

Oblivious – The Complete Series

By Aiden Grey

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All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

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Editing by Aiden Grey

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Chapter 1

“Tyler.”

I thought I had heard my name coming from Lina’s lips, but I ignored the sound, far too absorbed by what was playing in front of me.

“Tyler.”

I gasped when Ironman flew out of the scene, slammed by a flying bus that was thrown by the villain of the film.

Holy shit. Is Ironman okay? He must be, right? He’s suit must have prot—

Warm fingers grabbed my shoulder and shook me out of my focus.

“Hey Tyler!”

“What?” I snapped, turning to the source of the disruption.

Lina didn’t notice my annoyance. Her eyes were cast down on her phone screen and she shook my shoulders again. “Look!”

Sighing, I leaned in so close our cheeks grazed. Her intoxicating peach scent waffled into my nostrils, and I took a second to breathe her in before looking at what the fuss was all about.

It was an Instagram video of a fit woman in tight leggings doing squats, her ass jutting out towards the camera every time she lowered herself. She had a barbell on her upper back stacked full with plates, but she lifted it up with ease.

“So that’s how you do it,” Lina said, continuing to watch as the video looped back to the start. “Now I know how to squat properly.”

“Really, Lina?” I sighed. “You called me for this?” I looked back toward the television screen, and there was no helping it, a groan escaped me. “Look! You made me miss the fight.”

“Whatever.” She waved her hand at the big screen dismissively. “Nothing really happened, anyway.” She lifted her gaze, her brown meeting mine. “I mean, you already watched this movie, like what? Five times now?”

“Yes, but you know how much I love Marvel. You, of all people, should understand.”

It was true. Lina and I were huge Marvel fanatics. In fact, that was how we met each other all those years ago. I had noticed her reading a Marvel comic book at the school canteen. Being a Marvel geek myself, it was an obvious decision to walk up to her and strike up a conversation.

I still remembered the day like it was yesterday. Lina was eating her meal alone, as usual. In fact, I had never heard her voice before talking to her. She was the most shy person in my class and would avoid interactions like it was the plague.

She even looked like the stereotypical ‘nerdy girl with glasses, but actually pretty trope’. Being slim, petite, and wearing circular frames, Lina had been coined the term ‘cute’ by everyone. Her cuteness was even exaggerated with that shoulder-length bob haircut she had been rocking ever since I had known her.

Honestly, I couldn’t see her in any other hairstyle. Her look suited her so naturally, it was as if she was born for it. Though Lina had made some adjustments to her look as we grew older. Her cute, nerdy glasses were never to be seen again after she discovered contact lenses.

And with her recent obsession with the gym, she had packed on some lean muscles in her thin frame and developed some nice curves. She still had a long way to go from having an Instagram model-like physique, but she had an excellent start.

Despite all her physical change, Lina was still the same girl I had met. She still despised social interactions and would leave all the talking to me. The only time she tolerated opening her front door was to go workout with me, or head to my house.

With all the time we spent together, people always assumed we were in a relationship.

I wish.

Or maybe it was better if we stayed friends.

Honestly, I was conflicted about my feelings with Lina.

On one hand, I was attracted to everything about her. Her angelic innocence, her childishness, her submissiveness, her milky skin, her soft hair. Fuck. Just everything.

On the other hand, we had known each other for over eleven years and she was basically my sister. We saw each other every day and did everything together.

It was insane to even think that we had known each other more than we hadn’t. I just turned twenty-two, and Lina clocked in on that number five months after me.

Even though we were the same age, sometimes it felt like she hadn’t hit twenty yet. Her childish antics annoyed me, but maybe she acted that way because she had little experience in social interactions. Her parents were always at work and never had much time for her, so she basically lived at my place.

And even though we had talked about every subject under the sun, mentioning anything remotely sexual would make my best friend turn bright red and change subjects. She had never mentioned her period, any cramps she experienced, topics about sex, relationships, or even boys.

Sometimes, I wondered if she really was attracted to the opposite sex. But I knew her more than anyone else.

Lina was definitely straight.

“Whatever,” my best friend said, sticking her tongue out at me. I always hated when she did that.

In the past, I thought the childish move was dumb and annoying. Now, as we grew older and as our body matured, the impulse of leaning forward and sucking on that glistening, pink muscle was driving me insane.

Lina went back to her phone. I shook my head and resumed watching the film playing in front of us.

My peace was quickly broken a minute later.

“Tyler, look! Look at this!”

This time, I held back my sigh. I sat back up and leaned into her just as she slanted into me. We bumped shoulders, and her light fruity scent invaded my space again.

What was she showing me this time? Some kind of meme? The amount of unfunny memes I was forced to witness over the past week had me almost allergic to them.

But it wasn’t some lame meme. In fact, it was the last thing I had expected to watch.

The video showed a man on a stage waving a pocket watch in front of a lady. The lady had her eyes half-closed and her pupils were evidently unfocused, enthralled at the swaying watch in front of her. Her head was moving from side-to-side, in perfect sync to the timepiece.

I felt enthralled by the video, the movie now a background blur. Lina must have felt the same because her eyes never left the screen. A soft gasp escaped her lips when the man snapped his fingers and the woman went completely limp.

Over the next minute, I watched the most bizarre acts playing in front of my eyes. The woman was made to do impossible things. The hypnotist commanded her to balance on a shaky stool that was only supported by two legs, then had her plank on top of a thin wooden pole.

It was just highlights after highlights of insanity. The hypnotist made the woman forget her name, made her unable to say the word ‘three,’ and Lina burst into a giggling fit when the woman was asked to count to five.

The video ended shortly after, but we were both speechless and still looking at the blank screen. Aside from the occasional explosions and short dialogues from the TV speakers, the room was silent.

Lina was the first to break the peace. She looked at me, and there was a twinkle in her brown eyes.

“Cool, huh?”

“Yeah.”

She was staring at me intently, probably trying to figure out what I was thinking. To be honest, I didn’t really have anything in my mind. Just how crazy the video was and how beautiful her eyes were.

Then she said something that made the world stop.

“Maybe you could try hypnotizing me?”

Silence.

“Tyler?” she prompted when I just looked at her.

She straightened her back and turned, crossing her legs once her torso was parallel to me. “Hello? Can you say something?”

“Yeah,” I found myself saying.

“So, could you try hypnotizing me? It could be fun.”

I tried to shrug lamely, as if it were no big deal. “I don’t even know where to start. Hell, I don’t even have a pocket watch.”

“That’s okay.” My best friend stood up. I frowned when she walked away and went upstairs, probably towards her room.

Within a minute, she reappeared holding a pocket watch in hand.

“Here,” she whispered, handing the watch to me. I didn’t know why she was whispering as if someone could be eavesdropping on us, but she sounded sexy as fuck. I worried she would notice my hardening length.

I crossed my left leg over my right and took the timepiece without a word. It looked antique and had a surprising amount of weight to it.

Turning it over in my palms, I pretended to study it. In reality, I was a train wreck inside. Why was I feeling so horny? Over the recent years, I have developed hard-ons around my best friend, but the uncomfortable event was rare, and not a huge problem since I could direct my thoughts to something else and the hardness would deflate within a minute or two.

But right now, try as I might, I couldn’t do anything about my growing erection. Every time I tried to tunnel my focus on something other than Lina, somewhere along the way, visions of my friend under a trance, completely at my will would reappear.

God. The things I would do to her. I would destroy her petite frame like—

No. No, stop it. These thoughts were disgusting and wrong. Lina was basically my sister, for god's sake. We always told other people we were siblings. What the fuck is wrong with me?

I must have been frowning because Lina tilted her head.

“Is something wrong?” she asked, her brown eyes studying me. “You don’t like it?”

“No, no.” I shook my head, my movements quick, and my voice two octaves higher than normal. “I-it’s fine. Everything’s fine.”

I touched my cheek. Was everything fine?

Nope. My face was burning. I had to face reality.

I was flustered.

Lina must not have noticed because she plopped down next to me, and I wished she wasn’t so close. Our thighs were touching and my boner, completely rock hard by now, was hidden under crossed legs.

As a straight male, it wasn’t all that crazy for me to be attracted to a woman like her, especially since we were so close. She was cute, but as her body matured, Lina’s natural beauty surfaced.

Guys at the gym would hit on her and try to extract her number. Of course, innocent, ignorant Lina would be unaware of what they were trying to achieve, so she would just assume the lusty men were just trying to be friendly.

I would have to step in and tell them to fuck off. I had always assumed I was just being a protective older brother, but now I knew exactly why I had been unnecessarily pushy.

It wasn’t for her benefit; it was for mine.

I wanted her for myself.

“So you would do it?” Lina leaned even closer to me until our lips were just inches apart. I knew the move wasn’t anything sexual to her. She did this often whenever she really wanted me to do something for her.

My best friend would lean in really fucking close and would stare into my eyes until my will was sapped, and I had to agree with whatever absurd requests she had.

“Would you try hypnotizing me?”

I almost moved forward to capture those plump lips. Lips that I knew no one had the luxury of tasting before. The only reason I didn't give in to my primal instincts was because I had a hand behind my back and I was pinching myself with all my might.

The sexual tension in the room was obvious. But Lina didn't notice it. She just blinked innocently at me, knowing that I would eventually say 'yes'.

"So?" my little sister chided.

I had to convince myself that she really was my blood sister. That way, I could get the unwanted thoughts out of my head for good.

"I-I don't know where to start," I told her. "I have like... I have never hypnotized someone before."

She leaned in even closer.

Kiss her.

Kiss her.

No! No, stop it!

"It can't be that hard," Lina said. "Just wave the thing in front of me and say some words. I mean, just google it! I'm sure there's a script online you can read to put me in a trance."

I shifted backwards so our lips weren't almost touching. There was no way I could trust myself with us being inches apart.

"If it was so easy, then everyone could be a hypnotist," I told her. "There's no way this could work."

Lina bounced up and down on the couch.

"Come onnnnnnn, Tyler," she pouted. "Pleaseeeeeeeeee? Just try? For me? Please?"

I sighed. "Why? Why do you want to be hypnotized, anyway?"

Instantly, she grew quiet. Her eyes snapped away, and she cast her gaze towards the television. The movie had already ended and the credits were rolling.

"I don't know," she said simply.

"What? What do you mean you don't know?"

She shrugged. "I don't know."

The sudden shift in her attitude made it clear why she was eager to get hypnotized. There was only one topic that could make her act like this.

Anything sexual.

The realization hit me like a truck.

Being hypnotized was a kink for her.

If my cock was rock hard before, it was nothing compared to this. Pre-cum spilled over my tip, wetting my underwear.

Shit.

I shifted in my seat, trying to find a better way of getting comfortable with a throbbing hard-on straining against my shorts.

This was all weird to me. I always had assumed we both knew everything about each other. But there was always one glaring gap of knowledge between both of us.

Lina didn't know anything sexual about me, and it was the same for me towards her. Now that I knew something she found sexual, it was as if I was looking at her with fresh eyes.

She wasn't little Lina anymore. The sweet innocent girl I had to keep protected at all costs. Right then, all filters were off. The girl in front of me was just Lina. A grown woman that denied her own attractiveness and was still getting comfortable with her own sexuality.

She was submissive. Inexperienced. Cute.

And most importantly...

A virgin.

The dream woman.

My dream woman.

"Tyler?"

I must have heard that high-pitched, girly voice a billion times by now. It should be familiar to my ears, but as she spoke my name, all the blood in my head rushed down south and it was hard to think straight.

"Tyler?" Lina said again, a frown etching her lips. "So, is that a yes?"

"Yes."

She did little quick claps with her hands. "Yayyyyyy!"

I watched her scoot backwards. There was a good distance between us now.

Good. If I was a hair close to her any longer, I might lose control. I still could smell faint traces of peaches and it was keeping my cock rock hard.

“Go google a quick guide on hypnosis,” Lina said, grabbing the remote off the coffee table and switching the TV off.

I did exactly that, fumbling on my phone. I clicked on the first link titled ‘How to Hypnotize someone with a pocket watch’.

The instructions were simple enough, but there were a lot of disclaimers written between the instructions informing me that hypnotizing someone requires a lot of practice and that I need a willing volunteer. It also told me I needed to establish a level of trust with the person getting hypnotized or the volunteer would never fall into a trance.

Well, I could check two out of the three boxes. Lina was definitely willing, and I knew she trusted me with her life. In fact, I was the only person she fully trusted. I knew more about her than her parents did.

Practice was the only problem. But I figured if it didn’t work then, and I failed to put my best friend into a trance, we could always try next time.

I looked up from my phone and addressed my eager friend.

“Okay, it says here to... wait.” I tilted my head back down and scanned the instructions again. “Okay, Lina, I want you to relax. Do some breathing exercises with me.”

“Okay.”

The guide listed several relaxation exercises we could try. We did them all.

I was both nervous and excited about what we were doing, and it was clear Lina was feeling the same. Her breaths were quick and her chest was rising and falling rapidly. It took us three different relaxation exercises until we both experienced the effects of calmness.

“Remember, five seconds inhale,” I instructed. “A five seconds hold, then a five seconds exhale. Repeat that ten times.”

As I performed the exercise, Lina followed, our breaths in perfect sync as we both counted down from five internally. Our eyes were locked onto each other and had been for a minute now.

