

Chapter 1

The atmosphere was chaotic.

The crowd was a wild whirl of applause, screams, cries, hoots, whistles, and noises that I wasn't used to. There was a stark contrast between the chaos here and the silence at my old home with the depressing quiet only broken by the static noises of the television and my father's snoring.

I didn't like the noise one bit. I felt like I wasn't in my own body, as if I was watching myself in a bird's-eye view as I pushed through the crowd, nudging past backs and shoulders to get as close as possible to the front to watch my little sister perform.

Well, she wasn't my little sister *yet*.

But that would soon change.

The stunning beauty that was singing her heart out on stage, moving her body to the music, flaunting all those beautiful, beautiful curves, was going to love me just as much as Audrey Gold did.

Audrey. My mother had sent me a selfie just fifteen minutes ago, no doubt showing off her golden skin in her doctor's uniform. It was either that or a nude selfie of her touching herself. I didn't know which one it was because I hadn't swiped open the message yet. Audrey had to wait. Today belonged to Lucy Liu.

I mazed my way through the dense crowd until I had a decent enough view of Lucy. She was Asian and *gorgeous* with long flowing black hair and a body that she clearly put a lot of effort into sculpting.

I never planned to diversify my family, but while I was browsing Instagram one night, a clip caught my eye. It was a video of Lucy singing one of her songs in a hypnotic voice.

Love at first sight.

I immediately began my research on this young beauty. Lucy Liu started doing pop song covers on YouTube ever since she was fifteen. She had gained a sizable following throughout the years, formed a band, and was now the lead singer, inspiring the lives of

thousands of girls that wanted to be like her and capturing the hearts of even more boys—mine included.

Watching her on social media and seeing her in the flesh was so different. I stood frozen with wide, unblinking eyes, totally captivated by her amazing voice and the sexy sway of her hips, her delicious curves accentuated by a tight black top and an even tighter golden miniskirt. She liked to dress loud.

Lucy had celebrated her eighteenth birthday just over a month ago. She was younger than me, but only barely. Exactly two weeks, in fact. But even though she was technically younger than me, Lucy had her life figured out already. It was obvious by the way she carried herself—with confidence and with grace.

I was madly in love with her and I hadn't even met her yet.

She finished her song with a banging 'WOOO', her arms raised high, her fingers outstretched, electrifying the crowd with her infectious energy. My breath caught in my throat when her dark eyes swept over me. For a second, I thought her wide smile was directed at me, but then she glazed past, searching the front of the crowd for someone else.

Apparently, she found that person, because she blew an air kiss before bringing the microphone back to her lips and addressing the crowd.

"New York, how are we doing?!" she shouted into her mic and a roar of crazy energy surged through the crowd, deafening my ears.

The crowd was just as in love with her as I was, I realized as I gazed around the swarm of bodies, seeing the same mesmerized eyes and pure joy on everyone's expressions, all of them looking at one person and one person only.

Young sexy woman with amazing talent. What's not to love?

I briefly wondered what her bandmates felt. Lucy was the lead singer, and there were two other guys. One was the drummer and the other a guitarist. Lucy was almost nearing a million followers on Instagram, while her bandmates only had two hundred thousand—combined.

Lucy started her next song, and I found myself singing along and swaying with the crowd. I hadn't expected myself to enjoy this brazen, high adrenaline atmosphere, but as I tunneled my focus into the single beauty on stage, nothing else mattered.

An hour flew by in a blink of an eye. Lucy ended her last song with a heartfelt message, thanking everyone for coming, and pouring out overflowing love. The crowd returned her words with applause and screams, and I had to cover my ears from the deafening noises. The band bowed, waved at us, relishing in their well-earned applause before they disappeared backstage.

My body flared to life. I already knew what to do. I had planned this day meticulously, from the first words I was going to say to Lucy, to how I was going to make her mine. I didn't want another 'getting smacked in the head' incident like what happened to Audrey, especially when there were thousands of people around to witness it.

As I made my way backstage, pushing past more bodies and murmuring apologies when I received glares, I had to reevaluate if I was really going to do this.

Audrey Gold had been the perfect candidate. No family, and only a handful of close friends. It was a simple enough task to assimilate myself into her life and act like everything was normal.

But I couldn't do that with Lucy.

She was a minor celebrity. A high-profile individual. Even if I were to successfully brainwash her, I'd need to deal with her family, her friends, her legion of fans, and her boyfriend.

Lucy kept her dating life private and never posted a man on social media. But from stalking her pictures and analyzing them, there had been minor slip-ups. A second cup of coffee on the table at the edge of the frame, breakfast for two disguised as meals for her sister and her. I knew that was bullshit.

She had someone. And that was just the cherry on top of the list of problems I had to go through. There was no way I could erase Lucy's existence from millions of people, so I had to find a way to assimilate myself into her life without triggering any red alerts. One misstep and everything could come crumbling down. My device could be found out and I would be sent to jail, never to see daylight again.

Was Lucy worth it?

The answer was obvious.

Finally, after receiving more curses under breaths, I reached the end of the venue where a bodyguard was posted in front of a door labeled 'Backstage', his arms crossed and an unfriendly look on his face.

A guy my age walked up to him and showed him his lanyard, which I recognised as a VIP pass because of its onyx color. The guard took the lanyard in between two fingers and studied it closely. Satisfied at what he saw, he took out a scanner from his back pocket, flipped the lanyard around, and scanned the barcode at the back. The device beeped a sound, and the guard stepped aside and waved the excited guy through.

Unfortunately for me, backstage passes were extremely limited—only freaking fifty pieces—and even though I could afford it with my recently granted access to Audrey's wealth, all VIP tickets were sold out by the time I checked for them, and I couldn't find any scalpers selling one.

Guess I had to 'force' my way in.

Exhaling a quick breath, I straightened and walked towards the guard with confidence in my gait that I didn't feel inside. He held up his palm to me when he noticed my white lanyard, but I kept walking.

"Sir," he said in a deep, gravel voice. "This is only—"

Flash

His hand fell back to his side, and he stood there, wide eyed and blinking. I didn't bother with the guard, walking around him to open the door and slipping backstage.

Lucy was having a meet and greet with a line of maybe twenty people, her bandmates nowhere to be seen.

I lined up with the queue at the very back and stared at Lucy as she took selfies and chatted with her adoring fans. Everyone was young, either younger than me or around the same age.

