

By Kenna

Chapter 1

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Benji Meyers worked as a chemist in the research department of a major pharmaceutical company. He was part of a three-man team that evaluated and remediated drug side effects. At 26, he was already well respected in the company. When the company offered him the chance to lead a project to develop a drug to counter the addictive nature of heroin, he jumped at the chance.

With a team of three men and one woman, they started their research along several paths, hoping to find some promising leads. After four months, they were on the trail of a drug that would block the receptors that led to addiction. The theory was that the drug would gradually replace the heroin and then, not addictive itself, could be gradually tapered off until the subject was drug free.

They'd been on that line of research for several weeks, gradually closing in on their target and, of course, having several remarkable failures when Marshall accidentally ingested a sample of P1P46-ER. It was a new batch, a complete unknown. Marshall reported it to Benji, but added, "Don't tell anyone. It was stupid and it won't happen again. It's probably another dud anyway."

Benji agreed to hold off for 24 hours since Marshall was most likely right. They'd generated so many duds that the new sample was probably in the same category. Besides, the drugs were only effective in concert with heroin. Marshall wasn't on heroin, so the drug would have no effect. They couldn't have been more wrong.

The next morning, Marshall called Benji at the lab. Forcing himself to be calm, he said, "Bring me some Piper. I gotta have some Piper. Need it. Need it. Need it. Can't go...drive... come... need it."

"Piper?" asked Benji.

"The... the... stuff... P1P whatsit ER...R...R. PIPER!"

"What's going on?" insisted Benji, alarmed at Marshall's obvious lack of control. "Are you sick?"

"Add... add... ick...ted. Gotta... need it... Piper. For Godssssake. Don't ask. Bring Piper."

"I'll be right there," said Benji.

"That's Marsh?" asked Erin. "Late again? What's it this time?"

"Car trouble," said Benji. "I'm gonna go pick him up. Be right back." He surreptitiously took a vial of Piper, the sample that Marshall had ingested yesterday. Driving there as

quickly as possible, he mused over the fact that Marshall had given the drug a name. He was not only addicted to it, he was obsessed by it.

Benji found Marshall sitting at his kitchen table. Drooling, with red eyes, and a savage, silly smile, he looked like a wild man. "Thank... God," he gasped. "Drop... do me a drop. Now."

Since it looked like Marshall might leap from the chair if he didn't comply, Benji put a drop of Piper in a glass of water and Marshall hastily drank it down without stopping. As he drank, Benji noticed his friend's fingernails were torn and bloody and the top of his kitchen table was scratched. He'd been clawing at the wooden table top.

When Marshall finished and waved the glass around, Benji snatched it away so Marshall didn't break it. In just seconds, Marshall's body relaxed and his face gave evidence of the return of reason. "Aahhhh," he sighed. "Thanks. Kind of embarrassing. I don't know what's in that shit, but it felt like I was being turned inside out. Fuck, that's no cure for addiction. That's essence of addiction. I think I'm gonna need that forever."

"You look better now," said Benji diplomatically. "We've got to wean you off it."

"We gotta try," agreed Marshall, though he didn't think that was possible. He would have done anything for another dose. "Don't tell anybody about this. It's embarrassing and I'll lose my job."

"Just between us," said Benji. His job was on the line now, too. His team had created essence of addiction when they were trying to do the opposite and now he'd covered up the accident from yesterday. He couldn't tell anyone. "You going to be OK?"

"Yeah, I'm fine now. I'll take a shower and be in to work in an hour."

"Take the day off," said Benji. "It'll be hard to explain your fingernails." Aside from that, Marshall had no signs of his recent ordeal that a shower wouldn't fix.

"Leave that," said Marshall, pointing at the vial in Benji's hand.

"I don't know," said Benji. "Somebody besides you should control the dose."

"Leave the fucking vial, Benji," said Marshall. "I'm not letting you leave with it until I know how long between fixes. Don't worry, I won't overdo it. I just can't go through that again."

"Call me before you take another dose," said Benji. "Day or night. I need to know how long, too." He reluctantly handed the small bottle to Marshall. "Call me. I mean it."

Back at the lab, Benji made excuses for Marshall. He was relieved when Marshall didn't call him all day. He didn't call in the evening either and when he went to bed, Benji wondered if Marshall had taken a dose without calling, so he called Marshall.

"I'm fine," said Marshall. "I haven't taken any and I still feel fine. I promise I'll call you if that changes."

"It was about 18 hours the first time," said Benji. "I'm guessing it'll be around 4 in the morning. Be sure to call. I'm worried about you."

"I'll call."

To their mutual surprise, Marshall called Benji at 6. “It’s starting again. I’m gonna take a dose. Maybe in half an hour. I want to try and hold out until I need it.”

“That was longer,” said Benji. “Maybe it’ll wear off. Maybe we won’t need to do anything.”

“Yeah, crossing my fingers on that one,” said Marshall.

Over the next few days, it became apparent that it wasn’t the length of time between doses. Piper metabolized while Marshall was asleep. Like clockwork he had to take a dose as soon as he woke up at 6:00 AM. He was fine until he woke up. He had a window of just minutes as his discomfort increased to get a dose before he was incoherent.

So he wasn’t dependent on anybody, Marshall set up a lab in his house to synthesize Piper. Benji destroyed any evidence of the malicious drug at the lab, but kept a copy of the formula and a vial of Piper in his safe at home.

Within a couple of weeks, Marshall was satisfied with the routine. “It’s not a problem,” he told Benji. “No side effects.”

“Except for clawing your fingernails down to bloody stumps,” said Benji.

“I mean besides that,” said Marshall. “I don’t get high on it. I don’t get anything as long as I get my daily dose. I’m down to like half a drop, but that hasn’t changed anything. All it means is my supply will last longer.” Marshall was chipper enough that Benji suspected there was some side effect, but he saw no change in Marshall’s performance or personality.

He might have been able to forget about it if he hadn’t read a story about mind control. After that he started thinking about what would happen if he gave someone a dose and then made them earn a second dose, he wondered just how much that someone would do to earn that dose. It was always a woman that he’d slip the dose to in his fantasy. A hot, sexy, stuck up bitch. It would be fun bringing her to heel. It made his cock hard just to imagine that woman realizing how screwed she was.

The problem, if it was a problem, was that while he tried to keep it as a faceless, anonymous woman, his picture of the perfect victim was his sister, Gwen. Growing up with her had been confusing, annoying, and maddening. While most younger brothers might try to sneak a peek of their sister in her underwear, Benji tried to sneak a peek at Gwen’s navel. She was such a prude that she didn’t own a bikini, halter top, or crop top. It wasn’t that he might get turned on at the sight of her navel. It was just a challenge, because everything between her knees and her shoulders was a mystery.

It was confusing because she was beautiful a fantastic body. When he was a freshman and she was a sophomore in high school, he’d see her around school in her “bubble.” The don’t touch me, don’t look at me, don’t whistle at me bubble was with her all through high school, college, and at work. It wasn’t just that she didn’t date, she repelled boys. Which is not the same as saying they ignored her. Guys stared at her, ogled her, and whistled at her, but nobody dated her. One icy look from her would wilt the dick in a porn star’s mouth. She was hot and she was an ice queen, cock tease, prig. You’d look at her and see a girl that ought to be partying and getting laid... picking some lucky guy to

settle down with and have kids. By now she was 30 and he couldn't understand why she was still a virgin.

It was annoying and maddening because how could God put a goddess on this earth and then make her a freaking puritan who would make the puritans shake their heads in disdain. She had a great body, but she wasn't sexy. She'd have to care about sex to be sexy. Now that they were out of school, it was even sadder. The puritans knew you had to poke your wife once in a while if you were gonna have babies. She wasn't just abstinent, she's militantly so. Her total disdain for males included Benji. They saw each other frequently and there was a special sibling bond between them, but he could still feel the disdain and it would come out into the open if he mentioned anything remotely related to sex. He'd once thought it was cool to have a gorgeous sister, but it was wasted on her.

When Gwen went out, Benji was certain the guys were either gay or had their cocks blown off in the desert. She wasn't into guys, girls, or sex. Period. She'd probably never let a guy see her tits. Growing up together, he'd seen her in T-shirts and jeans and even a modest one piece swimsuit so he knew she had a great figure. Unlike other girls, she hid that from the world. Her necklines were as deliberately high as her hems were low; in fact, her highest skirt hem was, at best, all of two inches up from her knees. He'd seen her long brown hair falling down around her shoulders and framing her beautiful face, but the rest of the world only saw it in a tight bun. She detested the sound of wolf-whistles---the more so when directed to herself.

As he thought about introducing Gwen to Piper, Benji couldn't get the picture of his sister as a cheerleader out of his head. She had a body that a cheerleader would die for, in a manner of speaking. Let's just say she was at least a match for any one of them. He'd imagine her leading a cheer, bouncing up and down. Yeah, it was mostly about her tits bouncing up and down. Legs kicking high. Great legs. Those cute little cheerleader panties that are OK to flash to a packed gymnasium.

At work she'd had only male bosses. She was considerate, personable, and professional, drawing the line at catching a guy even checking out her curves. Benji was still annoyed that looking at her appreciatively was an activity that she despised. Not one of her male superiors ever hit on her. Ditto for co-workers and complete strangers. She was too intimidating to even say "nice legs" in her presence.

So, Benji imagined her naked, bound, kneeling at his feet, and begging for Piper. "Anything," she'd say. "I'll do anything." After a quick blow job he'd let her have a dose. A little later a nice whipping, no lasting marks, would convince her it's not such a bad idea to suck his cock again. After a few days, she'd have gotten the message and just do whatever he wanted without the threats anymore. His sister would be his 24/7 sex slave.

Once his fantasy roamed freely in his mind, Benji spent a couple of weeks making plans, looking on line for bondage gear, imagining fixing up a room in his house as a slave's cell, and jerking off to his growing fantasy about Gwen. He didn't do anything except plan, but it heightened his fantasy to have the details down. He got off thinking about telling her what he'd done to her, about training her, and about her fully trained to do his bidding without ever learning to like it. Coerced every day of her life.

It would have stayed like that if not for a sibling lunch after about a month of enjoying his fantasy. He brought up the question about marriage and kids again.

Gwen snorted in derision. "You are such an idiot, Benji. You've known me all your life. How can you keep asking that question? I hate children and I don't need a man to define me. I don't need his companionship, his compliments, or his cock. Stop being an annoying little brother and get over it. Earth to Benji... your sister doesn't like men."

There was that "idiot" and "annoying little brother", but what really did her in was her condescending "Earth to Benji."

"You never said the part about kids before," said Benji, deflecting her wrath. "Sorry, I won't ever bring it up again."

"I'm not accepting your apology next time," sniffed Gwen. "What do you think about what's going on in Syria?"

They both were grateful for a change in subject. When she excused herself to go to the bathroom, Benji almost put a drop of Piper in her water. He carried some with him all the time in case Marshall needed a hit. The only reason he didn't was he wasn't ready for her yet.

That evening, Benji spent a bundle on-line buying ropes, whips, gags, and other assorted bondage gear. Over the weekend he cleared out a bedroom and soundproofed it. When he was done, he could play his CD player at full volume and not hear a thing. Then he put sturdy eyes in the floor joists, the rafters, and in the wall studs. It was enough to secure a slave in any one of several positions. He spent the next week practicing knots and the next weekend bolting his newly arrived stocks to the floor in Gwen's dungeon. Of course he wouldn't need any of that. Once she was hooked on Piper, the bondage would be just for fun.

The last thing Benji did as preparation was buy Gwen her new wardrobe. Some very short skirts, low-cut see-through blouses, sexy bras and panties, four inch heels, stockings and garter belt, a pink diaphanous baby doll nightie, and a string bikini.

Wanting to have the weekend to train her, Benji met Gwen for lunch on Friday. He got there early and ordered her usual water with lemon (and a drop of Piper). If he had any doubts about going through with it, they were moot as soon as she took a drink of her water. He was committed.

Staying away from forbidden topics, the two had a pleasant lunch, catching each other up on the past week. As they parted, Benji said, "I have a surprise for you. I'll bring it by tomorrow morning."

"Benji, I hate surprises," said Gwen. "Just let me know what it is now and drop it off sometime tomorrow."

*You're really gonna hate this surprise,* thought Benji. "See you tomorrow," said Benji with a wink.

Knowing Gwen slept in on Saturday mornings, Benji went to her apartment at 6:00 AM just in case. They each had a key to the other's place, so he let himself in. She was still sleeping peacefully.

He waited patiently until Gwen woke up at 7:30. He heard her stir and rush to the bathroom. Going into her bedroom, he called through the door, "You OK, Gwen?"

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "No, I feel sick. Just go away."

"I have your surprise for you," he said.

"I feel terrible. I'm not in the mood for a surprise today." Before he could say anything else, she groaned, "Oh, God, what the heck is happening?" He listened at the door.

"Benji, I need help," she moaned softly. "The door's not locked. Can you get me to the bed?"

Pushing open the door, Benji wasn't surprised to see his sister was wearing a floor length flannel nightgown. Even living alone she couldn't let loose just a little bit. "What's wrong, sis?"

She was kneeling in front of the commode, ready to throw up, but she'd figured out that she wasn't going to puke. Looking up at him, she said, "I don't know, Benji. Everything hurts. Get me to the bed and call 911."

Benji helped her to the bed, though she didn't really need much help. Once she was lying down, he said, "You'll want my surprise now. I know what's wrong with you and I've got the cure."

"What are you talking about, Buh-buh-Benji?" She clapped her hand over her mouth, embarrassed at her stutter. "It just hurts. How can you know?"

"It's a little something I whipped up," said Benji. "A drug that you'll need every day for the rest of your life. Every morning."

"What the... uuuhhhnnn... what... uh... have you-oo done, Buh-Buh-Buh..." she covered her mouth again without finishing.

"Drugged you, Gwen," said Benji. "Say, my brother drugged me."

"Guh-guh... My bruh-uh-ther drug-hugged me," she moaned. "You-oo-oo did... did... did... sure."

"Want some help, Gwen? Want your surprise?" He held out the vial. "One drop and you'll feel good again."

"Bas-bas-bast... URD!" she groaned. "Give... me... swurrr... pies!"

"First things first, Gwen," said Benji. "Grab the hem of your nightgown and pull it up to your chin. Let Benji see where big sister hurts."

"Ahh... over," said Gwen. "Nah... nah... show... nuff... ink. Buh-buh-Benji... plea-hee-hees." She tried to sit up, but Benji pushed her back.

"Want me to help you, then show me where it hurts?"

"Nah... gah... nah show. Gimme."

Benji put a drop of Piper in a glass of water on Gwen's dresser. "You can have this when I can see everything between her tits and your toes."

