

## Chapter 3

**Saturday, Jan 25**

Dear Diary,

Oh boy, where should I start?

I sneaked into Mom's room last night and we had the most hushed, intense sex. The kind with a lot of muffled moaning, aggressive tongue fucking, and an abundance of sweat. I think the fact that we both knew Kate was just a few rooms away made the fucking SOOO much hotter.

It had only been days since I lost my virginity, but having sex multiple times a day had me thinking I was some kind of sex god. I mean, Mom was clearly experienced, and I could make her shriek and flood out her juices in under two minutes.

But I had to wonder if it was because of her programming or my love making skills.

I guessed I would never know.

I forced myself to stop fucking her after my third orgasm, her fifth. I could go all night buried inside her warm depths, but work was work.

It wasn't hard convincing my mother to listen to her new playlist. She was more willing to do whatever I wanted with less and less hesitation every day. All I needed to do was speak the words, and she would nod submissively.

Mom listened to the hypnotic recordings for fourteen hours straight. By the time I woke her up from her trance, it was already late afternoon. Her eyes were red and puffy, her hair was a mess, and her body was thin and fragile from the lack of food and not getting any real sleep.

Did I feel bad?

A little, until she got on her knees and inserted my already erect cock into her mouth to get the first meal of her day. I didn't even need to tell her to do it. She didn't speak a single word. It was as if her first priority after coming out of the trance was to get me off.

As tired as Mom was, she still gave the best blowjobs. I think. I only have received blowjobs from her, but it felt so fucking good. The wet swirl of her tongue... the way she looked up at me from her kneeling position, the groans she made as I pulled her hair and bobbed her head up and down my cock, the feel of her warm fingertips on my balls... how they desperately squeezed them while I was cumming, just to milk more out of me...

Fucking amazing. And this was just Mom. I would bet my life savings that Kate would be better. Kate's programming seemed to finally kick in. She didn't shout at me as often anymore, and she hadn't made the disgusted face whenever she caught me checking her out.

But the one thing that confirmed to me that her programming was taking effect was an apology. Yesterday, my sister took me to the side and apologized for scratching and slapping me. She told me she could understand my curiosity, especially since I was 'still young,' but warned me never to go through her clothes again because she was my sister and it was wrong to invade her privacy.

I could hear what she was saying, but my mind wouldn't register them. I was mesmerized by her rosy lips. How they moved as she talked to me. My sister could make even the most ordinary thing look so damn seductive.

I was going to have her listen to Mom's programming soon. Life was going to be great. Two hot women at my beck and call. I could really get myself off just imagining the unlimited possibilities once both of them were mine.

I needed to test out Mom's new programming. How far was she willing to go with my commands now? Would she literally do anything I told her? But after she swallowed my cum and dutifully licked me clean, Mom got up to her feet, staggered to bed, then passed out.

I checked to see if she was okay. Mom had a higher than normal temperature, but otherwise, she should be fine. She seemed to be in a deep sleep, snoring softly, her breasts rising and falling heavily, her nipples still rock hard.

I inserted the headphones back over her ears and played a less powerful hypnotic tape, so that she could actually get some sleep, all the while reinforcing her devotion towards me and making her more submissive. I locked the room door and allowed my beauty time to rest.

\* \* \*

Mom was still out cold when Kate came back home. Excited, I knocked on her door to show her the sex tape.

My sister opened the door looking like an angel. She must have just gotten out of the shower and was planning to workout because her hair was still damp and she was wearing a white sports bra that seemed to exaggerate the size of her beautiful breasts. She complemented the top with matching white yoga pants that made her bubble butt really pop out. I almost salivated at the sight.

I showed the sex tape to her. She was unamused (She couldn't make out Mom with how dark it was and the angle I was recording). Kate sarcastically congratulated me, then asked me about the woman in the video. I just smirked. She would find out soon enough.

When I went back into Mom's room, she was whispering gibberish. It was creepy as hell and I had to lean in close enough to make out what she was saying. Mom was repeating what was playing on the tape. Mostly the second part.

"I want to serve Kevin."

"I am Kevin's fuck toy."

"Kevin is my Master."

It was so tempting to wake her up and fuck her. I decided not to, though—at least not while she was in a trance. Mom was responding incredibly well to the tapes, and I didn't want to potentially mess that up.

I shouldn't be too surprised—from what I gathered, different people responded differently to every programming. I have even read cases where the woman completely broke just after the first tape, while others took six tapes to enslave.

I wonder how many tapes would it take for Kate? Was she mentally strong enough to resist at least four? Four was the average number it took to break a woman.

After waiting for a few more hours, I couldn't take it anymore. I was horny as fuck, and masturbating wasn't helping at all. I woke Mom up and fucked her (Mental note: I was right, strawberry tasted AMAZING on her).

After ordering her to go down on me once more, I put Mom back into a stronger trance and passed out on her bed. Mom was in her final phase of her enslavement and she wouldn't be getting much sleep today.

## **Sunday, Jan 26**

Dear Diary,

I woke up to Mom moaning. She was fingering herself, enthusiastically plunging her fingers in and out of her soaking cunt, all the while moaning out the words on the tape. It was actually quite loud, and I hoped Kate couldn't hear her. My sister should be out with her friends since she was never home during the weekends.

Speaking of Kate, I needed to change her tape soon. Move her into the second stage of her programming. I had been neglecting her recently.

I took out Mom's earbuds and shook her awake. Mom seemed disorientated at first, shaking her head and rubbing her temples, but as soon as she noticed me, she smiled wide and immediately got into a kneeling position, as if that was the most natural thing to do. Mom took out my morning erection, then started stroking it from root to tip with her tongue.