Lucy's voice was different than when she was performing. On stage, she had a powerful voice, loud and confident, but right there, her voice was soft and breathy, and she was making me so damn hard without even noticing my existence.

Waiting was fine. I had waited days for the opportunity to meet her, so another hour was nothing. I only hoped nobody noticed the white lanyard around my neck.

There was another guard standing at the side behind Lucy, making sure she was safe and nobody was making any funny moves. There were a couple of guys that arrived later than me and I allowed them to cut the queue, wanting to be the last to meet her.

Finally, forty minutes slipped by and it was my turn. Lucy smiled widely when she saw me, but I could tell it was forced. I didn't blame her. She had a smile permanently plastered to her face for the past hour, and she must be glad I was the last fan.

If only she knew I wasn't just a fan.

The guard behind her didn't stop me as I walked up to her with my non-VIP lanyard around my neck.

Lucy opened her arms wide for a hug. The move would have frozen me to the spot if I was unprepared, but I saw she had hugged every single fan so far. Gulping down my anxiety, I returned the embrace, wrapping my hands around her soft—very soft—skin as she pulled me in.

Christ, she smelled good. Her scent wasn't like Audrey's—all floral and feminine. She had a spicy, refreshing smell which I recognised as peppermint.

Delicious.

Lucy pulled back and regarded me with dark eyes. "Nice to meet you! What's your name?"

"Oh—Ah..." Fuck, I was so nervous.

Like a pro, Lucy's smile returned, along with a soothing voice. "Don't be nervous. Look." She nodded past me and I looked back at the now empty space behind me. "Nobody's watching. It's only you and me."

Only you and me.

She didn't know it, but I have never wanted to fuck another woman more than her. Audrey came close, but I was finally with a girl my age and I only could imagine the sex we would have. It might be even better than the night I lost my virginity to Audrey.

A thought came to me.

Was Lucy a virgin?

Before I could answer that, Lucy waved a hand in front of my eyes.

I snapped awake. "Huh?"

"Your name," she repeated. "What is it? Mine's Lucy."

She obviously knew I know her name, but I guessed that was her way of easing me into the conversation.

It worked. Words were coming back to me, and my name spilled from my lips.

"Tanner," I told her, "Tanner Gold."

"Nice to meet you, Tanner" She really sounded genuinely happy to meet me, but I knew it was because she had practiced the 'nice to meet you' part thousands of times. "Did you enjoy the show?"

"I did. I.. uh, I recently found out about you on Instagram and have been binge watching your covers on YouTube ever since."

"Really?" She lifted a dark brow and offered me an amused smile. "I missed those times where I could just sing whatever I wanted in my room and post those sessions online. It's much more complicated now."

"I bet," I said, getting really dizzy with just how beautiful she was. Those plump lips... I had to use all my willpower to hold back and not lunge forward to taste them.

Lucy paused, waiting for me to offer more, but I didn't know what to say. I had visualized this scenario and rehearsed the speech in my mind a hundred times. The conversation should have gone smoothly, but standing in front of *her* in the flesh had me

forgetting everything I had rehearsed. All I could look at—and think about—were those rosy lips.

“You’re... so pretty,” I murmured, and I swore my heart stopped the second I registered I had said that aloud.

Lucy didn’t seem as panicked as I was.

“Oh?” Her dark gaze searched my face. “Thank you.”

Silence stretched between us. Every agonizing second that passed felt like minutes.

I had so much to say, but my heart was racing, my throat was tight, and my tongue was frozen in place.

“Umm..” Lucy fidgeted. “Do you want a picture?”

“Picture?” I sucked in a breath, suddenly realizing what I had to do. “Yes, yes. I would love to. Of course. Yes.”

I knew I was being a weirdo, but to Lucy’s credit, she was handling the exchange very well. She giggled cutely and gestured to the spot next to her. “Come on then.”

That was when I knew I hit the jackpot. My family was going to be absolutely *perfect* once Lucy was added as a member. She wasn’t only a stunning beauty. She was also compassionate, understanding, and so much more mature for her age.

I stood next to her and took out the device from my pocket.

Lucy didn’t miss a thing.

“Strange looking camera you have there, Tanner,” she commented.

I didn’t answer her. Not because I didn’t want to, but because my heart was hammering so fast and hard against my ribcage, I felt like I couldn’t breathe, much less talk.

I extended my hand and pointed the lens towards us. Shutting my eyes, I clicked the button and light flashed.

Even through closed eyelids, I could *feel* the flash. It felt as if a sharp wave of pins and needles pricked my entire face, almost making me gasp in surprise.

There was silence around me, and I waited an additional second before raising my eyelids just an inch. Everything seemed as it should, so I lowered my hand and opened my eyes fully, turning to Lucy.

She had her dark eyes wide open, her expression blank, and her lips parted. It was the same expression Audrey made when I had flashed her, and my heart soared with joy knowing that my crush was completely under my control.

Sneaking a glance behind us, my celebration quickly dissipated when I saw the bodyguard eyeing me suspiciously, his body language suggesting that he was about to kick me out any second now.

There was no way I could make her believe I was her brother and force her to fall in love with me with the man's icy glare on my back and my mind going a hundred miles an hour.

Quick, Tanner. Use that big brain of yours and think of something. What could get me out of this situation where I could spend time alone with Lucy? Maybe I could—

"Lucy?" The guard took a tentative step towards us. "Are we done here?"

Shit.

I leaned into Lucy's ear and spoke quickly. "Lucy, I'm your friend, Tanner. You have known me all your life and trust me completely. You—"

"Ma'am?" The guard was edging closer. "Should we move you away to the cars now?"

I almost jumped when Lucy shifted, blinking her dark eyes and looking around, looking utterly confused.

The guard came towards us, and I took a few steps back. He shifted in between us and now there was a thick wall of muscles blocking my view of Lucy.

“Otter?” Lucy’s voice sounded weary, wavering a little. She stumbled backwards, and the bodyguard sprung into action, clutching her arm and hips, preventing her from toppling to the ground. “Oh... god. I feel strange.”

“Let’s get you someplace safe,” Otter said, his hand moving to her upper back and guiding her to another exit at the back. “You had a long day.”

They almost reached the exit when Lucy stopped and turned back towards me. “Tanner, you coming?”

“Oh...” I took a step forward but stopped at the Otter’s deadly gaze. He was a huge man, with thick arms that would no doubt break me in half.

