

## **Sister's Diary**

**Tuesday, Jan 21**

Dear Diary,

Fuck Kevin. He's a sick, disgusting pervert. My little brother developed a thing for me ever since I came back from university and we hadn't seen each other in years. Back then, he was a troubled, shy, and soft-spoken kid, but he was kind hearted.

Well, as weird and as fucked up as it sounded, I think my own brother developed a crush on me. No, crush was too weak of a word. He LUSTED for me.

I have changed a lot since he last saw me. I had followed Mom's advice and hit the gym while studying in uni, developing the curves that frequently made me the center of attention and grew a great ass that I found to be a double-edge sword. It magnetized too many double glances and attracted creeps of all ages.

When I first stepped through the front door after Mom picked me up from the airport, Kevin's jaw dropped and his eyes went wide. He stuck by me throughout the day, asking me how I was and other useless stuff. I was delighted with the talks at first, especially since we were never close and didn't contact each other much while I was overseas.

But his constant advancements soon became creepy. He would stare at my boobs and butt all day, not even bothering to look away when I caught him. My brother then followed me on Instagram, liking all my photos, and I even caught a glimpse of myself in a bikini as his phone wallpaper.

The worst thing? He was blatantly obvious about his obsession. In several instances, I found him in my room, sniffing my underwear. It was disgusting, and I comforted him about it.

My brother had went on a long tangent, saying that he really wanted me and I was his dream girl, even offering to pay me his life savings just for one quick fuck.

Yeah...

I told him to fuck off, and I made sure my room was always locked from then onwards. I also told Mom about the whole thing, who then grounded Kevin for a month. It was kind of funny. Grounding an eighteen-year-old man.

That was two months ago. I found a decent job working as a pharmacist assistant, and just today, when I returned home early, I found Kevin in my room again. He must have picked my door or something. He was masturbating, rubbing my underwear against the sides of his cock with one hand, his other hand holding his phone, with a picture of me in a tank top and yoga pants.

I kicked his ass. I didn't even feel bad. He deserved it.

I will tell Mom about it later. We had a huge argument after that. Apparently, his nose wouldn't stop bleeding and he wanted me to send him to the hospital since he didn't have a car; couldn't afford one since he never got a job. I told him to fuck off, then the shouting and screaming ensued. When I told him I was going to kill him if he broke into my room again, he came with a compromise: a squeeze on my ass cheeks for never going back in there without my permission.

What a fucking twat. I almost broke his nose in the heat of the Moment. Had to hold myself back at the last second.

Fuck my brother. Fuck him.

Mom told me he was just a troubled teen, and the solution was to send him to a therapist. As if that was going to help. Kevin is a smart kid, too smart for his own good. But spending time in front of the computer, all day, every day, has corrupted my brother. Nothing could save him.

Well, fuck him. I have to force him out of my mind for now. Can't wait for tomorrow. So excited!

**Wednesday, Jan 22**

Dear Diary,

I had the best birthday ever! Twenty-two goddamn candles! The group and I went for pizza and they bought me the most delicious chocolate ice cream cake ever. Talk about calories! I actually feel kind of guilty right now. Oh well, I'm going to hit the gym extra hard tomorrow!

I opened Kevin's present last. Honestly, I expected something horrible. A prank, like an enormous dildo or something. But it was a brand new iPod (do people still use

those?) and a note that told me how sorry he was and that I should listen to the special playlist he created just for me.

Could I forgive Kevin? Maybe. I am just in shock he would actually give me a real present, let alone apologize. Maybe he finally learnt his lesson. Apparently, Mom also received the same gift even though it wasn't her birthday. Kevin said he planned to buy only one at first but saved up enough cash to afford two, so he gave her one. How strangely thoughtful of him.

The brat then begged Mom to listen to her playlist as soon as she could because it was a 'test' and he wanted feedback.

Kevin was never interested in music. Odd.

### **Thursday, Jan 23**

Dear Diary,

What a busy day! So much shit to do at the pharmacy, then hanging out with Katy and the others in the bar as soon as I got off work. I haven't had sex in, like, two weeks!

