed both of her ass cheeks, cupping them in multiple places.

"That feels good, Master," she told me, her voice low. The small of her back dipped, raising her delicious ass and giving me a better view.

Clara's ass was just on another level. It was plump and meaty, but also firm and strong. Her hard work at the gym had really paid off. It was no doubt the best ass I have ever laid my eyes upon, in real life or in video. It deserved to be worshiped—and smacked.

I stopped squeezing her ass cheeks and traced light patterns over her right cheek.

"What are you doing?" she asked me, turning her head around to look.

I ignored her, instead withdrawing my hand and readying it above me. "I want you to count off each blow."

My sister squealed, understanding what I was about to do. She looked straight ahead and her whole body tensed up.

The smack was like a whip, echoing around the room.

"Oh!" Clara moaned out, her whole body jerking forward. More juices leaked from her pussy as she continued fingering herself.

"Clara," I said. "Start counting."

She said nothing for a moment, but when she spoke, it was barely a whisper.

"One."

"Louder," I told her, delivering another blow to her right cheek, this time a little harder.

Her body jerked again, and she masturbated faster.

"Clara..." I warned her.

"Two," she squealed out, digging her forehead into the mattress and raising her ass even higher. "Fucking two."

I delivered another blow, even harder. My sister let out a loud cry. I couldn't decide if it was a cry of pain or pleasure. Probably both.

"Three," she counted, steadying her trembling frame. She turned to look at me, but her fingers never stopped. They were a blur as they slid in and out of her cunt. "Am I being punished? What have I done?"

"You aren't being punished," I told her, rubbing her tender cheek. It was already turning a bright red.

"Then why?"

"Because I feel like it," I said simply, tracing slow circles around her right cheek. "Isn't it my right to punish my slave without a reason?"

“You’re a cruel Master,” she huffed, turning her head and looking straight ahead. But I could tell my sister was enjoying it. Under hypnosis, she had admitted that she had once masturbated to a porn video of a woman getting her ass spanked. She seemed to enjoy humiliation, and what was more humiliating than bending over for your brother to smack you while completely nude?

I would have stopped if I wasn’t sure if she was loving it, but judging by how enthusiastically she was getting herself off, how rapid and loud her pants were, and just how insanely wet she was, it didn’t take a genius to see she was enjoying herself.

I drew back and slapped her left cheek, allowing the reddening one to rest.

For now.

“Uhh,” my sister made a sound as her body absorbed the impact. “Four.”

I slapped the same cheek again with more force. Clara gasped in surprise.

“Oh god... Five.”

Another blow to her left cheek and her whole body trembled at the smack. I admired the faint red outline of my handprint.

“Master,” she whimpered, tears in her voice. “I’m going to cum.”

“You forgot to count.”

“Six,” she said quickly, digging her forehead into the mattress. “Master, I’m going to come. Please.”

“Don’t.” I smacked her cheeks, one after another.

“Please,” she begged. She grabbed a small pillow within reach and sunk her teeth into it, her low groans now muffled. “Please, I’m going to cum.” Her whole body was trembling.

“Cum, and I won’t reward you after.”

That made her look up.

“There’s a reward?”

“There is.”

Her whole demeanor changed. She steadied her frame and raised her sore ass invitingly towards me.

I didn't need more reason. I brought my palm down onto her tender cheeks, smacking her left first, then her right.

"Seven. Eight."

"That counts as one."

"Oh, my god." Her fingers plunged in and out of her glistening pink flesh. A pool of her wetness had formed beneath her. "S-seven."

I brought down my hand to her right cheek, relishing the sound it made.

"Fuck. Fuck." My sister was biting the pillow as hard as she could. "Eight. Fucking eight."

"Don't come," I reminded her before delivering another blow to the same cheek.

Her whole body jolted forward and a primal moan escaped her. Using her teeth, she tossed the pillow aside and gripped the edge of the mattress with her free hand, her nails sinking in.

I could tell she was dangerously close to the edge.

"Nine," she spat out. "Nine. Nine. Nine. Nine. Fucking nine."

This was it. With an exhale, I brought the final blow to her left cheek.

As she screamed out the word 'ten', I leaned forward, gripped her shaking sides, and pulled her towards me.

With her back pressed against my chest, I whispered her release into her ears.

"Cum," I told her. "Cum for me, baby."

The screams of pleasure that came from my sister's throat...

I never would have thought my sister was capable of such... *force*.

They were so primal and free. I held her tight as her body convulsed and shook, her fingers barely visible as they glided in and out.

I moved with her, pressing myself against her hot flesh. I kissed her neck, and that seemed to get her going even more. She thrashed wildly, screaming curses and wild promises. I held tight, taking my time as I licked and sucked on her slick skin.

It felt like an eternity before I felt her winding down. Clara collapsed on the bed and I fell on top of her, our heavy pants becoming the only sound in the room.

We laid there for a few minutes before I felt my sister move. I rolled over to the side to allow her to face me.

“Master.” She grabbed my wrist and interlaced our fingers today. Hers was so fucking wet.

“Yeah?”

She was still trying to catch her breath. “Master,” she said again, as if that was the only word in her vocabulary. I didn’t blame her. I have never seen a woman orgasm like that before. It had to be her best one yet.

“Thank you,” she whispered to me after regaining a breath. “Thank you, that was....”

“No words, huh?”

She shook her head, then leaned forward to peck my lips. God, her lips were fucking fantasy material. I wanted to kiss them all day.

“How did you know I like getting spanked?” she asked me.