When we finally finished our sixth relaxation exercise, Lina’s breaths were steady and there was a soft smile on her pretty features.

Great. Onto the next step.

I broke eye contact and muttered out the next instructions. When I finished reading the paragraph, I looked back up and repeated what I had said, more loudly and clearly this time.

“Okay, Lina,” I said, extending my right arm and letting the pocket watch fall from my palm and onto her soft gaze. The watch hung under my grip from a silver chain and I swung it from left to right.

“Lina, I want you to—”

I didn’t need to instruct her. Her eyes were already fixated on the antique watch, her head swaying side to side.

The first part of the script was already ingrained in my mind. I didn’t need to look down. I watched my beautiful sister sway her head left and right, in perfect sync to the watch.

“Just relax, Lina,” I told her. “I want you to feel completely relaxed, free from all problems. You have no stress when you are following the watch and listening to my voice. You’re now free.”

“Free...”

I frowned. Had she just repeated what I said?

And her voice... it was not like her usual girly tone. She breathed the word out in a low, deep husk that made me want to jump her bones.

I had barely swung the watch in front of her and she was already slipping in a trance?

There was no way it was that easy. Either Lina was so into being hypnotized that she was acting her fantasies out, or she was playing a prank on me.

Whichever one, I didn’t really care. Watching my best friend’s half-closed eyes and her speaking to me in that deep tone was more erotic than any porn video I have watched.

Somewhere along the way, I had uncrossed my legs, and I quickly swung one leg over the other, covering the enormous tent under my shorts.

“Listen to the sound of my voice,” I told her, my own voice turning deeper as I grew hornier. I was hyperconscious of my tone as I recited the speech, trying to make it sound back to normal. But no matter how hard I tried, it stayed lower than baseline.

“Focus on every syllable of my words. That’s right. Nothing else matters. Everything else is just background noise. From now on, you can only hear the sound of my voice and nothing else. Do you understand?”

As I spoke the last words, I looked down at my phone. I was almost done with the script, and I was internally reading the last part when Lina parted her lips.

“Yes.”

There it was again. The low sexy husk that was driving me nuts. I snapped my eyes back to Lina, but she paid no attention to me. She was still moving with the pocket watch, her brown eyes glazed over.

Left, right. Left, right.

I shook my head in disbelief. If my best friend was acting, she should be in Hollywood. The entranced expression on her face looked completely believable.

Whatever. I recited the last part of the script.

“As you follow the movement of the watch, you will find yourself falling asleep. Do you feel sleepy, my little Lina?”

“Yes.”

Both of her eyelids were twitching, begging to snap shut.

My little Lina.

Really, Tyler? Really?

I almost laughed, reading back the paragraph. Written on the script told me to say exactly that.

*... you will find yourself falling asleep. Do you feel sleepy, my little -name-? **Pause for exactly five beats, then continue...***

Smiling, I counted to five and read the final few sentences.

God, my hand was starting to feel tired from holding the watch for far too long.

“Good girl, Lina,” I said, shaking my head as I read the ridiculous lines. “Your eyelids are so heavy, aren’t there, Lina? So, so, so heavy.”

“Heavy...”

My cock twitched at her voice. I ignored the reaction and finished the instructions.

“Yes, they are so heavy, my little girl. You want to fall asleep, but you cannot close your eyes, can you, Lina? You cannot look away from the pendulum, can you?”

“No...”

“That’s okay. Because when I snap my fingers, I want you to give up your struggles and allow yourself to be free. Do you understand?”

“Yes...”

Lina’s breaths were heavy, and I was almost mesmerized myself looking at her breasts pushing in and out of her shirt. They weren’t large, but I never preferred big busts, anyway.

I tore my gaze away from her chest because it would be weird gawking at them for so long. Lina might quit her acting and slap me for being so crude. But when I looked back at her face, I received the shock of my life.

Not only were her eyelids twitching rapidly, spasming out of control, but a large amount of drool was pooling down the right edge of her lips. A few more seconds and her saliva would be on the couch.

I almost got up to retrieve a tissue paper, but I just needed to do one more thing. The instructions told me to wait a good ten seconds before I snapped my fingers, and the timer was up.

I snapped my fingers and gasped when Lina's eyelids snapped shut and she fell limp sideways—towards the ground.

I didn't know how the hell I reached her in time, but I did. The pocket watch dropped to the couch as I started forward, my arms outstretched, catching her precious body before she tumbled off the sofa.

"What the hell?" I snapped at my best friend. "Lina, this isn't funny. You could have seriously hurt yourself."

Her head was slumped against my chest and I could feel her hot breaths as she replied to me.

"... hurt myself?"

She was still speaking in that ridiculously sexy voice. This joke or act or whatever this was had gone too far.

I gripped her shoulders and pulled her away from me so I could see her face. Her hair was a mess and so I afforded a hand to swipe the strands away.

Lina's eyes were still closed, and her chin was wet with saliva. Drool had started to drip down, and I cursed under my breath as my thighs became wet.

"Lina, this isn't funny."

Her lips parted. "Funny?"

"Yes, quit this act."

A pause. Then,

"...act?"

I sighed. Okay, if she wanted to pretend she was hypnotized, then I might just go along with it. Just for the time being.

This sexual fantasy of hers was odd. But then again, perhaps my attraction to her was weirder.

“Okay, Lina,” I said lamely, the gears turning in my mind. I wanted to tell her to do something so ridiculous, she wouldn’t possibly subject herself to the humiliation. The idea came quickly.

I smirked. “Lina, I want you to quack like a duck.”

I expected her to burst out laughing now at my absurd request. As immature as Lina was, there was no way she—

“Quack!”

I gasped and shot back when Lina jerked up and placed her hands on her hips, and then flapped her elbows as if they were wings. “Quack! Quack! Quack!”

What the fuck?

I stared at the ridiculousness of what was in front of me.

Lina would never do this. Never.

Could it be? Was she really hypnotized?

My cock throbbed at the possibility.

“Quack! Quack! Quack!”

“O-Okay, stop. Stop!”

She obeyed immediately. Her lips snapped shut and her hands fell limp by her sides. Lina sat there, eyes closed, swaying gently from side to side, as if waiting for my next command.

There was no way she was in a trance. I was a complete novice at hypnosis. I couldn’t just read some random guide online and just hypnotize someone so easily like that, right?

Right?

I grabbed my phone from the edge of the couch, almost dropping it as I started fumbling words on Google. I needed to know if it was possible for a scenario like this to happen and the results that popped out were astonishing.

Apparently, this wasn’t an uncommon occurrence. There were several articles that reported people experimenting with hypnosis and ‘accidentally’ putting another person into a trance.

As I read on, it became clear why my best friend might have slipped into a trance so easily. There had to be a high level of trust between the hypnotist and the person getting hypnotized. The higher the trust level, the easier it was for the hypnosis to work.

And not only that, all the reports had one thing in common.

The people getting hypnotized were all submissive in nature.

Lina definitely didn't mind giving up control. In public, especially in crowded areas, she was like a precious sheep, following me around everywhere and allowing me to talk for her. I always had to order for both of us in restaurants and she had always asked me for permission to go to the restroom when we were out.

I think it might be because of her upbringing. She had been neglected and every single interaction with her parents involved her having to do something or go somewhere.

It was always 'Lina do this' and 'Lina do that.'

She was used to getting ordered around, and I think deep down, she craved affection and attention.

When I entered her life, I gave her plenty of both. We were almost inseparable. Hell, she even started sleeping over at my house when she was thirteen. We would travel to school in the same car.

Her parents were more than happy for me to be her nanny. They didn't need to pay me a salary, and they knew I would take care of her.

Thinking back, it was fucked up for them to ditch their only daughter like that, but maybe it was better for them to not be so involved in her life. Except for giving her a nice, big house to stay in and providing her food, they were almost strangers to her.

I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I mull over her past. At least she had me.

I needed to find a way to wake her up and tell her what happened.

I loaded back to the website that had taught me how to hypnotize her. Scrolling through the page, I frowned when I saw no mention of how to wake a person out of a trance.

Should I just say 'Lina, wake up,' and snap my fingers? Does it work like that?

A low sound made me jump.

"Ohhhh..."

Wait.

Did I just hear...

No, it can't be.

Did... did Lina just...

Did she just moan?

My phone slipping from my fingers was an afterthought as my head snapped forward.. What I saw confirmed the absurd thought and the vision of her angelic innocence was shattered in an instant.

My adopted sister, the woman that has never said the word ‘fuck’ or ‘sex’ in her entire life...

Her eyes were still shut, but her lips were parted, and she was breathing heavily through them. Her right hand was jammed underneath her shorts and by the movement of her arms, it didn't take a genius to figure out what she was doing.

“L-Lina?” I called out to her.

“Hmm?” Her chin jerked in my direction, but her eyes never opened.

I didn't know what else to say. I just stared as my sister masturbated right in front of me. Even though she was in her twenties, it seemed like an impossibility that she even knew how to finger herself. But looking at how comfortable she was, it was obvious that she had done this before. Many, many times.

I had to do something. What she was doing felt... it was just wrong. Lina was in a deep trance and didn't know what she was doing. Her conscious mind wasn't present.

I started forward and grabbed her right hand. She inhaled sharply when I pulled her hand out from under her cotton shorts. Her fingers were soaked, dripping with arousal, and it was leaking down to my thighs, mixing in with her saliva there.

The sight. The fucking sight of her beautiful face, her parted lips, her juice dripping onto me. Her delicious peachy scent...

All those combined drove my animalistic side. I didn't think before I acted and I made the worst mistake in my life when I dropped her soaked fingers, leaned in aggressively, and did the forbidden thing I was fantasizing about doing for years.

I kissed her.

Chapter 2

I had made out with a few girls before. Mary, Alana, Phoebe, that one girl I had a one-night stand with.

I loved the one-nighter the most. I couldn't remember the woman's name, but she had possessed curves my ex-girlfriends didn't, and her lips tasted sweet as cake.

Lina's lips made the one-night stand obsolete. Sad, almost.

Holy fuck, her lips felt divine. They were soft, plump, wet, and best of all, they tasted like fucking peaches.

How the fuck can she taste this good? Was my dream woman living under my nose the whole time?

And this was just her lips. I almost came thinking about how her pussy might feel.

I was aggressive with her. All thoughts about how wrong it was to kiss her, how disgusting it was to take advantage of her in this situation... all those were washed away as pleasure ripped through me.

I tackled her mouth and pushed her against the pillows as I sucked hard on her upper lips, then her bottom. Her fruitiness exploded in my taste buds, making me moan from how addicting she tasted.

"Tyler?" I heard her lips move against mine, her words muffled. "What's happening?"

I gasped, then jerked backwards, my eyes wide with fear and shock.

Lina's eyes were half-opened. They were still glazed over, but life was forming back into them.

"Tyler?" she murmured at me, her voice low and hazy. Then her eyes snapped back shut and she slumped to the side.

"Uh." I prodded her limp body, feeling dumb. When she didn't respond, I spoke up. "Lina?"

The sexy low voice was back.

"Yes?"

"Are... are you okay?"

"Mhm."

Her right hand reached for shorts again and I watched, almost in a daze, as she slipped under and began pumping her arm up and down.

Having no idea what the fuck just happened, I scanned the couch until I saw my phone. I grabbed it and did some Google search.

The low moans coming out of my adopted sister were a goddamn turn on, but I was adamant to find out why she had 'woken' up.

I received my answer after some digging. Hypnosis wasn't what I had imagined it to be. I couldn't make her do anything I wanted. The level of trust mattered. Since Lina trusted me so much, I could push her to do things she didn't necessarily want to do.

But if I sailed past the imaginary red line and made her extremely uncomfortable, her consciousness would resurface as a defense mechanism.

A part of me was severely disappointed. Clearly, my sister didn't share the same feelings I had recently developed for her.

I just need to find out where her limits were. How far could I push without waking her up?

I felt like the absolute worst human in the world, but with how horny I felt, all I could think was Lina and Lina alone. I had tasted a sampling of what she could offer, and I was hooked for life. There was no going back from this.

I shifted closer to my sister, admiring her barely audible grunts as she pleased herself. The answer to why she was fingering herself wasn't important to me. It was amazing seeing her like this.

Lina was wearing a light pink shirt and black cotton shorts, her usual casual attire. Outside, she would put on a cute dress, usually a light color, pink being her favorite. But her outfits have always disappointedly covered most of her skin.

Usually I was okay with that, but with my newfound lust for her, I wanted *more*.

When I was close enough to my sister, I placed a hesitant palm on her left thigh. She didn't react. Her eyes were still closed and her breaths were still hot.

Confidence grew in me and I skated my hands up, my fingers trailing up her thighs. I slipped under her shirt and lightly ran my fingers up her smooth stomach. Lina paid no attention to me. So holding air in my lungs, and then exhaling it in a long, drawn out breath, I went even higher. Towards her breasts.

The reaction was immediate.

She gasped, loud enough to make me retreat. I jerked my hands back to where they belonged.

Lina's eyelids lifted slightly, and I thought that was it. I had been caught red-handed groping her boobs, and it was all over for me.

But then, her shoulders dropped, and her eyelids fell with them. She was back in a trance, masturbating with her eyes shut.

Shit, that was close.