Mark was so busy with work, busting his ass off to get the promotion he deserves. At least he could make some time for me today after I was done shooting jager bombs with the ladies. He booked us a table at a fancy Korean restaurant. It was nice. Very chill.

When I returned home, I was so ready for bed. But I plopped down on the sofa opposite where Mom and the brat were sitting. I felt that if I just closed my eyes for a moment, I would doze off, but I craved some family time.

They were watching some kind of movie on Netflix and Mom had her earphones on, listening to the playlist Kevin made for her. I could swear that Mom kept trying to scoot towards Kevin. They were sitting closer and closer every time I glanced their way. Kevin asked me if I had listened to his playlist yet and looked extremely disappointed when I told him I hadn't.

Mom then chimed in, saying that Kevin was a genius and the playlist he'd given her was the best.

Hmm. I will listen to it tomorrow.

When I finally excused myself to hit the sack, Mom was touching thighs with her son, her hand on top of his, and she was clearly more invested in him than in the movie.

Mom, like me, had never been close to Kevin. He was the outsider, the weird one. Apparently, during my years of absence, they must have grown closer or something. I just rolled my eyes and went to my room, but not before looking back and seeing my brother whispering something to her. She was giggling childishly and Kevin used that opportunity to squeeze Mom's breasts through her top.

I thought Mom would freak out or something, but she just smiled and whispered something back.

I was too tired to step in and give my brother a verbal lashing. He always does stuff like that, and for some reason, Mom wasn't minding it.

Whatever. Tomorrow is an extremely busy day. I can't promise to write.

**Friday, Jan 24**

Dear Diary,

Mom was right. The playlist was soooooo good. I spent the whole day at work just listening to it. Boss was not pleased.

It's funny, sometimes in the middle of the song, I swore I could hear a voice whispering to me. Maybe it was the chorus or something. I don't know.

I was so caught up in the music that the next time I checked my phone, I had two-hundred unread messages! Talk about being popular.

After I came back from work today, I went shopping with Mom. We bought the weirdest things. Designer perfumes that had specific flavors to them, like blueberry rose or something like that. She also bought extremely sexy lingerie, all in black. It was so unlike her.

I had to wonder what Mom's new boyfriend would look like. I mean, what else was the reasoning behind this sudden shopping spree? She had a lot of flings after Dad and her split up.

Mom was very specific with the kind of man she wanted, so she ended up with lines and lines of exes. Poor guys.

Mom was very excited about buying those lingeries, so I expect it must be some hunk. I imagined him to be cool, charismatic, super rich and funny. The kind of guy Mom would fall for.

Mom was still young, in her mid-forties, but looked half her age, and definitely had a smoking hot body to prove it. People often mistook us for sisters. Well, the new hunky boyfriend must have liked strawberries, because she bought so many of those lip glosses that I was sure it would last her a lifetime, maybe two.

She was also super into her new playlist. Even while shopping, she had her earphones on, listening to the music with the volume cranked up so loud I could hear it from a few feet away.

When we came home, Kevin was curious about what we bought. I told him to fuck off when he started scavenging the shopping bags, but Mom actually snapped at me, telling that he had every right to look.

I am not going to lie. I cried. Alone. In my room. Mom NEVER raised her voice at me like that before. We were super close.

After I was done sobbing myself to death, I headed to Mom's room to apologize, but it was empty and when I looked in the garage, her car was gone. She probably went out on a date, which explained her rush to buy all the things. But Kevin was gone too, and he didn't have a car. Mom must have sent him or he got a ride from his friends, except I never saw a single friend of his—he never texted much, if at all.

Weird. Maybe he walked.

**Saturday, Jan 25**

Dear Diary,

I couldn't believe it. The brat lost his virginity. I knew he had never had sex because a couple of weeks ago, he had begged me to take his virginity. My reply was always the same, told him to fuck off and to go pay a prostitute. I assumed he finally listened because that was the only chance he could get laid.