“It was something you mentioned during one of our sessions.”

“Oh.” She reached for her bottom.

“Sorry,” I said when she grimaced. “I must have gone too hard.”

“No,” she told me. “I like it. I like it a lot.”

We laid in silence, holding hands, and just enjoying each other’s warmth.

Finally, I sat up and hopped off the bed.

“Come,” I told her, then laughed when I watched my sister’s effort to get up. She was unsuccessful each time.

“Let me get my body working again,” she told me, clearly embarrassed. “I don’t think—I don’t think my legs are all there.”

“Here.” I held my hand up to her and helped her up on shaky feet.

I led her out of my room and towards hers.

My sister didn’t question me when I told her to get up onto her bed.

“Turn over,” I told her as she got on all fours, pointing her bright red buttocks at me. “I want to see your face while I fuck you.”

A high pitch squeal. My sister turned around and gave me her biggest smile yet. Words came tumbling out of her as she tried to form a coherent sentence. “What—now—here? Really? Are—you—are we really... is this really happening?”

I didn’t answer her. I let my actions do the talking.

I climbed onto her bed, crawled on top of her, and captured her lips. She retaliated, kissing me back desperately, like it was her lifeline. I swallowed her moans as I leaned her flat on the bed and explored the insides of her mouth. My hands roamed around her body, her breasts, her hips, her ass—all mine for the taking. Pre-cum was oozing out of my cock and dripping all over her stomach, marking my territory.

I hadn’t planned to fuck her just yet. I wanted to draw out the anticipation more until we both were so hungry for each other.

Until we *had* to fuck on sight.

But I didn’t have the willpower I thought I possessed. After doing everything under the sun to each other, except the one thing we both desperately crave for, I couldn’t take it anymore. I *needed* to feel what it’s like to be inside her.

“Master,” my sister whimpered out when I drew back. She had the thousand-yard stare, her eyes unfocused, filled with wild thirst. Her bottom lip quivered as she begged me. “Please fuck me.”

I thought of making her *really* beg for it. I could have drawn it out just a bit longer until she was on the verge of tears and on her knees, begging for my cock, but I couldn’t wait anymore.

I needed her. I needed her now.

I held my breath and did the one thing I had been dying to do for what felt like an eternity.

I aimed my cock right above her glistening pink flesh, moved my hips, and thrust forward, entering my sister.



I was inside my sister. Holy fucking shit.

We both moaned at the impact, our lips melding together, swallowing each other's curses and cries.

I moved my hips, driving myself deeper inside her. Clara shifted her hips with mine, accommodating my entire length as I buried myself to the hilt.

My body felt like it was on fire as I grabbed her sore buttocks and squeezed with all my might.

My sister moaned out in pain and bit down hard on my lips. I tasted blood, but I didn't care. She was so fucking tight and this felt so fucking good.

I didn't stop kissing her as I drew my hips back and slammed it back down with wild ecstasy, thrusting into my sister over, and over, and over. Clara took it all, accepting my thrusts with erotic sways of her own. She arched her back, crushing her breasts against my chest and dug her nails into my back, her moans becoming uncontrolled as I repeatedly slammed my weight down onto her.

I felt myself teetering on the edge and I tried to slow down to relish the experience as long as humanly possible, but my sister was having none of it. She didn't slow down when I did. Instead, she rocked her hips quicker and wrapped her legs around mine, her thighs flexing and her fingers trailing down my back. She grabbed my cheeks and pulled me into her and it seemed I went deeper still.

We finally broke the seals of our mouths and I looked at my sister as I fucked her. Her swollen lips parted, but no words came out, only grunts and moans. I knew what she wanted. It was a silent plea for release, and after days of making her wait, she deserved just that.

With a sharp jerk forward, I slammed my hips into her trembling frame and allowed myself to be free.

A pleasure jolt must have hit her because my sister came a second later. Our moans became wrapped together, her walls tightening and squeezing around my spasming cock as I shot out geysers of cum into my sister.

I thought that was it, the highest peak of pleasure a human could achieve. But, I was so very wrong. Despite both of us unraveling, my sister found the energy to reach for my balls. She squeezed my balls, trying to milk more cum out of me, and miraculously I did. I would have thought my overworked balls would have been close to the bottom of the tank, but as her fingers cupped and pinched my balls, and as time ceased to have any meaning, I exploded more of myself into her, filling her pussy up to the brim.

“Clara.” The word came out as a rasp. I felt energy leaving my body as I spurted out the final dwindling wave of cum.

We had stopped kissing, but our lips were still pressed hotly against each other, both of us refusing to break the seals. I felt her lips move as she uttered out a meek reply.

“Master,” she said, her voice equally strained. Her orgasm seemed to have faded out, too.

We had not moved. I was still inside her. We were both slick with sweat and breathing hard, but I didn’t care. Even sweaty and heavy, my sister still smelled fucking delicious and looked like a goddess.

I didn’t know how long we laid like that, but we barely moved and never talked. There were no words that could describe what we both have felt, so we didn’t bother with them.

I managed a smile, and she offered a drained smile back. I kissed her again to get another exotic sampling of peaches and she accepted my lips and my tongue, closing her eyes and angling her face. I felt wetness on my face and realized those were my sister’s tears.

I broke the kiss and inched back, studying her expression. She wasn’t sobbing or crying, tears were just leaving her eyes, leaking down to her tired smile. And when she parted her lovely mouth to say something, no words came out, but I understood all the same.

“I loved you too,” I mouthed, then went back to her lips.

**THE END**