“Tanner?” Otter’s face was a mask of confusion. He looked between Lucy and me. “He’s not a fan? You know him?”

Lucy frowned. The first one I had ever seen from her. It didn’t detract her from her beauty one bit.

“What are you talking about? It’s Tanner. Of course I know him. You know him.”

Otter scratched his head, and looked at me, his death glare now a wide-eyed stare. “I... don’t think I do?”

“Have you been drinking on the job, Otter?” She laughed at her joke and shook her head. No one returned her laughter. When her chuckles died down, she beckoned me over. “Stop messing around. Come on.”

Her voice had a snap to it that told me she was used to getting her orders followed. With renewed confidence, I walked towards them and tried my best not to meet Otter’s gaze as Lucy placed a hand on my shoulder, frazzling my nerves.

Otter led us to the back exit where a sleek black four-seater was waiting for us, opening the door for Lucy.

Lucy sighed, walked forward, then ducked her head as she entered the vehicle. Otter waved me forward, and I didn’t realize I had been holding my breath until the door was closed and the car was in motion.

I exhaled a drawn out breath, watching the sun start its slow descent, dipping towards the horizon. It was already late afternoon, but it felt like days had passed since I drove here. I had no idea how I was going to get my car back, but that issue was at the bottom of my long list of problems.

“What’s up with you today?” Lucy asked, regarding me with dark eyes. “You seem... off. Still riding that adrenaline from the concert?”

“Oh.. uh... yeah. Definitely.” I dug my hand into my pocket, relieved to feel the cold metal of my brainwashing device. I didn’t even remember that I had slipped it into my jeans while following Otter.

Friend? Why did I tell her I was her friend? The word just slipped out of me in a panic.

“That explains your bulge, then.” She did the last thing I expected and used two fingers to flick my boner through my jeans.

I gasped and jumped up, banging my head on the car roof.

That sent Lucy doubling over and laughing. It wasn’t the outburst she had in the meet and greet, or the forced giggles she made during our first awkward encounter. This one was unrestrained and loud, and I watched her as she wiped the tears away from her eyes.

“Oh, Tanner,” she gasped for air and looked at me with a genuine smile this time. “You know I’m just messing with you.” I didn’t stop her as she reached over and pinched my cheek.

So this was the ‘real’ Lucy. To be honest, it wasn’t much different from the videos she posted on Instagram. She always seemed wild, but I never thought she was like... this.

I wanted a submissive little sister who would wake me up with a blowjob and send me to sleep with kisses. Exactly like Audrey, except younger and hotter.

It wasn’t all doomed, though. I *could* change her personality. She definitely had the perfect looks, and all I needed was to make her so in love with me, she would do absolutely *anything* I tell her to. She could act like this towards anybody else, but with me, I wanted her feminine and subservient.

And I could even twist this to a positive. The thought of changing her entire core personality, molding her to exactly what I wanted her to be was a very enticing thought.

“Hey, Lucy?” I said.

She was still chuckling and wiping away tears. Instead of replying to me, she leaned towards me, preparing to flick my rock hard erection again, but I grabbed her wrists before she could.

“What?” She laughed, trying to flick me, but only hitting air as I struggled with her. “Man, why are you so hard? It can’t be only the adrenaline. Did someone give you a handy during the meet and greet or what?”

“No. Can you... can you stop it?”

She pulled back, and I released her.

“Fine,” she huffed, then laid herself on the back seat, propping her heels on my lap. “You’re no fun, Tanny.”

Tanny? That was a new one.

I shifted uncomfortably as she tried to flick the top of her heels onto my face. “Where are we going?”

“Hmm? To Jason’s house, of course. Where else?”

“Jason?” I tried my best to not to sound weird, since in her mind now, I should definitely know who this Jason was. “Mind if you remind me who that is ?”

Lucy set her foot down and propped up. “Are you really okay, Tanny? Did you take some drugs or something?”

I sighed and dropped my voice so the driver couldn’t hear me. “No, I just... who is he?”

How else could I have put it?

Lucy stared at me for a good ten seconds. I shifted under her scrutiny, both from how hot it was for her to give me any sort of attention, but also because it was uncomfortable for her to stare at me like that.

When I thought she wouldn't answer me, Lucy raised her hand and scratched the back of her head. "Jason's my boyfriend, silly. Tanner, I'm actually getting worried. Should we make a detour to the hospital or something? Check you out?"

A lightbulb moment hit me.

"Actually," I said. "Could we make a stop somewhere? I want to tell you something in private."

"Why don't you tell me now?"

"I... uh..." I looked towards the front of the car and Lucy shook her head.

"You know Alvin is professional. Whatever you say, he won't tell a soul."

When I said nothing, she sighed and shifted towards me, tucking a piece of my hair behind my ear. I thought she was moving in to kiss me, but she just gazed a distance away. Her wild demeanor dropped in an instant, replaced by a soothing exterior that made me all warm inside.

"Okay." She nodded. "How about your place?"

Perfect.

"Okay," I said.

Does she even know where I live? How would that work out? If I brought her back to Audrey's flat, would her mind fill in the gap and give her memories that she had been there before?

It didn't matter.

"Give Alvin the coordinates," Lucy told me. "It's been a while since I chilled at your place."

I nodded and handed the driver my phone, the GPS application already set to my flat.

Things were going back to plan.

“Hmm.” Lucy walked around the living room, touching everything that was within reach. “It’s cozier than I remembered.”

I watched her as she wandered to the other side of her room, transfixed at her luscious bottom. Lucy had a sexy sway whenever she walked, and I had to wonder if she had practiced it or it had come naturally to her.

“Soooooooooooo.” Lucy turned back towards me and eyed me. “What do you want to tell me? Because I swear if you admit your feelings towards me, then things would get real awkward.”

I dug my hand into my pocket, fishing for the device. “Why? Because you would reject me?”

She shrugged. “You very well know that you’re my type.”

Even though I knew she was going to be bent over with her pussy wide open for me to use within the hour, I still felt a stabbing pain in my chest.

“What is your type?”

She scrunched her nose. “Is this what we’re talking about?”

“I just want to know.”

“Basically Jason. Leather jacket, muscular, dark and sexy, dominant.” Lucy shrugged. “You know.”

I took out the device and turned the front towards her. “I know.”

Click.

Flash.