When he came into my room (knocking no less, I got caught off guard), he bragged in my face that he had the most amazing sex, describing me in great detail how he ravaged 'his bitch's cunt' and even gave me proof by showing a short clip he took while fucking the woman—just in case I didn't believe him.

Strange. The moaning from the woman sounded awfully familiar, like I heard the voice before but couldn't place a face on it.

I congratulated him sarcastically and, out of curiosity, asked him what the prostitute looked like. He just gave me a wry smile that sent chills down my back and walked away, practically skipping.

Honestly, I feel bad about the way I had been treating Kevin. Why was I feeling bad, anyway? He was a brat, a pervert and treated women like they were nothing more than tools.

Mark invited me to go out with him, but I declined. I was too lazy to go out, and he was getting soooooo boring. All he did was talk about work and basketball. I just want to spend my time laying in bed with my iPod and the soothing music playing on repeat.

### **Sunday, Jan 26**

Dear Diary,

My boss is such a bitch. How the hell could I be attentive at work every second? Why should I? I mean, yeah, there wasn't much downtime, but give me a break. I told her off and the bitch got mad and gave me a decision: stop listening to my music or fuck off.

Mom will NOT be pleased to find out I got fired.

Speaking of Mom, what was up with her? She had been acting so strange lately, walking around the house in just the lingerie she bought, and her face always had makeup on. I tried to tell her about the argument between me and Mrs Bitch, but she waved me away, walking past me into Kevin's room and then locking the door behind her.

She's been acting differently around Kevin, too. It was like he had her wrapped around his thumb. He had her doing his chores now and gave her the dumbest errands,

like to fetch him ice cream or to tie his shoes, as if he couldn't do it himself—and all in that super revealing black lingerie of hers.

It also hurt to see Mom siding with the brat, telling me that Kevin was always right whenever we were in the middle of one of our arguments. How was him smacking my ass when I walked by him right!? And Kevin was still up to his disgusting antics.

Whenever he was bored, he would fondle Mom's ass, sometimes even pinching her nipples, and she would take it all, giggling and smiling like it was in some way hilarious.

Anyway, I got curious and pressed my ear against the door, only to hear barely audible noises, one of which I could swear was a moan.

Weird. Very, very weird.

Well, I finally got to spend time with her tonight when we did our family Netflix session. Mom was pressed up close to Kevin, snuggling him, while I sat opposite them, watching uncomfortably as she was now, very clearly, rubbing the back of her hand against his penis through his shorts, getting it up to erection quickly, then lovingly stroking it.

Kevin was obviously enjoying it. His hand was on Mom's back, running his hand up and down her curves while he leaned forward, whispering words into Mom's ear and sniffing her perfume.

Somehow I didn't really mind. I just felt it was a little weird. As long as it was just rubbing and stroking, I was semi fine with it.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

Well, in the middle of the movie, Mom got up and sat on Kevin's lap, straddling him. Then she started dry humping against his massive erection. Mind you, she was semi naked, in just her black laced lingerie.

I freaked out at that, of course. I told her it was extremely inappropriate of her to do that to her own son and Mom snarled some nasty stuff in response, which got me running in tears back to my room.

What was wrong with her? Something was definitely up. Mom was never like this.

Well, at least someone was on my side for once.

Kevin comforted me when I was still bawling my eyes out, his cheeks flushed and his erection still throbbing through his shorts. He told me he didn't expect Hailey (why was he calling Mom by name?) to act up like that and that he would talk to her, then 'punish' her for what she said to me.

What does that even mean?

But, yeah, he held me close while I cried into his shoulders. I really feel bad about the way I treated him, now that he was being so kind to me, so I apologized for everything.

Kevin said he totally understood and told me not to worry. He was still a bit of a perv because he kept 'accidentally' touching my bottom while he was comforting me, his erection pressed hotly against my stomach. I let it slide because he was actually a good brother for once.

Then he asked me to lend me the iPod because he had a newly updated playlist for me because of the feedback Mom had given him.