So, I couldn't touch anywhere intimate, and I couldn't kiss her. Disappointment washed over me. I decided to just cut my losses and wake her up. I could try hypnotizing her again in the future and maybe by then, I could figure out a loophole.

But as I opened my lips to command her to wake up, a thought struck me like a lightning bolt.

If her defense mechanism triggered when she didn't feel comfortable with something, what if I changed her perspective of what was and wasn't comfortable?

It was a far-fetched idea, but I had to try. I would do anything to taste that exotic lip of hers again.

After all, if everything felt normal and as it should be in her mind, then there wasn't a reason for her to act up.

Right?

"Lina," I said, my voice shaky and my fingers trembling. I have never been this nervous in my life, and it was ridiculous for me to cower in front of my sister.

"Hmm?"

"From now on, whenever there is anything sexual between us, whether it be us being, or me looking at you in a lustful way, touching you in inappropriate places, or even kissing or fu.." I stopped and steadied myself. Seriously, get a grip, Tyler.

"... fucking you. You'll not be able to register it."

I didn't know what the hell I was saying, but I continued on.

"In your eyes and in your mind, instead of these inappropriate acts, you will see me doing something completely ordinary and unusual." I suck in a quick breath. "Do you understand?"

I steeled myself for a reply. Maybe I was talking gibberish and what I was saying was impossible. Maybe what I—

"Yes."

"You will?" I didn't realize I said that aloud until she opened her rosy lips again.

"Yes."

I nodded, feeling that my heart was about to burst from my chest. I should snap her awake now, if that even worked. If she didn't react, I would shake her awake.

But was I really done? She was still in this extremely suggestible state, and I should use this to my full advantage.

Aside from making love to my sister, what else did I desire from her?

The answer came quickly.

My dream woman would not only be loving towards me, she should also be extremely submissive.

She should address me as her Master.

Could I do it? Could I 'trick' Lina into calling me her Master?

"Lina," I said, my words still wavering, my heart still pounding. "From now on, instead of calling me Tyler, you will call me Master. In your mind, you would not notice the difference between the two words. There isn't any significance in the word 'Master'. To you, it's the same as my name, and you will say it like it's second nature and no big deal. Do you understand?"

Another immediate response.

"Yes."

Was that it? Had her mind really accepted the command?

There was only one way to find out.

"Lina, when I snap my fingers, you will wake up. You will not remember what happened while you were in this trance. You will wake up feeling refreshed and the last thing you remembered was showing me the clip of the woman squatting weights. Do you understand?"

I really didn't know if snapping my fingers was going to work or not. In movies, it did, but from what I had learnt over the past hour, hypnosis was vastly different than in real life.

Another affirmative from her.

"Yes."

I snapped my fingers.

"Look!"

Her reaction was so immediate it caught me off guard. I stared at her wide-eyed. Lina's eyes were already fully opened, and she looked at me with her soaking wet right hand extended towards me.

"Look," she repeated, shifting towards me and then showed me her wet hand. Her voice was back to her normal tone. All high pitched and cute.

When I stared at her empty hand, confused. She noticed she wasn't holding anything.

"Wait." She frowned. "Where did my phone go?" Then she noticed the condition of her hands. "Wait... why... why is my hand so wet?"

I held my breath. She looked at her hand, then back at me.

With a bewildered expression coloring her pretty features, she stood up and walked towards the kitchen. I didn't realize I was still holding my breath until she returned a minute later and I had to heave for air.

If Lina noticed me acting weird, she didn't show it. Instead, she grabbed her phone on the other side of the couch, swiped it unlocked, then plopped down next to me where our knees touched.

We had done this a million times, but this time, it felt worlds different. I was the horniest I had ever been in my entire life, with a raging hard on, soaked underwear, and my lips were still tingling from the faint taste of her.

"Ah!" my best friend exclaimed, scrolling through her Instagram feed. "I found it! Here, look at this, Master!"

When I just stared at her, she frowned.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

I shook my head.

She studied me for several more seconds before shoving her phone in front of my face where a meme video was playing.

The video was a blur in my vision. She had said the word so nonchalantly, so naturally, as if she had called me that throughout her entire life.

I fucking loved it.

Fuck, everything about her was addicting. Why hadn't I noticed this before?

I turned towards her. "Lina?"

She frowned when she saw I wasn't paying any attention to the phone. Withdrawing her hand back, she stuck her tongue out at me. "What?"

"Can you say my name again?"

I knew how weird the request sounded, but I didn't care.

And I needed her to say it again.

And again. And Again.

Her frown deepened. "What?"

"Could you say my name again? Please?"

"Ooooookay..." She paused. "Master?"

When my breathing increased, and my nostrils flared, her eyes flashed with concern.

“Umm... are you okay, Master? Could you tell me what’s going on?”

Master. She was actually calling me Master.

“Master,” Lina said. “Are you—”

I was even more forceful with this kiss than the last. Our nose collided as my lips crashed into hers. I was rewarded with that mouth-watering peach taste again.

Half of me expected Lina to go berserk. She would shove me off her and slap me hard.

None of that happened. Instead, she continued talking to me as if our lips weren’t sealed tight.

“Are you okay?” she asked again as I sucked on her bottom lip and pulled on her hair. At least that was what I thought she said. Her words were slurred as she tried her best to speak.

“I’m okay,” I told her, feeling completely drunk with lust and pleasure.

“Good.” I felt her lips move as she smiled. She wrapped her hands around me and scrolled through her phone again, her expression passive, as if me kissing her was no big deal. As if she didn’t even notice it.

Exactly what I had hoped.

I now had confirmation that the hypnosis had worked. I had changed the way her mind saw things. She wouldn’t register anything sexual I did to her anymore, which meant...

I could fuck her and she wouldn’t stop me.

The realization had me hopping off her. Lina squealed as I jumped off the couch and began stripping my clothes off. My shirt was the first out of the way, and when I slid down my pants, I saw that my underwear was indeed completely soaked. I stripped myself bare and half-braced for a wild reaction from Lina.

None came. She was still fixated on her phone, a soft smile spreading across her swollen lips as she watched something that amused her.

Arousal was still dripping from my tip, coating the floor. I stepped towards her, my cock swaying side to side, pre-cum falling everywhere, but her gaze was glued to the small screen.

“Hey!” Lina said when my greedy hands gripped the hem of her shirt.

I steeled for a scolding, but she just shook her head. “Be gentle, okay?” Then she went back to whatever she was doing on Instagram.

Following her comment, I tugged on her shirt. Lina raised her arms up and allowed me to peel the pink shirt off her.

She wasn't wearing any bra, and I stared at utter perfection. I had never seen her bare breasts before. I had been close, several times, but my eyes never laid upon those beautiful globes in its full splendor.

Just as I envisioned, her tits were just the right size for me to palm. I eagerly reached and cupped her wonderful breasts, feeling how plump and soft they felt.

Her nipples grew hard as I kneaded her sex globes. The pink buds became little pebbles underneath my hands, and a low, barely audible moan escaped Lina's lips.

Her eyes darted towards me, her brown eyes showing panic. When I looked back at her, she quickly snapped her gaze away and coughed into a fist, her cheeks forming a light shade of pink.

Was she... was she trying to hide her moan?

I briefly wondered how she must be feeling. She was no doubt getting turned on by my actions, and was probably wondering why her body was heating up so much, when, in her mind, nothing weird was going on.

Did I feel bad doing this to her?

Yeah, kinda. She was so naïve and innocent, and I was abusing her trust in me. But as long as she never became aware of what I was doing to her, it wouldn't hurt.

After all, ignorance was bliss.

And I would take care of her as long as I lived. There was no harm in a little sex here and there while we were together. In a way, it was a fair trade. I would provide her the attention and companionship she so desperately craved, and she would provide me with an insane amount of sexual pleasure without even realizing it.

And fuck me, her body was beautiful. Not only were her breasts perfect looking, hanging firmly on her chest, her skin was radiant, almost milky looking, her stomach was flat, and her legs were smooth.

Fucking perfection.

Having had enough of massaging her little breasts, I took off my hands and replaced them with my lips. I paid special attention to her left tit first, pressing the pad of my tongue around her pebbled nipple, then licking over it.

"Master?"

I didn't answer her, far too absorbed at the texture of her nipples against my tongue than to register her words. I focused on her right tit next, sucking and softly nipping her plump flesh, then making my way towards her nipple, sucking on that too.

"Hey, Master." There was a sharp edge to her voice. "Why aren't you answering me? Are you ignoring me or something?"

“I’m sorry,” I said, between sucking hard on her right nipple and licking the top curve of her right tit. “I’m just a little... busy.”

“Well... I don’t see you doing anything. So, can I please ask you something?”

I was done with her breasts. There was more of her to worship than just those little sex globes. My lips made their way south, and I trailed soft kisses down her stomach, remembering to reply to her when I reached her belly button.

“Uh.. yeah, yeah. Sure.”

“Do you think I can get a booty like this?” She flipped her phone around to show me a picture of a ridiculously fit woman posing with her ass cheeks out.

I afforded a few seconds to look at the small screen before resuming where I had left off. My knees were on the ground and I was positioned in between her delicious thighs.

“You know how insecure I’m about how small my body is,” Lina said. “Maybe I can relieve that anxiety by having a better body, you know?” Her gaze was nailed on me, but she didn’t seem annoyed that I wasn’t paying much attention. “Do you think I could improve my body with time?”

It seemed like a loaded question. In normal circumstances, I would have mulled over her question for a few minutes before answering her seriously. But her inquiry seemed like the least important thing in the world compared to what I was about to do.

I gripped the ends of her black cotton shorts and pulled. The article of clothing slipped down her thighs and a groan escaped my lips when I saw pink panties.

“What?” Lina raised a brow. “What does ugh mean in this context? Wait.” Her cute voice grew hard. “Am I bothering you or something, Master? Because it seems like it.”

“No, no, no, no, no.” I shook my head, shaking from both my frustrations of her wearing panties, and me being such an inattentive big brother. “I don’t mean that.”

I looked at her brown eyes and they grew soft as she realized I was taking her seriously now. I spoke the truth. “Lina, I think you can do whatever you set your mind to do. You’re smart and hardworking. So, please don’t doubt yourself.”

Her smile was angelic. “Thank you, Master.”

My cock twitched, causing more arousal to drip down onto the floor. I had to clean all the mess up before her parents were back. I would have to do it alone too, because I honestly didn’t know if her mind would even register the stain on the floor.

I tugged on her panties, and thankfully Lina was helpful. She stood up and allowed me to slip the offending garment off her. Now both of us were bare.

It was a pleasant surprise that her pussy was shaved, and very recently too. There was not a speck of hair around her sex. But what made me the most excited was how fucking wet she was.

The foreplay I gave her had paid off. Her pussy was glistening, almost shimmering, underneath the bright lights. Even though her mind couldn't process what I was doing, her body certainly reacted.

"Do you want to go to the gym tomorrow morning?" Her sweet voice floated around the room. "Maybe ten? Can you pick me up?"

I was darting my eyes between her glistening sex and her light brown eyes.

"Mhm, yeah sure." I stood up. "No problem."

"Thank you. And could you bring my lip balm? I left it in your room, remember?"

"Sure."

I grabbed her ankles and spread her thighs wide. Lina gasped in surprise when I pulled her body forward so that her back was now horizontal and her eyes were now facing the ceiling. But other than the soft gasp, she continued talking.

"I cannot wait until I see more progress, Master. You know, I also see some progress from you. How much muscle have you packed on since starting out again? Five? Three?"

Her words were a drone, but I tried to keep conversation up while I placed her legs over my shoulders and then gripped her hips, lining up my cock towards her sex.

"Uh, five. Five pounds," I told her, my mind miles away.

I couldn't believe it. I was going to take Lina's virginity.

"Oh, yeah, five. You know, I was talking to one of the guys in the gym and—"

Her words cut short as I entered her.

"Ah!" Lina jerked as my cock pushed into her tight walls. My eyes were on hers the entire time. I wanted to watch her expression as she took a cock in for the first time in her life.

Her lips parted in a wide 'O', then she clamped her mouth shut, her brows furrowing and her jaw clenching. She looked like she was in pain. I was hurting her. I was hurting my little sister.

The realization almost had me withdrawing out, but I knew the pain was normal. Her walls were impossibly tight and warm, and the initial hurt would be over as soon as her body became accustomed to the intrusion.

So, I pushed in another inch, then another. I grit my own teeth, and dug my fingernails into her thighs as I fucked her slowly.

She must have the tightest pussy in existence because I was pushing hard, but I just wouldn't slide in.

Lina's eyes went wide. "Ah!"

Then, finally, her inner walls relaxed, allowing me to plunge cleanly into her. I buried my way until I couldn't anymore, my balls slapping against her ass. Pleasure shot through me like a bullet and I tilted my chin upwards and moaned my delight out.

I was fucking loud, and the neighbors could have heard me, but I didn't care. Although it was a rough start at first, I could now feel how fucking amazing her pussy actually felt.

Her sex felt even better than those divine lips of hers. And that was a hill I was willing to die on. I had assumed those soft plump lips of hers were insane, but her pussy drove me to a higher plane of pleasure. Nobody would ever top Lina. What I was feeling in this moment could never be replicated by another woman in existence.

Holy fuck, she felt fucking amazing.