Her expression went slack. I didn't hesitate to admire her. Closing the distance between us, I took her hands for comfort and began the start of her new life.

"Lucy, you'll forget what happened at the meet and greet today. My name is Tanner, and you have known me all your life."

I considered telling her I was her blood brother, but it wouldn't make sense. She was Asian. If I told her we were bonded by blood, I was afraid her brain wouldn't compute and something might snap. My first thought was to go with the adoption route or the step sibling path. None of which was ideal.

If I went with either, it would cause more problems than I could handle. She had too many people close to her and everyone would assume she had gone insane if she started telling her people that I was her adopted brother or that her mom had an affair and that she was my step sister. It wouldn't be doable since there were too many people to brainwash.

The easiest route was to insert myself into her life as a long-time friend. One that was so close to her, she considered me as a brother.

A brother she was secretly in love with.

"You consider me as your brother," I continued, clutching her hands tight and staring into her glassy eyes. "You trust me with your life and are completely in love with me. You love me more than life itself, and you are completely willing to do anything for me without a second thought. Ever since you can remember, you are extremely sexually attracted to me and see me as the true love of your life. You believe that I'm the perfect man for you. Every other guy is worthless in your eyes."

I exhaled a shaky breath and continued on, feeling lightheaded, my heart thumping so fast, I wouldn't be surprised if I collapsed from a heart attack.

"You remember that after your concert and your meet-and-greet, you requested to meet me at my house. You have been planning this day for months now. Lucy, you're going to pour your heart out to me, admitting the feelings you have harbored deep inside yourself for your whole life. You're going to tell me how much you love me and you're terrified if I don't feel the same way. But you have dreamt of this moment forever and are sick of hiding your true feelings. You love me, Lucy. Without my love back, life is meaningless."

I stopped, feeling disorientated, my head in the clouds.

It was done. Lucy was going to wake up from her trance and begin her life as my sexy little sister. I had to deal with her entire family, friends, and her horde of fans later.

I hoped to god she was going to be worth it. Sure, she was the hottest Asian I had ever set my eyes on, and she had so many talents I could only dream of having. But owning her had its drawbacks. I was now in the public limelight and had to be *really* carefully not to spill my secrets.

I felt Lucy before I knew she was conscious. Her hands twitched in mine, and she blinked once, then rapidly.

“Tanny? Lucy stared at me like she was seeing me for the first time. Which she kind of was. We literally just met two hours ago, but in the reality I crafted in her mind, she had known me forever. “I—where are we?”

I didn’t let go of her hands. “In my flat.”

“Your flat?” She looked around, and I swore familiarity appeared in her eyes. “Oh, yeah. Right.”

I had to keep her on track. “So, what was it you wanted to tell me?” I asked. “You told me you wanted to stop by at my place to tell me something.”

I knew she was mine the moment her eyes changed. There was a soft look in her pupils that I immediately recognised as the look of pure love. It was the same expression Audrey gave me whenever she told me she loved me.

“Right...” Lucy dropped my hands and looked away. Her confident exterior was completely gone, replaced by a scared, anxious girl. She blew out a breath and pointed towards the sofas. “I—can we sit? I need to tell you something.”

Oh boy, I was on the ride for another confession. I was so fucking hard when Audrey confessed her love to me, and I was going to savour every second of Lucy begging me for my love when she had rejected me not even five minutes ago.

Maybe I would make it hard for her. Punish her for her rejection. Tell her I wouldn’t accept her love unless she went down on her knees and begged.

Wouldn't that be a sight?

But I couldn't. Not with those puppy eyes staring back at me, tears threatening to fall down any second. She was shaking., her whole body trembling slightly. I could see it. And it wouldn't be fair to my little sister if I treated her cruelly just because she didn't return my feelings for her in her past life. This was the new Lucy now, and she deserved a second chance. She could pay me back with mind-blowing sex.

"Of course," I told her, walking towards the couch and sitting down. I tried to look as puzzled as possible, but I never went to acting classes.

"Thank you, Tanny," Lucy whispered, her voice so low, I struggled to hear her words. My little sister made tentative steps towards the middle of the living room and slowly lowered herself to the couch opposite mine.

She was silent for a long time, interlacing her fingers together and clutching her hands tightly. Only the ticks of the wall clock broke the quiet.

I didn't speak. I wanted her to break the silence.

A minute passed before Lucy looked up, but her dark eyes didn't make eye contact. She stared at my chest as she talked.

"Tanny, we have known each other our whole lives, right?"

Was that a question? Was she doubting her memories? But her tone indicated that she expected me to say 'yes'. But what did I know about social interactions?

"Yes."

"And you know I see you as my own brother."

"Your big brother," I corrected her. She nodded, and I continued. "And I see you as my little sister, Lucy."

"Thank you," she whispered. "But..." She trailed into silence and looked away towards the empty wall.

"But?"

“But...” she repeated. Lucy sniffed once. “What if I told you I see you more than a brother? Like... more?”

Even though I didn’t want to torture her, it didn’t hurt to play dumb and drag the moment for a little while. “More? What do you mean?”

Tears pricked out from her eyes, but Lucy made no move to wipe them away. Wetness ran down her cheeks and down her chin.

“What if I told you I love you more than a brother?” Her voice wavered, then cracked. “What if I told you I see you as a man, too? Maybe... I don’t fucking know.” Her eyes snapped towards mine. “A lover?”

I wanted to tell her what she meant by that. To elaborate on it. But I wasn’t *that* evil. One look at those tear soaked eyes and trembling hands and my walls came crumbling down.

“I would tell you I feel the same.”

“No.” She shook her head furiously, her long dark hair now a mess on her face. Not the reaction I expected.

“You don’t understand,” she told me. “If I tell you I love you, it would be an understatement. I *love* you, Tanner. I really, really love you and—” She choked back a sob, and I watched multiple emotions fighting control over her features. “You know what? Nevermind.” She stood up and started towards the door, dripping tears down her chin. “Forget it. You wouldn’t understand.”

She was at the door by the time my mind processed what she had said. Lucy was actually leaving.

I bolted out of the couch and sped out the door, grabbing Lucy’s arm before she was gone for good.

She didn’t make any attempts to move away. She let me hold her, still crying, sobbing pitifully, her shoulders heaving up and down, her mascara running down her face. Even with the ruined makeup, she was still so fucking beautiful, and I told her that with my actions.

