

# REVENGE OF THE NERD: BITCH SISTER

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*Nerd uses formula to make his sister his submissive slut.*

Mind Control

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**Summary:** Nerd uses formula to make his sister his submissive slut.

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## **Revenge of the Nerd: Bitch Sister**

"I can't believe they fired me," Brandon thought to himself. Oh sure, the prototype didn't go as planned, but it wasn't his fault...he was close and he knew it.

Bitter and wanting revenge for being called "A crackpot, egocentric, and sexist," he spent the next few months on a new project...one that would get revenge on the President of the company, a bitch named Sarah Lodge, who was personally responsible for ending the funding for his project. Although she was beautiful and, rumour had it, slept and blackmailed her way to the top, she had laughed at him when he asked her out and blamed him personally for the failure of the three year project.

Having been rejected his whole life by pretty women who were ugly on the inside, he spent every waking second on his new mind control drug. It was originally intended to be used during interrogations, and made people tell the truth...but he now had other nefarious purposes in mind.

During test trials, it had seemed to work as anticipated for a brief amount of time before the individual being interrogated began randomly taking off their clothes and getting sexually aggressive.

Brandon, friends with the janitors that were always ignored by the bigwigs, had unlimited access to all the company's equipment and chemicals and continued modifying the drug with a new purpose...revenge.

Six months after he was fired, the drug was ready. The drug had been modified to change the moral fibre of a person...in reality, it shifted the decision making of the individual to the low standards they had while drunk...but with even more psychological manipulation:

- the person couldn't lie (like in that Jim Carrey movie 'Liar Liar')

- the person's body would feel the need to obey even though their conscious mind would argue against such obedience

- the person's sexual libido would increase substantially, the part he had really formulated, as part of his master plan to get revenge on not only that bitch Sarah, but others who have treated him poorly over the years.

- the individual would feel constricted by the clothes they were wearing and want to be naked

-he had also played with the formula to create what he believed would be potentially permanent impacts on the person infected (the original drug only lasted an hour). This was the one thing he was still very unsure of: it could last a few hours, days, weeks or maybe forever.

Now back at home, having lost everything when he was fired, he lived with his mother and eighteen year old bitch sister, Carrie, who mocked him profusely for being such a pathetic loser. While he got the brains, she got the looks. She was a cheerleader and, like most stereotypical cheerleaders was a bitch to anyone who didn't fit into her social clique. Deciding he should do a test of the drug before going after Sarah and the corporation that fired him, He decided to test the drug on his bitch sister.

That night, (well, morning since it was a little after seven, but having worked nights so long his days were all messed up) while she was asleep, he went into her room, and sprayed the drug onto her face. Looking at her asleep, she really was beautiful. A brief moment of guilt hit him as he realized the potential consequences he had just inflicted on his own flesh and blood. Yet, the deed already done, it was a little too late for second guessing. With his mom already at work, she worked the morning shift as a nurse at the hospital, he had a few hours to test his drug and, if his theory was right, recondition his sister.

After about a minute, she coughed, the scent strong, and she sat up and screamed when she saw that her brother was staring at her. "What the hell, Brandon?"

"Good morning, sis," he smiled, her large breasts barely held in by her purple nightie.

"Get the fuck out of here, you pervert," she snapped, pissed at his arrogance.

"I was just giving you your new wake up call," he ominously said.

"What's that mean?" she questioned, glaring at him and yet still not totally awake.

"It means that it is time to put you in your place," he said, looking forward to doing just that.

"Fuck off, you unemployed loser," she shot back, mean shots coming natural to her.

"And you're a bimbo bitch," he shot right back. "And I figure that is both figuratively and literally true."

"Ohhh, my smart brother can use big words," she sarcastically said. "How has that worked out for you?"

Eager to test his theory, his cock stiffening in his pants at the potential, he ordered, "Show me your tits, baby sister."

"As if," she scoffed. "I knew you were a fucking virgin, but this is pathetic."

He smiled, knowing she would spit venom at him, just like he knew Sarah would when he went after her, yet as anticipated, even as she talked, she unknowingly lifted up her nightie. "They're as nice as I imagined they would be," he said, looking at her large, firm tits.

She looked down and gasped as she realized she had taken off her nightie. "What the hell?" She said, bewildered.

"Cup those big melons for me," he ordered, enjoying the confused look on her face.

"Get out of my room," she demanded, her words venom, even as she again obeyed her brother's words, cupping her voluptuous tits.

"Okay." he agreed giddy that the product of his long years of research work was working exactly as anticipated so far. He went directly to the kitchen, grabbed a cucumber, and returned unannounced to his sister, who was still cupping her breasts, incapable of pulling her hands away.

"What did you do to me?" She asked, clearly frustrated that she couldn't stop cupping her breasts.

"Just modified your tiny brain," he shrugged, "which was ridiculously easy."