“Nassy... buh-buh-boy,” groaned Gwen. “Sokay.” Hearing an affirmative, Benji let her sit up this time. She grabbed the hem of her nightgown and pulled it up, pausing when her knees were exposed. Benji wondered if she realized, like him, that any higher would be unknown territory for him. “Duh... so... baddy buh-buh-boy.” She pulled it up higher and he saw muscular, smooth, creamy, dreamy thighs. Higher and he saw her panties. Like her flannel gown, her panties looked like they belonged on a grandmother. “Gotta... need... sure,” she mumbled as she lay back, pulling her nightgown up to her chin.

For a few seconds, Benji stared in awe at his sister’s bare breasts. Her entire body was the color of milk and no wonder since it had never seen the light of day. Her tits were like generous scoops of vanilla ice cream topped with generous dollops of dark pink icing. Two D-cup servings with a suckable tip. He glanced at her navel, marveling even at seeing that for the first time. He hadn’t counted on panties, but it made sense knowing her. She’d done what he wanted, so he brought her the glass of water. She sat up and, like Marshall had done that first day, she drained it greedily and then flopped back on the bed again.

“You need to realize that I’m the only source of this drug,” said Benji. “You’ll need it every morning. You will do exactly what I say if you want to get more.”

As Gwen’s eyes focused on him, she yanked her nightgown back down much faster than she’d pulled it up. “You bastard,” she snapped. “You utter, cruel, stupid bastard. You took advantage of me. You *saw*. How *dare* you.”

“And what I saw was pretty damn nice, big sister,” said Benji. “You have a hot body.”

“Get out of here!” she shrieked.

“Not before I have my say,” said Benji. “Do you understand that I drugged you.”

“You bastard,” she growled. “Yes, I understand that my little brother betrayed me.”

“Do you understand that you’ll need this every morning when you wake up?”

“You’re kidding me, aren’t you? You wouldn’t stoop that low, would you?” She felt the enormity of his claim. She didn’t want to accept what he’d done because then she would understand it.

“I am not kidding you, Gwen,” said Benji. “Every morning you’ll pull up your nightgown so I can see your... do you know that you have the greatest pair of tits I’ve ever seen.”

She gave him that icy stare meant to wither his cock. “Yes, I do know that,” she said haughtily. “Nobody else has seen them... ever.”

Benji took her glare in stride. Nothing could wilt his hard on now given his incredible sense of power. “What a shame. You should be proud of them. Show them off. So, answer my question. Do you understand you’ll have to come to me every morning and ask for your daily dose?”

“Dammit, if that’s what you’ve done, then I can’t believe you’re my brother. Yes, dammit, yes, I understand that I needed that this morning and I may need it tomorrow and the next day... and longer.”

“Good, we’re making progress,” said Benji. “Based on what you did today to earn your daily dose, do you understand that you’ll do anything to get it?”

Gwen dropped her piercing glare to stare at her flannel gown. “Yes,” she said softly. “Yes, if tomorrow is like that, then I understand I’ll lift my gown for you again.”

“Prove that you understand it by raising it up so I can see your panties,” said Benji.

“You have to wait until tomorrow morning,” said Gwen. “You don’t get anything if I’m not that desperate.”

“Let me explain something else,” said Benji. “I have about half an hour to administer your dose before you start peeling your own skin off. Tomorrow I could wait... let’s say 15 minutes. Just to make a point, you understand. Just to make sure you understand today what will happen tomorrow.”

“Show you my panties or you’ll torture me?”

“Well put,” said Benji. He made a hand motion telling her to lift her gown.

“You’re a bastard,” said Gwen. She tried to imagine 15 minutes of what she’d gone through this morning complete with each minute getting worse. She pulled her gown up so he could see her panties. It was more than she wanted to show, but her very modest panties revealed nothing to his eyes.

“Good girl,” said Benji. “Tomorrow I’m going to want you to pull up your gown and if you’re wearing anything under your gown, I’ll wait 15 minutes to dose you.”

“I’m calling the police. I’ll call mom and dad,” she added the second as if that was worse than calling the police.

“And say what? That this innocuous looking vial made you flash your tits at me? You want them to confiscate it as evidence so that tomorrow morning you’re peeling your flesh off because nobody else in the world cares enough about you to give you what you need?”

“Frig you,” said Gwen, using the worst expletive in her vocabulary.

“One more thing, big sister,” said Benji. “Shave off your pubic hair before tomorrow morning.”

“You are one sick bastard,” she growled.

“I am one sick little brother who has seriously screwed his frigid big sister,” said Benji.

“That’s what this is about?” she asked.

“Not entirely,” said Benji. He moved to the door. “Shower and get dressed. It’s also about you being too sexy to hide away.” He shut the door before she could reply.

When she came out of her room, Gwen hoped that Benji was gone, but he was waiting for her. “So, you’re gonna have some laughs with big sister?” she asked.

“Yeah, some laughs. Did you shave?”

“No,” she glared defiantly at him. “Not yet,” she added, in response to his look. She hadn’t decided if she would or not, but she figured she couldn’t lose if she did. If she



didn't and tomorrow was like today, she'd be sorry. If she did and tomorrow was not like today, then he'd never get to see.

"I'll find out tomorrow," said Benji with a smirk. She was dressed in her usual unflattering, unrevealing clothes. He'd already pushed her past her limits today. Tomorrow she'd fully understand her dependency on him and then he'd take her places she'd never been and never wanted to be. "I'm gonna go now, but I won't be too far. If something unexpected happens, like the drug wears off too soon, call me. Seriously, Gwen, I don't want you to suffer."

She shuddered at the thought that she might have to go through that again today. What really bothered her was his confidence that she would be desperate for another does. Rather than reassure her that she wouldn't suffer, his words made her think about suffering and what strings would be attached to not suffering.

Right after he got home, Benji jerked off with the picture of his sister's tits fresh in his mind. He did it a couple more times during the day, focusing on tomorrow's fun rather than just the sight of her bare tits.

With her future looking bleak, Gwen stayed home, wondering what Benji would want from her. If all he wanted to do was look at her nude, then much as she hated the idea, she thought she could get used to it. In mid-afternoon, Benji called. She considered not answering, but she didn't want to piss him off.

"Hey, sis," said Benji after her icy hello. "Do you ever masturbate?"

"Stuff it, Benji," she said. "You don't own me. Don't do this to me."

"I was just wondering if you ever had an orgasm," said Benji. "I mean I get the part about no guys, but is there a little buzzing buddy in your life?"

"Benji, that is so inappropriate," said Gwen.

With a laugh, Benji said, "I'll take that as a yes." She knew at once that her answer did mean exactly that. She'd have bitten his head off if it was no. "So, I was just wondering if you'd get Mr. Happy out and play with him for me. I'll just be like a fly on the wall."

"Or you'll torture me tomorrow?" asked Gwen.

"No, I wasn't going to go that far," said Benji. "I was just thinking that maybe you'd see the wisdom behind keeping me happy. I see that you understand not to piss me off, but what about doing things for me that might make it easier on you." He had no plans to make it easier on her for any reason, but he did want to give her the idea that she could do things on her own.

"Not today," said Gwen flippantly. She heard her own words and wondered if there would come a day when she would go above and beyond his expectations. "Did you want something?"

"Just a reminder," said Benji. "Last time I mention it. Shave that pussy of yours."

"I hate you," said Gwen. She disconnected the call and went to her bathroom to shave her most intimate part. She hadn't forgotten, but she'd been reluctant to do it. Now seemed as good a time as any.

Examining her bare pussy in the mirror, Gwen was disgusted. *I look like a little girl. At least down there. I can't believe he wants to embarrass me like this. Whether or not I show it to him tomorrow, he's made me shave it. I can't take the chance.* Not to mention she thought it more likely than not that she'd need his help tomorrow morning.

Sunday morning, Benji was at his sister's apartment early again and brought a change of clothes for her. He figured that after the second morning, she'd see she had no choice and he wanted her to see her new look. His image of training her was of her succumbing quickly and easily, but he steeled himself for the sight of pussy hair and the need to follow through on his threat if he had any chance of succeeding. He didn't want her suffering from withdrawal. It looked terrible and it wasn't sexy at all. If she suffered, it would be from bondage and whipping and psychological abuse.

It was again around 7:30 when he heard her stir. He pushed open her bedroom door and she was squirming in discomfort. "You asshole," she said when she saw him. She couldn't deny it any longer. She needed him and she'd do what he wanted. Her view of what he wanted didn't go nearly as far as what he really did want from her. On just her second morning, she had no inclination to do something on her own to keep him happy. He'd have to ask and then she'd do it.

"Pull up your nightgown," said Benji. Calling him an asshole was so out of character for her that he knew she understood her position.

To his delight, Gwen didn't take as long to expose herself and her pussy was as bare as a 10-year-old's. It wasn't that he wanted a little girl. He liked performing oral sex and if he decided to enjoy that pleasure on her, he didn't want her hair between his teeth. "Keep it there," he said as he sat on the bed next to her.

"Don't," said Gwen, though it was a tentative warning. She felt his hand on her tummy. "Just look, Benji," she said.

"I had something else in mind," said Benji. "Three things for you to do before I give you your daily dose."

"What are they?" she asked.

"First, say, please squeeze my tits, Benji."

"Oh, God," she sighed in resignation. *He wants even more today? Just let him get it over with.* "Please squeeze my t-tits, Benji." She groaned as he placed his hands where no man's hands had ever been before. "Why are you doing this, Benji?"

"I thought we covered that yesterday," said Benji. "It's because these tits are too good to hide. Would you like me to suck them?"

"No," she said quickly, stiffening in anticipation.

"OK," said Benji. "I would if I wanted to, but let's get on to number two. I want you to stand up, take the nightgown all the way off, and turn around slowly so I can see what else is too good to hide."

"Buh-buh-Benji, this is wrong...guh... wronguh," said his sister, though she didn't delay standing and stripping. She turned quicker than he wanted, so he stopped her halfway through to look at her ass.

When he let her finish the turn, Benji said, "I see you shaved your pussy for me. Good girl. No torturing today if you do one more thing for me."

"Whhaaat... uh... Buh-Buh... fuh-fuh-fuckit," said Gwen giving up on her brother's name, but having as much trouble with the first time she ever said fuck.

"Get out your vibrator and tell me what you do with it," smirked Benji.

"Then... need... need... sure," she said. Sitting on the bed, she pulled out a slender six-inch long vibrator. Benji noticed it was smaller than his cock and he wondered if she'd ever inserted it in her pussy. She pressed it to her clit, careful to follow his command and only tell him, not show him. "I puh-put... tah... sss... here and guh-guh-go... ON!" she blushed at the force with which the last word came out.

"Say masturbate," said Benji. "That's what you do. Say it."

"Fuh-fuh-fuck-k-k... mas... uh... mas... uh... tuh-tur... buh-buh-bugga-ack-bate!" She turned bright red.

Benji managed to stifle the laugh that wanted to come boldly out at the difficulty she had speaking. On top of that, he imagined that masturbate was a word his prudish sister didn't want to say aloud under any conditions. The result was an entertaining demonstration of her desperation. He handed her a glass of water and she downed it quickly.

Grabbing her gown, Gwen covered herself up. "Enjoy that?" she growled.

"Say masturbate again without the stuttering," said Benji.

"Masturbate," said Gwen. "Is that better?"

"I liked it both ways," smiled Benji. "Now go shower." He grabbed her nightgown, but she refused to relinquish it. "Go shower and leave your nightgown here."

Gwen yanked her hand angrily away, stood, and hastily went into the bathroom. He heard her lock the door, but it was a simple matter of using his pocketknife to unlock it, which he did as soon as he heard the shower going. He walked in. "I wish you had clear glass," he said, peering through the rippled glass at a human form.

"Get out of here," snapped Gwen.

"You don't get to be bossy," said Benji. "Besides, I need to tell you something. I'm going to lay out clothes on your bed. You will put them on. You will put on everything on the bed and nothing else."

"Or what? You don't help me as quick tomorrow?"

"Yeah," said Benji. "You got the idea."

"What is it?"

"Clothes," said Benji. "Sexy clothes."

"Dammit, Benji," said Gwen. "If I... OK."

Fifteen minutes later, an embarrassed big sister joined her brother. "This is pretty low, Benji," she said. She wore a tiny pair of panties that tied at the hips, a skirt that was six inches below her crotch, and a see-through blouse. She also had on something extra, a bra

from her frumpy collection. Four-inch heels made her legs look longer and gave her the impression that her skirt was even shorter than it really was.

“Was the bra on the bed?” asked Benji.

“No, it wasn’t,” said Gwen. “I had to put it on or else you could see my breasts.”

“Seen ‘em already,” said Benji. “What you mean is everybody could see them.”

“I’m not going out like this,” said Gwen defiantly.

“Take off the bra,” said Benji. “It wasn’t on the bed. You were a bad girl, now take it off.”

“That’s too much, Benji. Are you going to make me go out of the house like this? I need a bra if you do.”

“OK, here’s the deal, bad girl,” said Benji firmly. “You wear the bra and I come over 15 minutes late. If you’ve changed your mind and want to take it off, you have to say, may a bad girl take off her bra and would you please spank me for being bad.”

“Give me 15 minutes tomorrow,” said Gwen. “I’ll take that over a day without a damn bra. And a spanking? In your dreams, Benji.”

“I’m sorry you made that choice, Gwen,” said Benji. “After tomorrow morning I think you’ll find that no bra is no problem.” He was sincerely disappointed. He didn’t want to torture her and he didn’t want a delay in his plans. He’d hope to push her further today and now he’d have to wait until she learned her lesson.

“You’re not going to win, Benji,” said Gwen.

“We’ll see,” said her brother. “Since you are not properly attired for our outing, I’m going to go. You can do what you want today, even change clothes. I’ll be here tomorrow morning. What time do you get up for work?”

“5:15,” said Gwen.

“OK, just so you know, we’ve discovered that you need your dose right when you wake up no matter what time that is. I’ll be here to give you your dose. Know what?”

“What?” asked Gwen.

“Wake up at 5:00 tomorrow or you’ll be 15 minutes late by the time you’re done begging for a dose of Piper.”

“Benji, what did I ever do to you?”

“Teased me and all the other men in the world,” said Benji. “Hid away a treasure for too long.” He turned to go and had an idea. “Oh, there’s a new nightie in your top right hand drawer. If you wear that tonight, I’ll make it only 10 minutes. See you tomorrow morning.”