Leaning forward and moving a hand to her chin, I angled her lips and captured them, moaning when I tasted overpowering sweetness. It was a different kind of sweetness than Audrey's, and I didn't know which one I preferred.

Lucy was responsive, returning the kiss with equal fervor. I couldn't breathe as our mouths danced in a panting frenzy of licks and burning hot tastes. My sister's moans mixed in with mine, loud and unfiltered, and when our tongues met in a brush of heat, I lost control.

I grabbed my sister's hips and spun her around, slamming her back towards the wall. She gasped at the impact, but didn't stop the dance with my tongue. Her hands were now at the back of my head, pulling me deeper into the kiss as she left my tongue and licked every corner of my mouth.

"Lucy..." I growled a warning, but either she didn't hear me or didn't care. She pulled me tight against her lips, her erotic moans loud as fuck, even when muffled. I growled again and her hands moved, going down to my sides and tugging the hem of my shirt.

Pulling back, we both gasped for air, but no words were exchanged. I pulled my hands up and my shirt was wrestled out of me a second later. I returned the same favor with her top, which she gladly allowed me to peel off her, revealing breasts that were far too large for her size and the perkiest nipples I have ever seen.

"Tanner," my sister moaned when I sucked on her nipple. I could feel her breasts heaving back and forth and her harsh exhales blowing on top of my head. "Oh—God!"

"Hey!" A voice called out behind us. I immediately recognised the elderly voice as Mrs Green, the old woman I had used to enslave Audrey. "You two! Cut it out! Everyone can hear you."

"Who the fuck is that?" Lucy whispered in a ragged breath and I shrugged.

"Come," I told her, hesitantly withdrawing from her delicious nipples and bending down to collect our clothes. "Let's get back into the flat."

I took my sister's hand and led her inside, locking the front door and leading her straight into the Master's bedroom.

I closed that door too, even though I knew our privacy was secured and Audrey wouldn't be back home for another six or seven hours. I felt fully confident now. I wasn't

the shy, awkward guy at the concert anymore. Lucy was in my domain, in my bedroom where I fucked Audrey so many times, I stop keeping track of the count.

Gripping my sister's hand tight, I led her into bed, but I was met with resistance.

"Tanner," Lucy whispered, wiping the tears away from her cheeks. "I-is this really happening?"

I turned towards her and brushed my thumb over her swollen lips. "It is."

"What about Jason?"

I was about to ask who the hell was Jason when I recalled he was her boyfriend.

"Do you love Jason or me?" I meant to phrase it as a question, but the words came out in a snap, making Lucy flinch.

"You," she answered after a second. "I love you. But I'm still with him. I need to break up with him first before we do this."

I admired her loyalty. Even after making her fall so deeply in love with me, she still held some devotion to that prick. It just told me that Lucy would make for a *very* good slave. I would never need to second guess her devotion once she set her mind that she was mine.

"Lucy," I said slowly, my eyes unapologetically trailing down the length of her ridiculous body. "Take off that skirt. Now."

I expected some resistance. Hoped for it, so I could punish her if she hesitated. But Lucy did what I asked, drawing her hands behind her and peeling off her tight golden skirt, showing me black panties. And even through the dark colors, I could see she was *soaked*.

I didn't need to issue the final order. In slow motion, Lucy dragged her panties down to her knees, then raised one leg to help pull it down, making sure I never lost sight of her shaved pussy, arousal already trickling down. She kicked off her heels too, nudging them away with a foot.

"Beautiful," I told her, and she looked away, her cheeks turning pink.

“Your turn,” she said softly, returning her gaze to my jeans. “Show me *it*.”

“Gladly.” I unbuttoned my jeans and peeled it down my legs, my boxers coming off seconds after.

“Wow.” My sister’s jaw went slack and her lips parted. She covered her mouth and giggled. “Holy shit, you’re so big, Tanner.”

She took a step forward, but I shook my head and her smile disappeared.

“Do you want to be with me, Lucy?” I asked her, already knowing the answer. “What you say from now on will change the course of our relationship forever.”

She hesitated, her dark eyes growing from lustful to anxious. “Do... do you want to be with me?”

“I do.”

“Then I want to be with you.”

I knew it was cruel, but I had to set a line. As sexy as Lucy might be, being my younger sister was a full-time job. A lifestyle. She needed to know that.

“Before you agree to that, Lucy. I have some rules.”

“Rules? What rules?”

“I don’t want a normal relationship. To be with me, you have to accept some conditions. If you do, then I swear to you, I’ll return your love for the rest of your life.”

She was visibly confused, but the nod she gave me confirmed to me she would accept whatever conditions I set, no matter how insane they were.

“I’m a dominant, Lucy. I found that out about myself recently. And I want you to be my submissive. Do you understand what that means?”

“You want a BDSM relationship,” she said softly, already understanding what I want.

“Yes, and a very strict one.”

She sat on the bed and exhaled a long breath. "Tell me what you want, Tanner. Exactly."

"Let's start with my name. You don't call me by name anymore, at least when we are alone. From now on, you address me as 'Master'."

She smiled. A good sign. "Kinky."

Before I could answer her, she nodded. "This is a little weird, but I'm willing to do it. If that's what it takes to have your love."

"Second, you will move in here with me. We'll move to a bigger place soon, but the point is I want you to fully accept me not only as your Master, but also your brother. We'll be a real family, and I expect you to devote yourself fully to me."

"Just you and me here?"

Right, I had to introduce her to Audrey and vice versa. That would be a simple enough task with a couple of flashes.

"Err, not really. But the main point is that you have to leave your family. Your mom and dad, your sister. Can you do that?"

She stilled. "Like abandon them? What do you mean?"

"No, you can contact them. I mean, I want you to see your blood family as your *second* family. If you're with me, I want you to consider me and your real brother, and my mother as your real mother. Do you get what I'm saying?"

Her brows twitched when I mentioned 'my mother,' but she nodded. "You want my complete devotion."

"Yes."

"You have it already."

I couldn't help but smile. "Good. Thirdly—"

"Just how many are there?"

When I glared at her, her smile flattened, and she dropped her gaze. "Sorry, Tanner. I mean, M-Master."

Fuck. Even though she stuttered, the title sounded like sin coming from her lips. It felt wrong. Dirty. Not only was I making a woman I barely know agree to a life of servitude, but I was making her do it willingly because I fucked up her memories.