I was going to ask Mom if she was hungry since she hadn't eaten in more than a day, but I guess cum was going to be her breakfast.

Mom gave me her best blowjob yet. There was something different now... a wild desperation from her that wasn't previously there before. After my earth shattering orgasm, and after Mom swallowed everything, she asked if I was satisfied, adding 'Master,' at the end.

She went from calling me by my name to 'Sir' by the third day of her programming, and now I guessed the most logical progression from that was 'Master.'

I told her I was satisfied, and she asked me what position I wanted her in next. My brain immediately visualized a hundred different positions, but I really needed to feed her first. I went outside, made sure Kate was indeed out, and then cooked some ramen with eggs since that was the only food I knew how to make.

The entire day was a pure fuck fest. I was inside Mom more than I was out. I really pushed the limits too, degrading her in ways that were a bit extreme. Mom, though, seemed more than happy to comply with my demands. Why wouldn't she? She now believed that she was my slave and that her body belonged to me. It was only natural for a Master to use his slave in whatever way He desired.

By six in the evening, I had Mom bent over her bed, whimpering and begging, with her ass pointed towards me and glowing red. At first, I was beating Mom's ass with my palms, and it eventually escalated to a stick, then to my belt.

I wished Kate could see our mother. I half hoped my sister would come home right then. No doubt she would freak out, but she would also realize how much power I had over our mother and Mom still had one more tape left for her (Just to be safe. I wanted the very thought of escaping my control repulsive to her. And further increasing her submission never hurt).

Soon enough, Kate would be in the exact same position as Mom, with her beautiful ass pointed straight towards me and begging me to use it in whatever way I saw fit.

I only had an hour or so left before I expected my sister to arrive home.

I used fifty minutes to ram my cock into my mother's ass over and over until I came, then did it all over again. From the way I exploded my cum into her ass, with bolts of pleasure tearing me from the inside out, I knew I much preferred anal sex over the normal stuff. It was tighter, warmer, and overall just so much fucking better. Mom begged me to stop after the sixth time.

Mom and I took a shower together after she cleaned me up with her tongue. I quickly outlined what I expected of her now as my slave: thanking me every time she came, always being naked around the house whenever Kate wasn't home, and if she was, Mom had to wear lingerie. I also reminded her that I expected at least two blowjobs daily.

There was no doubt that I was on a power trip. I couldn't help it. There was this wild exhilaration that shot through my very being every time I looked into Mom's blue eyes... the utter vision of submission in them... it was an incredible feeling. Nothing compared to it. And Mom seemed very happy in her new role (unless I was abusing her ass), so why shouldn't I go all in?

Kate came home a little late. By the time she opened the front door, we had already bathed and were sitting on the couch, watching Netflix. As expected, Mom wore the black lingerie she had just bought. My sister joined us after she took a shower, checking Mom out with a 'what the fuck' look. I almost laughed.

My sister was looking so damn hot with what she was wearing too. I mean, compared to Mom, she looked like a nun, but there was still enough material for me to masturbate to. Kate was wearing an oversized orange T-shirt with white shorts.

She should wear shorts more often. Her legs were amazing, way better than Mom's, and definitely finer than all the Instagram girls I follow.

Mom must have noticed my throbbing boner because she started rubbing my erection with the back of her hand. I started to stop her but decided against it. Now was the perfect time to show Kate a glimpse of the new Mom. I encouraged Mom by snuggling closer to her and telling her how horny I was.

That must have pushed Mom over the edge. She got up and started dry humping me. Well, it wasn't really dry because Mom was soaking wet.

Kate completely FREAKED out. She started yelling at Mom, and Mom shouted back, causing my sister to bolt for her room. I should feel bad for Kate since it was not her fault, but I couldn't help but admire how tight her shorts were and how great of an ass she had.

Mom started apologizing to me, but I told her it was okay. It obviously didn't go the way I expected. My sister just went batshit after watching Mom hump me, but I would use this opportunity to give Kate her new tape (basically Mom's first tape, since I now know that it was 'safe' to use).

Kate was huddled in a corner of her room by the time I checked in on her. And holy fuck, she looked even hotter when crying.

I comforted her. Well, kind of. I felt a little bad for her, but the only reason I hugged her was to feel her full breasts on me and to graze my hand across her curvy ass.

Her hair also smelt really, really good and she definitely could feel my hard-on pressing against her stomach. It was embarrassing, but I actually came after being close to her for too long, feeling her up and sniffing her hair. I handed my sister the tape and made her promise to listen to it tonight.

**Kate's second tape:**

**Kevin is amazing**

**Kevin is good**

**Kevin is wonderful**

**Kevin is everything**

**Kevin is sexy**

**I want Kevin to touch me**

**I want Kevin to kiss me**

**I want Kevin to fuck me**

**I am in love with Kevin**

### **The Present**

**Mon, Jan 27**

**02:43am**

Dear diary,

Ugh, sleep is impossible. I can't stop thinking about Kate.

She must have already finished listening to her second playlist. I want to go to her room so badly and see if she will fuck me. Mom had sex with me after her first hypnotic recording. And now, all the suggestions in that recording were inside my sister's mind.

Yes, I'm happy I successfully turned my mother into my sex slave. But honestly, without my sister, I wasn't satisfied. I could have two dozen supermodels, and I would trade all of them for my older sister in a heartbeat.

I admit it. I am madly in love with Kate. She's so goddamn hot and I want her so badly. Mom is amazing and fucks like crazy, but I would wager my life my sister's pussy would feel a hundred times better.

I just... ugh. I love you, Kate. You'll soon be mine and I will treat you so well. God, once you belong to me, I will never, ever allow you to leave my side.

Soon. Soon, all my dreams will come true.

I will try to get some sleep now. Ugh.