After changing clothes, Gwen checked out her top right hand drawer. Holding up the see through baby doll nightie, she cursed her brother. *He wanted me to dress sexy today and then he would have made me wear this obscene nightie. That’s the only reason it’s already in my drawer. He was going to make me wear it. Now I have a choice. He’s*

*already seen me naked, might as well wear this. I might regret choosing 15 minutes of withdrawal. Saving 5 minutes might be worth it.*

Though he was disappointed in today's results, Benji knew he'd reap the benefits in the future. Sooner or later he would have asked too much and she would have chosen the unknown agony over the known humiliation. He was surprised that a day without a bra was asking so much that she'd chosen torture. After tomorrow, she'd be nothing but property, a sex toy for him to play with.

Sister Slave

By Kenna

## Chapter 2

Wanting to be accurate with his sister's punishment, Benji got to her apartment early on Monday morning and was waiting in her bedroom. He could tell she was wearing the filmy nightie, but it was too dark to see much. When she woke up, he checked his watch. Seeing him she glared and then grimaced. "Your 10 minutes has started, baby doll," he said.

"Fuck you," said Gwen. "Let's get this over with." She glared at him again when he turned on the overhead light. Folding her arms across her chest, she denied him a view of her breasts for now. *Damn him. He said he'd be over late. He didn't say he'd come on time and watch me.*

The battle of wills began. Gwen defiantly held her position though her face spoke of her growing need. "Oh, God," she gasped after what seemed an eternity. "Do... huh... do... doodoo it... for muh-meee-eee-eee." She covered her mouth, keeping one arm strategically across her chest. Suddenly a day without a bra didn't seem like such a bad idea, but it was too late for that realization.

Benji checked his watch. "Not time yet," he said. It had only been four and a half minutes.

"Gah-gah-uh-dammm," said Gwen after just another 30 seconds. "Dooooe... uh... tuh-tuh... tit... TEEES," she yelled. She dropped her arm and sat up in bed. "See... um... see... um... see 'em, Buh-Buh-Benji."

"Nice titties," said Benji. "Still not time."

Gwen had a white knuckle grip on her knees as she mumbled incoherently a minute later, "Nuh-now?"

"Nope," said Benji. It was painful to watch her, but he resolved to see it through. It was also a little sexy even before she let go of her knees and lay back on the bed, writhing in pain. He watched with his cock hardening as she lifted up her top to give him an unobstructed view of her perfect tits. She untied the knots on her hips and pulled her panties clear. He couldn't tell if her squirming was from pain or because she was trying to look sexy. It didn't matter. She was both in pain and sexy.

At eight minutes, she stood up and posed for him. *How much longer? Need him to give it to me. Gotta make him happy. What do I have to do?* She spun around. Her speech was incoherent, but he figured she was begging for him to end her misery or else she was

bargaining for less time with her body. For the last two minutes she was constantly in motion. On the bed. Off the bed. On the bed with her legs spread. Off the bed and dancing. Kneeling in front of him obviously begging. When she was in reach, he fondled her. She knew he liked that, but she couldn't hold still.

When he finally gave her the water, she drank it and seconds later, shivered as she regained her senses. "Benji," she said softly, not looking at him. "Don't do that again. Tell me what you want. I can't take that ever again."

"That's what our other subject said," said Benji. "So, unzip my pants and give me a blow job. That's what I want this morning. Big sister is gonna suck my cock to earn her dose tomorrow."

"You're an asshole," said Gwen, but she unzipped his fly and fished out his hard cock. "That turned you on?"

"Not the part about hurting you, baby doll," said Benji. "The part where you stripped yourself and danced and squirmed. The part where you offered me anything if I'd end your agony."

*He's just assuming. I couldn't even understand myself when I was at that point. I wonder who his "other subject" is. Some other poor girl? Benji knows exactly what's going to happen.*

To understand how much control Benji had at this moment, one had to understand Gwen's aversion to sex. It stemmed from the first time she learned about intercourse and her adolescent conclusion that the exchange of bodily fluids was gross. It didn't matter that everyone did it, that it was natural, or that it was how babies were made. The thought of having a man's penis in her vagina was repulsive. She almost threw up when she heard about blowjobs. Her prudish nature expanded to anything related to or that might lead to sex. Dressing sexy, kissing, caressing, and even talking about sex were off limits. By the time she was in high school, her original disgust with sharing bodily fluids had evolved to distaste and distrust of males.

Benji was pushing her way out of her comfort zone, but Gwen was mentally exhausted and unable to resist him any more. Against her background of disgust and repulsion, she held his throbbing erection in her inexperienced hand, momentarily gawking at the first such cock she'd seen this close. The last ten minutes had been so terrible that she was about to do what had once made her sick to her stomach.

To Benji, her touch was electric. His cock was in his sister's hand. She was doing just what she wanted even if she didn't know what to do. "Stroke it," he said. "Wrap your fist around it gently. Firmly. Stroke up and down, baby doll. Work it like my cock going in and out of your pussy." She winced at the metaphor. It was too real, too possible. Up and down she stroked, getting the feel of what he wanted by trial and error.

Mechanically at first, Gwen played with her brother's cock. She knew he either came or she suffered the same fate tomorrow morning. Warming up to the task out of desperation, she stroked faster and faster, listening to him to know what felt good. She tried to act like it was nothing, not a real cock, but she was jerked back to reality when he said, "Now put it in your mouth. Keep stroking, but lick and suck the tip." Disgusted to the core, she did.

“More,” he said. Automatically her head bobbing up and down on about two inches of cock matched the pace of her fist.

While it was thrilling to make his sister suck his cock, her technique left too much to be desired. She got him close, but he didn’t think she’d finish well, so he took it in his hand. She watched him curiously, taking his action as disapproval of her ability, and wanting to do better next time. *Am I getting tortured tomorrow because I couldn’t do it? I want another try. I see what he’s doing.* She tentatively raised her hand up toward his cock.

“Don’t move,” he said firmly. She thought it was in reaction to her hand, but the next thing she knew he spurted cum right on her face. She resisted the natural reaction to jerk back, understanding now what his command had meant. He squirted again and again, four times in total with each one tapering off in volume and force. She looked up at him. *How could you?* What she saw was a mask of desire. It was the answer to her question. He could and would again.

As she looked up, Benji looked down, thinking the cum covered face of his sister was the most erotic thing he’d ever seen. It was in her brown hair and on her chin, and everywhere in between. She looked stunned, uncertain, and hurt. He stroked his cock for a few more seconds, as he enjoyed his power over her. She was afraid to move even with his cum running down her face. “Lick it off your lips,” he told her. It was incredible to see her pink tongue come out and taste his cum. Disgust painted her face, but she didn’t stop. The dreaded exchange of bodily fluids had occurred.

“Go shower now, baby doll,” he said. “When you come out, your clothes will be laid out for you.”

Hurrying off now that she was dismissed, Gwen turned on the shower and stepped in quickly, uncaring that the water was cold. It warmed up after a few seconds and she soaped her face, feeling like the cum would never come off. *I jerked off my brother. He came on my face. That was so disgusting. His cum... right on my face... I never wanted anything like that... I thought I could stay clean forever. My God, he loved it, so I know he’ll do it again... and I know I’ll let him. I’ll stroke and suck and shoot it on my own face if that’s what he wants. Where did he come up with such a cruel drug?* Again she asked the question, *why is he doing this to me?*

When she got out of the shower and dried herself off, Gwen saw similar clothes as yesterday. Instead of the isty-bitsy, sheer panties that tied at the hips, she had a pair of bikini panties. Much less that she’d ever wear, but more than yesterday. The skirt fell to mid-thigh, but still made her feel exposed. She put on the blouse and moved this way and that. It wasn’t as sheer as yesterday, but if she moved wrong, her nipples were visible. The heels made her feel like she was on a stage, her skirt four inches higher and more inviting.

She brushed her hair, put it in a bun, and put on the little amount of makeup she usually used and went to the kitchen for breakfast. Benji was waiting for her. He gave her the dreaded wolf-whistle and her glare was missing. She didn’t know how to react. Benji undid her hair and fluffed it to cascade down over her shoulders. had her turn this way and that just like she’d done in front of the mirror.

“Not gonna hide those puppies,” he chuckled.

“Benji, I...”

He cut her off with a wave and picked up a bra from the kitchen chair. “That won’t do for work, baby doll,” he said. “Put this on.”

“Thank you, Benji,” she said. Aghast at her attire, she was grateful that she’d merely be sexy and not X-rated. She took the bra and he caught her arms. Swallowing her pride, she let him take her blouse completely off.

“Those are perfect,” said Benji. “You should be proud to show them off. I just don’t want you to lose your job.” He watched her put on her bra and she managed to not make a face as she looked down at herself. The half cups lifted her tits and barely hid her nipples. Yet, it was better than no bra. “Just a couple of things to remember today. If someone compliments you, say thank you. If somebody hits on you, tell them you have a boyfriend. You don’t have to tell them it’s your little brother.”

“Gee, thanks, Benji,” she said. Her sarcasm sounded out of place to her. It certainly sounded dangerous. “I mean, that’s a good idea. Thanks.”

“Oh, I almost forgot. Until I can trust you...” He lifted up her skirt to make sure she had on the proper panties. “Good girl.”

She bristled as he called her a good girl. It wasn’t the first time, but this time she felt like a good girl. *I’m doing exactly what he wants. I have to.*

“When you’re done at work, come to my house for dinner,” said Benji. “See you then. You look gorgeous. Oh, yeah, and you remember George? The guy that undresses you with his eyes? That was his name, right?”

“Yes, like I could forget about him,” said Gwen. *What now?*

“I’m going to call him at least once today to make sure his eyes are still in his head.”

She got the message. *To make sure I haven’t changed clothes, you mean. Wish I hadn’t told him about George.*

After Benji left, Gwen looked at herself in the mirror. She didn’t like what she saw. It was better than yesterday, but still too much leg and too much cleavage. She looked like the opposite of how she wanted to look. Most of all, she looked like she was in for a long day. Stripping and sucking cock had been easy because she was motivated. Benji was there making sure she did it. The hardest thing she did that Monday morning was get out of the car at work and get on the elevator. Mercifully, there were only two women on the elevator with her. They acted like she was dressed perfectly normal.

As the door opened on her floor, Gwen took a deep breath. She stopped dead as she saw George staying right there waiting for her. He ran his eyes up and down her body. “Wow, your brother wasn’t kidding,” he said with a leer. “That *is* a new look for you. He called and asked me to keep an eye on you, since you’re so... different.” He said it like he was protecting her, but he was the last man she wanted to keep an eye on her.

Gwen turned bright red as George explained her brother had already called. When she didn’t move, George put his hand on the elevator door to keep it from closing. “Come on out, gorgeous,” he said. “I’ll walk you to your cube so you don’t draw a crowd.”



“Thanks, George,” she said, steaming inside. “I just thought I’d...” *Come to work looking like a hooker.* “... try something different. Don’t get the wrong idea.” The words tripped off her tongue and she realized that was the best thing to say. It was better than my little brother wants everybody to see what I’ve been hiding quite successfully for years. “My eyes are up here. You can talk to me, not my breasts. I just might regret the change if people think they can treat me differently. If it gets out of hand would you be kind enough to spray some cold water on the guys?” *Starting with yourself.*

They hadn’t gone ten feet when Tom came around the corner headed toward them. He was preoccupied and only glanced up at them. Then he looked again. “Well, good morning,” he said, his attention now totally on her. “Is George taking good care...” He cut off his perfunctory greeting when he realized who it was. “Gwen? You, uh, you look different,” he said. Her icy glare wasn’t as effective when she was dressed to kill.

“Morning, Tom,” she said as he passed. “Thank you.” *Why did I say that? Because he complimented me. His look. His tone. Dammit, what will people think of me.*

George lingered in the entry to her cubicle. “That’s a good look for you, Gwen. Mucho better.” He spoke to her cleavage again. “What’s the occasion?”

“Just thought I’d try something different,” repeated Gwen. She already felt too exposed and by now George had all her clothes mentally off.

“Nice,” said George, venturing a glance up to her face. “Might as well go for a complete makeover, huh?” he said.

“No point in doing it gradual,” she agreed. “It doesn’t change our professional relationship though.”

“Got it,” said George. “Can I get you some coffee?”

“Yes, that would be nice. You be my little office boy and fetch me some coffee.” She was pleased she’d found her icy tone again. She’d thanked him for his compliment and now she was ready to dismiss him. He seemed to get the message and she sat at her desk, noticing she’d turned several heads in the few seconds she’d been in the office. She only thought she’d dismissed George. He came back a minute later with a cup of coffee that he served to her cleavage.

“You have a bet with your brother or something?” asked George, grinning at her tits.

“What? Why?” asked the confused Gwen.

“He said he wanted to know if you did anything like that,” he nodded toward her hand that clutched the V of her blouse to cover her the swell of her breasts. “Sounded like you had a bet. Like if you’d make it through the day without... covering up.”

“So he has you checking on me,” said Gwen, hiding her annoyance at her brother. She couldn’t let anyone find out that he was behind it. Despite her desire to the contrary, she let go of her blouse and dropped her hand to her lap. It felt like she’d just invited George to leer at her. At least, he took it as an invitation.

“If you need anything, just say the word,” said George, as he finally managed to get the strength to tear his eyes off her and go to his desk. Thankfully, the partitions around the cubicles were high enough that he couldn’t peek over at her.

Gwen settled down to work, trying to dismiss her attire now that she was settled. She was fairly successful, though it was impossible to miss the unusually high traffic around her cubicle. Her boss, Andy, showed up around 10:00. "Morning, Gwen, I heard you were doing a different look. Quite a surprise. A pleasant surprise. You look nice."

"Thank you, Andy," she said. "The word spread fast I see."

"Do you have time for a drink after work?"

"No, I don't. I've got a new boyfriend," she said. "I wish everyone would stop making a big deal out of it."

"Ah, yes, new boyfriend. That would explain it," said Andy, assuming she was dressing to impress her new beau. "I'll just make sure nobody bothers you." He stepped out of sight and then popped right back. "You do have to admit that's quite a surprise to everyone." *Are you asking my breasts?* He disappeared again.

*Yes, that's me. Quite a surprise. A hot chick and obviously that means I'm on the menu. Not as bad as I imagined and worse at the same time. I'm not dressed as bad as yesterday and I've got some privacy, but the attention is disgusting. I don't want to have a relationship. That hasn't changed, but now it looks like I'm in the market.*

When lunchtime rolled around, Gwen didn't think she could get up and go to the cafeteria. Too much leg. Too much cleavage. Too many people would stare at her. To her surprise, Mindy stuck her head in her cubicle. "Way overboard, girl. If I know you, you hate this attention. You look nice, though. Just ignore the jerks. Your brother called. He's so sweet."

"Yes, he's special," said Gwen. "Why did he call you?" She'd thought nothing of Benji attending one of her office gatherings, but now he was using his acquaintances in the company against her.