This was evil. But wasn't this the whole point when I created the device? To have the perfect life with the perfect family, no matter the cost?

I had to reward her for actually saying my title. Give her some positive reinforcements, like training a pet. I strode towards her, leaned down and kissed her good.

"Mhmm," Lucy muttered when I pulled back.

"You're beautiful," I told her.

"Thank you," she said, then remembered what she had to say next. "Master."

"Thirdly," I said, continuing where I'd left off. "Obviously, you will break things off with Jason. You'll never see a man again."

"Same goes for you, right?"

When I paused, her face dropped.

"As your Master," I told her, "I can have as many slaves as I want."

"I thought I was your submissive."

"Slave, submissive. You're both."

She shook her head. "This is a big thing, Tanner. You're telling me you can go around having sex with other women, but I can't. How is that fair?"

"This won't be a fair relationship. That's the whole point of me being the Master. But don't worry, I won't whore myself out. I'll only keep it in the family."

"What? What does that mean?"

“I’ll only have a few women,” I corrected myself. “And I’ll give you all my love.”

“You can’t give me all your love if—” Lucy sighed and buried her face in her hands. “Oh God, Tanner, you’re making it really difficult.”

“That’s my price.”

Whether or not she accepted the terms, it wouldn’t matter in the end. I could force her to accept it and make her think she was doing it willingly, but I wanted her to agree with no more of my influence. It was hotter this way.

Lucy dropped her hands, but kept her gaze down. She shrugged, trying to put on a brave front, but I could see the tears threatening to prick out again. “I don’t have a choice here, Tanner. You... you don’t understand how much I love you. To be honest, I’ll accept whatever terms you have, no matter how brutal it is. Clearly, you don’t want a girlfriend. You want a slave. And I’m too hopelessly in love with you to say no. So, yes, I’ll accept those terms and be your slave. Do whatever you want with me. I don’t care.”

Sighing, I knelt down and took her hand. The tears came falling out then, free falling down her face.

“Lucy, baby,” I said. “Please have faith in me. When I tell you I’ll have more women, it won’t be a lot. Three maximum, including you. And I swear to you, I’ll always be there with you. I’ll give you every ounce of my love.”

She nodded through her tears, her lips quivering.

“So you accept?” I asked. “I need to hear a formal approval.”

“I-I do.” She was full-on crying again. “I accept to be your slave.”

I straightened myself and sat on the bed with her. “Don’t cry, baby. Please stop crying. I promise you it won’t be as bad as you think it is.”

I clutched her hair in my fist, angling her mouth so I could take it in a bruising kiss, muffling her crying. I was aggressive with her, but she responded by melting at my touch and allowing me to own her.

I kissed her for ages until I was sure she had composed herself and until I felt the well of tears go dry.

When I finally withdrew, Lucy was sniffing, and she gave me the best smile she could manage through dried tears.

I ran my thumb across her wet chin. "Are you a virgin?"

"You know I'm not."

Fuck.

"Okay." I moved my free hand in between her thighs and she inhaled sharply, jerking up when I ran my finger across her pussy folds as if I owned it. Which I technically already did. "How many times have you had sex? I need to know how abused this pussy is."

"I..." The loud gasp Lucy made when I rubbed my thumb against her throbbing clit was music. "I don't know."

"So a lot?"

Please say no.

"I guess..."

Shit. There goes my dream of having an innocent younger sister that was a virgin. I guessed it was impossible to have a striking beauty and expect her to not be used at least once.

"Are you upset with me, Master?"

I sighed. "I guessed I was too late."

"It's my fault. I should have admitted my feelings to you way earlier. You should have been my first." She paused. "Are... are you a virgin?"

I shook my head.

“I guess we can’t have it all.” She giggled, but it was forced. “Are we... are we going...” She cleared her throat and tried to look into my eyes, but halted her gaze at my chin and spoke in a hush whisper. “Will we have sex tonight?”

“Baby, you have no idea. We’re not going to sleep because I’m going to fuck you the entire night.”

Lucy hitched a breath. “I can’t wait.”

“But first, I want to play a little.”

Taking my hand away from her sex, I nudged her off the bed.

“Kneel.” I told her.

Lucy lowered herself to her knees and stared up at me, waiting for her next instructions.

God damn, she was a natural at this.

“You’ll be in this position a lot. In fact, from now on, you’ll live in this bedroom.”

“D-do you want me to quit my singing career?”

Fuck. I had completely forgotten she was a successful singer. If I make her drop off her band, there would for sure be noise. A lot of it.

“Shit,” I spat the word out. “I forgot about that.”

“I can do it, Tan—Master. I can drop everything for you.”

“No.” I shook my head, then looked away. “God dammit.”

I wanted my sisters to be working full time in my bedroom, pleasing me twenty-four seven. I didn’t want Lucy to be like Audrey, where she would be busy all the time and not be at home.

Why the fuck hadn’t I thought of this? I thought I had figured everything out. I guessed I was just so focused on getting to this point where Lucy was mine that I put little thought into what would happen *after* the fact.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

I patted her head. “It’s not your fault. It’s mine. How busy are you?”

“Well...” God, she was looking so fucking sexy, kneeling beneath me and staring at me like that. “I have a tour soon so I’ll be traveling around the world...” she trailed off, knowing I wouldn’t like what she said.

She was right. Fuck.

“I can cancel it. The tour is not important. I can—”

“No, no.” I shook my head, my hands coming up to massage my temples.

Fuck. Shit. Fuck.

What was I thinking, brainwashing a celebrity? My life was about to get a whole lot more complicated, now that Lucy was mine.

I felt her hand squeezing my calf, and the anger dissipated away. I opened my eyes and stared at kneeling perfection. Lucy really was a beauty, one of the hottest women I had ever set my eyes on. She was worth it. I just had to work it out.

“Okay,” I finally said. “Let’s forget about this, okay? Let’s have mind blowing sex and I’ll figure things out later.”

My sister offered me a small smile. “Yes, Master.”

I sighed. Hearing the title coming out of her lips was getting me so hard. It sounded even better than when Audrey had said it.

I went back to placing my hand on top of her hair, feeling her lovely smooth locks melting between my fingers. “Have you ever given head?”

“Of course, Master. Lots. I think I’m pretty good at it.”

