

Chapter 1

I found her.

After two hectic weeks in Spain, going to bars, clubs, fancy restaurants, gyms, libraries, all the fucking tourist place... I finally found *her*.

In a fancy art gallery, of all places.

I didn't even know what attracted me to her. Over the weeks, I have seen countless Spanish stunners. They were all conventionally attractive, but deep down, I knew none of them were worth the mantle of my older sister. I couldn't imagine myself waking up in bed every day beside any of them.

Until I locked eyes with *her*.

Vivid amber eyes, jet black hair, high cheekbones, lean shoulders. She was the perfect older sister.

Her low cut orange dress clung to her curvy, feminine silhouette as if the expensive silk was a second skin, and rubies glowed from her neck and her earlobes.

She ticked all the boxes for extreme attractiveness, but unlike the other hot Spanish girls, there was something *different* about her. I didn't know how to explain it. It was like she had this... this aura around her.

She walked as if she was THE empress, that she owned the place, and every time she took a step, her ridiculously high leg slit flashed long, creamy thighs.

Holy fuck.

Being in the same room with this sex goddess had my heart sprinting in my chest, my toes curling up, my jaw tensing. I watched my beauty as she sauntered over to the next room, and immediately, the air around me felt gloomier. Heavier.

This was it. I had to have her. I *needed* her.

I felt hot breaths on the side of my neck.

"She's very beautiful, Master."

I turned towards my beautiful little sister, roving my gaze along her slim body, eating her up even though my sister was wearing the complete opposite of the orange dress beauty: a crop hoodie and sweatpants. Since she was a public figure, we couldn't risk drawing attention so I had to dress her down.

But even still with her lush hair and curvy physique hidden, it was obvious the girl hidden beneath the oversized clothing was attractive. Our mother was constantly berated with cat calls, but my sister had her fair share of them too.

I smiled at my little pet, banding an arm around her and pulling her close. Lucy sighed and rested her chin on my shoulder. I heard her sniff a few times.

"You smell delicious, Master," she told me, her voice raspy from the countless concerts she performed. Well, that, and from the sheer amount of screaming she did every night when I pounded into her pretty holes.

"Don't call me that in public," I reminded Lucy.

"Right." She inhaled me again, and I did the same, relishing in her drugging perfume. "Sorry, *big bro*."

I chuckled. "Tanny's fine."

"Okay..." She fluttered her eyelids, dropping her raspy voice to a seductive whisper. "Master."

Brat.

Looking around us and confirming that everyone else was minding their own business, I skated my hand down her curvy back and squeezed her cheeks through her cotton sweatpants. I couldn't help it. My favorite pastime was feeling up her juicy round cheeks.

Lucy sucked in a sharp breath, then relaxed into my grip, moaning lowly as I kneaded her incredibly bubble ass. It was *definitely* her best feature.

"Where's Mommy?" I asked her.

“I—I don’t know...” she moaned a little too loud, snapping a few people’s attention towards us. “S-Somewhere.”

“Hmm.” I hesitantly let go of her amazing ass, eliciting a whine from my little sister. We hadn’t fucked since this morning, so it was understandable why she was acting extra clingy.

I nodded towards the distance. “Go find Mommy. I’ll be with you girls soon.”

“Why? Are you going to talk to the pretty lady?”

I rolled my eyes; my ears could almost taste the obvious jealousy laced in her low tone.

I admit, I have been giving my little sister less attention than she deserved, but I was more focused on completing my perfect family. That was the entire reason for creating my brainwashing device.

But it wasn’t like I had completely abandoned my girls. I still kiss Lucy every day, still bend her over and give her tight little holes their daily attention.

But Lucy was way more work than our mother. Audrey was needy too, but she knew when to give me space. My little sister was the total opposite. She glued herself to me every second of the day.

Sometimes it was annoying, but I had to remind myself there were way worse problems out there than having an exotic Asian singer be completely in love with you. After all, it was what I wanted. An obsessively clingy little sister.

I couldn’t believe I finally had a problem like that.

“Hmm?” Lucy bumped our hips together, bringing my attention back to her gorgeous brown eyes. “Are you going to talk to her or what?”

I stared hard at my sister, but she didn’t look away like I expected her to.

“Yes, I am.”

