

Chapter 4

Monday, Jan 27

Dear Diary,

I was completely drunk on power. I mean, who wouldn't? My mother was acting the most submissive I had ever seen from her.

Every time I wanted something, all I needed to do was say the words and I would hear the enthusiastic response of 'Yes, Master!'

And I know it sounds crazy, but I was getting bored with sex. I meant straight up sex. I needed some sort of build up; something that *really* got me going.

Today, it was another session of spanking. The 'Yes, Master' Mom gave me when I told her to go down on all fours and prepare her ass for a beating was soft and hesitant.

Her meekness just turned me on more. I used my palms to smack those juicy cheeks until it was glowing red and Mom was whimpering. God, I was so hard.

I tried out a new position I saw from porn. I think it was called a piledriver or something.

I had my beautiful mother lay on her back with her legs spread out and up over her head. Then she raised her ass as high as she could. Mom was actually pretty flexible, probably from her years of yoga. She almost reached perpendicular, granting me an exceptional angle to fuck her ass.

I had an orgasm so explosive, it felt like our first time. It was still early in the morning and I think we might have woken the neighbors up with how loud we were.

Then I made Mom clean the mess we made on the bed before we showered together. Of course, me being a sex addict and all, I had to fuck her one last time before I sent her to check up on Kate and apologize to her. Not because Mom did anything wrong, but it was to convince Kate to listen to her new playlist.

Mom came back half an hour later. She told me everything that happened. How she begged Kate for her forgiveness and how she made my sister swear she would listen to the updated playlist.

Mom admitted things got out of hand and that she had French kissed Kate. I masturbated while Mom explained to me how it felt to kiss Kate, how soft her tongue was. How delicious her daughter tasted.

I didn't know what edged Mom into suddenly developing an attraction for her daughter, but I found it fucking hot. I didn't mind. I couldn't fuck both of them all the time. It would get boring, so having them make lesbian love to each other would definitely spice things up in the bedroom.

Mom called in to work again, informing she was still sick. Honestly, I'd have her quit her job soon. Her place in life was in the bedroom—if she wasn't doing chores or cooking for me.

I might have gotten overboard with the morning's spanking session. When Mom took off her clothes and bared herself to me, her buttocks had purple bruises. I felt bad, so I was extra gentle with Mom, fingering her while she sat on my lap and kissed me.

It had been a while since we have a gentle, loving make-out session, and it was a much needed break from all the brutal sex and undeserved beatings.

I lost count of the orgasms Mom gifted me. She rode me, sucked me off, gave me a crazy good tit job, and then sucked me off again.

When we were finished, we were both slick with sweat, panting, and sore all over. Mom wanted to cuddle in bed, but I told her she couldn't skip the gym. Slaves had to keep their body nice, fit, and in tiptop shape for their Master to enjoy.

Mom got changed and tried to get Kate to go to the gym, too. But when we cracked open Kate's door, she was sleeping with her headphones in her ear. I sneaked inside to make sure my sister was listening to her new playlist. She was, so I left her alone, but not before taking some pictures of her and then masturbating to them in my room while Mom was in the gym.

When Mom came back, she was even sweatier and smelled like a goddess. Her ass was extremely sore after doing her glute workout, so I kept it easy by fucking her swollen pussy in the shower.

Yeah, nothing happened much today except for sex, more sex, and even more sex with my mother who was willing to be fucked in any way or position I desired.

Kate never came out of her room, so Mom cooked dinner naked and then blew me under the table while I ate her delicious cooking. I made sure Kate got some food too, by having Mom hand deliver her meal.

Kate seemed very sulky, barely even talking and just murmuring replies. She never took her headphones off while she ate.

Tuesday Jan 28

Dear Diary,

I didn't sleep well. Not with thoughts about my sister sleeping in her room, hearing the words repeating in her head for hours on end, brainwashing her to fall in love with me.

As soon as the sun rose, I slipped out of bed. Mom was still sleeping, and I sneaked out into the living room and headed towards my sister's. Even though my cock was sore from the countless sex with Mom, I was rock hard and throbbing when I entered Kate's room.

She was still sleeping, headphones on her head. I slipped into bed next to her, and I won't lie. I almost came when I snuggled and pressed my cock against her ass, smelling her intoxicating scent.

Kate woke up, and she was pretty confused when she saw me there. But she didn't freak out. Her latest playlist had made Mom willing to fuck me, so I thought the same would apply to Kate.

I tried to kiss her, but she wasn't having any of it. She shouted 'what the fuck?' and shoved me away.

Either Kate was strong willed, or she was resisting the programming. Probably a bit of both.

I got frustrated and angry, but I didn't push it any further. She was going to be mine in due time, so I had to exercise a bit of patience, no matter how disappointing it was that I couldn't fuck my sister yet.

I left Kate listening to the playlist and headed back into the Master's bedroom where I used all my sexual frustrations on Mom. I allowed her ass to heal, but her pussy was fair game.

By the time the afternoon rolled around, Mom's sex was raw and swollen, and my balls were overworked and utterly drained.

I still wanted to continue, but we had an unwanted visitor. It was Mark, Kate's boyfriend, worried about why my sister was not replying to his texts or any of her friends' messages.