"I'm going to fucking kill you!" she threatened, her face red with anger.

"Actually, you are going to fuck yourself with this cucumber," he ordered, tossing it onto the bed.

"I will not," she defiantly replied, even as she grabbed the cucumber.

"Actually, why don't you give your new green friend a nice blow job first," he instructed instead as he pulled out his cell phone to film her.

"What is wrong with yo..." She questioned, before the cucumber muffled her question. She sucked on it slowly, her eyes big with shock and anger.

He filmed her sucking the cucumber with great amusement. After a couple of minutes, he said, "It looks like you have a fair amount of experience."

She glared daggers at him.

"Now fuck yourself with your new toy," he ordered.

Taking the cucumber out of her mouth, she continued her verbal assault, "You're so pathetic Brandon. You can't get a girl so you get yourself off by watching your sister."

"Oh, you are partially right. But this isn't about getting me off, this is about revenge," he revealed.

"Revenge?" She asked, as she mindlessly pulled down her panties.

"Yes, you have been a complete bitch to me your whole life and now I am going to teach you your place," he explained.

"My place?" She questioned, as she slid the cucumber into her cunt.

"You're like a fucking parrot," he joked. "Although you're obviously such a slut that obeying your brother gets you horny."

"Fuck you," she snapped, as she pumped the cucumber in and out, frustrated that it was indeed turning her on.

"Soon," he promised, foreshadowing his end game...which had nearly arrived.

"You plan to fuck me?" She accidentally moaned, frustrated she couldn't control herself and mortified that her loser brother was in control.

"Once you beg me to," he answered, amused that the drug was obviously working perfectly.

"When hell freezes over," she snapped, still not catching onto her predicament.

"You really are one insipid slut," he accused, amused at how oblivious she was still. "I don't know how you and I are from the same DNA."

"I ask myself that question all the time," she shot back, still adorably defiant as she pumped the cucumber in and out of her cunt.

"You're so adorable with your bimbo like defiance," he shot back, wanting to piss her off even more.

"You fucking bastaaard," she moaned.

"Fuck yourself faster," he demanded. "Fill that cunt with your new fuck toy."

"Shiiiiit," she cursed.

"Are you horny?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes, dammit," she frustratingly admitted, her breathing getting heavier.

"You're horny fucking yourself in front of your brother?" he clarified.

"Yes, damn you," she said, "How did you do this to me?"

"Simple chemistry," he shrugged, "you know, the class you dropped out of."

"You're such a n-n-nerd," she accused, while furiously fucking herself with the cucumber.

"Better than a bimbo slut," he countered, "who fucks herself with veggies."

"You're making me do this," she countered.

"The video looks like you're doing this all on your own," he pointed out, before asking, "Does fucking yourself with a cucumber make you feel good?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"Is it bigger than your steroid boyfriend's cock?" he asked.

"Yes," she admitted, before adding, "he is going to rip you to pieces when he finds out what you have done."

"I'll probably make him a cocksucker," he shrugged, the idea suddenly a very appealing one. Turning a bully into a faggot was true justice.

"He'd never," she said.

"Like you'd never fuck yourself with a cucumber," he countered.

"Damn you," she weakly said, as her orgasm continued to build.

"Each stroke of the cucumber brings you more pleasure," he added to the growing number of orders.

"Oh yessss," she moaned, obviously a few pumps away from orgasm.

"But you can only come with my permission," he added, wanting to see her beg to come.

"Bullshit," she shot back, her breathing getting erratic, clearly thinking this was one rule of the mind she could break.

Knowing she couldn't lie, he asked, "What gives you more pleasure, your new cucumber cock or your boyfriend?"

"Oh God," she moaned, her look becoming more desperate.

"Which one, slut?" he asked again, wanting to humiliate her at the same time.

"The cucumber, dammit," she snapped, furiously pumping the cucumber deep into her cunt, getting frustrated because her orgasm wouldn't come.

"Do you want to come?" he asked.

"Yesssss," she whined.

"Beg, sister slut," he ordered, loving having power over her for once.

"I'm not a sluuuut," she protested.

"Says the girl fucking herself with a cucumber," he countered.

"Just let me commmme," she pleaded, sweat pouring down her face.

"Beg then," he reiterated.

"Please, may I come," she weakly begged.

"You can do better than that," he countered.

"Damn yooooou," she cursed. After a brief pause she begged, as she continued pumping her cunt, "please big brother, let your slutty sister commmmme."

"On three, slut," he said, still filming his sister's submission.

"Please, hurrrrrry," she whimpered, her breathing so erratic she thought she may pass out.

"One, two, three," he quickly counted.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck," she screamed, loud enough to wake the neighbourhood, as she collapsed back.

His cock rock hard, he put the phone away, thrilled his formula had worked exactly as he had anticipated. He quickly got out of his jeans and underwear as she continued to quiver from the much delayed orgasm.