"He called to check on you. He thinks you might be uncomfortable with the big change and that maybe you aren't going to ever leave your cube, so maybe you'd be more comfortable if you had some company for lunch. We can go down together."

"Yes, that would be nice," agreed Gwen. *Benji called her! To check on me. To make sure I get up and go to the cafeteria. To make sure I parade around like this.*

Mindy was an attractive girl a couple of years younger than Gwen. She was in and out of boyfriends, but drew a strict line at interoffice romance. Despite the fact that Mindy was her brother's unwitting tool, Gwen found her the perfect lunch companion. She played her role of making Gwen leave her cube, but Mindy was also effective at keeping the guys at work at a distance. Gwen still got stared at, but she felt less uncomfortable.

In mid-afternoon, George swung by Gwen's cube. "Hey, gorgeous," he said. "Just thought I'd come by to talk about the schedule for the Rivers project. You have time now?"

Gwen turned toward him and almost clutched her blouse again. With him standing and her sitting, he had a perfect view of her cleavage. "I thought we talked about the schedule last week," she said. *Just an excuse to gawk again?*

“Had a couple more questions,” said George, apparently thinking the answers were tattooed on her tits.

*Dang Benji! This is humiliating and despicable.* She wanted to tell George to go jump off a cliff, but what if Benji called him again. Though she hated the inviting way she was dressed, she felt helpless to do anything about it. She felt her face warm and the blush spread to her throat and upper chest. “What do you need to know, George?” she asked. She pointedly leaned forward to the place his eyes were focused, but his eyes went even lower and she sat up quickly, realizing she’d given him a great view down her blouse.

George grinned, amused at her embarrassment. He asked a few questions that he could have answered himself. He was a tad more cautious with his gaze, glancing at her tits when he thought she wasn’t looking. As he left he said, “Nice legs.”

Fuming, Gwen went back to the task she’d been working on. She didn’t know what to do about George. He was annoying, but it seemed contradictory to expose herself and then tell him that her legs were none of his business, not to mention Benji might call him.

By mid-afternoon she was desperate to pee. Abandoning the security of her cubicle, Gwen walked down the row of cubicles toward the restroom. As she turned the corner, she glanced back and saw two heads disappear quickly into their cubes. *Dang Benji! They were staring at me. My legs. This skirt is too short and too tight. Were they checking out my ass, too?*

When she returned to her cube, Gwen saw several of the guys standing and talking, conveniently positioned so she had to walk by them. Gritting her teeth, she walked past them quickly. She was still in earshot when she heard. “Yep, that’s hot.” Another step. “About time,” said another voice. She tugged at the bottom of her skirt, but it didn’t move. She heard a couple of laughs just before she made it to the safety of her cube.

When the day was finally over, Gwen drove to Benji’s house. He had a shorter commute than her so he was already there. “Hi, baby doll,” he said. “How was it today?”

“Horrible,” she snapped. “The skirt is too short and George... how many times did you call him?”

“Twice,” said Benji. “Got an interesting report the second time. Don’t you think it’s a little odd to dress like that and then act like you don’t want to be dressed like that?”

“Well, I don’t,” said Gwen.

“Then why did you?”

“You made me,” she said indignantly.

“Did you tell your co-workers that?”

“Of course not.”

“Then maybe you should act like it was your choice,” said Benji. “Act like you want George to see those perfect tits and those great legs, baby doll.”

He was right, but she didn’t want to admit it, so she changed the subject. “What’s with this baby doll? I don’t like being called that.”

“Kind of popped into my head when I saw you in that baby doll nightie,” grinned Benji. “I like it. Reminds me of you wearing skimpy clothes for me and it’s appropriately intimate for our new relationship.”

“It’s incest,” said Gwen. “It’s wrong.”

“Incest is great when you have a sister like you,” said Benji. “It’s more than incest. It’s slavery. You’ll do everything I want. I’ll call you baby doll or anything I want. You’ll call me master.”

“Like hell I will.”

“Hmm, was I too lenient this morning?” asked Benji. “I thought for sure you’d say yes, master to avoid a repeat.”

Gwen looked stricken. *Just like that? I say what he wants or he tortures me? I do what he wants? I’m his slave? Bastard! I’m his sex slave. His big sister and he’s getting off on the incest. He’s got me good.* “Yes, master,” she said. *What else can I do?*

“So it’s settled. Tomorrow you’ll let George gawk at you. Tomorrow I want you to stand up, lean forward and put your hands on your desk, and face George so he can get a good look.”

“At my butt?” asked Gwen. “My desk faces a wall.”

“No, at your tits, baby doll,” said Benji. “Figure out some way to do it. Lean across a conference table or something.”

*Expose myself and then invite him to look?* “Yes, master,” acceded Gwen. She knew he’d check up on her, too.

“OK, dinner will be in about an hour. Just hold still for me,” said Benji.

He stepped to her and unbuttoned her blouse. Gwen burned with shame, but let him remove it completely. He unzipped her skirt and helped her step out of it. She hated the casual way he stripped her right in the great room. He turned her, unhooked her bra, and removed it. Turning her to face him again, he admired her tits.

“Now let’s go get a lesson in obedience,” said Benji. “I don’t want to always threaten to hold off on your daily dose, so I have another way to convince you not to glare at me, to call me master, and to do everything I want. Come along, baby doll.”

*What the heck is he going to do now?* “Yes, master.” *I so do not want to follow him and find out.* Nevertheless, she followed him to his newly redecorated dungeon. Her blood ran cold when she stepped into the room. All she saw were the stocks. She didn’t notice the many new attachment points in the ceiling, floor, and walls. She knew what the stocks were all about and they consumed her attention.

“This is a test,” said Benji. “An obedience test. Put your head and hands in the stocks.” He lifted the top to expose the three semi-circular cutouts.

*A test? What happens if I fail the test? For God’s sakes, he’s already hinted at punishment. He knows I’ll do anything to avoid another morning like this morning. Not like I want to, but I can hear it already. Put your head and hands in the stocks or it’ll be 15 minutes. God, I hope this isn’t as bad as a withdrawal. It can’t be worse.* “Yes,

master.” Gwen stepped to the stocks, leaned forward bent at the waist, and put her neck and wrists in place. He dropped the top to secure her and locked it. *Now there’s no choice left. I can’t stop him from doing what he wants.*

It wasn’t just that she couldn’t protect herself. Gwen was horrified to be facing a wall three feet in front of her. With her head on one side, she couldn’t see anything behind her. It was like that was someone else’s body except she’d feel everything.

His sister’s torso was parallel to the floor, slightly distending her tits. Benji pressed up against her from behind and cupped the dangling globes. “This is what I want from my sister slave, baby doll,” he said. “An incestuous sex toy. Reluctant on the inside, totally compliant on the outside. I want to own these beautiful tits and every other part of your body.” He tweaked her nipples for a few seconds. “Yeah, that is the finishing touch to perfect tits. Hard nipples. You hid these from the world and now they’re mine anytime I want, baby doll. Do you understand?”

At the touch of his hands to her tits, Gwen learned what helpless meant. He so casually cupped a private part of her body to which he had no right. He claimed them as his. Her mind reeled as the reality sank in. *Sister slave. Own these beautiful tits. His anytime he wants. My worst nightmare. I’m so thoroughly fucked and this turns him on.* “Yes, master, I understand.” *Boy, do I understand.*

He continued to play with her nipples, making her squirm in embarrassment. It felt surprisingly good. “If I call you at work and tell you to get George alone in a private room, strip to the waist, and let him enjoy these for 10 minutes, you’ll do it. You’ll do it and act like you enjoy it. You know you’ll do it because there are worse things than being fondled by a leech. Outright disobedience from you will mean a delay in your daily dose. However, if you displease me, I’ll use lesser punishments. Like holding your blouse closed so George can’t enjoy the view. Holing up in your cubicle all day. Forgetting to thank George when he said you have nice legs.”

Squatting down, Benji put his lips to one of Gwen’s nipples and sucked on it. “Please, master,” she whined.

“Please do more or please stop?” he asked.

*Is there a right answer?* “Please... please... umm... stop,” said Gwen.

“OK,” said Benji. “I already told you I’d punish you if you disappointed me.” He stopped sucking, moved behind her, and pulled her panties down to her ankles. Picking up a wooden paddle, he said, “This is for holding your blouse shut.”

For a second Gwen thought that pulling her panties down was the punishment. It sure felt like it. Then she felt the sting of the paddle. “Owww, God, no, Ben... master,” she said.

“God, yes, baby doll,” said Benji. “Bare bottom spanking for disappointing me. You’re just going to hold still while I take care of this. This is for hiding in your cube.” He swatted her again.

“Owww, master, what did you expect me to do?”

“Oh, I suppose I expected you to hide in your cube, baby doll. I expected you to give me that chance to turn your alabaster butt a nice shade of pink. Now, the next time I tell you to get in the stocks, what are you going to do?”

*Fuck you, Benji! You know what I'm going to do. This is demeaning, painful, and humiliating, but it's not as bad as delaying my dose.* “Master, I'll put my head and hands in the stocks for you.” *Dammit, I let my little brother strip me, trap me, and spank me. I'm naked, about the last thing I wanted to be in front of him. This sucks so bad, but the worst part is knowing that I'll let him do it whenever he wants.*

“Good girl, baby doll,” said Benji. He was immensely pleased with how this was going. His cock throbbed at the sight of his nude sister and the control he had over her. “This is for forgetting to thank George.” He smacked her bare ass again.

“Eeeeeaaa,” squealed his slave.

“This is for asking me to stop sucking your nipple.” He swatted her just as hard a fourth time, enjoying her scream. “Just so you understand, I took it easy on you today. The next time you disappoint me, I'll double the swats.”

“Yes, master,” sobbed Gwen.

“Now, do you or do you not want me to suck on your nipples?”

“Suck on them, master.”

“Ask me.”

There were a few second of silence. “Master, will you suck on my nipples?” *Damn him.* “Eeeeeaaa!” she screamed for another swat.

“That was for stopping to think about it.” He squatted under her again and suckled on her nipples for a couple of minutes.

When he stood up, Benji said, “Punishment is over. It's time to have some fun.”

Being in the stocks felt like punishment. Being nude. Sucking on her nipples. It was all punishment to Gwen, so she had to wonder what Benji thought was fun. When he came into view holding a three inch penis gag, she wanted to scream at him. *This is not fun!*

Her head looked like it was mounted on a wall. Her body was sexy and her disembodied head was a thrilling sight, too. “Open up, baby doll,” said Benji. She opened quickly and he put the gag in place, strapping it behind her head to keep it there. “A little practice for you. Let's hear you suck on it.”

Disgusted, Gwen sucked on the fake penis. “Keep sucking,” he said as he disappeared behind her. “A little louder so I know you want to please me.” He picked up a bulbous headed vibrator to mix pleasure with her ordeal. Turning it on, he pressed it against her clit. “Even louder so I can hear you over the vibrator.”

Humiliated at the sucking noises she had to make, Gwen was mortified when she felt the vibrator. She couldn't picture it in her head, but it felt like a serious vibrator and, properly placed as it was, she knew she'd cum and she'd do it while sucking the fake cock.

Benji watched her, uncertain if he could force an orgasm out of his priggish sister while he was pushing her buttons. When she rotated her hips, he realized he was going to be successful. Keeping the vibrator in place, he cupped one of her tits and teased the nipple to hardness. He could hear her moans mixed with her sucking and slurping.

“Who’s gonna cum?” he teased. “Who’s gonna cum for her little brother? Who’s gonna have some fun? Who’s getting all hot and bothered? Let’s see it, big sister. A great, big, wonderful orgasm for me.”

*Fuck you, Benji. This isn’t fair. I am not cumming for you. I’m cumming despite you. You’re forcing an orgasm out of me. Me. Me. Me. I’m gonna cum for little brother and I can’t help it. Suck suck suck. God damn him, it feels good and I don’t want to feel good.* She didn’t try to fight it. She felt her clit take control. Humping the air, she exploded in orgasm, rising up on her toes as she clenched her muscles in the ultimate pleasure. She’d only done this in private before and it was no less fulfilling because it was forced.

As the pleasure drained from her, Gwen wondered what Benji was up to next. He quietly removed his clothes so he could surprise her. As he put a condom on his erection, Benji took in her full tits, her great ass, and her virgin pussy peeking between her thighs. Then he pressed up behind her, lined his cock up with her fuck hole, and slid into the warm, wet tunnel in one stroke.

“Ahhh! Unngghh!” grunted Gwen. She’d felt him probe at her pussy and then suddenly she was full. She didn’t have a hymen to worry about, but it was still the first thing of that length and girth to enter her and the sudden stretching hurt.

“Yeah, that’s it, baby doll, squeeze me tight,” said Benji. Her natural reaction was to try to deny him access, but it was too late for that. All she did was tighten the already tight tunnel. “Am I the first one in here? Fuck, I know I am. How about that? Fucked by your little brother. Damn, I’ve wanted to do this for a long time.” Without breaking rhythm, he reached under and cupped her tits. “Do it with me, baby doll. Push back. Take me deep.”

*How about that?! My God, Benji, you’re raping me. Your cock in me. Disgusting. Using me while I’m helpless. Despicable. Get your cock out of my pussy and your hands off my tits.* She couldn’t do anything, even help him as he was implying. It happened so quick. Super excited, Benji filled the condom in barely a minute.

When he pulled out, Gwen’s pussy ached. She was still mentally cursing him when he appeared in front of her and removed her gag. He stunned her by pressing his lips to hers and forcing his tongue into her mouth. Resisting for a second, Gwen realized that she could again disappoint him by fighting the kiss. She felt his tongue against hers and forced herself to kiss him back. It was mentally nauseating, yet physically intriguing. Still feeling the after effects of her orgasm, the kiss stirred her. That just seemed odd.

Breaking the kiss, Benji said, “Man, I love you, baby doll. We’re going to have so much fun. I knew you had a great body under those baggy clothes. Just never expected it to be the body of a goddess. Now I own it. I’m never going to let you go.”

*Never going to let me go. That isn’t love. This is lust. How can he say he loves me? He loves my body? Loves having me as a slave? Loves fucking me?* Though her mouth was free, she didn’t say anything as she mused about his words. She heard the door open and shut. *Oh, sure, leave me here. Dammit, if he comes back and fucks me again... I’m ready*

*and waiting. What the heck was with that kiss? Disgusting, disgusting, disgusting. He was all over me. In me. Claiming me. He doesn't care a bit about me. Just my goddess body.*

Left alone facing the wall, Gwen wanted to cry. *Betrayed by my brother. He took everything from me. Kissed me. Gross. Fucked me. Disgusting. Fondled me. Despicable. He has no idea how deeply I hated sex. I'm ruined. Spoiled. It's not even my body anymore.* As the minutes ticked away, Gwen became convinced that Benji would return and use her again. It was frustrating to have nothing to do but stare at the wall and wallow in her misery and wait to be used again.

