

## Chapter 5

**Friday, Jan 31**

Dear diary,

If I thought the day I lost my virginity to my own mother had been the best day of my life, today blew past that line, making it seem pitiful compared to the complete fuck fest of a Friday.

I didn't get much sleep last night, even with Mom's warm naked body pressed up against me, and her lovely lips inches away from mine. Kate was in my thoughts the entire night, and when I did manage a few hours of sleep, my sister was still at the forefront of my dreams, appearing in floating visions.

Mom was still asleep when I rolled out of bed and exited the Master's bedroom. The clock on the wall showed half-past six, the sun creaking above the horizon, streaming orange light into the living room.

It was a lovely day, and if everything went as planned, my sister's will should have been broken. She would finally submit to me and allow me to act out all my desires on her.

Every single one of them.

Kate's room was *cold*. I shivered as I cracked open her door and stepped inside. I could see my sister's silhouette under the blanket and the ends of her lush black hair poking out.

I came forward to her bed and inhaled my sister's delicious scent. She smelled even better than Mom, and I was already hard just by being near Kate. It was crazy how much of an effect my beautiful sister had on me. I was under her spell long before she was under mine.

I grabbed the ends of her blanket and pulled, revealing naked perfection. Kate's eyes were closed, headphones still on her head and over her ears, expression relaxed, but lips moving. She was murmuring something so low, I had to lean in so close and concentrate to verify what I hoped she was repeating.

I was right. She was whispering the words on the tape, hidden beneath the music blaring in her head.

I groaned as I bent there, inches away from her lips, listening to the filth coming out of my fantasy woman.

“I want to serve Kevin,” Kate was repeating, her tone flat and a dull monotone, barely a whisper. “I’m 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.”

Time to wake her up and give her a proper welcome to the new family.

I took off the headphones from her head, pop music blaring from the ear cups. I set it aside, watching Kate shift and groan, then finally opening her eyes, her browns confused and wide.

I had never been as hard as I was there, sitting on my sister’s bed and waiting for her to shake the sleep away and notice me.

It took a while. Seconds felt like minutes. But as soon as my sister spotted me, she stiffened, and I assumed the worst—that the programming didn’t work.

But then Kate smiled. It was the first genuine grin she gave me in forever. Then my sister, my beautiful, beautiful sister did the one thing I had fantasized about for years.

She leaned in and kissed me.

I knew the second her lips touched mine that Kate wasn’t Kate anymore. This wasn’t any kiss. I tasted the desperation in her lips and the eagerness in her tongue, just like Mom.

Kate was gone. What was left was an extension of my will. A sexy body of black hair, brown eyes, lush curves, teardrop breasts, and the most exotic looking pussy—all dedicated to serving me for as long as she could breathe.

I didn’t waste time exploring her mouth. Lust overtook me, and before I knew it, I had Kate pinned down on the mattress with me on top of her. My sister gasped, ‘Master!’ and pre-cum rushed out of my tip when I heard the word.

There was something special about hearing 'Master' coming out of your loved one's lips for the very first time. I would never forget the moment Mom addressed me as her Master, and I would certainly never forget the moment I received confirmation that my beautiful sister was broken.

She considered me her Master, and that meant that she saw herself as my slave. She believed her body belonged to me to use and abuse as I saw fit.

And boy, did I abuse that tight fit body of hers.

Even when I enslaved Mom, fucked her senseless, and was too exhausted to continue, I had never ejaculated as much semen as I did today with Kate.

I was in heaven, and I knew I would never come back down to earth. Not with my sister utterly enthralled to me and me alone.

Being inside my sister wasn't anything like I had expected. I envisioned fireworks and overwhelming amounts of pleasure. There was plenty of pleasure, but there wasn't a 'holy shit' moment.

I lined my cock up with her freshly shaven pussy and thrust in. She moaned 'Master!' I moaned some words back.

She was so fucking tight. I stretched her big and wide and went to thrusting. I was brutal with them, pumping into her with wild abandon. My sister, being the sex goddess, met every single one of my slams with erotic sways of her own. The room was filled with my heavy balls slapping against her bubble ass, cheered on by our lustful moaning and shrill cries.