“Okay, go ahead.” She tossed me a tight smile. “I always wanted to rate big bro’s flirting skills.”

I sneaked a quick glance around, and a couple of people averted my stare when I spotted them. They knew the sins we were committing. It was obvious from the way Lucy's lips were so close to my ear, her body pressed tightly against my side.

"No," I told my little sister. "Go find Mommy."

Her fake smile quickly faded. "You're going to fuck her, aren't you? Then you're going to ignore me again."

"I'll never ignore you." God, she was so possessive.

And how was my sister so confident I could snare that stunning Hispanic girl? I was a skinny eighteen-year-old who was bedding two women way out of my league. No one knew about my brainwashing device and I planned to bring that secret with me to my grave.

Lucy wrapped her hands around my arm, gripping me hard. "I don't want to find Mommy. She's probably just in the washroom or something."

"Then stay here."

Now it was my sister's turn to roll her eyes. "I'm not your dog."

I growled and brought my hand up, wrapping my fingers around her neck. Lucy's eyes went wide with shock. I didn't care if people were looking.

"Stay. Here."

My sister nodded quickly, her breaths turning to harsh pants, her low ponytail bouncing up and down. If I slid my other hand underneath her sweatpants, there was no doubt I would find her drenched.

I angled her head sideways, whispering the last words into her ear. "I'll fuck you later. So be a good girl and obey your big brother. Do you understand?"

"Yes!"

Fuck. That squeal. Only Lucy could make her voice go so high-pitched like that.

“Go.” I dropped my hand. Even through her oversized hoodie, I could see the outlines of her hardened nipples and I chuckled as I left my sister in a puddle of her own arousal, heading for the last remaining piece of my perfect family.

What would an older sister role be, anyway? I considered the thought as I passed the night time crowd consisting of tourists, visitors, and wealthy people wanting to purchase some art I swore I could have painted myself. I didn’t understand high-class art. Some of them looked like a toddler had thrown a bucket of paint towards an empty canvas.

A mother’s role was definitely to provide for her family. Money-wise, but also expanding the family by giving her eldest son lots of daughters. I guess an older sister’s role was to support that heavy burden.

She had to be instantly breedable with wide childbearing hips, and large tits that were perfect for lactating. And judging by my first glance at the mysterious woman, she definitely had all of that and then some beneath that tight orange dress.

The little sister’s role was definitely the least strenuous. Lucy was the only one in the family close to my age—only a month younger than me—and although she was surprisingly mature for her age, she acted differently around me. Much more girly. Childish.

That was fine. She was the youngest, so she had lots of leeway and deserved plenty of pampering. Once she matured to her twenties, I would put a baby in her.

Maybe not. Lucy didn’t seem like mother material. She just wanted to fuck and have fun. Though I only just met her, so what did I know about Lucy Gold?

Passing through side galleries, I finally spotted the lady in the orange dress. She stood under the shadows in the corner of the room, leaning against a wall, a slight smile forming on the right edge of her full lips when we locked eyes for the second time.

Was she... waiting for me?

I blew out a breath and forced one foot forward. Every step towards her felt heavier and heavier.

The light scent of her amazing perfume tickled my nose as I neared her. She smelled like lavender. Very expensive lavender.

Why was I so nervous? I was in control here. One flash and she would be mine forever.

Stopping a couple of feet in front of her, I gulped down saliva and tried to greet her coolly. But my nerves didn't seem to wane one bit, and the greeting tumbled out of my lips in an embarrassing stutter.

"H-Hey."

She chuckled silently, blowing a puff of air through her perfect nose. We were in some kind of staring contest, and although I was adamant not to concede, staring at her was unnerving. Her amber eyes were almost hypnotizing, pulling me in, and I went a little woozy.

Finally, she spoke.

"You have a very beautiful girlfriend."

"Girl... friend?" I murmured. God, even her voice was beautiful. She had a slight accent, and that turned me on even more.

She looked away, and my mind worked again.

"Oh... no. No. She's my sister."

Ms. Fucking-hot raised a dark eyebrow. "Sister?"

She needed to stop talking. Lucy got me hard with her body, and now this woman could send me over the edge with just her voice. It was so warm and sensual. Erotic and inviting.

"Yeah." I nodded, shoving my right hand into my pocket, tracing my thumb over the brainwashing stick. *I could just flash her here.*

I could be inside her within the hour.