Lina was breathing hard, practically panting, and she was trying her best to slow down her breathing. She was unsuccessful and seemed confused about why she was feeling like that.

She continued speaking, her voice hoarse, the angelic tone in her tone all but gone. "So, like I was saying. One guy came up to me and... ah! A-and he told me he worked in the gym and... and he could waver our... ah! our fee off. I... forgot to tell you that. I have no idea why he is so nice..."

The thundering heartbeat in my eardrums drowned her out. I was pounding into her like my life depended on it, as if this was my last time having sex and I wanted to milk as much pleasure from this experience as possible.

Honestly, this could be my last time fucking my best friend. The effects of the hypnosis could end tomorrow. Who knows? But what was certain was the ecstasy I was feeling from slamming my cock into her pussy, ripping moans from my throat and rapidly building an unstoppable pressure from within me.

Lina seemed to pay no attention to how loud I was. She continued chattering to me as if nothing was happening, only pausing every few seconds to bite down on her lips, holding back a moan. She seemed adamant about acting like nothing weird was happening.

I guessed it made sense. In her mind, everything was normal, and her moaning out of the blue would be weird.

So, she kept the erotic sounds to a minimum. But on occasions, especially when I rammed my cock too fast, or when I was too rough with her, a moan would slip through the seam of her lips.

The rare sounds of her moans were music to my ears, and it drove me even wilder as I slammed my hips against hers with abandon. Her body was not used to this insane ferocity and I wouldn't be surprised if she couldn't walk tomorrow. There was no way she could go to the gym with the raw pounding I was delivering to her tiny frame.

I felt a pang of guilt at how rough I was, but I couldn't will myself to be gentle. Her pussy just felt that good.

"Master, did you hear me? I asked you a question."

A roar came out when I tried to answer her. The rising pressure that was inside me spilled out with the scream. I thrust in one more time, slamming down on her so hard, I thought my cock would break.

But instead of breaking, it exploded.

"FUCKKKKKK!" I roared, throwing my chin up to the ceiling as what seemed like a gallon of cum poured right out of me and into her cunt.

Impossibly, Lina furrowed her brow, craned her neck and waved both hands in front of me. "Helloooooo? Earth to Master."

"YEAH! I'M HERE! I'M FUCKING HERE!"

I was still orgasming, my cock spasming out of control deep inside her slick, warm depths. When I looked down, thick, white liquid was pouring out of her pussy, and I thought for a moment how impossible it was to clean the couch now.

Goosebumps were still on my flesh, and I shuddered uncontrollably as my orgasm finally subsided. I had filled her up to the fucking brim, and when I withdrew from her depths, more cum leaked out, drawing lines down her thighs.

"You don't need to shout, you know?" Lina told me.

How the fuck was she this composed after taking in that much semen? Hypnosis really had me scratching my head.

"I-I'm sorry," I apologized, catching my breath. Sweat was pouring down my back and I wiped a fresh batch of salty perspiration off my forehead. "What did you say?"

"What's with you today and having to constantly repeat myself?" But from the tone of her voice, I could tell she wasn't mad, just slightly disappointed. Somehow, that stung more.

"I'm really, really sorry. From now on, you have my complete attention, okay?"

After laying down next to her, I wrapped my arms around her breasts and pulled us together. My cock grazed the crack of her ass, and I smiled. I really wanted to fuck her there too, but I had no energy left to spare. Aches were already starting to set all over, and I had no doubts Lina was going to bear the brunt of today.

“Okay,” she whispered, then struggled to make me release her. Hesitantly, I let her go, then asked where she was going.

“To take out the trash,” she answered, walking towards the kitchen, her bare ass swaying side to side. Semen was still dripping down her thighs, and she left a trail of thick white liquid as she disappeared around the corner.

I almost fell over face first as I stood up on trembling legs. My knees were shaking so badly, and I had no idea how to stop it.

“Wait, wait,” I called out as she reappeared, a black trash bag in hand. “You can’t go out.”

She frowned and tilted her head. “Why not?”

My eyes journeyed the length of her fully nude body. Of course, she didn’t even realize she was naked.

“Just stay here,” I said, bending down and retrieving my shorts. “I’ll toss the bag out for you.”

“Aww, thanks, Master.”

I spent the next hour cleaning the couch, the living room, and the floor of her kitchen. Lina didn’t help. I didn’t even think she noticed I was cleaning her place up. To her, I was probably still watching the Marvel movie on the couch while she fiddled with her phone, now with her clothes on. I had helped her put them on, and she had unconsciously made it easier by lifting her legs and her arms when needed.

The last thing I wanted was for her parents to walk in on her naked in the living room. They would question why she had no clothes on, and she would probably tell them she had no idea what they were talking about.

There was also the fact that she was now addressing me as ‘Master’. It would definitely raise problems once we were in public, but I had all the time in the world to tinker with her mind. As soon as I got home, I would dive deep into hypnosis. I was sure after a few more hypnotic sessions, I could fix the glaring problems.

Lina looked up as I made my way towards the front door.

“Oh, you’re going? So early?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “I had fun. Thanks.”

She stood up and made her way towards me. “Oh, okay. No problem.”

Her delicious peach scent waffled into my senses again. Her cute bob cut was still a disheveled mess after the brutal pounding I did to her, and her clothes were wrinkled after being on the ground for too long.

But even in a mess, Lina still looked devastatingly beautiful. I took a step back to admire her.

“What?” she asked me.

“Nothing,” I replied. “I just think you are sexy as hell and I can’t wait to fuck you more soon.”

It was an enormous risk saying those words out. But by now, I had a good grasp on how her mind worked after the hypnosis.

I was right. Instead of reacting in shock, she smiled at me, showing her perfect whites.

“I can’t wait to hang out, too. Don’t forget, Master. Gym early tomorrow!”

“For sure,” I said, opening the door and fishing out my car keys from my pocket. “For sure.”

Chapter 3

I was about to burst before I even arrived at Lina's front gate. Coming over to her house meant two things.

First, I got to see the girl I was madly in love with. Call me crazy, but my chest was hurting from missing her even though we saw each other yesterday.

But best of all, meeting up with my best friend meant sex. It had been four weeks since I had 'accidentally' hypnotized her and then stole her virginity without her realizing she had lost it.

Did I feel bad about being a thief and abusing her trust in me?

Yeah. Sometimes I would lie awake in the middle of the night and ask myself if I should really continue fucking her. I even debated coming clean and spilling out the truth.

The reasoning answer always came a split second later, and it was always the same.

No. I would continue having sex with her because nothing in the world comes close to the pure euphoria of entering that tight, warm tunnel. Or hearing the beautiful crescendo of her moans.

Fucking Lina was like a drug. Bad to use and abuse, but too addicted to stop.

Once I reached her gate, I clicked the remote that was already in my hand. I have been driving to Lina's place so much ever since I received my driving license that her parents relented and had a spare key made for me.

I drove past the gate and through her long driveway lined with stunning arborvitae trees. No matter how many times I came to her place, I was always in awe at how beautiful everything was. The massive garden out front was meticulously maintained by gardeners, birds were perched on top of the marble water fountain, and if you went around the back, there was a priceless view of a planted forest that never failed to take my breath away.

It was like a nature wonderland here, but my little sister hated it. I could understand why. Her home reminded her of her childhood, where her parents were never home, and the only company she had were her stuffed animals.

Well, now she has me. I would always be there for her.

I circled the water fountain and reached the front of her house, my entire mood instantly dropping when I caught sight of a bright red Audi. I groaned out my frustration.

Fuck, why is she here? Don't tell me she is coming along to our two person weekend getaway.

Frowning, I parked my car and trod towards the main door, keying the eight-digit code and stepping into the foyer.

Piercing blue eyes met me.

“Lina, your boyfriend’s here.”

My best friend came into view, scowling at blue eyes. “For the hundredth time, Tyler’s not my boyfriend!”

“Well, he should be. You two spend more time together than most married couples.”

Lina’s cheeks turned crimson. “We are more like brother and sister.”

“Then why are you blushing so much?”

“Hey Lina.” I stepped forward to save my sister and now we were both frowning at blue eyes, blonde hair. “Ellie.”

“Tyler.” Ellie gave me her biggest smile. “You finally came. We were waiting for you.”

“We?” I gave Lina a look. “Are you coming with us?”

“And ruin your couple’s getaway? I would never do that.”

“Then why are you here?”

She shrugged. “Just want to help Lina pack her stuff.”

I did my best to resist the temptation to sigh. Of course, she was here again.

Ellie was Lina’s newest friend, the only one beside me. We met her in the gym just the day after I had hypnotized my sister. Ellie saw us working out together and noticed that Lina was walking weirdly, because of the pounding I gave her the day before.

She made some joke about us ‘being too rough in bed’ causing Ellie to almost topple to the side in the middle of her squat, which Lina claimed was the funniest thing she ever saw. After a fit of laughter, she introduced herself to us.

At first, Lina wanted nothing to do with her due to the stranger’s confident, charismatic demeanor.

But Ellie was very persistent and over friendly, always greeting us when she saw us at the gym and trying to make conversation, oftentimes sharing her healthy snack bars with us.

Eventually, Lina warmed up to her, which made me insanely jealous, because it took me years to do that while it only took a stranger a couple of weeks to break down my best friend’s walls.

But I had to admit, the blonde girl had insane charisma, and she was *very* pretty, looking like the stock image of an Instagram model.

I had never taken a slight interest in her. No matter how attractive another female was, Lina was still the hottest woman in my biased eyes because she had stolen my heart long ago.

Now with her annoying ass here, all my plans of fucking Lina evaporated away. Ellie was the definition of a cock block. Every time I came to my sister's house, either Ellie was already there, or she was on the way. And if Lina came over to my place, she would invite her new bestie to come along with her. That bitch must have denied me at least thirty orgasms by now.

Fuck.

"Hey Tyler," Lina greeted me. Thank God, I had hypnotized her again since that day to not call me 'Master' when we weren't alone. Either I was some sort of hypnotist prodigy or my sister was the best subject in the world, because she slipped into a trance alarmingly quickly, faster and faster with every session.

She walked over to where I stood, tiptoed up, then gave me a peck on the cheek. That earned a high pitch *oooooh* from the nosy cockblocker.

"Shut up," Lina murmured, tucking away a few locks of hair behind an ear. "This is how we always greet each other." My best friend looked at me, her brown eyes soft. "Isn't that right, Tyler?"

"Uhhh." I scratched the back of my head, not wanting to admit that I had changed that old routine four weeks ago.

Now, if we were alone, when Lina leaned up to peck me on the cheeks, I would turn at the last second and meet her lips with mine, sucking on those peach lips and squeezing her tits for a full minute. Sometimes longer.

Of course, in my little sister's eyes, she was just pecking my cheek.

"Yeah," I said, clearing my throat. "That's how we have always said hi since we were teens."

Ellie's blue eyes showed humor. "Oh? Only on the cheeks? Never on the lips?"

Lina looked to the side at nothing. "I have never kissed a guy."

"There's one right in front of you."

"Okayyyyyyyy." Lina stretched and pointed towards the sofa where two huge duffel bags sat. "Could you carry my luggage to the car, Tyler? I think we packed way too much."

"Yeap!" Ellie hefted both bags before passing one to me. "I even sneaked the white laced lingerie set you just bought. Who knows? Maybe you want some sexy time with your boyfriend."

Lina gasped. “You didn’t!”

But Ellie was already out the door, singing an Ariana Grande song as if she didn’t have a care in the world.

“I’m sorry,” Lina said, shaking her head, looking so damn cute. “She’s crazy.”

I could hear my little sister, but her words wouldn’t register. Ellie’s last words rang in my head.

Lina just bought naughty lingerie?

What?

What for?

“Are you excited, Master?”

I blew out a breath and kept my eyes on the road. It was going to be a five-hour drive to the convention, and I was the one driving us the entire way and back.

“Yeah.”

Lina sat up and I could feel her eyes burning on the side of my head.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong.”

“You can’t lie to me, Master. It’s always obvious when you’re frustrated at something.”

“How can you tell?”

I could see her sticking her tongue out at me from the corner of my eye.

“And spoil the secret? Nope. Tell me what’s going on in your mind. Come on, you know you can tell me anything.”

I was silent for a while, adding pressure to the accelerator as the seconds ticked by. As trees passed us in a blur, the words spilled out.

“I can’t fuck you as often as I want. Every time I drive over or you come by, Ellie is always there, spoiling the fun.” My voice was getting shrill, but I couldn’t care less. “I want to fuck you at least five times a day, every day, but with that bitch around, I can’t make love to you the way I want to. No, not even the way I want to. I want you to kiss me back. Fuck me back as hard as I fuck you. But, hell, you still don’t even realize your virginity is gone and won’t even recognize the words coming out of my mouth because I programmed you that

way. And I hate it. I want you to be aware of how much I love you. Not as my sister and my best friend, but as a woman.”

When I finished my rant, I was breathing heavily, almost panting. I slowed down the car and looked to the side, finding Lina staring right ahead and thinking thoughtfully. I half-hoped her programming had stopped working and she could hear me word for word, but then she spoke and my heart dropped.