I came inside her in under a minute. Kate orgasmed with me, clamping her pussy walls shut and taking in the torrent I was bursting inside her tight pussy hole, absorbing every single drop. I knew she wasn't on the pill and I was fucking her bareback, but the thought of getting her pregnant only drive my hunger for my older sister way up.

There was no break between my first three orgasms. As soon as my first one ended, we immediately went back to our lovemaking, thrusting my cock into her swollen pussy, kissing her like we were madly in love. Kate smelled even better drenched in sweat, and I didn't remember how many times I came into that addictive pussy of hers, but it was definitely in the double digit range.

I didn't stop until my cock was red and raw with my balls empty. Kate came more times than me and she was whimpering with tears in her eyes when I finally, *finally* pulled out of her, watching her tremble and shake.

I had completely forgotten that Kate was most likely sleep deprived, and she hadn't eaten much in the last couple of days. I somehow managed the strength to struggle out of her bed, the mattress soaked with our mixed fluids.

Without a word, I stumbled out of her room and went to the Master's, where I shook Mom awake. She tried to kiss me and offered a blowjob, but I shook my head and told her to cook breakfast for three.

Her 'Yes, Master,' was expected and welcomed. After Mom left the room, I crashed on the bed and heaved breaths. My lungs were burning, and my cock was screaming.

Mom hand-delivered me breakfast, kneeling at the side of the bed, waiting for her next command. I told her to give her daughter some breakfast, and she walked out, hips swaying, forcing my cock to jerk painfully at the sinful sight.

My heart was still hammering in my chest, the bubbling excitement of finally fucking my sister not evaporating yet. I was in a mess of emotions. Ecstatic, tearful, thrilled, and intoxicated with lust.

I didn't know how long I laid there, munching on delicious eggs on toast, but I felt like I couldn't walk with how weak my knees were. I was trying to muster up the energy to return to Kate's room, but she reached me first.

By the time the sun was at its peak, high in the sky, there was a knock on my door, closely followed by my sister's sexy voice.

"May I come in, Master?"

Of course I said yes.

My lovely sister stepped into the room, beautifully nude, her hair damp from a shower, smelling like sin, enveloping the room in a cloud of sweet, cloying perfume. My cock was finally deflating after hours of being hard, but it was perked back up, throbbing hard.

The sex this time was more passionate than the first session. It was still hard and rough, because gentle was not in my vocabulary and Kate allowed me to dictate the pace, but I wasn't ramming into her sopping wet pussy like hours before. Her pussy was already stretched wide, and all I needed to do was thrust in and out. The beautiful moans that I elicited from Kate's mouth had me cumming again and again and again.

Evening rolled around. My family didn't have dinner. Well, aside from the reservoir of semen Kate generously swallowed. I didn't even notice Mom in the room until I heard her cry out from an orgasm. She had been fingering herself watching me pound into her daughter.

I was exhausted, so we took a break from the intense cardio. Kate allowed me to stroke her sweat slick body as I asked her questions, wondering just how much she had changed.

Kate answered all of them like she was born to be my slave. She told me she wanted nothing more in life than to make me happy, and that she would do absolutely anything for me. My sister told me she thought I was the sexiest man alive, and that she loved my cock, pumping me with skilled hands as she talked.

Having another orgasm would be overkill, so I had Mom and Kate make love in front of me while I watched and recorded them. I assumed they would be nervous because both my slaves were straight as a ruler, but they started the foreplay by fondling each other as if they were genuine lovers before having a steamy makeout session.

The intensity grew quickly. Kate left Mom's lips and began sucking on her hard nipples while Mom tweaked and pinched her own daughter's tits. If I showed the video to someone with no context, anyone would swear the two women in the video were lesbian with how passionate their touches, kisses, and moans were.

I had to use up all my evaporating willpower to not masturbate when Mom laid down and spread her thighs wide for her daughter. Kate took the invitation, running her tongue along the insides of mom's thighs before licking towards her clit and sucking hard.

Kate must have done a good job because she brought our mother to orgasm in record time, lapping at the insides of her pussy and causing mom to shriek and writhe in convulsion.