Half an hour later, Gwen was surprised when Benji came in with her dinner. To further emphasize her helplessness, he fed her still in the stocks. He even gave her sips of wine to make her feel like it was a normal dinner in the stocks. As he put bite after bite in her mouth, he kept up a constant stream of reminders of her position. "You're my slave. Nothing but property. A toy. You'll do everything I want without hesitation. You will obey me. You will not question me. You will do everything you can to please me. You depend on me for your daily dose. Without me you are nothing but pain. You will earn your daily dose with obedience." He repeated the same things over and over until dinner was finished.

When he freed her from the stocks. "Go and put on your baby doll nightie and come to the kitchen."

Dressed in see-through pink, Gwen learned that her brother hadn't had dinner yet. It was ready on the stove. All she had to do was serve it to him. "Like a naughty maid in her naughty uniform," winked Benji. She served him dinner and poured him a glass of wine. "Now kneel next to me. Facing me."

The treatment was demeaning, but at least it wasn't sex. The problem was that as she knelt facing him there was nothing to do but look at him. *Like I adore him? Kneeling at my master's feet and I'll bet it will disappoint him if I look away.*

Benji hardly looked at his sister slave. He cast her an occasional glance, appraising her beauty with a disinterested look. He ate leisurely, making her kneel the whole time. When he was finished and she'd done the dishes, he said, "Go put on the skirt, blouse, and shoes that I gave you yesterday."

"Yes, master," said Gwen.

"What else are you going to put on?" he asked.

Sensing a trick question, Gwen replied, "Master, may I put on a bra and panties?"

"No," said Benji. "You will only ever put on what I tell you to put on. Nothing more. Nothing less. No substitutes."

"Yes, master."

"Good girl," he added. "You're learning."

She padded off in bare feet. He was done with the first phase of his fantasy—showing her how fucked she was. That had been done on the first morning, but it had really sunk in this evening. The second phase of his fantasy was starting—training her. He expected



hiccups along the way, but she was already following simple commands. Asking the question about her bra and panties pleased him immensely. Just as he'd told her, she was learning.

When she came back it was obvious she didn't have on a bra. "I'm going to look under your skirt, baby doll," he said. "If you have on panties, it'll be an extra minute tomorrow morning. If you have panties on and take them off right now, it'll be two swats. If you have no panties, I will do nothing."

When Gwen didn't move, he lifted her skirt and her bare pussy looked back at him. "Good girl," he said. "I would much rather have you obedient than torture you in the morning. However..." he paused for a few seconds, "... I rather enjoyed spanking you."

"Yes, master," said Gwen, blushing at the reminder.

"We're going out," he said. "I'll drive."

"Where are we going, master?" asked Gwen. "I mean, I know you said not to question you, but does that mean I can't ask questions?"

"We're going out, baby doll," said Benji. "You may ask questions and I may not answer."

As they drove toward the unknown destination, Benji said, "Lift up your skirt so I can see your pussy, baby doll."

"Yes, master." Tight-lipped, Gwen pulled up her already too short skirt so he could see her bare slit.

"Smile," said Benji. "It may disappoint me if you don't." He was careful not to say he was disappointed as he gave her fair warning for next time.

After another block, he said, "Open the top button on your blouse."

"Yes, master." She forced a smile.

"Pull out a tit."

"Yes, master." Again a forced smile.

"Suck on your nipple."

"Master! Uh, yes, master," she grimaced at her outburst. To make up for it, she smiled and said, "Thank you, master."

She pulled up her right tit and bent to suck on the nipple. "Make it nice and hard," said Benji. "They look better that way." After half a minute he said, "Now do the other one."

They pulled into a parking lot. "Button up, baby doll," he said. "Keep your skirt where it is. When you get out of the car, you may pull it down."

"Yes, master."

They parked in front of a pet store. Neither of them had a pet, so Gwen wondered why they were there. She didn't bother to ask because she assumed he wouldn't answer. She'd know soon enough. Sliding out of the car, she flashed everybody in the parking lot, which turned out to be no one, and then straightened her skirt.

"I was hoping it would be busier," chuckled Benji. "Maybe a family in the spot right next to us." He'd deliberately parked where no one would see. He just wanted her to think about it this time.

He led Gwen to the aisle with dog collars. *No way! He's not going to get me a collar, is he? That's going to far... smile... yes, master. I hate you. Yes, master. Smile.*

"You look so scrumptious in your pink nightie, I thought a pink one would be nice." Benji took a pink collar off the rack. "Try it on for me."

"Yes, master," said Gwen, working hard to smile. *Right here? Right now? Don't question him. Just do it.* She held it up to her neck. "It's too small, master."

He'd figured that. This time he picked one he thought would fit. She wrapped it around her neck and buckled it in place. A woman walked by the end of the aisle with a boy in tow. She frowned at the brother and sister and hurried along. "Maybe we should ask her what she thinks," asked Benji.

"Yes, master," said Gwen, her heart sinking.

"Nah, I think her expression said it all," he chuckled. He picked out a matching leash and clipped it to her collar. *Oh, hell no! Smile. Smile. If he leads me out of here on that leash, what will I do?* He left it there for a few seconds and then said, "Good girl." He removed the leash, but left the collar on her. "We'll work up to that," he winked. Her forced smiles were amusing.

"Come along, baby doll," said Benji, leading his slave to the checkout counter. "This leash and that collar," he told the girl at the register, pointing at the collar around Gwen's bright red neck.

"I'll have to scan that," said the clerk, obviously uncomfortable with the picture.

"Bend down close," said Benji. "Let her scan it."

Fuming, Gwen bent closer and the clerk scanned it with her handheld scanner. "My, my," said Benji. "Let's not show off to the entire store."

Straightening up abruptly, Gwen realized that she'd bent low enough that her butt had been visible. *No panties!! Shaved pussy!! My God, how careless can I be?* She looked over her shoulder and saw a teenage boy in a store uniform gaping at her. He turned quickly away. When she looked back at the cashier, she realized from the disapproving look that she'd also given the cashier a look down her blouse at her braless tits.

After paying for the purchase, Benji led them back to the car. He drove to her apartment, his trial run outing finished. "You're spending the night at my house, baby doll," he said. "We're going in to get what you'll need for that. Makeup, hairbrush, toothbrush, whatever you need. I have plenty of clothes for you and there's probably nothing in your wardrobe that you'll get to wear again."

"Yes, master." She'd figured that already. Short skirts and see-through blouses were her new look. Of course he wouldn't let her wear what she wanted. She hurriedly packed and they returned to his house.

As they parked in the garage, Benji said, "Don't get out yet." He walked around the car, opened her door gallantly, and promptly clipped the leash to her collar. *So much for gallantry*, she thought. He gave a little tug and she got out and followed him into the house.

"Where will I sleep, master?"

"Wherever I tell you to sleep," said Benji. He led her to his bedroom. "Put your stuff in here. You know those panties you had yesterday that you probably wished you were wearing tonight? There's a pair like them in the top right drawer of my dresser. Go put those on."

"Yes, master," said Gwen. *Like that will make much of a difference. I'd have still given that boy a view of my ass.* She figured that putting her stuff in his bedroom and bathroom was pretty much the answer to where she was going to sleep. At least he had a king size bed. "And what else will you wear?" he called after her.

Turning, she knew from his grin what else she'd be wearing. "Nothing else, master."

"The collar always stays on. Put on the shoes, too."

It took barely a minute to change clothes and Gwen wondered if she could dawdle, but didn't see the point. It was a risk that she wasn't willing to take. She came to him in the tiny panties that tied at the hips and four inch heels. He made her turn 360 degrees for him. "Hmm, there isn't much to them and yet they do so much."

Getting out a pad and pencil, Benji started to sketch Gwen. He was a decent artist and in half an hour he had an excellent rendition of her from knees to throat. She fidgeted the whole time, annoyed that he just made her stand there facing him as his nude model.

When he was finished, he showed it to her. "Can't do your head," he told her.

"Master, I've seen you do faces before," said Gwen. "You're very good."

"Yeah, I could do yours, too, but you didn't smile," he said. "I sure don't want a drawing of you frowning."

"Yes, master," she said, putting on a smile.

"That's better," he said. "Go get the wooden paddle in the punishment room and bring it to me. Ask for two swats and then I'll draw your smiling face."

*Get the paddle! Not just a spanking, but I have to provide the paddle. So unfair.* Gwen walked away, hoping she could manage a smile after two swats. "Walk sexy," he called out after her. "Wiggle that great ass." He decided it was a decent effort, but she'd need practice.

When she returned, he made her bend forward and grab her ankles. "Two swats," he said. "More if you don't hold that position for both of them. I suppose we can just leave on the panties. Just like a bare bottom." He delivered two quick, hard swats.

Standing up and facing Benji, Gwen forced a smile. "Know what?" said the master. "I think it would be just as sexy with a natural expression, especially with the tears." She dropped the smile, expressing her true feeling, hoping she looked angry and defiant despite the two tears on her cheeks.

After another half hour, Benji showed her the picture. "That's perfect, don't you think?"

*Did I really look like that?* Gwen was dubious. He'd captured a submissive look on her tear stained face. *I must have if he drew it that way.*

"Pin this to the wall of the punishment room," he said, handing her the drawing.

Retrieving a push pin from his desk, Gwen headed toward the room. "Walk sexy!" he yelled.

He turned on the TV while she was gone and when she returned he was looking at different channels until he found a fashion channel. "Watch her walk," he told his sister slave as a model walked down the runway. "I want you to practice, baby doll. I'll let George be the judge tomorrow. Bare bottom spanking if he disapproves."

"Yes, master," said Gwen. *And the nightmare goes on. Walk sexy for George. Like he needs any encouragement.* She watched and walked up and down the hall. He made her watch again and do it again. Again. Again.

"That might get a good review from George," he finally told her. "Maybe if he disapproves, I'll see what he thinks about how sexy you walk in nothing but panties."

"Yes, master," said Gwen, dejectedly. She put on her smile again. She didn't think he'd really do that. Just the idea of being judged by George was bad enough. What if George figured out he'd get a better view if he gave her a low score?

"A little early, but go get ready for bed. Brush your teeth, whatever. Get ready except for putting on a nightie." He came back a few minutes later and brushed his teeth. The master bath had two sinks, so there was plenty of room. Too bad that his mere presence made her uncomfortable. She was essentially naked and trying to act like nothing was amiss.

When they were done, he told her to get on the bed. Suspicious, she lay down on her stomach as he directed her. He pulled her arms behind her and wrapped a rope around her wrists. "Master, what are you doing?" she asked, though it was obvious.

He delivered a quick, hard hand spank. "Don't question me," he reiterated. He finished lashing her wrists together, satisfied that she wouldn't be able to get free.

When her master got off the bed, Gwen looked over her shoulder at him. To her dismay, he put a condom on his cock. *Damn him, he's going to fuck me again. Why the ropes? I would have held still. I have to.* She wondered what he was doing when he knelt on the bed beside her inside of between her legs.

"I'm being kind, baby doll," he said firmly. "You don't want me to force this into your pussy without lubing it up."

"Yes, master," said Gwen, a deer in headlights look as he paused. It didn't look like he was going to lube it with anything, so she wondered what his point was. She really didn't want to know the answer to her unspoken question.

"You're going to do it for us," said Benji. "With your spit. You're going to suck it and lick it and get it all slippery."

“Oh,” said Gwen, feeling more stupid than used. “Yes, master.” Ashamed of her naiveté, Gwen licked her brother’s condom encased cock for a few seconds before she decided to be embarrassed. *Sure, just suck and lick your cock, little brother. Always wanted big sister to do this? Fuck! This isn’t my first time, is it? I was so desperate this morning. Now I’m not so desperate, but I still have to.* She slobbered all over his cock, angry that she was preparing him to fuck her.

Satisfied with her job, Benji pushed his sister to her back and knelt between her legs. He plucked the bows at her hips and pulled the tiny bit of cloth down and away. To her surprise, he bent and kissed her pussy. “Mmm, so nice and smooth,” he said. He ran his tongue up her slit, finding it dry. He wanted to use some of her juices as lubrication, too. He looked up at her, amused at the stunned look on her face. Pulling her pussy lips, apart and shoved his tongue in her fuck hole.

*What the heck?! Why is he doing that? That’s disgusting, isn’t it? He doesn’t think so. I can’t believe he’s licking me. I thought oral sex was so demeaning, but he’s doing it. He doesn’t have to. He wants to. He’s done this before to other girls.* His tongue probed inside her and then he moved up to her clit, teasing it with his tongue and lips. “Make your nipples hard,” he said and returned to eating her.

“Yes, master,” said Gwen. Damn him. *This is disgusting, but it feels good. Like using my vibrator.* She pinched and tweaked her nipples, annoyed that it felt good. She didn’t want it to feel good. It wasn’t supposed to feel good. It was sick. He had no right to touch her and it was especially annoying that he could do it and make her feel good.

Benji thought he could probably eat her to orgasm as he watched her react to his ministrations. At first he could read the annoyance on her face, but that softened. She couldn’t be annoyed anymore. She was wet and now he wondered if he could fuck her to an orgasm. Changing his position, he said, “You get to watch this time, baby doll.” He rubbed the head of his cock between her pussy lips.

“Yes, master,” said Gwen. She wasn’t sure if that was an order to watch or if it would disappoint him if she didn’t. She didn’t want to witness her rape, but she watched him rub his cock and then slowly work it in. When he was in her to the hilt, rather than start fucking her, he lay down on her and kissed her, teasing her tongue out to play with his. *Oh, don’t you dare act like we’re lovers, asshole.* She kissed him back and felt a shiver of pleasure as he toyed with a nipple. *Do not make me feel good. You have no right.*

Still amazed at his sister’s perfect body, Benji made love to it for a couple of minutes, slowly starting to stroke in and out of her pussy. He rose up, picking up the pace and looking down on her. Her long brown hair cascaded across the pillow. Her tits were ice cream with little pink volcanoes that had newly grown atop them. Everything from her neck down was the color of cream. Not a blemish on her. She was trying so hard to be upset and failing as her physical pleasure overcame her mental anguish.

*Dammit, he’s enjoying this too much. Everything on display. I’m his sister and I’m his slave. He’s showing me what that means. Taking what he wants. It’s not supposed to feel this good. I can’t let it get to me. Not like I can do anything. Damn him, he’s good at this. How can I have an orgasm if I don’t want to?* Gwen’s body betrayed her, the disgusting

act was insidiously pleasurable. Unused to this kind of attention and stimulation, her brother's incestuous rape was driving her higher and higher.