“I’ll be the judge of that.” Skating a hand down and tilting her pretty chin up, I spoke the words I had been dying to say ever since I found out about her existence. “This is what’s going to happen. You’re going to give me a blowjob. Then I’m going to fuck you,

hard. Again and again. By the time I'm done with you, not a hole on your body will be unused. Do you understand, little sister?"

She nodded, her mouth parting, breathing heavy inhales and exhales through it. She clearly liked what she was hearing. "Yes, Master. I can't wait. This is a dream come true for me, too."

"Get to sucking."

"With pleasure." She blinked dark lashes at me, her lust filled eyes giving me exciting indications of what was about to come. "Master."

It hadn't even been fifteen minutes since Lucy had addressed me as her Master and it already sounded so natural coming from those lips. It was as if she was born for the role as my little sister.

As my slave.

Lucy had kissed me aggressively outside, so I expected her to dive into my cock and start sucking hard. I didn't expect her to dip her head low and begin gently sucking the bottom of my balls while her right hand gripped the base of my cock and pumped me.

"That's nice," I moaned my thoughts out unconsciously.

"Is it?" Lucy gave a long, wet lick around my balls before she took my right nut into her mouth, still sucking. Still licking.

If this was my first time getting head—if I was still a virgin—I would definitely burst my load right on her face. But after gaining experience with Audrey, I have learnt some semblance of self-control. As pleasure racked my body, I gritted my teeth and tried my best to hold on as long as I could.

"Mhmm." My little sister made a small sound as she moved to my cock, lubricated my entire length with her warm tongue, sending a rush of pleasure streaming to the rest of my body.

Lucy was right. She was good.

There was no doubting the confidence in her movements as she licked me up and down, driving me insane with slow, thoughtful pumps.

Yeah. I thought I had developed some self-control. There was no way I could hold back with her going this slow and me feeling this *good*.

“Stop,” I gasped. I was so poised at the edge that a few more good pumps and it would be all over. I was slightly disappointed with myself, but I excused my lack of restraint with the fact that this was going to be my first time with Lucy, and the second time with another woman.

My sister immediately obeyed, withdrawing back, but she was still pumping my cock, probably unconsciously.

“No,” I gritted my teeth. “Stop. Stop.”

“Sorry.” Lucy let go of my cock and it jerked painfully, already missing her touch. “I’m sorry. Did I do something wrong?”

I shook my head, breathing as loud as her, my heart a jackhammer under my chest. “I can’t take it anymore. Scratch the blowjob. I want to be inside you. Now.”

The smile she gave me couldn’t be faked. It was filled with raw joy and pure excitement. Lucy bolted up to her feet and kissed me, but I stopped her, leaning back and placing my hands on her chest.

“No. Just lie on the bed and spread those legs. God, I’m so close, Lucy.”

“Yes, Master!” She squealed and crawled past me, giggling on her way to the head of the bed, where she laid her head on Audrey’s pillow and spread her legs nice and wide.

My heart told me to kiss her some more, to suck on her breasts and make love to her lips. But my cock was throbbing and leaking so much pre-cum, anyone who saw me without context would have thought I was already cumming.

Crawling on top of her heaving, nude body, I didn’t waste a second with any more foreplay. I eased myself down and made the fantasy I had been having for weeks become a reality. I penetrated my little sister.

“Ah!” Lucy parted her lips in a wide ‘O’ and her hips quaked. “Ah—Tanner!”

“Does it hurt?” I searched her eyes, looking for signs of pain. All I saw were pupils blown wide with lust.

“A little.” Lucy shifted her hips, trying to accommodate me as I held still. “You—you’re so big, Tanner. I mean, Master. Sorry.”

“It’s okay.” I tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, admiring just how fucking beautiful my sister was. “You’ll get used to addressing me properly.” I moved and immediately Lucy inhaled a quick breath. “Are you okay? Can I move in deeper?”

She nodded, but I could tell by the way her whole body tensed at my words, my sister was anxious.

“I’ll go slow, okay?” I told the panting woman below me. “Tell me if it’s uncomfortable.”

I barely knew Lucy, and yet I deeply cared about her feelings. She wasn’t just a sex slave I envisioned her to be when I fantasized about this very moment.

“Thank you, Master,” she whispered. “I don’t know why it hurts. It shouldn’t be like this. Don’t get me wrong, your cock feels amazing, but...” Her eyes rove over my face. “I’m talking a lot, aren’t I? Is that breaking protocol? I’ll shut up.”

“No. I enjoy hearing you talk.” I leaned down and kissed her then, the movement causing me to bury deeper into her, stretching her so wide. I swallowed a moan of pain and pleasure that escaped her lips.

She said something, but I couldn’t make the words out. Not with the warm bliss of Lucy’s tongue coming out to greet me aggressively, tangling with my tongue and sparring me with a passion that couldn’t be faked.

I pushed in deeper in the middle of our kiss. Lucy responded by pulling back her tongue and biting the bottom of my lip. I was so close to the edge, that the jolt of pain almost caused me to release all the pent up pressure. Miraculously, I trudged on with the thought that the longer I held back, the more pleasurable the inevitable orgasm would be.

I had to at least get a few thrusts in before I came.

I eased back from her lips, feeling the scratch of her teeth as I pulled away.

“You okay?” I asked her.

“I love you,” Lucy said, which was not what I expected to hear. “I fucking love you, Tanner. I want you to know that.”

“I know,” I said, plunging in another couple of inches into her fleshy tunnel. Lucy parted her lips wide, but only a small cry leaked out. She shifted her hips, trying to ease into my intrusion, before looking back at me. Judging by the way her hands stilled at my hips and by the way her lips tightened into a firm line, she expected me to say the three words back at her.

That wasn’t a problem. I was already in love with her. Way before I met Lucy. Hours and hours of watching the clips on her Instagram profile and binge playing her covers on YouTube had not gotten to waste.

I sunk into her fully, my balls touching the curve of her ass. “I love you too.”

“You own my heart. All of it.” she said softly. “I wish I could have yours fully, but I’ll take what I can get.”

“Baby, please don’t think that way.” I groaned, pulling out halfway, then easing my way back in. It was a much easier fit now, her body already accustomed to my girth. I slammed back in, way harder than I’d have liked, but aside from a soft ‘Uh,’ that tore from her lips, there was no sign of pain in her expression. “I’ll love you with everything I have.”

She sniffed, holding back tears. Her hips thrust upwards, then dipped downwards, taking my cock in and out of her when I didn’t move.