“You don’t like Ellie?” she asked me. “I know she teases us a lot and talks about all the ‘S’ word stuff. If you really hate it, then I’ll tell her to stop. Like, for real real. If she doesn’t, and you can’t stand it, then I won’t invite her anymore.”

Silence stretched between us. Lina touched my bicep, and instantly, all my rage seeped out.

“Master?” she piped up, rubbing her thumb back and forth.

Fuck, I am so doomed. I am so hopelessly in love with her, it’s actually sad.

Having sex with her was a dream, but I knew that eventually, somewhere down the road, she would find someone. She would make love with this man while I would be on the side, fucking her while she just sat there and took it without so much as a purposeful thrust back.

I sighed. “No, she’s fine. I just... have some, umm, hormonal issues.”

She let go of my arm. “Hormonal issues? What do you mean? Boys don’t get their, you know, monthly...” She paused. “Do you know what I’m talking about?”

Blowing out a breath, I nodded. “Yeah, I know what you’re talking about. And no, men don’t get that. It’s... something else.”

Before she could reply, I drove to the side of the road and came to a stop. I didn’t hesitate, turning towards her and claiming her lips as if they belonged to me.

“God, you’re so hot,” I whispered, sighing longingly as I tasted hints of peaches. I brought my right hand to her thighs and wasted no time unbuttoning her denim shorts and slipping my hand into her sex.

I was pretty familiar with her body already. I knew exactly where she *loved* being touched. Even if she didn’t realize I was fingering her, curling my index digit upwards and rubbing my digit against her G spot always produced some sort of reaction.

I was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath, and I leaned back and watched my beautiful sister’s face contort into a mixture of emotions.

“T-thank you,” she gasped, her eyes half closing, her pupils threatening to roll to the back of her head. “I... I spent m-more time doing my makeup.” Her words were getting ragged, her chest heaving in and out. She hitched a breath. “Ellie... taught me a f... a few tips and tricks...”

My thumb played with her clit, my index finger still rubbing the place where she loved the most. Her hips jerked violently once. Twice. Lina cried out.

That was another thing I loved about my sister. She climaxed easily. It was clear she almost never touched herself with how fucking tight her channel was before I had stretched her out over the weeks.

I held her as she convulsed in front of me, a lovely playlist of hitches, moans, and cries.

I felt her shiver as her orgasm died down. I kissed her on her cheek before withdrawing from her sex and pressing my index finger against the seam of her lips.

“Lina, darling,” I whispered. “Open your mouth.”

“Hmm?”

I was panting breaths with her, our inhales and exhales in perfect sync.

“Open your mouth.”

“My mouth?” She frowned. “Why?”

“I want to see your teeth.”

“Umm.” She thought for a few beats. “Okay.”

The moment her mouth parted, I slipped my finger that was completely soaked with her arousal inside and pressed against her tongue. Lina made a weird noise as I applied pressure.

“What... what is that taste?”

I told her the truth. Kind of. “Something delicious.”

“It tastes...” I felt her tongue moving around my finger, licking all around. “... kind of weird. A little sweet.”

I sighed, taking my finger out and licking it myself, moaning at the delicious mixture of her saliva and her juices.

“Master...”

“Hmm?”

Her brows stared at mine for a second, but then she glanced away, gazing out the window. “Nothing.”

“Lina.”

She didn’t look at me. “Hmm?”

“What is it? Tell me.”

She was silent.

“Oh my godddddd!”

I shook my head as I watched Lina make a dart forward and dove towards the Queen-sized bed with her arms and legs spread wide. She bounced once and then flipped over, laying on her back and making snow angels.

“Hop on, Master!” Lina giggled. “It’s soooooo comfy!”

“Your bed is bigger and better,” I told her, closing the room door and making a dive on the spot beside my sister. I crawled on top of her and tickled her sides.

“Stop it!” Her giggles were pure joy to me. “St—Master! For real—AH!—S-stopppppp!”

I halted my assault and focused on her lips, meeting it with mine while I gripped her face and angled her where I wanted her best.

She was wearing strawberry lip balm, so I tasted a wonderful mixture of fruits as I kissed her, losing myself to bliss.

“I am...” Lina tried to speak through my kisses, her words coming out muffled and incoherent. “A little... tired.”

I broke the seal of our mouths and kissed the right corner of her lip, completely addicted to her taste.

“Sleep. Tomorrow will be a long day for us. The expo will last all day.”

“Mhmm.”

I rolled off her and my sister’s arms came around me, cuddling me as she shifted to a comfortable position on the bed. Moments later, she fell asleep, breathing softly through her nose.

We had slept together probably thousands of times, and it always felt normal. Comfortable. But over the last couple of years, I found myself sleeping with her less and less. Not because I didn’t want to, but because of the mess inside my head whenever I did.

I would get massive boners and sleepless nights. It was hard to fall asleep with thoughts of what I wanted to do to the woman sleeping next to me hovering at the surface of my mind all the time.

For years, I fought against my growing feelings for her. But it was finally time to accept this tainted love, even if she didn’t feel the same way about me. I didn’t know what I would

do once Lina had a boyfriend. Surely, she would find someone. Guys were already throwing themselves at her whenever we went to the gym, or went out to places.

One day, she would fancy one of those guys, and my life would turn into a living hell.

I sighed and snuggled closer to my sister, skating my hands down her face and around towards her ass, where I cupped those amazing cheeks through her shorts. Four weeks ago, Lina would kill me if I made that move, but with her obliviousness, I could do anything with her in bed now.

I thought of fucking her, but that would wake her up, and my little girl needed rest. So I allowed her to sleep, but not before spilling out the words I desperately wanted her to acknowledge, but couldn't.

"I love you, Lina," I told her, breathing her in and gazing at her closed eyes. She looked like an angel with her peaceful expression, and I must have already spent hours burning that lovely imagery into mind. "I wish I can have you fully, but life is unfair and sometimes you don't get what you want. But I will love you forever and always."

Light snoring answered me.

"Lina?"

My sister straightened her back and looked at me. "Hmm?"

God, even without makeup and with her hair all tumbled up with stray locks everywhere, Lina still looked like the sexiest woman alive.

"Can I have a blowjob?" I asked her. "Please?"

"Black coffee?" She plopped her phone on the bed and hopped out. "Sure."

I watched her ass sway in those denim shorts, salivating at the sight.

"Thank you," I said as she handed me the coffee.

"You never liked your coffee black. Something changed?"

"Yeah. I fell in love with you."

"You fell on your head?" Her hands were on my head, parting my hair. "Where?"

"Four weeks ago. It's all healed now. Kind of."

"Well, you didn't say anything about falling down. Next time, tell me." She yawned and stretched her arms out high. "I'm taking a shower."

"I want to join you."

“What?” She frowned. “Join me in the shower? Master, you know that’s inappropriate. We’re not kids anymore.”

I tried to hide my confusion, but failed miserably. Her mind registered the words? How? Hypnosis was weird as heck.

I set my coffee cup on the bedside table. “Yeah, yeah. I know. I’m just kidding.”

She didn’t look amused. “Well, don’t joke about that kind of stuff. I’m a lady and basically your sister.” Lina groaned and swept a hand up over her forehead. “I already have to deal with Ellie and her stupid jokes. Don’t be as dirty minded as her. Please.”

“Sorry.”

Lina placed her hands on my thighs and leaned in so fucking close, our lips almost touched. She widened her eyes as she flicked between my left and right eye.

“What’s up with you today? Black coffee and dumb jokes. Are you okay?”

I extended my tongue and licked her lips. Her strawberry balm had faded, so the light taste of peaches filled my taste buds.

Lina didn’t react. She was still staring at me.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” I told her. “Just excited about the convention.”

“Me too!” She leaned back and yawned. “Okay, I’m going to shower. You can have your turn next.”

I really *really* wanted to shower with her, but the slip up planted some doubts in my head.

An idea hit me.

“Hey, Lina?”

She stopped and turned towards me, her brown eyes soft. “Hmm?”

“Godswoon.”

I had only implemented the trigger word from the last time I hypnotized her. Although my sister slipped into a trance within seconds, it annoyed me to bring the pocket watch everywhere. So I did some research and found out that I could ‘anchor’ her hypnotic state into a word or phrase.

‘Godswoon’ was the first thing that came to mind. I didn’t know what it meant, but I wanted a unique word. Not that I needed one. I could only trigger the trance. If she heard another person say the word, nothing would happen. Trust was everything in hypnosis, and Lina’s trust took years to earn.

And I am abusing her trust.

Her phone dropped from her grasp. My sister stood there, eyes glazed over, her breathing audible through parted lips.

I quickly came to her and sat her down on a chair.

“Lina, can you hear me?”

“Uh huh.”

Just like all the times she was in a trance, her tone was low and sexy, a stark contrast to her high-pitched, girly-like voice.

Maybe it was just me, but, although her ‘sexy’ voice was bringing me hard as a rock, I preferred her normal voice more. The innocent one.

Shit. I really didn’t want to do what I had planned in mind, but I had already been abusing her for four weeks.

What was one more day?

“Lina,” I started. “If I say the word, ‘Evergreen,’ everything I tell you for the next thirty seconds will be null and voided. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

If I had doubts before, now I was certain Lina could bring me to orgasm with just her voice alone.

“Okay. Lina, from now on, you will be unaware of me. Your eyes will not register that I’m here, and your ears are completely oblivious to the sounds I make. You will think that I’m heading downstairs to grab breakfast and you will go take a nice, long shower. Do you understand?”

She didn’t reply, so I guessed the commands were taking effect.

I snapped my fingers.

She didn’t move.

Shit. How was I going to wake her up?

Gripping her shoulders, I shook her from side to side and almost jumped back when Lina yelped, shooting out from her chair.

“Master?”

She was looking straight at me, and for a second, I assumed the hypnosis didn’t work. But then she looked to the side and called for me once more.

“Master? Where are you?”

A pang of guilt shot through me. She sounded scared. I just realized that I had never left Lina alone. Whenever we went out on a trip, my sister was always glued to my side, clutching my hand like she was a little kid and I was her father.

The only time she wasn't in my sights was when she had to change clothes or take a shower. We eat together, sleep together, and in my dreams, bathe together.

I was about to spill the word 'Evergreen' when Lina bent down to retrieve her phone. She started to dial my number, paused, then tossed her phone onto the bed.

“He must be having breakfast downstairs,” Lina said out loud. She sniffed once and brought her hand together, blowing on it as if she was freezing. “I hope he will be back soon.”

She stripped off her clothes, pulling off her top first, then tossed her bra towards the bed.

“Stupid clothes,” Lina muttered, stripping down her denim shorts and grimacing at how tight it was. She grunted as she slid the garment down her legs, and the shorts came sailing through the air a second later, landing on her pillow. “Ellie said I'd look so sexy showing off more skin, but I miss my long dresses. This is just not my style.”

I agreed with her. I was so used to Lina wearing cute dresses and skirts. It was so... her.

But her wardrobe changed the fitter she was. Coupled with her new friend's influence, my sister started wearing tighter and tighter clothes, and showed off more and more of her milky skin. The male attention she received increased threefold, and if this kept up, I wouldn't be able to ward away the increasing horde of lusty creeps anymore.

I was only too strong, and she was way too beautiful.

Her pink panties came off last. This one she didn't toss. Lina carried it with her as she went to the bed, gathered her discarded clothes, sighed, then placed the bundle up on a chair.

It was so tempting to touch her, feel her naked flash under my palms again. I waited instead, slipping off my clothes too.

As I tossed my boxers to the side, Lina entered the bathroom. I bolted in before she closed the door, then watched her with wide eyes and hushed breaths as my sister entered the glass walls and turned on the faucet, gasping and hopping out of the way when cold rain pelted her skin.

I slipped into a self-induced trance, gazing at Lina as she tried to figure out the knob to adjust the temperature—it took a second—before sliding back into the rain.

I swear to God, my sister could make even the most mundane task look erotic. She gathered her damp shoulder-length hair back, then started washing her body, sliding those soft fingers down her front, rubbing those palm sized tits.

I didn't even realize I was touching myself, pumping my painfully erect cock as I watched a sight that was a million times better than any porn video out on the internet.

No. There was no way I could stand outside the glass walls and enjoy the show. I had to participate.

I swung open the glass door, the only barrier between me and my prey. Lina gasped and took a step back when she saw the door opening, her brown eyes staring past me.

I was so fucking horny, practically on the verge of exploding. A minute ago, her visible fear made me feel bad for her, but right then, with her standing there naked, her hair damp, her skin wet, her nipples perky, the show of terror only drove my hunger up.

I pushed forward, slamming her against the wall, my cock jerking up when I heard her gasp, loud and confused. She looked so terrified, so cute, so god damn edible.

I could never control myself when it came to fucking Lina. But this time was different. I was always aggressive, but never this forceful, never this... *violent*.

Maybe it was something to do with the fact that she couldn't see me, or maybe it was because I hadn't fucked her in over twenty fours. Whatever it was, I didn't care because I was going to penetrate that tight pussy and there was nothing my little sister could do about it.

"Oh my god," Lina gasped as I lifted one of her legs up and pushed my cock through her opening. "Oh—AH!"

"What's happening?" Lina asked, her voice barely a whisper. "Why am I feeling... like this?"

"Because I'm fucking you," I grunted, squeezing my eyes shut as I worked my way into her warm depths. She was definitely not *this* tight the last time I was in here. "Because I'm stretching you and filling your tight pussy up."