I gave him the iPod, and before he exited my room, he took a bunch of my hair and inhaled deeply, and I could have sworn from the expression of his face, the low moans that escaped from his lips, then from the way he walked out of my room... he just had an orgasm.

## **Monday, Jan 27**

Dear Diary,

I guess the talk Kevin promised to have with Mom ended well because she came up to me this morning and apologized for what she did.

It was super awkward, not because she was literally kneeling down and frantically apologizing, but because she was naked and had huge red marks on her ass like she had been whipped.

We talked for a bit and it cheered me up a lot. Mom kept giving me compliments out of nowhere, telling me how beautiful I was and was uncharacteristically touching and squeezing my boobs, then commenting on how perfect they were.



What got me weirded out the most was the 'Sir' she kept referring to.

How I was going to be so perfect for 'Sir', how 'Sir' was going to be so pleased with me, how happy 'Sir' will be once I 'transformed'.

Mom returned my iPod, which I knew was mine because it had a cat sticker on the right corner. She told me Kevin had updated the playlist and demanded that I listen to it and gave me a kiss on the lips when I agreed.

And it was a full-blown French kiss too, with tongue action and all. I only relented because I didn't want to anger her again, and weirdly... I actually enjoyed it. A lot. What the hell?

The new playlist Kevin updated was SUPER good, though. Like wayyyyyy better than the first. I laid in bed listening to the damn thing all day, not even bothering to get up to head for the gym or go to the living room to watch Netflix with them.

I just want to lie here in bed, listening to the soft, soothing sounds and hear the hypnotic voice that seemed to speak directly to me.

## **Tuesday, Jan 28**

Dear Diary,

I woke up with my brother in bed with me. It was weird at first, but a comforting feeling washed over me. It was nice to have him snuggled up beside me, feeling his body (and his boner). I was... turned on. But he crossed the line when he tried to kiss me. On the lips.

Well, he didn't seem happy that I rejected him. Kevin muttered a bunch of curses under his breath and left me there. I eventually fell back to sleep with the soft music playing in my ears.

Mark was getting worried about me. He came over that afternoon, asking me why I wasn't replying to his or any of my friend's texts. As I was apologizing, Mom came out of nowhere and shooed him out. It was extremely rude of her to do that, but one look at Mom and I kept my mouth shut. This wasn't me. I always spoke my mind out. Why was I being so... submissive?

Sigh. My life was going downhill. I lost my job, started ignoring my boyfriend and friends, pissed off Mom and Kevin. All I had left was my iPod and the soothing music...

### **Wednesday Jan 29**

Dear Diary,

Is this what depression feels like? For the past four days, I have just been in bed all day with the earpiece glued to my ear and the songs playing on repeat.

Mom took care of me, though. She brought me food and water. She had changed her wardrobe again. She was now wearing a short-sleeved dress that ended an inch above her knees, and had white cuffs and collars, finished with a neat white apron tied to the front.

I didn't even question her wearing a maid's uniform. With so much weirdness going on now, it just seemed normal, and it hurts so much to think. It must be the depression fucking my mind up.

Though I did raise an eyebrow at the black collar wrapped tightly around her neck.

Mom was completely committed to Kevin now. Addressing him as her 'Master' and pampering him with sex and kisses. She now had taken over all the chores that Kevin was supposed to do and would kneel by his side when she was done, looking like she was perfectly willing to eat a frog if Kevin said so.

And the sex... oh god. I hadn't seen it yet, but the sounds she made when they fucked in the Master bedroom...

Kevin visited me later that day, of course, with Mom following close by, wearing her maid uniform. They looked like they just fucked because my brother's hair was all messed up and he had his erection in hand, stroking it absentmindedly, cum dripping onto the floor, and Mom had milky semen all over her backside.

He said one word to Mom, and she immediately left without a word, standing outside the door, her hands clasped together in front of her apron.

I had no will to fight back when he began kissing me, shoving his tongue in my mouth, exploring all around, tasting me. His breaths were hot and rapid as he slid both

his hands under me and squeezed my ass cheeks as hard as he possibly could, muttering how perfect they were, how they were soon to be all his.