Sensing his sister's orgasm was seconds away, Benji let himself go. He wanted mutual orgasms. Not because her pleasure was important to him, but because he wanted to show her how wrong she was about sex. He knew she'd always hate it. That was too deeply ingrained in her. He wanted her to enjoy it and hate that she enjoyed it. "Cum for me, baby doll," he said as his orgasm hit. He pounded hard into her pussy and was rewarded with the sight of her lovely body tensing in orgasm, too. "Cumming together, baby doll," he grunted. "So special."

*I'm cumming... for him. It feels wonderful. His cock... so powerful... driving me... making me cum. He shouldn't... he made me.* Unable to deny the pleasure, Gwen was still upset that Benji had taken her against her will. Like he had before, as soon as his orgasm was finished, he kissed her passionately. She kissed him back, relishing the intimacy momentarily. It felt like she needed that.

When he got up, he untied her. "Put on your nightie, baby doll. I'll be back and you will be tucked in bed. My bed." He didn't bother to put on clothes before he left the room. He came back a few minutes later and set a glass of water on the dresser. "There's your morning dose, baby doll. You've had a hard day and I don't want you to worry about it in the morning. Do *not* drink it before morning. It won't do any good."

"Yes, master," she said. It was a tremendous relief knowing it would be waiting for her. It meant she'd done better than she'd thought.

"Your dose is here. I'm here. This is where you belong." Benji turned off the light and got in bed. She turned away from him. He snuggled up behind her and put his arms around her. One arm over her and across her stomach and one arm under her. Gwen couldn't object because his hands were in safe places. "Good night, baby doll. I love you."

Gwen had come to a conclusion while he was gone. She couldn't call him master in front of anyone and she thought if that's what she called him in private, it might slip out in public. "Good night, Benji," she said, taking a chance. She felt him stiffen. "You're Benji and my brother and my master. Benji means master now."

To her relief, Benji relaxed. "Very well, baby doll. Very well." After a few seconds, he said, "You better say Benji with respect every time it comes out of your mouth." He could imagine her saying Benji the way an annoyed big sister might say to her little brother.

"I understand, Benji," she said.

Sister Slave

By Kenna

Chapter 3

When Gwen woke up the next morning, she waited a couple of minutes before getting up. It was just enough to let her know that she needed the glass of water waiting for her. Slipping out of bed, she took her daily dose and went to shower.

Soaping herself up, Gwen tried to wash the Benji away. He hadn't put any cum in her, but he'd held her intimately for at least part of the night. She knew there was really nothing on her that she could wash off except her memories. It was a wasted effort because Benji came in and got in the shower with her. It gave her the creeps, but she said, "Good morning, Benji."

"Morning, baby doll," said Benji. "Sleep well?" Her body was only half rinsed and he put his hands on her, using the remaining soap to rewash her stomach and breasts.

*Dammit. Hey, Gwen, mind if I help? I'd love to run my hands all over big sister again. No, don't bother to ask, Benji. Just do it. I'd say yes anyway. Just save the time and go straight to fondling me.* "Thank you for the daily dose, Benji," she said as she stood for him. It was annoying, embarrassing, and frustrating, but she knew better than to object. She didn't want to disappoint him, but she also didn't want to thank him for washing her. As a compromise, she asked, "Do you want me to wash your back?"

"Just my back?" he asked.

"I'll wash you all over, Benji," she said. "I need to wash my hair. How about if I wash your back and your cock?" She figured that was the important part.

"Yeah, I can do the rest," he agreed.

*Might as well. I've held it, stroked it, sucked it, and had it in me. I hope someday I get used to it. Not just a cock, but my brother's cock. My betraying brother's cock.* She washed his back and then gently, but thoroughly washed his cock and balls. He took the soap from her and started washing himself.

Ducking under the shower, Gwen grabbed her shampoo and turned her back to Benji to wash her hair. "Face me, baby doll," he said.

"Of course, Benji. I didn't do that on purpose. It's the angle of the spray." Which Benji was mostly blocking with no regard for her. She had to duck down to catch the ricocheting drops.

When she stood back up, Benji's eyes were on her. "There's something about a woman washing her hair that's sexy," he said. "I guess it's the part where you get your hands up and out of the way."

"Thank you, Benji," said Gwen for the veiled compliment.

He lingered for another minute and then Benji got out of the shower. Unlike Gwen's apartment, his shower had a clear door. It was a little foggy from the hot water, but he could still see her quite well. He shaved, not paying much attention to her, but she still felt exposed.

When Gwen dried herself off, she found clothes laid out on the bed for her. A short skirt like yesterday and a low-cut, but not sheer blouse. There was a black bra and black panties, both too small for her tastes. To her dismay, there was a black garter belt and black, thigh-high stockings. A note on top of the pile of clothes said, Put the garter belt and stockings on first. She wondered at the specific instructions until she put on her panties and realized they could come off and leave her in the garter belt, stockings, and bra. It was the only reason she could think of, so she assumed Benji knew that, too.

At breakfast, Benji told her, "Same rules as yesterday. Thank people for compliments and don't let anyone hit on you. That will be standard. Once I tell you something, you do it. Today, you must go to the bathroom twice and to lunch. You will get a conference table between you and George and then lean over it. Let him see your sexy black bra. Lunch and two bathroom breaks every day. You don't have to show George your tits every day."

"I understand, Benji," said Gwen. *Every day I have to make at least three trips out of my cube.*

He stepped in front of her, checking her out. Holding the V of her blouse open, he looked in at her bra. "They're beautiful, baby doll. The contrast of your skin and that bra. Incredible. One more thing. Make a doctor's appointment. I want you on the pill. A condom is inconvenient."

"Thank you, Benji. I'll make an appointment. That's a good idea." *No, it isn't. It's terrible. Then he'll be able to put his semen right inside me.*

Gwen's day was nerve wracking like yesterday. She got more attention than she wanted and it was the wrong kind of attention. In the morning, she called to make an appointment with her doctor. The receptionist passed her to the nurse. "You were just in a month ago, Ms. Meyers," she said. "I can get the doctor to write the script and I'll call it in. You can pick it up later today." *I said no when the doctor asked if I wanted birth control, like she asks every year. Dang, I didn't want it filled that quickly.*

After lunch she told George she wanted to discuss the plans again. "I want to spread out some papers," she said. "Let's go to a conference room."

Once the papers were spread out, Gwen was frightened of what she had to do. *I'll be giving George the wrong idea, won't I? Will he know I did it on purpose? I have to make it look like I'm unaware of what he can see. Remember the pain. I can't do 15 minutes. Benji will call George and if I don't do it... I have to.* "This is what I wanted to talk to you about, George," she said. They were standing on opposite sides of the table. She had to lean across the table to point at the schedule. Assuming Benji would be disappointed if she just flashed George quickly, she pointed and talked for ten seconds and then straightened up.

George averted his eyes as she stood. She shivered at what she'd just done. He'd been so obvious that she wanted to tell him not to stare at her tits, but that was the point. She may not have known how long Benji wanted her to flash him, but she knew that she'd be spanked if she chided her lecherous co-worker. As if wasn't bad enough, George asked her a question, pointing at another place in the schedule. With a chill, she swallowed her pride and leaned across to look.

When George was still pointing and talking at ten seconds, Gwen straightened up. "I can't see it that well," she said and walked around the table for a better look. She was not going to give him an unlimited down blouse view. They finished their discussion, both of them acting as if nothing odd had happened.

Driving home, Gwen stopped to pick up her prescription. She'd had a horribly embarrassing day, but she knew she'd done everything expected of her. When she walked in, Benji looked at his watch. "Late, baby doll."



"I stopped on the way home, Benji," she said, holding up the bag from the pharmacy. "I have the pills."

"You're forgiven then," he said. It irritated her more that he made a point of forgiving her. He summoned her and removed her blouse, bra, and skirt. "Go take a pill and meet me in the dungeon."

"You have to use a condom tonight, Benji. Not tomorrow, though." *Or you could just not fuck me. What's with the dungeon? I did everything right today. Maybe it's a trick. If I question him then he gets to spank me.* In the dungeon, Benji held the stocks open. Though he said nothing, she put her head and hands in place and he locked them down.

"I called George today. He thinks we have a bet going. Either a bet that you lost or I bet you that you couldn't wear sexy clothes and I'm going to lose." He chuckled. "Anyway, I heard about your soirées out of your cube. Good girl. I heard about your cleavage. Twice. Now that's a very good girl. He's quite colorful. What was it he said, 'I could practically see her belly button. Those are some nice tits. An inviting view of paradise that could take a man to heaven. I tried to will a nipple to appear, but I was lucky seeing the soft, swell of her creamy tits. Hey, you don't mind if I say that about your sister?'"

Benji laughed. "He said all that and then asked if I minded. I said it was fine because it was probably true. Didn't want to give him the idea that I'd seen more of paradise than him."

"Thank you, Benji," said Gwen from the far side of the stocks. She felt him slide her panties down.

"Bare bottom spanking, baby girl. Wow, your legs look great like that. Something about stockings that make you look so sexy. Any idea why I'm going to give you three swats?"

"No, Benji," said Gwen.

"You have to concentrate, baby girl," he said. "Sexy all the time. We practiced walking sexy last night and George gave you an average score. You're lucky you weren't trying to improve your score in just your panties."

He gave her two hard swats, barely turning her bottom pink. "Just to be clear. That was two swats for disappointing me once. I told you I'd double the number of swats."

"Yes, Benji," she said. She felt his hands on her tits. "Benji, I liked it on the bed last night." Not exactly true, but if he was going to fuck her, the bed was better.

His reply was two more swats. "That's no different than questioning me just because you made it a statement. How else are you going to get practice for when George bends you over the conference table?"

Stunned at the question, Gwen said nothing. She hoped he was teasing her, but she wasn't sure now. If he was using George as his tool to embarrass her, what would he make her do for the rest of the week?

As he had yesterday, he caressed her all over, used the vibrator on her, and fucked her. The only difference was he used the vibrator to get her warmed up and while he fucked her so that they had mutual, shared orgasms again. *Just because you can time it, doesn't*

*mean I'm sharing anything with you, little brother. Just because it felt good doesn't mean I enjoyed it.*

Ready for a kiss when he came around to her helpless head, she was surprised when he stopped just an inch from her lips. *He wants a kiss. Damn him, he's going to make me stretch.* She stretched her neck, but he kept an inch between them, puckered up in a mockery of the kind of kiss he wanted. *I'm disappointing him. What does he want besides a kiss. He won't let me do it. What does he want? He kissed me both times he fucked me.* It came to her and though she hated it, she asked, "Benji, will you please kiss me?"

Pressing his lips to hers, Benji gave her the kiss she'd asked for. She kissed him, a wicked, unwanted sort of passion filling her. It felt horrible and good at the same time. Still, she was ready to stop when he did.

"You kiss good, baby doll," he said.

"Thank you, Benji," she answered. "So do you."

"Why do you kiss me back?"

*Because it feels good. Because I want you to kiss me.* "Benji, I just don't want to disappoint you," she said. It was true. It just wasn't the only reason.

Ironically, that answer disappointed him, but not in a way he wanted to punish her. He thought there was more to it. She kissed *really* good. Again he left her and returned with dinner shortly. He fed her carefully, giving her some wine and some water. He kept up the same patter of words to remind her she was his slave. When he was finished, he brushed her hair to the side, looking at her beautiful face. "I could look at you all day," he said.

"Thank you, Benji," she said. She was beginning to believe him when he complimented her. "Benji, I could fix you dinner. May I do that for you sometimes?"

"I'd like to see you fix dinner in the stocks," he said. "Oh, you mean let you out to fix dinner. Yes, I thought about that. Shouldn't the slave fix the meals? Shouldn't I at least eat first and make my slave wait? I'm not sure I know why, but I like to fix you dinner. It's quite a thrill to feed you. Not just because you're naked, but because it's another way you need me."

When he freed her from the stocks, he said nothing. He left and she followed him. He sat at the table and she served him his dinner and some wine wearing nothing but the garter belt and stockings. She bit her lip and knelt facing him. Halfway through dinner, he paused and looked at her for several seconds, earning a blush. His attention made her uncomfortable. "I fix you dinner because I want to take care of you, baby doll," he said. "I'm asking a lot of you. You're not my maid. You're my beautiful, live-in, 24/7 sister slave and my slave has things to do."

He took another bite and a sip of wine, "Like kneel there and look beautiful."

"Thank you, Benji."

After dinner, he drew another picture of her, this time in the garter belt and stockings. He had her pin it to the dungeon wall and followed her there. After making her remove the

garter belt and stockings, he tied her arms behind her and legs with her heels touching her ass. "You'd hold still for me, wouldn't you, baby doll?"

"Yes, Benji."

"You just look so sexy in ropes. I read about something that we're going to try," he said. "This is play time. This is not punishment. It's playtime." She opened her mouth and let him put a large plastic ring in her mouth. When he wedged it between her teeth and tied a strap behind her head, she realized it was a gag. *So much I know nothing about, but he seems to know a few things.* He picked up a nasty looking whip. *Oh, fuck me!! Play time for whom?* she wondered. *Helpless. Yep, that's me. Helpless... and he's got a whip in his hand. My God, I can't stop him from doing anything. I can't even ask him not to whip me.*

"I doubt you'd hold still for this, baby doll," he said.

"Nah, nah, nah," she said. *No, I wouldn't hold still and no, I don't want you to touch me with that thing. How could you?*

He'd practice whipping a chair, but this was different from the first lash. For one thing, the chair hadn't said, "Nnnnnnnnaaaaa!!" There also hadn't been a red stripe on the chair. And, it hadn't made his cock stir. He reminded himself that he was only going to give her ten lashes this first time or else he might get carried away. Each lash was thrilling. Her volume and pitch rose. Her eyes got wilder. With ten red stripes on her back, he stopped.

Benji hadn't believed that a slave would enjoy this and Gwen's reaction confirmed his suspicion. It wasn't playtime for her. He tilted her back and stripped. In pain, Gwen couldn't believe her brother had a hard on. So hard it looked painful. She hated having it on her face, but as he jerked off quite rapidly she knew that's where it was going. With her mouth open, she was afraid some might get in there, too.

When Benji came, her fear about some getting in her mouth seemed silly. He grabbed her hair to steady her while jacking off and pointed his cock... *in my mouth!! All of it! God, no! What the hell is he doing. Oh, gak, ukk, in my mouth! Gross me out to the max.* Her eyes crossed as she looked at the cock so close pumping white goo into her mouth. He finished and she tried to push it out with her tongue. To her utter horror, he put a rubber stopper in the ring. *Well, fuck me double. It's in my mouth and that's where it's staying.*

Too bad that her pleading eyes made Benji wish he could jerk off again. "There you go, baby doll. You can slowly swallow it. Go ahead, it doesn't hurt. Once you've done that, you will swallow my cum anytime I shoot it in your mouth. No gag. No stopper. Big sister's gonna swallow it anyway. Lots of girls do it. Now you're one of them. Guess what else."