Kate was at the front door apologizing to him, which was not the sight I wanted to see. I had Mom show that prick out and warned him never to return to our house again.

My sister was furious that we had basically tossed him out. But Mom quickly made Kate shut up by giving her the death glare. Kate stomped back into her room and that was the last time I saw her that day.

Night time was a pleasant break from sex. Don't get me wrong. Sex was heavenly, and I was addicted to it. I felt like a drug addict sometimes.

But I saw a video on YouTube about submissive positions, so I had Mom practice it while I watched. Here's the routine I made. I might tweak it later, but each position had a number, and if I called out a digit, Mom would assume the position.

It was extremely hot to watch. Sooner or later, my sister would have to learn the routine too.

Slave routine:

Position one - Basic kneel. Head down, chin tucked in, hands clasped behind back, hips and back straight.

Position two - Basic bow. Standing up. Head bowed, chin down, hands clasped in front, left hand over the right, thighs touching each other.

Position three - Basic fuck position. On all fours. Head down. Hands and knees on the ground. Back arched, hips up and high, thighs spread apart.

Now, I could just say 'Position three' and mom would assume posture. I could slip my cock inside her with no fuss or delay.

Quick and easy.

Wednesday Jan 29

Dear Diary,

Mom's maid uniform and collar arrived today.

I would never forget the sight of my mother after she stepped out of the bathroom, fully dressed like I'd envisioned in my fantasies. I almost forgot about Kate because I got so caught up with fucking Mom for hours on end in every single position I could think of.

By the time I was satisfied, her uniform was soaked in my cum. Mom got cleaned while I walked into my sister's room to check on her progress. I was pretty sure she hadn't taken off her headphones yet unless she had to, like when she was showering.

The programming seemed to almost be in full effect.

Kate was more receptive to my touches. She didn't jerk back when I felt her up, although she was tense and quiet when I neared her important parts.

I knew she still needed more time for her mind to break, so I left her without going overboard. I knew if I kissed her, I wouldn't leave her room for the next few hours, and based on her reactions, she wouldn't fuck me just yet.

Mom took care of Kate, bringing her food and water.

But I didn't have as much patience or control as I thought I had. By the time evening came, I was so turned on and no matter how much I fucked Mom, my cock wouldn't deflate and thoughts of my sister wouldn't disappear.

I had enough.

With Mom in tow, I entered my sister's room, got into bed with her, and claimed her lips.

I must have made the right choice by waiting a few more hours because Kate was even more receptive. She didn't fight back or resist, but she didn't kiss me back. She just laid there, breathing hard, while I tasted those fucking lovely lips of hers, knowing my ultimate fantasy was almost a reality.

I took off Kate's shirt and sucked on her breasts while I jacked myself off. I didn't even last a minute before I exploded all over my sister's body. I had Mom lick the mess all up, and I swore Kate enjoyed it, because she was moaning softly as Mom lapped her up.

We left Kate alone after that. The programming in her updated playlist was breaking her will down bit by bit the longer she listened to it.

I will change her playlist tomorrow, and after that, Kate will finally be mine.

Thursday, Jan 30

Dear Diary,

By seven in the morning, Mom and I were in Kate's room.

Today marked the last day of Kate's freedom. I had her final playlist ready. This playlist contained all the strongest subliminal recordings, and my sister's mind was already weakened with the first two playlist. I knew the wait was almost over.

My sister never resisted me once.

Mom readied her ass while I admired my lovely sister, kissing her neck and lips. When Mom told me she was ready, I headed over to her and fucked her ass while Kate watched. I wanted my sister to know that there was no hope. I wanted Kate to witness how broken Mom was and what better way to do it than bending her over and ramming our mother in the ass?

After I came, I still wasn't satisfied, so I ordered Mom to fuck her daughter while I watched and recorded them.

I expected some resistance from my sister. But she never fought back. In fact, she seemed to enjoy the lesbian lovemaking, and soon enough, Mom had her fingers jammed inside her daughter while they sucked on each other's tongues.

Kate came first, and I had to wonder if she was bisexual. The sight was so goddamn hot and erotic and I exploded my load watching my sister come undone. Then I gave Mom her well-earned release by ordering her to cum. I had been practicing Mom to orgasm on command for the past few nights now, and it had worked out beautifully.

I really wanted to fuck Kate. I was fucking desperate for her, but I wanted our first time to be as magical as possible. When we fuck, she had to beg for it. I didn't want to force myself on her. It was way hotter if Kate was on her hands and knees, pleading for my cock with tears in her eyes.

Before we left Kate, I swapped her iPod with Mom's. She was going to listen to the final playlist. If I was a betting man, I would bet that by tomorrow, I would be buried deep inside my sister's pussy. And probably never leave.

Kate's final Hypnotic tape:

Kevin is sexy

Kevin is everything

Kevin is always right

I love Kevin

I love Kevin's cock

I love Kevin's cum

I love to fuck Kevin

I am loyal to Kevin

I am happy when I am around Kevin

I want to make Kevin happy

I will do anything for Kevin

I am happy when I do errands for Kevin

I want Kevin to think for me

I want to be submissive towards Kevin

I want to serve Kevin

I am Kevin's fuck toy

My body belongs to Kevin

I want to serve Kevin

I can't say no to Kevin

I want to serve Kevin

Kevin is my Master