She continued giving me the raised eyebrow, and I eventually realized her confusion. Right. Lucy was Asian. We looked nothing alike.

“O-Oh...” I laughed, but it came out like a harsh choke. “She’s... uh... adopted.”

“You two are unusually close for adopted siblings,” Ms Sexy commented. Her eyebrow dropped, and I caught a certain glint in her embers. She must have seen me choking Lucy, or worse—crudely grabbing her ass.

“Y-Yeah... maybe.” I shuffled on my feet, wobbling. Being this close to her had my body shutting down, my nerves frazzled, my tongue tied. “So, uh, what’s... what’s your name?”

Smooth, Tanner. Very smooth.

I should be already used to talking to attractive women, but in reality, I was still the same socially awkward dork. The only reason I was confident around Audrey and Lucy was because I knew they were enthralled to me. I had no power over Ms. Seductive-Voice-and-full-lips.

Yet.

And I could tell with the way her embers were looking at me, the way the edges of her pink lips twitched, that she wasn’t taking me seriously. Why would she? She was years older than I was, and it was obvious I didn’t carry myself in the same regard as she did. There was no majestic aura around me.

Instead of giving me her name, she nodded at the rows of paintings along the wall. “Are you just admiring, or are you a buyer?”

“Just, um... just admiring.”

Even though the smile she gave me was tight-lipped, my insides melted. Christ, she was unfairly hot.

“Enjoy the rest of your evening.”

With that parting comment, she walked past me and I caught a nice whiff of the delicious lavender.

The sharp ‘click’ ‘click’ of her high heels echoed through the room and I watched her head towards an area guarded by a tall, muscled guard.

The guard offered her a nod and unlatched one end of the velvet divider, allowing the beauty queen to waltz through. There wasn't a single pair of eyes in the room not on her and her sultry, swaying hips.

When I returned to the main gallery, the crowd had considerably lessened.

My sister was exactly where I had left her with our mother standing a couple of feet away, admiring an oil painting of a naked woman holding a baby blue umbrella above her head.

The lady in the painting had striking similarities to my mother. Both had flowing golden locks. Both were astonishingly beautiful.

Lucy held my hand. She sneaked a glance around before using her other palm to cup my throbbing erection through my jeans, and I couldn't stop the groan from tearing through my lips, making her giggle.

"Looks like your flirting skills need some work," my little sister snickered, nuzzling her nose against my neck. "She didn't look interested at all."

"For now," I grunted when she squeezed me again. Leading my sister towards the exit, I called out to my blonde beauty. "Come, Mommy. Let's go."

"Yes, Master."

I regretted renting a convertible. There was no space for a threesome.

"Please, Master," Lucy begged, her lips trembling. She was at the front seat, naked, watching us with her legs spread open, her fingers a blur in between her legs, thrusting in and out. "Fuck me first. Please, you promised!"

"I promised to fuck you, but I didn't say I needed to put my dick in you first."

I looked down at hazel eyes kneeling beneath me, her golden locks bouncing up and down as her tongue danced around my cock, getting me ready for the pounding she was about to receive. "What do you think, Mommy? Does Lucy deserve the first load of the night?"

Our mother stopped sucking. She turned around and looked into her daughter's eyes. She must have seen the stark desperation in them too, because she looked back towards me and nodded.

"Yes, Master," Audrey breathed. "Lucy has been waiting the whole day for you. Fuck her first."

"You have been waiting the whole day, too."

"I can wait a bit longer." Our mother gestured for Lucy to switch places, and after a bit of tight maneuvering, my sister's lips were inches away from my cock, our mother was watching us from the front seat.

I could see Audrey wasn't happy with her new circumstance, but she prioritized her daughter's happiness over hers. There wasn't a single bad thing I could say about Audrey Gold. She was the perfect mother who loved her children dearly and would do absolutely anything for them.

Lucy didn't wait. She licked the entire length of my shaft, starting from my balls, then drew slow, loving strokes up to my tip, where she sucked all the pre-cum oozing out, moaning softly as she tasted me.

"Fucking hell, Lucy," I rasped. We were in the parking lot of the art gallery, waiting for my Spanish beauty to clock off work.

It was déjà vu. I did the same thing while waiting for Audrey at the hospital car park, but now I had two girls to melt the time away.