“I hope so.” Another sniff. She looked away. “You know how fragile I am, Trv—Master. I put on a brave front, but inside I... you know how I am.” Lucy’s gaze came back to mine and she thrust upwards again, showing that she was probably more desperate for me than I was for her. “It doesn’t hurt anymore. Please fuck me. Please make love to me. I need you. *Please.*”

“I will.” I went back into motion, plunging in and out of her slick walls. Fuck, she was as soaked as me. Lucy was taking in more and more pre-cum with every thrusts, her arousal leaking out of her pussy and down her thighs. “God, I’m close. So fucking close. How... how about you?”

Lucy didn't reply. Instead, her hand left my sides, skating in between us where she furiously rubbed her clit. The sight drove me on. I was serious with the fucking now, pounding her just as I'd pound my mother.

I thought Lucy had orgasmed because more fluid leaked out from her pussy, her tight walls welcoming every savage thrust of my cock with a hot little flex, but my sister was still present with me, her dark eyes nailed to mine. But that didn't last much longer. Five more hard thrusts later, after our hips met in a mutual slam, she became undone, her moans turning to shrills and her eyes rolling back into her head.

The erotic sight of her unraveling beneath me bolted me through the edge. I roared my release out.

"I'm cumming!" Lucy shrieked, rubbing her clit, her hands a speedy blur, her other hand coming up and clutching my neck, her nails digging into my skin. "Tanner! Ah—FUCK—OH SHIT!"

Sex with Lucy was everything I had fantasied.

I loved the way her entire body stilled before she jerked and convulsed, screaming my name. And I loved the way her tight pussy clamped down on my cock, begging for more of my seed. But most of all, I loved how passionate she was as she shrieked and dove upwards, taking my lips as we both came undone.

It was everything I ever wanted from a little sister.

Minutes passed, filled with more groans and shrieks. More passionate sucking and licking. Lucy couldn't seem to bear leaving my lips even after our orgasm had passed. She was giving me the closest experience of dying and going to heaven.

I had to pull away from her eager lips just to gasp for breaths. My orgasm had left me a little drained and completely out of breath. I promised her to fuck her until the early morning, but now I was weary I couldn't make up for my promises, especially when my sister smiled at me and asked for more.

"Do you want a blowjob now, Master? Then maybe we can try another position?" Her words were breathy and deep from the sex, and her skin was shiny with a thin coat of sweat.

Ring! A pop song I recognized blared from the ground.

Lucy sighed and rubbed her forehead. "People are probably wondering where I am right now. Could I get that and tell them all to fuck off?"

I smiled. "Sure."

Slowly, I withdrew from Lucy, sighing when I felt the cool air-conditioned chill enveloping my cock. I missed the warm, tight walls of her pussy already.

Lucy rolled off the bed and grabbed her phone from the ground.

"Hello?" She pursed her lips. "I'm with Tanner."

I could almost hear the 'who is Tanner?' from her phone, even though it was not set to speaker mode. My sister frowned and looked at me. "What do you mean?" She paused and handed the phone to me. "Apparently, my manager hit her head and forgot who you are."

"Just..." I pushed the phone back to her. "Just tell her not to worry."

Lucy pressed the phone back to her ear. "Uh huh. No, I'm going to Jason's house anymore." Gazing back at me, she winked. "I'm spending the night here." She paused, listening to the chatter on the phone. "No, I'm fine. I told you, I'm with Tanner, so I'll be okay. Uh huh. No, I'm not sending you my location. Trust me, Annie. I'm fine. See you tomorrow. Bye." She clicked off even though I could still hear her manager mid sentence.

"Ugh." Lucy shook her head. "I'm sorry. I hope that didn't ruin the mood."

Her phone rang again, causing her to mutter curses under her breath while she switched the phone off and tossed it aside.

She looked at me, her dark gaze lighting a path down my body. "Can I give you a blowjob? Please, Master?"

I didn't know why she was practically begging to offer me pleasure. I would say yes to that all day, any day.

"Sure."

“Thank you. Allow me to continue where I left off.” Lucy crawled to me and I laid back on the headrest and opened my legs up.

Going to her knees, she took my cock in one hand and leaned down to lick all the mix juices layering my length. When she finished lubricating my rod with her saliva, she gazed back up at me, her eyes soft. “That was the best sex I had in my life, by the way. Making love to the person you love most in life is... different. So, thank you for allowing me to feel that.”

I should be thanking her. “No problem.”

“Do you want... do you want me to deep throat you?” Lucy gave me more loving pumps. “I have never tried it but I heard men like that kind of stuff. But I’m just afraid I might gag and...” She bent down to plant a soft kiss to my tip, slurping the arousal pooling there. “I just... I just want to know what you like so I can please you best. I’m sorry, I never been in a relationship like this and I don’t want to fuck it up and be replaced.”

“Oh, baby,” Reaching over, I placed my palm on her cheek and I swore she shivered at my touch. “You’ll never be replaced. You’re perfect. I’m an easy man to please. Just be loyal and devoted to me, and I’ll be happy.”

“I will serve you well, Master. I promise,” she pledged, the force of her words sending shivers up my spine.

“Good.” I stroked my thumb over her cheekbone and she mewled. “Lucy Gold.”

“Hmm?”

“Your name,” I told her. “You now share my last name.”

“Right.” She caught my thumb in between her lips and sucked the digit as if it were my cock. “Little sister, submissive, slave. What else will I get knighted for today?”

“Cocksucker,” I chuckled, nodding towards my throbbing erection, which she was still stroking. “Get to sucking. And you don’t need to deep throat me if you’re not comfortable with it. Just give me your best performance and I’ll be more than satisfied.”

She didn't know it, but Lucy could just place my cock in her mouth and do nothing, and I would probably cum. I was a slave to her beauty as much as she was a slave to me.

There was a twinkle in her eyes. She gave me a sexy smirk that melted my heart.

"Yes, Master."

She gave me two sweet kisses on the side of my cock, showing me how much she loved me before taking my entire length in a single head bob.

I lay there as Lucy sucked, licked, and lapped my dick, moaning so loud, as if giving me head was going to make her orgasm.

It was already nighttime, and Audrey would come back home in the early morning. It would be an interesting experience when she returned, because I had plans. Plans that I never tried before.

I sighed as I felt my orgasm rising quickly.

I wonder what a threesome would feel like?