I hit something hard, and we both gasped at the same time, mine deep and gruff, hers high-pitched and shrill.

There was no way I could squeeze in. It would be too painful for her, and the last thing I wanted was for her to bleed. So I withdrew, then rolled back forward, slowly but surely stretching her open.

"You're so fucking hot, Lina." I wasn't talking anymore, just growling words while I nibbled on her right earlobe. I never felt this powerful in my life. This primal, more animal than human. "You have no idea how much power you have over me, over everyone. You don't know how many men stare at you as you walk past. But I know. I can see them drooling over you and staring at your ass. This ass."

"Ah!" Lina jerked her hips forward when I skated a hand around and squeezed her ass cheek. "Ho—Holy crap!"

“Say fuck, baby.” I was finally fully inside her now, driving my balls against her hips, groaning and closing my eyes at the sheer intensity of how good her pussy felt. Nothing compared to it. None of the girls I fucked even came to a close second. “I want to hear filth from your innocent lips.”

Lina said nothing, not being able to hear me. But I still talked to her as if she could. I opened my eyes just in time to see my sister squeeze hers shut.

“Fuck, baby.” I drove another hard thrust, going all in now that her tunnel was all stretched out and loose. Another thrust in. This one pure force and no skill, causing Lina to fold her body forward and cry out. I took a few deep breaths as her cunt pulsed around me, pulling me deeper into her.

Her mind might not be aware I was fucking her, but her body knew.

Mine did too. I cried out with her as my body locked up, pinning down the rush of pleasure that was steaming forward.

Lina opened her eyes, raised her hands up, then rubbed her scalp. She was washing herself, continuing to bathe as if my enormous cock was not ramming in and out of her pussy and my greedy hands were not palming her ass cheeks, squeezing them to death.

I almost laughed at the hilarity of the situation, but that proved to be a mistake. As soon as I relaxed, nothing was holding back the dam. Everything came roaring forward in an unstoppable current.

I let loose, moaning so loud my voice cracked.

I was even rougher with Lina now, impossible as that might be. I slammed my little sister against the wall repeatedly as my orgasm barrelled through me, and I had to bite into my raised arm to dull the roar vibrating in my chest into a muffled growl.

Lina took me in like an expert, swaying her hips back and forth, in sync with mine, purely on instinct, proving that the innocent little girl I grew up with knew how to fuck, and fuck well.

She was still washing her hair, her eyes closed, her lips ajar, and her hips skillfully taking in the rush of cum that was filling her up to the brim. Thick, white liquid seeped out from her, washed away down her thighs.

I shivered, withdrew from Lina, and almost fell on my ass when my knees failed to obey me. Luckily, there was a metal railing on one of the glass walls, and I gripped it tight, feeling my eyes watering.

What the fuck? Why was I tearing up?

Was the orgasm I just experienced *that* good?

Yes. Yes, it fucking was. Holy shit, shower sex was almost better than taking her virginity.

Almost.

My heart was pounding so hard, it wouldn't surprise me if I was going above a hundred and fifty beats per minute. Having sex with Lina could actually send me to an early grave if I wasn't careful.

Lina was looking down at all the semen flowing out of her, a confused look on her face. Then the wildest thing happened. Lina scooped out some of the white liquid from her sex, and then...

She lapped it up.

What. The. Fuck?

My cock was just deflating, recovering from the best orgasm of my life, but watching her willingly swallow my seed had me hard as fuck again within a millisecond.

Would she say anything? Comment on the taste?

I tried to look for any signs on her expression, but it was blank. Lina scooped another handful of semen and I watched in awe as she swallowed, a small moan escaping from her lips.

She liked it. She loved the taste of my semen.

How the fuck am I going to live the rest of my life now knowing that she likes the taste of me, yet trying to accept the fact that she didn't love me the same way as I love her?

Fucking hell, Lina was driving me all sorts of crazy.

She was practically made for me. Her little breasts sat under my palms perfectly, our lips molded together flawlessly, and if I stretched her with a few strokes, my cock was just the right fit inside her tight tunnels, like a key to a lock.

Hell, even Ellie has told us many times that we would make the couple of a lifetime. I had been in love with my best friend for so many years I couldn't even count them, yet there was a teeny tiny problem that made being together an impossibility.

Lina saw me as her brother and nothing more. No amount of hypnotizing her could change that, and I was afraid that if I admitted my true feelings for her, it might drive a wedge between our relationship after she turned me down. That is, if I could even live through her rejection.

No. I rather just fuck her in this depressing one sided sex dynamic and continue playing the role as her brother and protector until the day I die.

It was better that way. For both of us.

I blew out a shaky breath. Time for me to 'return.'

Exiting the shower, I said the word 'Evergreen' loud enough for my sister to hear over the rushing stream. I didn't check to see whether it worked. I slipped out of the bathroom, dried myself off with a towel, then quickly got dressed, calling out for her name once I was done as if I had just entered the hotel room.

"Master?" Lina called out. "Is that you?"

"Yeap. Are you showering?"

"Yeah, I'm done. G-give me a minute!"

And it took her exactly a minute to come out of the bathroom, drying herself off with the bath towel. I didn't know why she was so opposed to us bathing together when she was fine with being naked around me.

I was about to smile at her and ask her about her 'shower' when the next thing I knew, the damp towel came whipping at my face.

"Ow!" I clutched my nose and staggered backwards. "What the hell?"

"Why did you leave without telling me?" She stuck her tongue out and then patted dry her hair. "I was so scared! What if you got lost and we never find each other again?"

"What are you talking about?" I grumbled. "We are staying in a gigantic hotel, in room number 1305. Even if I get lost, I will definitely find the place." I pointed towards her phone. "And in the worst-case scenario, we could just call each other!"

Lina closed the distance between us and prod my chest with a finger. "Don't. Leave. Me. Again." Every word was punctuated with another jab.

I knew she wasn't mad, even though she was acting like it. My sister was just annoyed and was overplaying her reactions.

"Fine." I made a grab for her right tit, squeezing it affectionately. "I'll never leave you again."

"Pinky promise?" She lifted her pinky up.

"Sure." I release her plump tit and hook her pinky with mine.

She smiled, closed her eyes, and stuck her tongue out at me again.

"Hey, Lina?"

Her eyelids lifted. Damn, her browns were so vivid. "Yeah?"

"Can I pick your outfit for today?"

She shrugged. "Sure. Just nothing too revealing. Get me a cute dress."

“Of course,” I lied.

Walking towards my luggage, I zipped it open and dug out the outfit I had prepared for my little sister to wear to the convention.

“Look, it’s a cute pink and white dress.” I set the outfit on the bed and hoped for the best her mind wouldn’t register that it was not in fact a cute dress, but a slutty pink French Maid uniform, complete with a frilly headpiece and a collar linked with a chain.

If her mind actually registered what it was, then all I needed to do was say one word and take a minute to fix that.

“Hmm...” She took the pink babydoll lingerie and studied it. “Well, it’s pink.”

“It is.” My cock throbbed at the vision of her wearing it. “Let me put it on you.”

A pause, then. “Okay.”

Oh, god. I was going to walk around the convention with a huge hard-on. Other men would see me with her and get jealous.

I took the lingerie and slipped the one piece over her, stepping back and gawking at the sight once she pulled it down and smoothed it out.

Even though my sister was short, the uniform ended wayyyyy above her knees, and anybody could get a glimpse of her pussy if she took a step, or if she got hit from the slightest of breeze.

Should I make her walk around like that? Without panties?

No. It would be better to cover it up. No one had the right to see her pinkish flesh except for me. Luckily, I came prepared.

Walking to my luggage again, I grabbed matching pink underwear and handed it to her. “Wear this, Lina.”

“O-okay.”

My sister was always submissive to me, but watching her be this compliant while dressed up like a sexy French maid was too much.

I was breathing hard, but barely pulling in air, my cock throbbing painfully under my chinos. Grabbing the last piece of her uniform, I waited until she slipped the panties on before walking to her and fitting the frilly pink headpiece on her head.

“Now your necklace,” I told her, grabbing the collar. “It’s beautiful, right?”

“Uh huh.” She nodded. “It’s a weird-looking necklace, though.”

“It would look perfect on you.”

A shrug. “Okay.”

I was such an asshole, abusing her absolute trust in me. But...

There was no ‘but’s. I was a dick and didn’t deserve to be with her.

Lina turned her back on me and gathered her cute bob up so I could wrap the collar around her neck. I did so, almost salivating as I clicked the collar into place and grabbed the two meter chain linked to it.

Lina yelped cutely when I gave a tug.

“Hey! What... What is this string on the necklace?”

I thought fast. “You made me promise never to leave you. Well...” I gave a gentle tug again. Lina didn’t expect it and stumbled a step forward towards me. “... now we will be inseparable.”

And everyone in the convention would know that you belong to me and me alone.

“What a weird necklace,” my sister grumbled, but said nothing else.

Yeah, my cock was going to burst if I didn’t give it any attention now.

Still holding the chain, I unbuttoned my chinos and took my cock out, pumping myself unapologetically while I stared at my little sister.

“Lina...” I panted. “Could... could you strike a cute pose?”

She tilted her head. “A cute pose?”

“Y-yeah...”

“Ummmm...” Her eyeballs rolled upwards as she tried to think of something. Then the edges of her lips curled as an idea hit her. “I know! What about...”

She made bunny ears with both her hands, raised her arms to her side and then stuck her tongue out at me.

“Oh my god.” I pumped myself harder and faster. “Good. Good. Stay like that. Holy shit.”

It didn’t take long to go to the point of no return. And when I was seconds away, I instructed my sister to break position and kneel down in front of me.

I expected her to ask why, or flat out refused, but she obeyed, stepping forward and going down on her knees, just in time for my cock to explode and for thick, white ropes to completely coat her face and hair.

The frilly pink cap was completely usable after that, so I took it off, and then spent the next thirty minutes cleaning my sister's face and hair, and then helping her put her makeup on.

It was time for the convention.

Chapter 4

Lina's, her nipples were visible through the translucent fabric. But I guessed everyone here chose Lina as their staring target.

I didn't blame them. My sister was way more attractive than any of the cosplayers I had seen so far. It wasn't just her looks. Lina had this innocent aura around her, and combined with her cute, dainty face, and her girly voice, it was a confusing—and very erotic—sight for an angel like her to wear something so slutty.

"Just ignore them," I told her, giving her a peck on the cheeks. Men were still staring and I wanted them to know she was claimed. "Let's just have fun, shall we?"

She nodded, snuggling even close to me, causing my hand to brush up against the hem of her skirt, touching her panties. "Okay."

I let go of my sister's hand and walked forward, leading her by the chain. Lina would never ever go to a naughty expo like this, no matter how much she loved anime.

But, in her eyes, nothing was out of the ordinary.

We walked into the main hall and strolled through the many stalls, each of them selling extremely jarring sex toys, most of them decorated with skimpily dressed or even fully nude female anime characters.

"Why are there dog toys in an anime expo?" Lina asked me, staring at the obscenely large dildos with different lewd females decorated on them.

She must have said that way too loud because the store owner gave her a funny look, but I just smiled at him and led my oblivious sister to the next store. This one had expensive looking vibrators and Lina stared at them with wide eyes.

I wanted to know what she saw those as, but she didn't comment on it.

As we walked from stalls to stalls, people were giving wolf whistles in our direction and guys were raising their hands up and giving me fist bumps when I walked past them.

They thought Lina was doing this out of her own will, being dragged along by a chain while wearing an extremely degrading outfit.

If only they knew...

"There are so many models," Lina commented, pointing at all the skimpily dressed cosplayers.

"Yeap," I said, growing in confidence at all the acceptance I was getting from the guys.

I purposely walked slower so Lina could catch up, then skated my arm around her back and groped her ass. Hard.

Lina buckled against my grip and cried out, causing a few people that saw to laugh.

More wolf whistles blared around us, and I saw a couple of jealous guys averting their gazes and shaking their heads at the obscene display.

Now, this... this was power.

“Hey guy!” A deep voice called out from behind us.

Lina and I both turned to see a huge man, twice my size, strolling towards us, a chain in his hand, leading a girl about the same age as Lina behind him.

“I see great minds think alike, guy,” he said as he stopped a foot away from us.

The stranger’s gaze flitted to my sister. “You have a real pretty submissive.” A booming laughter. “She looks way too young for all of this, but I know from experience that the more innocent they look, the naughtier they are on the inside. Isn’t that right, dear girl?”

He was staring, and Lina was fidgeting, looking between the stranger and me.

“Tyler... What... What is he talking about?”

The big man smiled widely. “Playing the innocent card, I see? You’re great at it. Keep it up.”

“Sir...” Lina was saying. “I don’t und—”

“She’s great indeed,” I cut in and Lina fell silent, letting me speak for her. “Thank you, Sir.”

He gave me a gruff nod, winked at Lina, then walked ahead of us, pulling his young girlfriend along by the neck. She waved at Lina and my sister awkwardly waved back, clearly having no clue what was going on.

“What was that all about?” Lina whispered, clutching my hand tight. She always did that whenever she was nervous. “They are weird.”

Before I could reply, Lina spotted something off to the side and roughly pulled me towards it.