"Mmmm," my sister groaned, slipping a hand towards her clit where she enthusiastically stroked herself, her moans mixing in with our mother's.

"Aren't you going to thank Mommy?" I asked my sister. "At least be grateful."

Lucy continued sucking me for a couple more seconds before she pulled back and turned towards our mother.

"Thank you, Mommy," she whispered, crawling forward towards our panting mother. "I love you so much."

Lucy leaned forward and gave our mother a sweet peck before she backed off, but our mother had different plans.

Audrey grabbed Lucy's wrist.

My sister blinked. "Mommy?"

"Come here, baby. I'll get you ready for your brother." Our mother shot me a cock throbbing wink. With her golden locks let down, she really was a vision. "Is that okay?"

I nodded, staring at my mother. God, she was so fucking hot. I needed to make love with her more often. Maybe go back to our old routine when I was living in her cozy apartment.

"But..." Lucy glanced between our mother and at me. "Mommy... I think... I think Master's waiting for me."

"Master wants to watch us first." Our mother nodded at me, and I didn't even realize I had been pumping myself, my cock slick with my girls' combined saliva. Her hazels zeroed in on mine, and her smile widened. "Right, my love?"

I nodded again.

Our mother pulled my hesitant sister to the front seat. Lucy gave me a pleading look, silently begging me to order our mother to stop, but I settled against the leather seat, pumping myself quicker, excited for the private show my girls were about to give me.

Finally, Lucy sighed and went with it, straddling her mother.

"Come here, baby." Our mother wrapped her hand around her daughter's neck, then pulled their lips together.

"Shit," I grunted, pumping myself harder, watching closely, listening to the sounds of lip sucking lip fill up the car.

After a minute of passionate kissing, Lucy gave in, roving her hands over her mother's body, feeling her up.

Our mother moaned. Audrey blindly maneuvered her soaked fingers in between her daughter's legs. My eyes widened when she plunged her fingers deep inside her daughter, a second before Lucy's surprised shrieks split my hearing.

Lucy was getting really into the kiss. And we all knew she loved getting choked. Audrey squeezed her daughter's neck harder, both of them moaning as their tongues tangled wildly. Then Lucy shuddered violently, and a muffled scream erupted from her throat.

"AH!" My sister almost fell sideways from how much she was thrashing, but Audrey steadied her daughter, grabbing her hips. "AHHHHHHH! MOMMYYYYYYYY!"

Our mother didn't slow down one bit, continuing her onslaught, finger fucking her daughter until her screams faded into whimpers.

They mutually broke the kiss, and Lucy let out a heavy heave. "Oh my god. Holy fuck... oh my god..."

"Language, baby," Audrey purred, running her thumb along her daughter's brutalized lips.

"Sorry, Mommy..." Lucy grind herself against our mother, her little teardrops pressed up against Audrey's huge tits. "Mommy..."

"Shh..." Audrey tilted Lucy's chin up and gave her a quick peck. "Now go back to Master and do your job."

As if in a trance, my sister crawled back towards me, slinking down to her knees, staring up at me from her kneel, her brown eyes glazed over.

"You're amazing, Mommy." I smiled at her. "That was fucking hot."

Audrey returned the smile, shaking her head. "I wish you two would stop swearing so much, but thank you, Master. Lucy needed some discipline."

"She sure did." I glanced back down at my swaying beauty, focusing on her gorgeous teardrops, nipples hard. "She's getting pretty spoiled."

"You spoil her too much."

She was right. But it was almost impossible to say no to Lucy, especially when she stripped down and begged me to claim her. I had been so busy in my search for the last piece of our family, so every moment I could spare, I dedicated it to my little sister in different hotel beds.

“Come here, sis,” I said, patting the spot beside me. Fuck, Lucy smelled so much better when she was all wet and ready for me. “On all fours.”

My sister whimpered as she assumed positions, going on all fours in front of me, arching her back and raising her hips high for easier penetration.

“I love this,” I muttered, going on my knees and feeling up the best bubble butt on planet Earth. Lucy groaned as I kneaded her round cheeks, shrieking when I pinched her in several places.

“Please, Tanny,” she whimpered. I could feel her shuddering. “I’ve been waiting so long for you to be inside me.”