"Do you like sucking cock?" he asked, his almost eight inch cock standing at attention, inches from his sister's face.

She opened her eyes and was staring at his cock in awe at both its length and girth, almost double the size of her boyfriend's, which seldom satisfied her. "Oh my God, Brandon!"

"Oh my God, what?" he asked, knowing that every girl who had seen his cock up close had been shocked by its size...especially on such a scrawny nerd.

"Put that away," she said, although not turning away from it.

"Do you like sucking cock?" he repeated.

"Yes, I love it," she answered honestly, although she had never had anything this big in her mouth.

"Do you want to suck mine?" I asked.

"God, yes," she answered and then covered her mouth, frustrated that the words out of her mouth weren't the same as what she was thinking. "Why are the words I plan to say different from what are coming out of my mouth?"

"The drug takes away your bullshit filter," he shrugged. "You always tell the truth."

"Shit," she said, before adding, "that's not good."

"Do you swallow?" he asked, continuing his inquisition of his sister's slut factor.

"Sometimes, but I'd rather feel it inside me," she admitted, then cursed, "Damn you, Brandon."

"How about facials?" he continued, getting more and more amused as he watched her baffled by her answers and unable to not keep looking at his cock.

"Yuck," she answered.

"How about come on those big titties of yours?"

"Mike likes to," she admitted.

He stroked his cock and asked, "Baby sister, what are you thinking about right now?"

"Having that big snake inside me," she answered, before looking up at him and adding, "Fuck, I really can't lie."

"Nope, you always say what you really want," he explained.

"Forever?" she asked, worried about the long-term impact.

"That is still up for calculation," he answered, "although it may be."

"So I can never lie to anyone?" she asked, petrified.

"Yep," he nodded, "in essence you will have to always be nice to people."

"Ugggh," she sighed.

"You're my sister slave now," he replied.

"You really want to fuck your sister?" She asked, her face giving a look of disdain.

"Don't you want me to fuck you?" he asked.

"Yes, no, the question is confusing," she babbled, clearly overwhelmed.

"Sorry, for the double negative," he laughed. "I'll simplify it. Do you want to fuck your big brother?"

"God, yes," she admitted, her cunt wanting it, even though her brain thought it was disgusting.

"Am I bigger than your other boyfriends?" he asked.

"Way bigger," she nodded.

"Go ahead and stroke it, I know you want to," he offered.

"It's so big," she said, mesmerized by its sheer length and girth. "And hard," she added, as she grabbed it.

"All for you, my sister slut," he added.

His cock in front of her was mesmerizing, and she took it in her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the thick mushroom top.

He watched awestruck by how well the drug had worked to weaken her inhibitions and marvelling at how she was now sucking on his cock without being told. Her mouth was amazing, creating extra saliva to produce an amazing sensation unlike the few blow jobs he had had.

Backing off his cock, allowing a loud 'pop' sound to occur she asked, "Does big brother like?"

"Very much so," he nodded, loving she was doing this of her own accord, before adding, "Do you?"

"It's so big," she repeated, taking it back in her mouth.

He again smiled, knowing that she was making this decision of her own free will.

After another minute, he asked, "Does my slut sister want to get fucked?"

Her eyes went big as she took her brother's cock out of her mouth. "That would be incest," she pointed out, her hand still on his cock.

He laughed, "You just had my cock in your mouth."

"Oral isn't really sex," she countered, having sucked lots of boys, but having only had two in her pussy.

"That's ludicrous," he laughed, before asking, "So is anal sex, sex?"

"That's gross," she protested, having refused that every time it was brought up.

He smiled.

She saw his smile and begged, realizing the power he had, "Please don't make me want to have anal sex."

He shrugged, "As long as you're a good sister slave, I won't add that to your new conditioning."

Her cunt was wet and begging for attention, and she figured he wasn't bluffing about the ass threat, so she got on all fours, offering her pussy and said, "Well, what are you waiting for, big

brother, make your fantasies a reality."

"Are you wanting it in the ass?" he teased, her perfect ass now staring him in the face.

"My pussy big brother, fill your sister's pussy with that big cock of yours," she offered, her tone sultry.

"I don't know," he teased, even as he got on the bed behind her, amused that she was offering her cunt without being instructed to.

"Just fuck your sister slut," she said, praying he would take her up on her offer, really wanting to feel what eight inches felt like inside her and not remotely wanting to be sodomized.

"If you insist," he smiled, as he slid his cock in her.

"Fuuuuuck," she screamed, the length and width filling her unlike any other ever had.

"You like that?" he asked, already knowing the answer, as he rested deep inside her warmth.

"God, yes," she admitted, wanting more. Without even realizing she was doing it, she began bouncing back on his cock.