“Hey, slow down!” It was embarrassing for me to hold the chain and be dragged along. It was supposed to be the other way around.

But Lina didn’t slack with her pace. And I soon figured out why.

There was a hypnotist show up ahead, with a man up on stage and a line of volunteers sitting on chairs behind the performer. His voice grew clear as we neared the show and stood with the crowd.

Lina was visibly shaking with excitement, her brown eyes glued to the stage, her hand squeezing my hand so firmly, I wished she was gripping my cock instead.

I was nervous about the whole thing. Lina was an easy target for hypnosis. What if she fell into a trance while watching the show? Or what if this triggered her mind to snap out of all the programming I implemented in her?

A thousand things could happen as I watched the spectacle with my sister. It wasn't an ordinary hypnosis show that Lina and I saw on that fateful day four weeks ago. Actually, now that I thought back, I had erased that memory from her mind.

For her, this was the first time we experienced hypnosis together.

I watched as the hypnotist made the volunteers perform the craziest things. He was definitely much more experienced than me, and although he couldn't 'force' the people on stage to do anything they didn't want, he used the same tactic as I used on my sister and *changed* the way they perceived the world around them.

He made strangers think they were lovers, and we all laughed as the people in a trance made out with each other aggressively. There were a lot of lips, tongue, and hands action, and Lina giggled along.

I had to wonder if she was actually seeing what we were all seeing. Probably not. If my sister saw the tiniest bit of *anything* sexual, her cheeks would turn crimson and she would turn away.

I nudged her. "What are you seeing?"

She didn't answer me, completely transfixed at the sight in front of us. One woman was giving another guy a blowjob because the hypnotist made her see the guy as her husband, after confirming that her real husband wasn't in attendance and was thousands of miles away.

I nudged her again, harder with my elbow. "Lina?"

She didn't look at me. "Hmm?"

"What do you see on stage?"

"What do you mean? Is someone blocking your view?"

"No, I just want to... Ah, nevermind."

My sister finally looked at me, and I saw her cheeks were indeed flushed.

Was she actually watching the obscene acts?

We must have come at the end of the show, because fifteen minutes later, after more kissing, more blowjobs, the act ended with a full-on orgy participated by all the hypnotized volunteers.

The crowd loved the ending, hooting and cheering them on.

We stayed at the convention for a couple more hours, but nothing was really particularly interesting, especially for Lina. She kept commenting on how weird it was that an anime expo had so many stuffed toys and models, and I had to nod along, going along with the illusion her mind had crafted for her. Eventually, I drove us back to the hotel.

“Mannnnn what a loooooong day!” my sister exclaimed, stretching her arms wide and plopping down on the bed.

“Yeap.” I closed the room door, dumped her collar and chain on the coffee table, and rolled onto bed with her, inhaling her delicious scent. She had used the same peach scented designer perfume for almost five years now, and I still never get tired of it.

We were silent for a long moment. Both of us just staring at the ceiling and breathing steady breaths.

“Master?”

“Hmm?”

“Do you have secrets you keep from me?”

Shit. What should I say?

“No.”

At least that was what I wanted to say. What I thought I said. But I guessed, deep inside, I was so tired of all the lies and deception, and when I opened my mouth to speak the word, a different one popped out instead.

“Yes.”

“Me too,” she replied without a beat. Lina rolled to her side, and I mirrored her, so that we were both gazing into each other’s eyes. She shifted forward until we were only an inch apart before opening those lovely lips again. “If I tell you mine, will you tell me yours?”

“No.”

Yet again, that didn’t come out. I only said it in my mind.

“Yes.”

She nodded, breathing out, and I inhaled her peach scented breath. Everything about her was sweet as peaches.

“Okay.” She breathed out again. “Okay.”

“What do you want to say, Lina?”

“I... uh...” She brought her hand up and coughed into the fist. “I... how do I say this without coming off as a complete weirdo? Umm...”

Now she had my complete attention. “Say what?”

“I... you know... the hypnotist show we saw hours ago?”

“Yeah.”

“I... I... I have kind of an interest in getting hypnotized.” She paused, waiting for me to answer. When I didn’t, she folded her bottom lip in between her teeth. “Is that weird?”

That was it? I already figured that out.

“No,” I said. “To be honest, I also have an interest in it.”

She sat up. “What? You want to get hypnotized too?”

“No.” I chuckled and straightened my back, leaning against the headrest. “The opposite. I want to hypnotize someone.”

You. I want to hypnotize you.

“Really?” she gasped, her brown eyes going so wide, I thought it might pop out. “Do you like, get, like...”

“Like?”

She looked down at the pillow stacked on the foot of the bed. “You know...”

“Lina.” I lifted her chin and brought our gaze back together again. This was an important moment, and I didn’t want it slipping by. “Tell me. You can trust me.”

No, you can’t. I have been abusing you for four weeks.

“Well...” She tried to avert her gaze, but I held her still. “You know... the feeling. You know what I’m talking about, right?”

“Tell me what you want to say. Straight up, Lina.”

She paused. Her chin was kept up and forward by me, but her eyes were cast down. I figured I had stepped over the line and pushed her boundaries too much. I fucked it all up. But then she looked back up and blew out another breath.

“I... I get turned on when I think about getting hypnotized.”

I let go of her chin.

Turned on? For the first time in her life, my little sister was talking about something sexual.

“I know it’s weird, and if you think I’m a complete weirdo and want to stop talking to me, I’ll understand.”

“What?” I shook my head in disbelief. “What’re you talking about? No, I don’t find it weird. I actually get riled up thinking about hypnotizing you.”

“Really?” She brought a hand up and covered her mouth. “For real?”

“Yes.”

“O m g. Because I feel the same. I mean, in the opposite way... I want... I want to get hypnotized by you and you only.”

“By me?” I knew whatever this was, this conversation would change our relationship forever. Lina was never this truthful towards me, to anyone, and I wondered why she was bringing all this up now. “Like are you turned on by getting hypnotized by me?”

She looked away, her face turning into the color of peaches. “Y-yes. I.. would love it if we could try it out just like the hypnotist show back out there. Just you and me. You as the hypnotist, and me as your volunteer. It’s... something of a fantasy of mine.”

I was still shaking my head. “No, no. Let’s go back. You feel turned on by me?”

“It’s weird, right?” She looked down. “Maybe... maybe I shouldn’t have said anything. I’m sorry, I’ll...” She started to get up, but I grabbed her wrist.

“No, Lina.” I pulled her towards me, but she was resisting. “Lina, what are you saying?”

“Nevermind. Forget what I said.” Her eyes were towards the window, at the view of the city outside. “Just... forget it, okay?”

“You like me? Is that what you’re saying?”

“No.” My heart sank, but then she quickly corrected herself. “I mean, yeah, whatever, but you clearly don’t feel the same way and now you must think I’m a complete weirdo.”

She tried to jerk away using all her strength, but I held onto her tight.

“Master, let me go!”

“I like you too, Lina.” The truth came tumbling out of me in a heated rush. “I always did.”

Time seemed to freeze. Lina turned to look at me, her brown eyes wide, her lips apart. My heart was pounding so hard, I wouldn’t be surprised if she could hear it.

“You... like me?” Lina shook her head, as if she couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Me neither. “Like... you like like me?”

“Yes. I like like you.”

“When—For how long?” She didn’t give me a chance to reply. “Since we were small?”

I nodded.

“W-why didn’t you tell me?”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because...” She shook her head. “Because you keep telling everyone that I was your sister and that you were my brother! How the hell would I know that you like like me?”

She wasn’t resisting anymore, so I loosened my grip on her.

“I say that because you told me you saw me as a brother.”

“You said that first! Remember? You told the cashier at the lollipop shop that I was your sister! So, of course, I had to accept it! You—” She used her other hand and shoved me in the shoulder. “Ugh! All this time? You like like me? All these years you tortured me, when in fact you felt the same way?”

“It was torture for me too, Lina,” I whispered, my head spinning in all sorts of directions. “I would look at you for so long and wished you were mine... and these four weeks while I was having se—”

I stopped abruptly, but Lina caught the word. Her programming didn’t filter it out.

“Sex?” She said the word so shrill, it could break glass. “Sex? With who?” She sounded angry now, actually angry. Not the exaggerated irritation she displayed after the shower. Her lips turned into a firm line and her brows furrowed.

When I didn’t reply, she pulled away from my grip and shoved me again, much harder this time.

“Who, Master? Who are you sleeping with? Which girl are you hiding from me? I know all your stupid ex-girlfriends, and you haven’t had one for years!” Tears pricked from her eyes. Holy shit, she was pissed. “Tell me, who is it this time? Phoebe again? Your last ex? Are you texting that stupid girl again?”

Stupid? I didn’t know Lina harbored this much hatred for my ex girlfriend. She always acted meek and shy whenever Phoebe was around.

Another shove. More tears leaked from her eyes. “Tell me! Who are you sleeping with?! You’re going to break my heart again, aren’t you, Master? You just admit your feelings for

me, but you have a secret girlfriend and now I have to wait in the sidelines again while you.." her voice cracked. "You..."

She broke down, tears falling out like a waterfall. My reaction was immediate. Whenever Lina cried, I would console her and let her sob into my shoulder. I went forward and hugged her tight, and that made her cry even harder. She was shaking like a leaf and flooding my shirt with her tears, and I didn't know what to do but admit the truth. The whole truth.

"I have been having sex with you, Lina."

"W-what?" She looked up at me, her brown eyes now reddish. "What do you mean?"

"I... how do I explain this?" I scratched my head and sighed. "I hypnotized you four weeks ago and made you oblivious to anything sexual that happened between us. And I have..." I sighed again. Was I really going to say this?"

Yes. She deserved the truth. Even if it meant the risk of her never talking to me again.

"... I have been fucking you since. It has been weeks now."

She shook her head, wiping away the streaming tears. "What are you saying, Master? I don't understand."

"Maybe now you will." I clicked my fingers. "Godswoon."

Lina went completely limp, slumping her head forward, her hair falling down and covering her beautiful face.

I spoke fast, wanting to get this over with. Too exhausted at all the lies and deception.

"Lina, can you hear me?"

A deep, husky voice. Completely un-Lina-like. "Yes."

"When I snap my fingers, you will wake up and remember everything since the first time I hypnotized you. You will be consciously aware of every single memory and happenings over the last four weeks. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Don't snap your fingers. Don't snap your fingers. She will be pissed off and will never talk to you again. Don't snap your fingers. Don't sn—

I snapped my fingers.

Lina's head shot up. "Wha—" Then, through her messy hair, her eyes zoned in on mine. "Tyler."

I didn't see it coming. The slap was so fast and hard. And when it connected to my face, I swore I could see stars.

“You fucked me.” Lina was muttering. “You... fucked me.”

“Lina, I can exp—”

“You fucked me. I’m not a virgin anymore. What the hell, Tyler?”

“I’m sorry, Lina. I’m really, really sorry.”

“I...” She looked to the side, then back at me. “I... ugh!”

Another slap. I saw this one coming, but I did nothing to stop it. It connected with the same cheek, and I accepted the blow because I deserved it. Luckily, this one wasn’t as hard as the first, and I didn’t know if Lina had pulled this one back, or I was used to getting hit in the face by my little sister.

“I’m sorry,” I repeated.

Lina was heaving breaths, her shoulders rising, then falling. She looked down, and for the first time, she recognized what she was wearing.

“You dressed me up like some kind of weird maid,” she commented, her tone even and unreadable. When she looked back into my eyes, I couldn’t tell just how pissed off she was. “And the things you did to me while I was unaware... the stuff you did...”

“I’m sorry, Lina,” I said, as if those four words were the only words in my vocabulary. “I’m really, really sorry.”

She buried her face in her hands and shook her head. “I don’t know how to feel about this, Tyler. Can you like... not hide from me? Could you just, like, be honest with me for once?”

“I swear from now on, no more lies, no more secrets.”

“You’ll be lucky if we still talk after this,” she said, and I felt my entire universe falling apart. “You abused my trust, you basically raped me, you... you...”

“I deserve everything coming, Lina... I’m so sorry.”

She sighed and leveled her gaze at me again. This time, her browns were clear. “You’re so lucky that I can’t do it.”

“Do... what?”

“Leave.” She sniffed. “Because I love you too much, you big stupid buffoon.”

“I swear I’ll do whatever to make out for what I did to you.”

She looked off to the side again. “Just never lie to me ever again.”

“I’ll pinky swear it.” I raised my pinky up like she did this morning.

Lina stared at it for a moment. Then, as if in slow motion, she raised her finger and hooked her pinky with mine before dropping her hand. “So...” Another sniff. “I’m not a virgin anymore.”

“Yeah.”

“I wished I was conscious of our first time. I mean, I can remember it now. But... it doesn’t really count, because... you know, I wasn’t really there.”

“Again, I’m so sorry.”

“Do you know how long I have fantasized about that moment? I have been dreaming and dreaming that our first time would be pure fireworks. We would marry, and then we would do it on our wedding night. Now I feel like all of that is snatched away.”

“I’m—”

“Stop saying sorry. What’s done is done.”

I almost apologized again, but I bit my tongue at the last second.

Lina looked at me, studying my eyes for a few seconds before standing up and stripping away her maid uniform.