I closed my eyes, running my palms over her silky ass. I wanted her as badly as she wanted me, but I didn’t say it. If I admitted my overwhelming lust for her, she wouldn’t beg me as often, and one of my favorite mental images was Lucy on her knees, eyes watering up, lips trembling.

I rolled my hips forward, prodding my tip at her raw, pink entrance that was completely drenched from her outburst moments ago. Lucy gasped, then writhed backwards, leaking down more arousal, desperate to take me inside her. Her pussy was so warm, emitting teasing heat.

“Fuck me,” my sister begged, crying out in frustration when I was still at her entrance, grinding my cock against her hot slit. “Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck meeee!”

“So demanding,” I tsked, sliding my hands under her and squeezing her teardrops. I looked to the side, locking eyes with those beautiful hazels. “Your daughter is so demanding.”

My mother chuckled, knowing full well what I was doing. “Yes, Master.”

“Mommy!” Lucy whined, her raspy, overused voice breaking apart. “Look! Master keeps playing these stupid games with me!”

“Master plays with me, too.” Audrey winked. “He just loves teasing us.”

Lucy groaned. “But he—”

I spread her ass cheeks wide and thrust in, sending my sister reeling forward, almost slamming her beautiful face on the car window.

“AHH!”

“I love your pussy, little sis,” I grunted, taking in a few deep breaths as her cunt pulses around me, pulling me as deep as I could physically go. “It’s so tight, so warm. Fuck. I love both of your pussies.”

My sister’s cries cheered me on as I hit a hard spot inside her. Drawing back, I pounded forward, sinking back into her heated depths.

“Ah—Tanny!” Lucy arched her back even higher the deeper I went into her, then before I could pull out, she clamped her fleshy walls shut, squeezing me unbearably tight, sending bolts of pleasure shattering through me.

“FUCK!” I roared.

I was so deep and my sister was squeezing me so tight, I could feel every little shudder as she quivered around my cock. The tiniest of movements from any of us threatened to send me over the edge.

“Tanny...” Lucy squeaked, her voice so throaty from all her shrieking. At this rate, there was no way she could perform tomorrow night. “You.. you’re stretching me so... oh my god. I love it.”

“I know you do, love,” I said, before locking eyes with my mother. “Mommy, I know there’s barely enough space in the back, but I want you here. I need your lips on my balls. I need to feel you there.”

“Of course, Master,” my mother smiled at me. Luckily, both my girls had slim, fit bodies, so there was just enough room for her as she slid her way to us, going behind me and then bending down.

Seconds later, I felt warmth enveloping my balls.

“MOMMY—FUCK!” I jerked forward, and it seemed like I went deep into my sister, which caused her whole body to twitch and her to cry out pitifully, overwhelmed by all the pleasure.

Audrey was always the best at giving me head. Lucy was amazing too, but when our mother went on her knees in front of me, I knew I was about to have an experience.

Her mouth was just pure skill. She licked and sucked my balls, even adding variety to the mix, occasionally replacing her lips with her expert fingers, kneading and cupping my balls as I pounded short, hard thrusts in and out of my sister’s pussy hole.

“TANNY!” Lucy sobbed. She was full-on crying, and I could feel her tears dripping down onto my hands as I continued squeezing her teardrops. “I—I’m here! I’M HERE! P-Permission! Please! PLEASE!”

That was one of my many rules my family members had to follow. When I was fucking my girls, they couldn’t cum unless I gave them permission. I could maximize my pleasure if my girls came at the same time as me. The way their pussy pulsed around me like crazy, milking me for every single drop...

I was already there, but I had to hold on as much as possible. I had to. But it was too fucking much.

My mother behind me... sucking hard on my balls. Hearing Lucy’s maddening shrieks, feeling up her full teardrops, trying not to shatter apart as her fleshy, pulsing walls squeezed me for everything I was worth...

I squeezed my eyes shut. I couldn’t hold back my roar. It was raw, clawing up from the back of my throat. I braced myself as it tore through me.

“NOW!”

In a shattering crescendo, everything broke down. Lucy’s wails drove me on as I shot torrents of cum into her little pussy.

Lucy shrieked, screamed, shuddered, but she was also squirting, and her pussy couldn’t handle the load I was giving her because I was overflowing from her too, drenching the expensive leather seats.