*What? What else could you possibly do to fuck me anymore?! I have a fucking mouthful of your fucking cum and you fucking want me to fucking swallow it! I am fucked! You can't fuck me anymore!* Abruptly she calmed, it was like watching someone else get even more fucked when she saw the vibrator. *Oh, I see. It is possible to fuck your baby doll, big sister even more. How clever. That's something I would never have imagined. I wonder how that's going to feel?*

Benji saw his slave relax and he had to wonder about the abrupt change. She was livid, frantic, outraged. Then she was calm. He figured she'd accepted what was going to

happen. He put the vibrator to her pussy. Maybe she'd just fully submitted to him. She looked at him and her no big deal expression made him double check the vibrator to make sure it was on.

For a couple of minutes, Gwen was stuck in that fugue state. Nothing was happening to her. It was someone else. *Benji... he's so handsome... such a good brother. He's making that girl feel good. I'll bet she likes that. I should go. I shouldn't watch. Is she going to have an orgasm? I'll just stay to see if she does.*

While Gwen's face registered nothing, Benji watched her body respond. Her nipples stiffened and her pussy got wet. She rotated her hips, even lifting them to meet the vibrator. She was totally submitting to him. He tweaked a nipple. "That's a good girl, baby doll."

*Hey, that's me. He's going to make me cum again. He's doing it again. Damn him, I don't want to cum... oh my God, I've still got his cum in my mouth. I can taste it, feel it, and smell it. Gross! It's so gross and I'm going to cum! Stop it! I don't want to feel good, especially now.* It had taken her no time at all to go from outraged to calm and Benji watched her as she spun back up in about five seconds. "Cum for me, baby doll," he said as she exploded in orgasm.

When she relaxed, Benji said, "Interesting tidbit, baby doll. The human mouth swallows better than it spits. The quickest way to get rid of the taste is to swallow it. I'm going to take out the gag now so you can swallow. Just like you will every time you have cum in your mouth." Watching her carefully, he removed the gag. She swallowed a big swallow, stuck her tongue out several times trying to wipe it clean on her lips, and then swallowed again.

Pissed, she was ready to chew him out regardless of the consequences, but he put his lips to hers and kissed her soundly. She kissed him back, pushing her tongue into his mouth with no little satisfaction. If she could still taste his cum, then so could he. She began to wonder about her strategy when he didn't recoil in distaste.

After half a minute of passion, he stopped. Looking into her eyes, he said, "So that's what my cum tastes like. It was worth it. Your kisses make it worth it."

*I hate you.* But her moment of rebellion was gone. Feeling defeated, all she could say was, "Thank you, Benji."

To her surprise, he said, "No. Thank *you*, baby doll."

"You're welcome, Benji."

Her legs ached from the position, but when he untied her, Gwen was surprised that the ropes themselves hadn't hurt. The marks of the ropes looked faint and she was sure they'd be gone by the morning. "Have you tied up other girls?" she asked.

"No, just you, baby doll," he said.

She wasn't sure if she wanted to strangle him or kiss him. *Definitely not kiss him. Strangle would be a bad idea, too, I suppose. He's never tied up another girl, but he knew how to tie me right. I mean, I hated it. Being so helpless... but he was so careful with me... yeah, careful to leave me helpless... just that he must have practiced... for me.*

*He does care. Damn him. Stop it, Gwen. He's the villain. He whipped me. That's not a good brother. I'll bet he even practiced that.*

"Go shower," he said. He grinned at her. "I'm just fine, but you're all sweaty."

"Yeah, I did all the work," she said.

That was it for the evening. She wore her baby doll nightie to bed and fell asleep in his arms. She resented him, but he owned her so she had to do what he wanted. What she didn't noticed was that she'd come to accept that sex felt good. She hated her new life and would gladly go back to being a frigid puritan if given the chance. She knew that wouldn't happen. Benji was going to use her over and over. She'd never like it, but at least it felt good. It annoyed her that she kissed him back, but that wasn't her fault. She kissed him because she was high on endorphins, not because she liked to kiss.

Over the course of the week, the second phase of Benji's fantasy fell into place. She washed him all over, but only his back, cock, and balls on shampoo days. She did not disappoint him at work. She came home and let him strip her. She went to the dungeon before he told her to. She put her head and wrists in the stocks. She came and she kissed. She didn't complain. He fed her. She served him and knelt beside him. They had playtime. She hated every minute of it, though she was beginning to think she didn't hate being kissed anymore.

With his sister slave trained, Benji was ready to push her to the next step. She'd do whatever he wanted, no matter what.

On Friday evening, Benji didn't take his sister to the dungeon. She had some free time and when dinner was ready, they ate together at the table. She was suspicious that something was up, but wasn't about to screw things up with a question. He asked her about those 15 minutes when he'd withheld her dose on Sunday morning. Not wanting to relive it, Gwen gave him a quick description. He asked questions and before long she'd given him a graphic description of her minutes of misery. The initial realization. The growing need. The desperation. The feeling that she was possessed. "I could barely hold on to reality and remember that you could help me," she finished. "Either you would save me or I'd rip the pain out of me. Those were my only choices."

Over dessert he said, "That sounds pretty terrible. I can understand why you wouldn't want to go through that again."

Gwen didn't think he sounded sympathetic at all. In fact, it sounded now like he was trying to make her relive the agony. She regretted giving him the details of her ordeal, wishing she'd made it sound less traumatic. *What's he up to? Why such a vivid reminder?*

"I was wondering if I should do that once a week just to keep you in line," he said.

Hearing that, Gwen realized that his whole point was to remind her that he was her master and she was the slave. *Oh God, please don't do that. I need my daily dose. I need you to give it to me. What do I have to do to earn it?* "You don't have to do that, Benji," she said. "It's not something I'm going to forget."

"And you won't forget that you have to obey me without hesitation and without question," he said.

“I wish I could, but no, Benji, I won’t forget.”

“You look nice like that. I wish you’d dressed like that years ago,” he said. She wore the same thing she’d worn to work, sexy but short of getting fired for being lewd. “Stand up and take off your blouse for me.”

“Yes, Benji.” Gwen stood facing him and removed her blouse so he could see her lacy, white bra. She understood that she had to face him and had to keep her hands at her sides. Her brief moment of feeling normal was gone. At his command, she removed her skirt. Now all she had on was her bra, matching panties, and thigh high white stockings. The stockings clung to her thighs without the need for a garter belt.

After making her remove her bra and panties, Benji said, “Nothing but stockings is real sexy. Do the dishes and put the food away. Come back when you’re done.”

It wasn’t a reprieve to do the dishes since Benji had a view of the kitchen from where he sat. She moved around the kitchen, doing what needed to be done and feeling creepy to have him watch her. So far the only thing she’d managed to get used to was sleeping in the same bed. Though she wore her see through nightie, the lights were out and he was asleep. She could get space between her and him in the big bed.

When she came back, Benji told her to bend forward and put her hands on the table. “Like you’re in the stocks, only you’re in the dining room.”

Putting her hands on the table, Gwen figured the essential part of the position was her torso parallel to the floor and her ass available for a spanking. She felt him rub her pussy, sliding his finger in and out a few times. He lubed her with KY, but she just thought he was getting a thrill. Unlike the stocks, she could look back and see him removed his clothes. Before his cock was visible, she looked forward again.

“I’ve been thinking that if George was to fuck you, how would he do it? I imagine he’d lean you over the conference table and take you from behind.” She felt him press against her. “Maybe he’d reach in.” He cupped her tits. “Maybe he’d pat your cute ass. Maybe he’d just get down to business. As he slid his cock in her, she realized he’d lubed her. “What do you think, baby doll? How would he do it?”

She hoped the question was rhetorical, but couldn’t take the chance. If he wanted an answer, she had to give it to him. “He’d probably take his time, Benji. He’d look and then touch and then fuck me.”

“No romance, but not a quick fuck either,” said Benji. He slowly slid in and out of her pussy. “I wonder how big his cock is. Whether he’s any good. Would he care if you came or not?”

*What does that mean? What does it matter if he cares? I’d cum, wouldn’t I?* She’d cum every time Benji fucked her, but she wasn’t aware that he’d made sure of it or that most men wouldn’t do that for her. “I don’t know, Benji.” And I hope I never find out.

“If I invite George over tomorrow, we’ll know for sure,” said Benji. “If I tell him you want a good fuck, we’ll see what he does. If I tell him you want a good fuck, you’ll have to agree or else Sunday morning will be very rough for you.”

*Oh, so that's it. A reminder that no matter what he demands, I will do it or else. That's about the worst thing I can think of and I would smile and let him fuck me. Gross, but I'd have to. What does he really have planned for tomorrow?* Her thoughts distracted her from obsessing over the fact that Benji was fucking her right now. He was threatening her about tomorrow and she knew it would be something new. Something that she'd balk at without the reminder.

When he came and she didn't, she wondered what he'd done different and decided that the lack of foreplay had cost her the warm, wonderful feeling. He left the room without kissing her like usual. She hated that he made her feel good about such a sick act, but the first time he didn't make her feel good, she hated that, too, and hated that she hated that. *Fucked me and came in me. I feel like an animal. Why wasn't there any pleasure this time? Why did he do that?*

Hurrying after Benji, she asked, "Is something wrong, Benji?"

"Do you like it when you cum, too?"

"What? I... uh... no, I don't like it. It makes me feel like... I don't know. You're using me and I don't want to enjoy it."

"Was it better tonight? Not enjoying it? Better to be used and not cum?"

"No, it wasn't better. I don't like it either way," said Gwen, confused over her feelings. She didn't want to have sex with him at all, but if she had a choice between cumming and not cumming, which would it be?

"Come with me," he said. Taking her hand, he led her to the bedroom. He pushed her onto the bed and got out a vibrator. "Let's see what you like."

"Benji, don't," said Gwen. She didn't try to stop him. "I mean, you can do what you want, but I don't want you to do it like this."

He didn't heed her. He turned on the vibrator and pressed it to her clit. In a couple of minutes, he could tell she was getting aroused. "Do you want to cum?"

"No, Benji. Not like this."

"With my cock in you?"

"No, Benji."

He couldn't believe that she didn't want an orgasm. She obviously got pleasure from it. When she looked nearly ready to cum, he asked, "Do you want to cum?"

"Uh uh," she shook her head. He took that as a less definitive answer. She either wanted to or she was close to that.

With her orgasm imminent, he took the vibrator away. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. She almost said something. "Do you want to cum?" he insisted.

"You're an asshole, Benji," she said. "Don't stop now."

"Do you want to cum?"

“Yes, Benji, I want to cum.” He pressed the vibrator to her pussy and took her to a pleasant orgasm. He climbed on the bed and kissed her. She put a hand behind his head and held him so he didn’t stop.

When she’d had enough, she moved her hand. “Well?” asked Benji.

“I want you to care, Benji,” she said.

“Do you want to cum? Be a participant? Do you want to care?”

“Why are you doing this?” asked Gwen. She couldn’t answer his questions. *If he’s going to fuck me, then I want to cum. I don’t want him to fuck me, so I don’t want to be a participant or cum. I do care. I care about being raped. I am not a participant. I don’t want him to rape me, I won’t be a participant, and I don’t want to cum... unless he fucks me... which I don’t want.*

“I love you, baby doll,” said Benji. “I care about you. You’re sexy and beautiful. I love your body. I’m going to rape you, fuck you, or make love to you. It’s your choice. I will care about you and make sure you enjoy it whether you like it or not. And there will be times when I don’t care about you. Tomorrow George is coming and I’m going to watch him fuck you. You teased him for years and especially this week. You’re going to service the very erection you created. I don’t want you to cum for him.”

Gwen’s mind reeled at the knowledge that George was not just a threat. He was about to become a reality. There would be no discussion. Talking back would only be trouble. *Benji’s showing me his control. He’ll give me to other men for their pleasure, not mine. He’ll use me for our mutual pleasure. I will always be his. I will always do his bidding. I will surrender my will to him. The only question is whether I will surrender my love to him.* The answer that made sense to her was, not yet.

“I’ll let George fuck me, Benji,” said Gwen. “If that’s what you want, then that’s how it will be. I will not cum. I will not participate. I will not care. You’ll still care about me.”

“That’s what I want,” said Benji. “George doesn’t know he’s going to get to fuck you. If he doesn’t figure it out eventually, I’ll tell him.”

“I understand, Benji,” said Gwen. *I can remember telling him that I’d rather have 15 minutes of torture than go a day without a bra. When it comes down to it, I’d rather let George finally get what he’s wanted for years than take another 15 minutes. If I let George fuck me, then I’ll do anything Benji wants.*

“Go put yourself in the stocks,” he said.

That was a first. It was awkward, but she managed to get the top up, her wrist and neck in position, and then get her other wrist in position at the last second before it closed. She was like that when he came in a few minutes later and locked the stocks.

“This is playtime,” he announced. There were several punishable offenses during the evening, but he didn’t want to punish her. He’d want her raw feelings which meant he let her say some things that she shouldn’t have. Swatting her bare bottom with a wooden paddle, he laughed and said, “You called me an asshole, baby doll.”

“You were,” she retorted and wiggled her ass.



“You don’t care about me,” he said and swatted her again.

“I hate you and that’s not the opposite of love.” She wiggled again. *Maybe I can enjoy playtime.*

“Your ass is perfect.” He swatted her again.

“You have a cute nose.”

“That’s the best you can do, baby doll? Your ass is turning pink.” Another swat.

“Are you going for cherry red?”

“No, just a nice pink,” With a fifth swat, her ass was the shade he wanted.

“Your cock is the biggest one I’ve ever seen,” said Gwen. She was having fun and had to say something. That was the only thing she could think of to say.

He laughed, “Out of how many?”

“One, counting yours,” said Gwen. He hadn’t swatted her that time and her attempt to look around failed as usual. She felt his hard cock in the crack of her ass and a hand on her tits. Though she couldn’t see, she knew what was coming next. The vibrator pressed against her clit and his cock slid in her pussy. She hated that, but she didn’t say so because she’d really mean it. As she felt her arousal build, she hoped that someday the physical pleasure would outweigh her disgust.