I felt re-energized with the hot display, so I joined in. I was thrusting in between fleshy tunnels, alternating from one to the other. Pumping into Kate for the first thirty

seconds, then switching over to Mom. Although Mom's pussy was fucking amazing, my sister's tight walls were just on another level, and I ended up cumming for the what felt like the hundredth time that day, shooting up hot ropes of semen into my sister's birth canal.

Exhaustion came back crashing down, so I called the threesome to an end and all three of us ended up taking a lovely shower together. Mom and Kate were telling me how much they loved me while they washed me, two pairs of hands roaming around my body, touching me everywhere.

Kate really was the perfect slave. My sister was everything I dreamt of her to be. Submissive, beautiful, loyal, and *very* loving. We went to bed, but not before I spilled what was left in my balls into my eager slaves, rewarding them with a cumshot each inside their pussies.

### **Saturday, Feb 1**

Dear diary,

February first. The beginning of a new month and a fresh start to my life.

Just over a week ago, Kate tried to murder me for going through her panties drawer, but now she was snoozing right beside me, smelling all sweet and smooth and looking so fuckable.

I woke her up with my sore cock inside her equally raw pussy. She jolted awake with a moan and didn't miss a beat, rolling both of us over and going up on all fours on top of me, riding me like a pro.

It was the best possible start to my morning. Mom was already awake and came into the room to serve me breakfast just as I was shooting my load into my sister. I ate while my two girls shared fresh semen as their breakfast.

Honestly, thinking back, I didn't even know why I was bothering to shower six times a day. My girls were going to be coated with my seed just minutes after they stepped out from the bathroom anyway.

But we took a nice shower and performed our morning routine. Kate did her hair and put on some makeup while I admired her from the vanity mirror, stroking her ass while she giggled like a schoolgirl.

I couldn't wait for her to finish her makeup. Without warning, I spread her ass wide and thrust into her anal hole. She was *fucking* tight there. Like suffocatingly tight.

I pulled out and Kate got us some lube. She lubricated my cock with her hands, then her mouth, and then led me by hand to the bed where she got on all fours and begged me to, and I quote 'please, please fuck my ass. Please fuck me there, Master.'

I was relentless, destroying that tight little ring of flexing muscles, ramming my hips into her ass over and over and over, cheered on by her moans and groans. When I came, I felt it all the way to my toes, my heart a sledgehammer in my chest, about to burst.

If I could describe how the day went, I could describe it with a single word.

Threesomes. Lots and lots of threesomes.

Kate was my main hole, but Mom's pussy was a nice break inbetween fucking my sister. Between intermissions, I had my girls finger and eat out one another because I always liked watching lesbian porn, and now I had the real thing.

I even made a game where I'd have Mom and Kate try to make each other cum. Whoever made the other orgasm first was rewarded with an anal pounding. Kate always won. She was ultra competitive all her life, and it really showed as she overpowered Mom and ravaged her pussy with her swollen lips and hot tongue.

After a day filled with sex, I had Mom teach an exhausted Kate how to perform the slaves positions. After half an hour of practicing, Kate executed the different stance and posture in front of me while I watched.

My sister was a quick learner, but I caught a mistake when she was switching from position three to position one. I had an excuse to punish her, so I had my sister sit on my lap while I spanked her until tears spilled from her eyes. Then I fucked her pussy good while she whimpered and begged, her ass red and trembling with my handprints all over those plump cheeks.

I love my life.

We ended the day with a workout session, because I always fantasized about fucking girls in their gym outfits.

My slaves didn't get a single meal in today except for my cum. Although they looked tired, none of them complained when I told them to get changed, head into the garage to lift some dumbbells and perform some squats.

Kate chose a pink sports bra with matching pink yoga pants, while Mom wore a red top and nude colored yoga pants.

I was leaking pre-cum down my cock as I watched both women squat in their skin-tight pants. I fucked Kate first, telling her to not stop squatting as I thrust in and out of her pussy from behind. But it was difficult having sex in that position, so eventually, I had Kate leaning against the garage wall, with one leg up and around my hips as I burst yet again into her pussy.