Then his attention came to my breasts. Licking his way down my neck the same way Mom did with him, he began sucking on the curve of my breast then paid special attention to my nipples, which were already hard from his touches.

I didn't remember how long the onslaught lasted, but it finally ended when he came, exploding all over my breasts and stomach, marking himself on me.

Kevin then gestured for Mom to come over and his next command made it certain that there were no traces of self respect left in her anymore: to lick all his cum off my body, which she did, ecstatically, and I whimpered while she obeyed his order.

Mom was completely gone now. I could see that. I didn't even know what was left of her, and I didn't understand what power my brother had over her, over me, or how he was doing it.

When she was done, she enquired why Kevin hadn't 'taken' me, gesturing to my cunt. My brother replied I wasn't 'ready' and that he would only take me when I was fully his and willing. A chill ran through me when he said it was very soon.

He then put the earpieces back in my ear before leaving. I could only lie there, listening to the entrancing song playing in my head on repeat and letting the world go by.

### **Thursday, Jan 30**

Dear Diary,

When I woke up, I managed the energy to shower myself, washed off my brother's dry stains from my body, brushed my teeth, and changed clothes. I plopped myself back in bed, inserting the earpieces back where it belonged.

I had theorized I was being brainwashed, and I couldn't care less. My life was in ruins and if I was made into a sex slave to my brother... well, at least I could make someone happy. Mom made him happy, and she seemed content.

When Kevin came back, he had Mom's iPod with him, switching it with mine and playing a whole new range of music. I loved it, and I swayed to the beat dreamily.

He told me that this was the last day I was going to be 'myself' and he wanted to make it worthwhile.

I didn't realize Mom was in the room, completely naked, until my brother walked to her. She was bent over and her fingers were lost in between her butt cheeks, plunging her manicured fingers in and out of her ass, only stopping when she was sure she was completely lubed up. Her gaze leveled with mine and I couldn't see a trace of the Mom I so dearly loved in there.

Her eyes seemed so cold, lifeless... only lighting up when she received the slightest bit of attention from her son, which they did when he went behind her, and without a pause, slid his cock inside her ass.

He then fucked Mom while I watched, horrified. He had anal sex with her, and it was apparent that it was Mom's first time by the way she groaned and screamed in pain. Kevin was relentless, ravaging her asshole, hammering her from behind until he came, then slid out when he was done, leaving Mom whimpering in a slump at his feet.

I couldn't explain how horny I was. I had no idea where that lust had come from, suddenly wanting to fuck my brother's brain out, so turned on at the power he had over Mom, over me.

He then gave Mom a new order: to fuck me. I watched as Mom struggled to her feet, limping towards me with desperation in her eyes. I saw Kevin at the corner of my eyes, leaning against the wall, his phone pointed towards us on one hand, the other pumping his dick as he eagerly enjoyed the show.

Mom really knew how to work her fingers and her tongue. I came first, then Kevin, then Mom, when Kevin allowed her to cum. The beats of the music played in my head the whole time. I could make out the whispers in the songs now.

Submit.

Submit to Kevin.

And I will. It just felt so good to submit.

**Friday, Feb 17**

Dear Diary,

Master gave me a new diary! I love him soooooo much. He fucks like a maniac. He was a little inexperienced, but I showed him the ropes, often guiding his cock with my hands, then with my cunt. He learns quickly.

Master uses me roughly, and very, very often. I had to work hard to please him. That was okay with me, though. I could ride him forever, or have him ride me. Whichever way he wanted.

I feel so special. Master gives me so much praise and I am always flooded with them, telling me in a million different ways how sexy I was and that he still couldn't believe that I was his now.

He primarily used Mom for chores and errands, even though I was his maid, too. I wore the same outfit as Mom, a custom-tailored maid uniform and a black collar tightly wrapped around my neck. The choker took some getting used to, but I loved it now.