“I guess you have seen everything by now,” she said, throwing all the clothes to the side and then plopping back to bed. “So, take off your clothes too and we can do it again.”

“What? Like, have sex?”

“What else? We already did it like fifty times already. What’s one more?”

I felt like the dubious one now. “Here? Right on this bed? Now?”

She sighed. “Take off your clothes.”

I did so, keeping my eyes on her as I stripped away my shirt, then peeled off my chino pants.

I was only in my boxers now, and Lina nodded once when I looked at her.

Breathing out a slow breath, I peeled off the last article of clothing and now we were both naked. I didn’t know why I was so nervous. I had been naked around her for so many times over the last four weeks, but I guessed she never *actually* saw me without clothes. This would be the first time Lina was aware.

It would be like our first time again.

“It’s weird,” Lina said, moving the stray locks of hair away from her forehead so she could get a good look at my cock, already throbbing and full length. She shifted forward and grabbed it with her right hand, and I resisted the urge to groan. “I have seen this so many times already. I felt it inside me. I... touched it before, but holding it now, it feels like the first time.”

She gave me a light squeeze, and the moans came pouring out of me then.

“It’s so big,” she whispered, almost to herself. “And so...” She gave another squeeze. “And so warm.”

Lina switched her gaze between my cock and me. Using her other hand, she cupped my cheek and leaned in to kiss me.

I have tasted those lips for hours and hours, but when she closed her eyes, tilted her head, and brought our lips together, it was the first time she actually initiated the lovemaking, and not the other way around.

She was actually sucking back when I sucked, and Lina was actually responding when I gripped her hips tight and pulled her close. More groans spilled out from me when she started pumping my cock.

“This is nice,” Lina whispered, drawing back and running her tongue over her bottom lip, then circling to the top. “Your taste is familiar, because you practically kiss me every day, but everything feels new in a way.”

Lina looked down at my cock again, pumping it with a few loving strokes before gazing back up at me. “So, now what?”

“Now... what? What do you mean?”

“All the truths are out. And although I’m so pissed off at you, and I want to slap you again, I understand why you did it. Just a little. But it doesn’t mean it’s right.”

“I’m—” I stopped myself before I could finish the sentence.

That made Lina giggle.

“You know,” she said, still stroking my cock slowly. It throbbed under her touch, jerking painfully, pre-cum leaking out and pouring down to her fingers. “The memories are slowly coming back. I remember the things you said to me. About how you think I’m the most beautiful girl alive, and that you couldn’t live without me.” She raised a brow. “Is that just dirty talk, or is it all true?”

“It’s all true, Lina. Everything I said.”

She nodded. “So... boyfriend and girlfriend?”

“What?”

“Are you, like, my boyfriend now? If someone asks you who I am, would you tell them I’m your girlfriend?”

I looked at her. “Do you want that?”

She nodded. “I do. I want to claim you for mine. I don’t want any woman touching you or even looking at you ever again. You might not know this, Tyler. No one knows this, but I’m very possessive and I get jealous easily.”

I managed a laugh. “I can already tell.”

“So?”

I smiled. “Yes, we’re now in a committed relationship.”

She returned my smile and giggled. “And hypnosis. Could we do that again? Like, you hypnotize me, then wake me up, and then we can have naughty time straight after? Or maybe we do it when I’m in a trance?”

“Sounds like a dream.”

“Just.. please don’t mess with my memory or my perception of things ever again. I still trust you, Tyler. I can understand why you did it, but... please? You need to say it.

“Of course, baby. I’ll never ever do that again. You have my word.”

She let go of my cock and held up her pinky. Smiling and shaking my head, I sealed the deal with the unbreakable promise.

Her hand went straight back to my cock, pumping me with agonizingly slow strokes. I guessed I must have made a sound because she giggled so cutely.

“I love the sounds you make,” she told me. Then, added, “*Master.*”

“Fuck,” I breathed out.

The way she said it... it was completely different than the rest of the time she called me that.

It came out like a breathless whisper. And with purpose. She knew what she was saying, and she definitely knew the effect the word had on me.

She giggled again, watching me as I panted and squirmed while she quickened her pumps.

“This is so perfect,” Lina said. “It’s like we were made for each other. You’re dominant. I’m submissive. You love being called Master, and I love being called the ‘s’ word.”

I perked up. “Slut?”

“Oh, god.” She giggled again after losing composure for half a second. “Say that again.”

I laughed. “You’re a dirty, dirty slut, aren’t you?”

“Uh huh.” She nodded, her breaths audibly deeper. “I am.”

I sat straight up and Lina stopped pumping me, looking at me with lusty brown eyes as I gazed at her.

“You’re a fucking dirty slut.”

“Please,” Lina begged, stealing her hand to her sex and rubbing herself there. “*Oh god...*”

“Get on all fours, you dirty slut,” I growled, feeling more of myself now that everything was out there and she was willingly doing this.

The realization set in, concreting in my mind.

I was actually going to fuck the love of my life, and she was completely and utterly aware of it. Everything she did now was of her own will.

And that made the anticipation of fucking her a hundred times stronger.

By the time I went on my knees, my *girlfriend* was already in position, her ass turned towards me, and her sex dripping with arousal.

I placed my hands on her hips, and Lina wiggled her ass at me in response.

“This will be our official first time,” she told me. “Everything before this doesn’t count. I’m still a virgin and you’re going to do bad stuff to me.”

“Just say fuck, Lina. Say it like the dirty slut you are.”

“Fuck.” The word came out of her so forcefully and with so much passion. She giggled, the sound so girly and high pitched. Music to my ears. “Oh my god, that sounds so dirty.”

“We are going to do a whole lot more of dirty.”

She giggled again.

“You know, Master.” Her voice was still all sweet and innocent, but I could hear the huskiness layering underneath them, growing by the second. “I always wanted our first time to be after marriage. Doing all this... it feels so wrong. Like it’s against everything I have been taught growing up.”

I waited for her to say more. “But?”

“But it also feels so right.” She gasped as I shifted forward, prodding at her opening. “Mom and Dad would kill us if they found out.”

“They won’t. We will fuck at my place. Move in with me. My place is practically your second home, so it won’t even be a big move. You slept in my bed hundreds of times. Just tell Edward and Rachel that I’ll take care of you like I always have.”

I grunted as I pushed in, and her pussy swallowed my head greedily. Lina moaned softly at first, then she shifted her hips backwards, desperate to take more of me, her wails increasing in volume.

“Okay.” she cried out, biting down on her bottom lip, her words now muffled. “I’ll move in with you. I’ll do anything you want.”

“That’s my slut.” I gritted my teeth and sank forward. She was tight, but it wasn’t a difficult squeeze, especially when I had already stretched her out hours ago.

Moving one right hand under her, I started stimulating her clit, rubbing over the throbbing button.

That kicked things into overdrive. Lina cried out her delight, then began moving her hips back and forth. Back and forth. Taking me an inch deeper after every rotation.

Holy shit, she was really desperate for me. Maybe more than I was for her.

“Christ, your pussy feels so fucking good, baby.” I squeezed my eyes shut and pushed the last few inches, slamming by heavy balls against the crack of her ass.

Play time was over.

I was relentless with my onslaught, rubbing against her clit furiously while I withdrew my cock and slammed it back into her, feeling sharp ripples of pleasure tearing through me. “So fucking good.”

“Fucking good,” Lina echoed me. Her voice increased in pitch at the last syllable and I knew she was close. I knew her too well. “Tyler! I—”

“I know, baby,” I whispered, ramming my cock into her faster and harder, the sound of my balls slapping her ass filling up the room amongst the low moans and shrieks coming from Lina’s mouth. “Wait for me. Ten more seconds, baby.”

“PLEASE.” She shook her head wildly. She shrieked once. “AH! I CAN’T—I...”

I sped up my already blurring rhythm, grunts leaping out from my throat, slamming into her without mercy. Her pussy was sopping wet, welcoming every drive of my cock with a hot little flex. On the final thrust in, I felt her body tensing up, and her pussy walls closed around me so tight it was impossible not to explode.

“NOW!” I screamed, roaring with her shrieks as we both came apart at the same time.

I didn’t stop stimulating her clit, trying to give her the best possible experience. And I think I did. Her body convulsed so violently, I had to use my other hand to steady her as she

almost toppled forward, digging her head into the mattress, her high-pitched moans definitely audible to the entire floor we were on.

I would apologize to our neighbors later. Right then, all my thoughts were on her. I was spurting so much cum into her, I wouldn't be surprised if she came to me with a positive pregnancy result the week after.

I thrust in and out, in and out, filling her up to the brim, thick white liquid and her juices flowing out of her tight little hole, making a complete mess underneath us. I didn't care. I just did my job and fucked her until I physically couldn't anymore.

"Oh my God, Tyler," Lina moaned. There was a sheen of sweat across her body and a flush creeping its way across her chest and up her throat. She slumped forward, and I withdrew out of her. "That was amazing."

I reached over and closed my hands around her ass, dragging upwards through the valley of her back, then slumping down at the foot of the bed beside my love, our harsh breathing mixing together.

"That was the best orgasm of my life," I admitted. "Holy shit."

"Mine too." She offered me a smile. "And I'm not a virgin anymore."

"Yeap." I rolled towards and she squealed when I caught her by the tits. "Not anymore."

"I love you, Tyler. You feel the same, and I can't believe it. I know I may not look like it, but I'm still in shock about the hypnosis thing. You should have told me."

"I know." I stared deep into her browns. "And I want you to know I'll never, ever hide anything from you again. No more lies. So when I say the three words, I want you to know I mean it with all my heart."

She giggled. "Say it. Say the words."

I brought our lips together and sighed when I tasted peaches.

"I love you, Lina. Forever and always."

"Forever and always."

She snaked her hand down and grabbed my cock, guiding it into her pussy. I had to bite down on her lip when she inserted me inside her.

"Fuck me again, Master," she whispered, her tongue tangling with mine. "We won't sleep tonight. We just fuck and fuck. I don't care."

"Deal," I said, then thrust forwards, burying myself to the hilt and splitting the room with her wails of pleasure.

THE END

Also by Aiden Grey

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Incest Stories

[My Sister's Hypnotherapist \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

I am a hypnotherapist. My sister had asked me to hypnotise her to help with her self-confidence. It seemed harmless, so I agreed. Worst decision of my life. I screwed up during one of our sessions, and now my little sister is addicted to obeying me. I needed to fix her, get her back to her normal self. But maybe it would be better if I don't... After all, she told me she would do anything...

[Hiring Mom as My New Maid \(Mom/Son\)](#)

Gabe is a hypnotist with a deep dark secret. When his hot mom decides to fire their maid, Gabe needs a new maid. A sexy one. So there was only one solution, hypnotize his mom to be his new maid.

[Teacher \(Mom/Son\)](#)

Tom Davis isn't your average nerd. Not only is he a genius, he has for knack of hypnotizing people. So after discovering a secret drug formulation that could enslave anyone he desires, he knew who his first target would be—his sexy young teacher Ms Thompson. But, first, his hot mom could use some readjustments...

[My Sister, My Slave \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

James used hypnosis to convince his sexy older sister, Emma, that her sole purpose in life is to serve him. Now, all James needs to do was open his mouth and Emma would make his words a reality. But his secret becomes threaten when Laura, their youngest sister, returns home from abroad. To keep his dark fantasies, James knows he needed to do one thing. Brainwash his youngest sister too.

[Love Pill \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

Aaron's two sisters fall madly in love with him after swallowing a love pill.

[The Witch's Price \(Mom/Son\) \(Aunt/Son\)](#)

All James wanted was a loving mother and some friends. He had neither. His hot mother, Mia, has neglected him since the day he was born and everybody in school saw him as a nerd. But that all changed when he met a witch who offered him a deal. She would make his

mother fall deeply in love with him—for free. Or so she led him to believe. Everything had a price and love is never free.

[Perfect Family \(Mom/Son\) \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

Tanner sets on a journey to create his perfect family with a brainwashing memory device.

[The Diary Changes \(Mom/Son\) \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

My name is Kevin and I turned my smoking hot mother and sister into my obedient sex slaves, documenting each day of their enslavement in my diary. Take a look inside.

[Oblivious \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

Tyler hypnotizes his sister to be oblivious while he does things to her no brother should.

[Simon Says \(Daddy/Daughter\)](#)

Simon's daughter gets hypnotized to play a popular kid's game.

[Becoming Daddy \(Mom/Son\)](#)

Dylan experiences what it's like to become Daddy for the night

[The Magic Kit \(Mom/Son\)](#)

Samuel enslaves his mother using a brand new magic kit

[Attitude Adjustments \(Daddy/Daughter\)](#)

Brandon uses mind control tech to change his daughter's attitude. Permanently.

[The Birthday Wish \(Mom/Son\)](#)

Kenneth receives a candle that has the ability to grant him a single wish. He used the opportunity to own his sexy young mother

[Flash! \(Bro/Sis\)](#)

Dylan uses his special camera to rewrite his sister's memories, turning her into his slave.

Non Incest Stories

[Enslaving My Hot Roommate](#)

David is in love with his hot roommate, Amber. She's born sexy, possesses the body of a Goddess, and has the best sense of humor. The dream woman. But she doesn't seem to reciprocate his feelings. Love potions weren't real, so there's only one solution. Hypnotize her to fall in love with him.