Luckily, my mother was quick to act. She dove in between my legs, mouth wide open, catching the waterfall of our mixed arousal, lapping up everything we offered her.

Minutes passed until our mother had her fill. We were both completely dry, and I pulled out of my shivering sister, slumping down onto the seats. Lucy squeezed beside me on my left, and our mother collapsed on my right. I draped my arms over my girls, hugging them close.

I love my family. They were perfect.

No, not perfect. The sexy Spanish woman from the art gallery should be here with us. I didn't even know her name yet, but I knew deep in my heart she would complete my lifelong goal.

Shit. I had been busy with my girls. I had completely forgotten to look out for her. She could have already left.

Grunting, I pulled myself up and looked towards the back entrance of the art gallery. I was extremely lucky, because I caught my prized possession walking out just in time. She was heading towards her car, a sleek blacked out Porsche.

"Fuck," I cursed, diving towards the heap of discarded clothing on the ground. I found my clothes and tried to wrestle them on, but it was impossible with how cramped it was at the back.

"Let me help," my mother offered.

"Quick! Quick!" I took the brainwashing stick from my jeans pocket. The woman was halfway towards her car. "Mommy... get out! Give me space!"

My mother opened the door and hopped out, completely naked. Luckily, the parking lot was empty except for us.

My mother stood to the side as I jumped out of the convertible, quickly putting my jeans on and ran towards the future of my family. The final piece of all my hopes and dreams.

The Spanish beauty caught me bounding towards her. She seemed well trained because she didn't even flinch. Her hand dipped inside her purse, drawing out a glint of metal. But I was already on her.

FLASH!

She dropped her purse, and something came clanging out.

It was actually a gun. Holy shit. A second slower, and I would definitely have...

Fuck.

I looked back up at her. Like everyone else who had been flashed, her expression was slack, her ember eyes blank.

Fucking finally.

"My dear," I heaved, bending down and clutching my knees, trying to catch my breath. "What's your name?"

"Carla," she replied in a monotone. "Carla Díaz."

"No," I told her. Fuck. It was so fucking hard to talk. I took a second to breathe. In and out. Slowly. In and out.

"Your... your name, your real name, is Carla Gold. My name is Tanner Gold and I'm your long lost little brother. You found me, Carla."

"Found... you?" Saliva dripped from the edges of her lips. I wanted to lap it all up. Have a taste of the most beautiful Spanish girl I have ever seen.

"Yes." I nodded. I took a deep breath, glancing down at the gun again. *Holy shit.* "That's why I came to the art gallery tonight. To look for you. I'm your real family, Carla. Me and your mother, Audrey. Me and your little sister, Lucy."

"Audrey.... Lucy..."

"Yes..." I nodded with her. "You love us more than anything. Especially me. I might be your brother, but you see me as the only man worthy in your life. I'm your one and true love, Carla. You love me more than life itself. You love so much, Carla. You live for me. You breathe for me."

"Mmmmm..."

Christ. If she moaned in that voice of hers again, I might lose it.

“You’re my older sister, Carla,” I continued, repeating the entire script I had been crafting in my head for weeks. “As my older sister, your role in this family is to assist our mother in bringing money to us. To me. You have to serve me, Carla. I’m your Master. You also want to expand this family with me, Carla. You want to bear my children because that’s one way an older sister can serve her brother.”

“Yes...” She wobbled on her feet and I quickly moved toward and grabbed her shoulders. Oh god... she smelled like a dream. It was just all lavenders and everything good.

“Mhmm...” Her eyes rolled back. “I love you. I love you.”

“Yes,” I smiled. “Yes, you love me. You love me so much.”

Carefully, I let go of her and pocketed the stick, watching as my new older sister came to her senses. She blinked. Her embers were back—and right on me.

“Ta...” She groaned, rubbing her temples. She wobbled again, and I reached for her. Carla tumbled into me, her breasts pressing into my chest, but she didn’t seem to mind. She mumbled something inaudible and took a slow step backwards, looking at me again, her confused gaze licking me up from head to toe. “Ta-Tanner?”

“Yes, it’s me, big sis. It’s me, Tanner.”

“Tanner.” My name sounded like pure vanilla coming from those lips of hers.

She frowned.

“Why...” Carla looked around, then down at her fallen purse and gun. “Why am I here?”