"Shit, you really are an eager slut," he groaned, watching his bitch sister become his slut sister.

"You're soooo big," she moaned, bouncing on his cock, finally understanding just how good sex could be. She sucked cock to make her man happy; she got fucked because it felt all right and it made her man happy; but this was making her happy and bringing pleasure she hadn't known existed.

"Who would you rather fuck? Your boyfriend or your brother?" he asked, loving the quick transition from bitch to slut.

"You, big brotherrrrrr," she answered, her orgasm building.

"And you will be my personal cum bucket from now on?" he asked, not as a demand.

"Yessssss," she moaned, her breathing already erratic.

"And you will treat me with respect from now on, and talk me up in front of your slut friends?" he continued.

"Yessss, all my friends would love a piece of this big cock," she admitted, although she wasn't sure how to bring up such a topic.

"I'd love to bang Becky," he said. Becky was Carrie's best friend and fellow cheerleader.

"Okayyyy," she said, her orgasm so close and yet not exploding.

He kept watching his sister bounce on his cock, loving the power he had over her, partly because of the drug and partly because of his big cock. He was also amused because he knew she couldn't come until he said she could.

Realizing she couldn't come without permission, she begged, "Please let me commmmme."

"But I thought incest was wrong," he teased, quoting his sister's earlier words.

"Just let me commmmme," she begged, frustrated at not being able to.

"Come slut," he ordered, and watched as she instantly collapsed forward.

"Yessssssss, fuuuuuuuuck," she screamed, as the invisible dam broke and the most intense orgasm of her young sex life erupted through her.

He leaned forward and resumed fucking her, his own orgasm building, as she continued coming.

When he knew he wouldn't last much longer, he pulled out, stood up and ordered, "Slut, on your knees."

She quickly got off the bed and dropped to her knees as he shoved his cock in her mouth.

"From now on, you crave cum," he declared.

Instantly, she indeed craved his cum. She bobbed hungrily on his big cock.

"Tell me what you want, sister slave?"

She took his cock out of her mouth, even as she pumped it, "I want your cum in my mouth."

"Beg for it," he ordered, as he pumped his cock.

"Oh please, big brother," she begged, humiliation hitting her even as her mouth watered for her brother's cum, "Fill your sister's mouth with your cum."

"Open wide," he ordered, before seconds later shooting his cum in her mouth, although the first rope hit her on the nose.

As soon as the cum hit her mouth, she felt a sense of satisfaction, as her sudden hunger was fulfilled, and she leaned forward and took his cock back in her mouth to retrieve every last drop of his addictive seed.

"Good slut," he groaned, as she slowly milked his cock.

Pulling his cock out, he said, "You will never tell anyone about this."

"Who would I tell?" she questioned, part of her disgusted at how much she enjoyed being made into a slut by her brother, yet another part of her undeniably wanting to do it again.

"Also, you will bring me Becky soon," he added.

Her orgasm done, and now thinking straight, she said worriedly, "But she isn't going to be interested in you."

"I can make her do anything I wish," he shrugged.

"Please don't use that on her," she pleaded, not wanting to draw her best friend into the sexual submission of her nerd brother.

"Look, slut, I make the decisions here, you just obey," he said firmly.

"But...."

"Go give head to your door knob," he ordered, wanting to make a point.

"Fuck, Brandon," she sighed, as she walked to her door, "I was just trying to...." She began licking the door knob.

He explained, "Be an obedient slut and I won't humiliate you. Disobey and I will have you ass-fucking every loser in your school, is that clear?"

"Yes!" she agreed, tears beginning to stream down her face at the true breadth of power he had over her.

"Good," he nodded, "you may stop pleasuring your door knob."

She was thankful for that.

He walked to the door and asked, his cock already hard again, "Craving more cum?"

His cock pointing directly at her, she nodded, even as more tears streamed down her face, "Yes."

"I guess I can give you one more load before school," he said.

Carrie leaned forward and took his big juicy cock back in her mouth wondering how she would ever get out of this predicament.

Brandon meanwhile decided he would test it on her friend next, and maybe a few others, to make sure there were no bugs before going after Sarah and the entire firm.

Carrie bobbed for over twenty minutes, until her jaw was aching, before Brandon finally deposited a full load of his cum down her throat.

Pulling out again, he said, "I expect you here with Becky after school, is that clear?"

"Yes," she reluctantly agreed, even as she wracked her brain for a way out of this.

"And if you don't bring her, I'll take your ass," he threatened, something he planned to do anyways one of these days.

"Okay, okay, I'll bring her," she said, still on her knees.

"Good, sister slut," he said, patting her on the head.

She wanted to snap at him, but just sat there frustrated, angry and strangely horny.

He left her alone, already formulating a plan to make a video of two cheerleaders dyking out.

The rejection of the formula by that bitch Sarah just may have been the best thing that ever happened to him.

The end for now...