We even wore the same black high heels. Master told me he had a huge uniform fetish so that explained me having to be in uniform during most of our sexy times. No undergarments, of course. I had to be easily accessible to Master at all times.

Master also used a long black whip as punishment for disobedience, but Mom and I had always obeyed every single one of his commands, no matter how degrading they were.

I think he really wanted to use the whip because he would find the craziest excuses to punish us. Mom got whipped this morning because he found a speck of dust under his bed and my ass was super sore and red now because I forced his orgasm too early last night and it embarrassed him.

Oh well, I enjoyed the pain anyway, though the same couldn't be said for Mom.

I don't like how Master treats Mom. He treats her nicely enough, sure, but he often ignores her, completely engrossed with me (especially my ass, anal with him has always been intense!) to even notice her most of the time.

I really don't get it since Mom herself was super sexy and had a body women her age could only dream of. Men would kill for a night with her and Master shoves her aside, only fucking her as a substitute when I was not available for whatever reason.

Mom was way better at sucking dick than I was, too. I learnt a lot from watching her. Master even admitted multiple times that Mom was hot, but I was just superior in every way.

Mom doesn't mind. She is just happy that Master is happy. But I am not, so I brought up the idea of threesomes. Master didn't like it at first, but I really pushed and now it is a regular thing. It was a win-win too because I developed a crush for Mom and I loveeeeeee kissing her and eating her out. She tastes delicious!

Of course, Master made me cut ties with Mark. He had me break up with the jock through the phone, fondling my ass (which was his new favorite pastime. I adored the attention) and whispering words in my ear, telling me exactly what to say, using me as a puppet.

Master had me say some really nasty stuff to Mark, and I didn't even feel bad in the slightest. Honestly, I hated Mark now, since Master hates him, too. Master also had me block all of my friends on all the social media platforms I used, saying that my place was in the bedroom, and my job was to lay there and be fucked all day. Every day for the rest of my life.

The last four days had been a fuck fest. I let Master have sex with me in every position he could think of, and even taught (and showed) him some myself. He fucked me in all of them. I have never been happier.

I was his, so it only made sense to completely give myself to him. I worked extra hard in the gym too and never had been more disciplined in my diet. I was doing it for Master and that was more than enough motivation to last a lifetime.

Mom and I often work out together in the garage gym, naked, of course. Master had thrown away all our clothing, only keeping our uniforms and super sexy lingerie.

During workouts, Master would always be there, watching us from behind as we did our squats, making sure he had a good view. Gym sex was always loud and intense, and I looked forward to every single one of them.

I still can't get over the fact that Mom is pregnant before me! Honestly, I was seething with jealousy for over a week, but I have calmed down now. It made sense for our mother to have his first child, and Master has already promised me I would bear his

second. We fuck more than ever now so the ultimate honor of having Master's baby would soon cum (pun intended, hehe!)

As I am writing this, I am in bed with Master with his beautiful cock pressed against my sore ass. He had just passed out after filling me up, and I can feel his seed leaking out from my asshole. Every time I shift, drops of semen would drip onto the bed. I was just so full of him!

And as much as I hate to admit, I was tired and extremely sore everywhere too. I just wished I had infinite stamina to satisfy Master's insane sex drive.

That's about it. My life has dramatically improved, and I can't ask to be happier. I had two lovers whom I loved dearly and a deeply satisfying job. I never knew how fun it would be to be a full-time sex slave to my own brother!

Anyway, I am so tired. I will try to write again tomorrow, just because I enjoy it so much. But no promises. Master has plans for me tomorrow, which involves a lot of sex. He is inviting a professional videographer of some sort to film our sex, then he plans to sell the video online to some website.

Master told me that the potential for millions was possible since the demand for incest porn was high and that few people were delivering high-quality ones, especially with the lack of 'really hot chicks'. I was happy to do it to support Master's spending habits.

And even if I wasn't comfortable with videos of myself being fucked online, I can't argue. I just obey Master's wishes. After all, that's what a good slave does.

And I am the best slave ever. Just ask Master.