“You just finished work at the art gallery,” I reminded her, squeezing her arm. “I’m here to pick you up.”

“Pick.. me up?” Her frown deepened. She bent down and retrieved her fallen belongings, being extra careful with the weapon. “My car is here. You don’t even know how to drive.”

Okay...

"Mommy and Lucy sent me," I told her, staring at how her orange dress clung to every single one of her curves. She was so ridiculously curvy and fit, it was insane. "I'm here because I missed you so much."

She looked at me for a few seconds, still frowning. Then suddenly, she chuckled, shaking her head. "You really missed me, huh?"

Carla looked past my shoulders, at our rented convertible with Audrey and Lucy still inside, already dressed. "Mother and Lucy really came all the way here, too?" My older sister looked at me again, a slight smile etching her full, kissable lips. "Why are you all here? Is there something I missed? My birthday was months ago."

"No, we just missed you." Trailing my hand down her arm, I took her hand in mine. "Come, let me walk you to your family."

Your new family, I thought as my sister showed no resistance, allowing me to lead her to her brand new life.

"This... this is our new home?"

I chuckled at my mother's astonished expression. Yeah, it was crazy. Carla was obviously loaded, but I had no idea just how big her mansion was. It was *enormous*, basically three large houses joined together.

"Yeah," I told my two girls. "This is where we will be staying for a while until Lucy goes to perform in Italy."

Lucy crossed her arms, seemingly unimpressed by all the marble and glitter. "And that woman is supposed to be my new sister?"

I chuckled again. I had been planning to flash them, speed up the whole Carla onboarding process, but I thought maybe the natural way might be better this time. I didn't want to mess with my girls' heads too much.

“Yes,” I said. “So I expect you to love her as much as you love your mother.” I grinned. “And a little less than you love me.”

“We just met her!”

Okay, this might be more difficult than I assumed.

My mother stepped beside her youngest daughter. “It’s okay, love,” she whispered, then glanced at me. “We’ll love her, Master. We promise.”

“Lucy?” I stared hard at my little sister. “Don’t let Mommy speak for you. I want to hear it from your lips.”

My sister looked away, glaring at an oil painting. I have not seen an empty wall in Carla’s place. Everywhere was decorated in some type of art, whether it was a painting, a vase, or weird looking art décors.

“You’re going to spend even less time with me,” Lucy muttered, keeping her hands crossed tightly under her teardrops, unknowingly pushing them out for me to ogle at. “I can already tell you’re going to be addicted to her.”

“Lucy, look at me.”

She hesitated for a second before bringing her brows to mine.

“We’re a family,” I told her. “I’ll love all of you. I swear to you, there won’t be any more distraction soon. Once I’m done with my work here, I’ll dedicate every waking moment to Mommy, to Carla. To *you*.”

I still needed to do the tedious work of flashing everyone Carla knew. I didn’t know how far her connection reached, but I feared it might even be larger than Lucy’s.

My new older sister was in her bedroom. I’d told her to dress up in her sexiest lingerie and wait for me in bed.

Carla had been confused why Audrey and Lucy didn’t ‘recognize’ her, especially when she hugged them and they didn’t hug back.

Lucy sniffed. “Okay.”

I felt bad. Ever since owning Lucy, I had been all over the place, flashing countless people, then once I had settled that, we had to rush to Spain.

But if Lucy really loved me, she would wait. I knew she would wait.

“Okay.” I nodded back, then clapped my hands together. “Girls, I want you to wait outside Carla’s room. Naked. When I call for you two, come in for a proper introduction.” I looked between my mother and my little sister. “I don’t want you to confuse her anymore. Act as if you have known her for ages. Be welcoming to her. She’s part of our lives now. Permanently. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master,” my mother spoke first.

“Yes, Master,” my sister whispered, looking down, clasping her palms over each other.

“That’s my girls.” I slid my hand along their backs, giving each of them a loving squeeze on their ass.

Leading them up the spiral staircase, we stopped in front of the Master bedroom, and I dropped my hands and nodded at my girls.

In unison, they went to their knees.

I gripped the door handle, feeling my heart thundering in my chest. I was going to fuck Carla and accomplish my dreams once and for all.

Opening the door, I glanced at my kneeling beauties one last time. They looked so fucking perfect.

I smiled, opening the door a crack, inhaling faint lavender. “I might take a while.”