Then I had Mom do some squats on my dick while I laid on a workout bench.

Best. Gym. Session. Ever.

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## **The Present**

**Saturday, Feb 25**

Dear diary,

Oh god. How long has it been? A little over three weeks?

Sorry but I have been busy. Fucking Kate and Mom was more time-consuming than I thought, and I keep forgetting to do some writing. My nights now are filled with intense love making, most often going into early morning.

Life has been great. Perfect, actually.

My girls are totally in love with me, and I'm completely addicted to fucking them. I don't use the recordings anymore since there's nothing I want changed with my beautiful ladies.

The subliminal commands had really morphed my girls' personalities. My sister and mother used to be straight, but now they developed a wonderful lesbian relationship on



the side. When they weren't servicing me, they were always fucking each other. The house was never silent, always a low moan or a groan heard somewhere.

But I have some major news.

Mom just told me she's pregnant.

First of all, I didn't expect Mom to get pregnant before Kate. I was fucking Kate ten times more than I was having sex with my mother. Logically, Kate should be more fertile since she is still in her twenties and Mom is in her early forties, even though she looked nowhere near that.

And second, I really didn't know how to feel about the news. I am going to be a father in the coming months, and there is no way I am prepared for it. I have to be honest with myself. I'm lazy as hell and probably the most irresponsible man in the world. Combined with zero self control and being a complete sex addict, I am a walking recipe for disaster.

I guess it's time to change.

Kate certainly took the news badly. She is always talking about having my child, and when she found out she wouldn't be bearing my first, she left the room in tears.

I comforted her this afternoon and promised her my second. She's still sulking now, but she will get over it. We'll just fuck a lot more until her belly grows big.

Yeah, that's basically it. I'm happy, my girls are happy, and we are all living our dream lives, even if Kate and Mom's definition of a 'perfect life' was artificially implanted into their minds.

Money isn't an issue. There's no way I'm allowing my girls out of the house aside from getting the weekly groceries and having date nights and so on, but there are other ways to make money, especially when I have two *extremely* attractive women willing to do absolutely anything I tell them to.

A week ago, I had Kate create an onlyfans account where she uploaded a bunch of content. Mostly videos of her giving me blowjobs, me fucking her rough and hard while never showing my face. There are also videos of Kate and Mom fucking each other with strap-ons and a whole lot of petting.

It was a hit. My sister has already gathered almost five hundred paying 'fans' and her page is growing exponentially every day. Soon I will launch Mom's page.

All the money goes to me, of course. But I put it to good use. I give my girls lavish gifts and treat them like queens when out on expensive dates. I know how to keep my girls happy, even though I didn't need to.

I am not sure if I will continue updating this diary. All my goals are completed, and I have accomplished everything I set out to do. There is no point in journaling anymore, is there?

The last thing I want to update before I go is that after I get my sister pregnant, we have plans to marry. My wedding with Mom is already set for April. Nothing fancy. The only person in attendance will be Kate.

I just want to make it official. Crown the husband and wife title on both of us. Then it would be Kate's turn. Instead of owning a mother slave and a sister slave, I will have slave wives. It just sounds better. What do you think?

Anyway, my dick is hard again. Kate is done sulking and just came into the Master bedroom. She is kneeling in front of me, waiting patiently for me to finish journaling my day, naked as always, except for five inch black high heels and a black slave collar wrapped tightly around her neck. The ultimate vision of sin and submission, and the usual uniform my girls wear. I think Mom is outside doing chores. She's a workaholic and keeps the place spotless.

I will fuck my pregnant mother in a minute. First, I had a beautiful twenty-three year old to attend to.

God, my sister looks stunning, and she smells as exotic as ever. My biggest fear is that I would eventually get bored of my sister. I mean, after thousands of times plunging into the same hole, it would eventually get dull, right?

Not now, though. Every time I fuck her, it still feels like our first time, and I hope that feeling never ends.

Oh, she's sliding up to me now. And... my cock is in her mouth. She's sucking and licking and moaning. Now she's whimpering.

Fuck.

I have a job to do. A child to put inside my sexy sister.

Until next time,

Kevin