Sister Slave

By Kenna

Chapter 4

To a very small degree, Gwen looked forward to being fucked by Benji. It had happened twice a day all week, so she knew it was going to happen. She knew he’d make it feel good. Exposing herself, being fondled and spanked, and just thinking about those were disgusting and humiliating. So was being fucked, but there were a couple of minutes when she didn’t care. She’d never wanted to be with a man, but Benji’s kind of foreplay was better than other options. It was a time when he was wasn’t doing things for the sole purpose of debasing her. It was a time when he cared.

After Benji went to sleep, Gwen disentangled herself from his arms. It had become routine and as soon as she did, he always rolled away from her, still asleep. It was hard to believe it had only been a week since she’d woken up with an addiction that changed her life. She’d toyed with the idea of taking another 15 minutes just for pride, but each time she came to the same conclusion. He would always win.

The thought of George using her had made her think of it again. She could imagine those 15 minutes of growing pain. Part of the mental torture was knowing that it was going to get worse and worse and still Benji wouldn’t stop it. After those 15 minutes, she’d be her normal self, except she’d be ready to do anything, even George. *But what if I still said no. I’d have the day free. Free until the next morning. What then? 20 minutes? Who am I kidding? After 5 minutes I’ll have stripped myself and I’d be begging for George’s cock. I am never going to defy Benji. I can’t.*

George was not unattractive, but George was George. He was a chauvinistic throwback from the 60s who thought of women as prey—conquests to be won over and then discarded. Everyone else at the office had given up on her, but George would still drop by her cubicle every day. Wearing high necklines, long skirts, and loose fitting clothes, nearly everything was left to his imagination and he seemed eager to very creatively fill in the missing parts. Outwardly he'd only leer and comment again (for the thousandth time at least) that was pretty, gorgeous, beautiful, hot and/or sexy and should have a boyfriend. She knew that a) he was her boyfriend in his mind and b) he'd put her head on the body of a Playboy model. She was naked in his mind.

Getting out of bed abruptly, Gwen dashed to the bathroom and threw up. *He's a pervert and he's going to get what he's always wanted tomorrow. If Benji tells me to, I'll kneel naked in front of him and say, Pretty please may I have your great big cock in my sexy pussy. I've always wanted to have a big man pound me to heaven. Fuck me. Rape me. Bang me. Screw me. Nail me.* The thought sickened her. It was just so unfair.

*I can't even try to change Benji's mind. No talking back. No questions. Just do it. Why bother anyway. He knows how repulsive sex is to me and doubly so with George.* It was then that she realized either George was going to find out that she was a slave to her brother or she had to act like she wanted to fuck him. *It's either Benji's idea or my idea and I don't want anybody... anybody... anybody to ever, ever, ever know that I'll do anything my brother wants. Nobody would understand.*

Gwen crawled back into bed knowing that she would leave no doubt in George's or Benji's mind that she wanted George to fuck her. She could only wonder what Benji had in mind for tomorrow. How would George figure out he could fuck her and how would Benji tell him if he didn't figure it out on his own? She doubted Benji would introduce her as his slave.

She asked Benji at breakfast the next day. She was wearing a see-through blouse with no bra, a skirt that was a mere four inches below her crotch, and those tiny, sheer panties that a butterfly could have torn off her. She could imagine when she was down to her panties, it would be pluck, pluck, naked Gwen.

When he told her, she was surprised that he did. Then she said, "Benji, it should be me that tells George he may fuck me, not you. Neither of us wants him to know I'm your incestuous sister slave."

Benji nodded and agreed. Sure he was surprised, but not so surprised that he acted like it. He had plans for her that went beyond George and if he was willing to act the part of a slut, so much the better.

"Everything else you said, let's do. He deserves the whole show." She didn't want to do any of it, but she would. She had to act like she wanted to do it, but she wanted it over with quick. The tease that Benji had planned would make George hard as a rock and ready to blow in seconds. If she could minimize the time he was in her, she would.

As the appointed time approached, Gwen wished she could tell Benji that nothing that she said while George was in her house was true. That she was only doing what Benji was forcing her to do. That she'd (almost) rather jump in front of a bus than give George this kind of thrill. She didn't because she was afraid he'd push her even farther if she

challenged him like that. She didn't because there was no point. Benji would know it was an act and that everything she did was because she was being forced. Benji would get what he wanted. George would get what he wanted. *And I'm screwed.*

Meeting George at the door, Gwen fought the desire to throw her arm across her chest. "Well, hello, George," she said. "I'm glad Benji invited you." She stepped back to let him in and he moved in a semi-circle around her, unable to take his eyes off her. This wasn't just cleavage, he could see her nipples though the blouse and almost see them unrestricted down her blouse.

"Hello, Gwen," said George. She was surprised that he didn't call her gorgeous, beautiful, or you sexy thing. In fact, she quickly realized that he was nervous with Benji there. She expected him to be mesmerized, but he glanced over at Benji. He'd never taken his eyes off her before.

"Come in, George," said Benji. When they shook hands, Benji could tell George wanted to stare at Gwen, but he was too self-conscious in front of her brother. It was what he expected. Despite the daily phone calls of encouragement, George still wasn't about to drool over a guy's sister right in front of him.

"Go ahead, George," said Benji. "She's dressed for you. The thing is, Gwen wants to change, but she needs a little push. Odd as it may seem, she asked me to give her that push. I've been picking out her clothes and, as you know, I've been encouraging her to cross her old boundaries. Today will be no different. Sit down and get comfortable. You're supposed to stare at her."

With Benji's permission, George turned his attention back to Gwen. He hardly needed to undress her with his eyes since he could see the outline of her tits and her nipples.

"Gwen, go get us a couple bottles of water."

Not giving George a chance to say he didn't want water, Gwen turned and walked away, swinging her hips in what was calculated to be a less than desirable fashion. When she was out of the room, Benji said, "Be honest. Do you think she's hot like that?"

"Yeah, absolutely," said George.

"She tells me that you usually say so and you're going to disappoint her if you don't say it now. I have a question, though. Do you think she walks sexy? We're still working on that."

"She could use some work in that department, but I'd rather she never walked away. She's hot. You've done a good job... uh... coaching her."

"When she comes back, we're going to have some fun with her. She's agreed to do whatever I tell her to do. She needs some encouragement from somebody besides her brother. Thanks for coming over to help. I've taken her as far as I can, you know," said Benji with a wink.

"I have a few things I'd like her to do," said George, loosening up.

Benji chuckled. "You might be surprised what I have in mind."

When Gwen returned with two bottles of water, George said, "Hey, gorgeous, you look sexier than ever like that."

“Thank you,” said Gwen. *Damn right I do and it’s killing me.*

“George wasn’t too pleased with how you walk, Gwen,” said Benji. “Sexy isn’t just the way you dress. You have to move sexy, too. We’re going to practice that in a bit, but George said something interesting while you were gone. He’d rather you never walked away. I know he doesn’t mean he doesn’t care how sexy you walk. He’d just rather you let him check you out all he wants.

It was a break from the script that Gwen wasn’t expecting as Benji ad libbed. “Well, here I am,” she said. She posed with her hands on her hips and then put her hands behind her head, turning from side to side to give him different perspectives. When he had arrived, George’s first thought was that Gwen didn’t know her blouse was see-through, but as she posed, he realized this was on purpose.

Fishing a coin out of his pocket, Benji tossed it onto the carpet in front of Gwen. “What’s that?” asked Gwen, though she knew exactly what it was and why Benji had thrown it there. She leaned forward to pick up the coin without bending her knees. Her loose blouse fell open and George could see her navel and everything in between. “Is it a penny? No, it’s a nickel.” Gwen fumbled at the coin. “Nope, wrong again. It’s a quarter. Here, let me get it.” She’d given him a good look and now she stood up.

“You did that on purpose?” asked George incredulously. “I mean, not now. At the office. You did that on purpose.”

“Maybe,” said Gwen. “If I did, I’m sure it wasn’t the same. I wore a bra all week long.”

“It was still fantastic,” said George.

“Gwen, what did I tell you I’d have you do if George disapproved of how you walked?”

“You were serious?” asked Gwen.

“If you’re not going to even try to walk sexy there has to be consequences. Take off your blouse.”

Even George thought that was going too far, but he wasn’t about to complain. He hardly thought about Gwen stripping in front of her own brother. As far as he was concerned, Gwen was doing it for him and her brother just happened to be in the room. As she slid the blouse off her shoulders, his jaw dropped. “My God, Gwen. Those are incredible.”

“Thank you, George,” she said. She hoped her face wasn’t as red as it felt. They’d have to invent a new word that meant more than embarrassed, humiliated, and mortified combined to describe how she felt now. She didn’t play the whole 15 minutes of torture argument through her head again. She just told herself she had to do what Benji wanted and she had to do it quickly and without question.

“What’d I tell you on the phone,” Benji laughed.

“You told about my tits?” asked Gwen, too surprised to not be outraged. There had never been any mention of that part of the conversation.

“No, no,” said Benji, stifling the laugh. “I told him you would thank him for any compliments no matter what they were. Now the skirt.”

Keeping her eyes on George, Gwen unzipped her skirt. Though she wanted to do anything but strip for the lech, she was pleased to see he shifted and adjusted his hardening cock. There she was wearing shoes, stockings, and nearly invisible panties.

“My God,” gasped George. “I never thought you’d... I thought you were hiding something. I mean, not that. I don’t know, I didn’t really think you had a perfect body. Why in God’s name would you dress like... the way you used to dress?”

“Thank you, George,” said Gwen. “I’m taking that as a compliment.” *He thought I was deformed or something? That’s what he was thinking when he stared at me?!!* “Now, sorry that I’m not going to stand here so you can check me out, but this is what Benji said to do. Tell me this isn’t walking sexy.” She turned and walked away, this time swinging her hips the way Benji had taught her.

*My panties are a see through strip up the crack of my ass, so I might as well be naked from this angle. I am absolutely mortified, aren’t I? Yes, I am. I’m nearly naked and parading around for George.* The name was synonymous with lecher as far as she was concerned. Shocked that George had thought she was deformed, she’d almost forgotten to be mortified.

George gaped at the sight of Gwen’s bare (perfect) ass as she walked a few paces away. When she turned and came back, he was amazed at that sight as well. “You’re sexy and graceful,” he said.

“Yeah, like you were staring at her grace,” said Benji. “Go again, Gwen. He didn’t answer your question.”

“Is this sexy or not?” Gwen asked, reminding her co-worker what the question was. She walked away and back again.

“It’s not bad,” said George. “Do it again.”

*Asshole!! It was sexy. I knew if he got a vote and knew what happened if I wasn’t good enough he’d vote for ‘not bad’ or something. I want his cock to vote on sexy or not. There’s no mistaking how it’s voting. I can see the bulge in his pants.*

“Yeah, that’s nice,” said George as she returned a third time.

“Thank you, George,” said Gwen. She walked right up to him. “Now, there’s something more that I’d like you to do. Are you game for some more fun?”

“Yeah, sure,” he looked nervously at Benji. This was about as far as he wanted to go with Gwen in front of him.

“Benji?” said Gwen, rolling her eyes toward the door.

“I’ll just go take a walk in the backyard,” said Benji. “A long walk until somebody says I can come back in.”

As soon as Benji left, Gwen dropped onto the couch next to George. “As maybe you can imagine,” she said. “I’ve never had a man touch me. I think I’m ready for that now. Do you know somebody who could...” He cupped her tits. “... help me with that?” she finished unnecessarily. *Oh... my... God... I could kill Benji right now. I don’t want to do*

*this. Smile. Smile. Smile. It's not just this time. How many times will I have to do this with George? What about somebody else? How far will he push me and for how long?*

Benji was not happy being sent to the backyard. He wanted to watch Gwen's eager (?) reluctant (!) submission. He wanted to see George's cock go into her. He'd been taking pleasure from her, but this was about making her pay back the many males she'd teased over the years. If not the very ones she'd teased, she was at least going to make it up with man after man until he was satisfied. There was also the fact that he was worried George would get carried away and he needed to be there to protect her. It was OK with him if George went around the world with Gwen, but he didn't want her marked and she damn well better be still there when he went back inside. He didn't think George would take her away for more fun, but it still worried him.

Gwen tried to retreat into the place where it was somebody else's body, but she couldn't manage that. She could at least be satisfied that George's hands didn't have the same effect as Benji's hands. The leech ran his hands over her body without ever stopping to focus on her nipples or her clit.

Drawing the line at kissing, Gwen stopped him when he tried. That had become too personal to share with anyone but Benji. "Uh uh, George. I've got something better. You can either kiss me or fuck me. I've never had a cock in me and I'd like to start today, right now."

"Seriously?" asked George, his voice full of awe. "You're like incredible." He wanted to say she was out of his league, but he was batting in the big leagues right now. "You want me to be your first?"

"If you don't mind. You've always been the one who never gave up on me. You deserve it," said Gwen. "Let's go up and use Benji's bedroom." Eager to get it over with, she hurried to the bedroom with George on her heels.

Gwen lubed herself with KY while George stripped. She bent over the bed, ready to let him take her from behind. It was how Benji had pictured it and she felt it was less intimate. *Wham bam, thank you, ma'am. C'mon, let's get the wham bam over with.*

Taking the offered position, George rested a hand on her hip and used the other hand to guide himself to his target. "This might hurt a little," he said. "I can't believe you never..."

"Never had a cock in me, George. I've had a vibrator in there, so it's not like I'm a virgin. Go ahead. Now that we're ready, I can't wait." Gwen had only one thing on her mind—getting him out of the house. The longer it took for him to start fucking her the longer he got to ogle her. Disgusted at George and pissed at her brother, she felt the man's cock slide in her pussy. He tried to take his time so he didn't hurt her, but Gwen pushed back and he was in.

"Holy fuck," gasped George as his cock slid into a warm, wet heaven. He lusted after Gwen, just a chance to see the hidden, sexy parts of her body. He was afraid maybe she had something unsettling to hide, but that didn't stop him from imagining a body that matched her beautiful face. Reality was simply amazing. She was a cheerleader, super model, movie star. She made other women look second rate and now he was even in her pussy and fucking her. She wanted him.

“Fuck me hard, George,” she said, doing an excellent job of feigning enthusiasm. “I’ve been looking forward to this for a while.” *Like about 12 hours and with dread.* “It feels so good.” *It’ll feel better to hear the front door slam on your way out.* “You’re so big.” *Hope he likes that. Feels kind of small compared to Benji.* “Yessss, that hits the spot.” *The spot close to my gag reflex.*

George could hardly believe his luck. Everything about Gwen was sexy. The way she looked, talked, and felt. Everything except she didn’t move at all. George lustily rammed his cock in and out, but it looked like he was fucking a statue. He didn’t pay that any mind since he was doing something that lived only in his fantasies. He was getting what he deserved. Besides, this was her first time, so she would get better. It’d didn’t make her any less sexy.

With one particularly long, hard thrust, George felt his cum boil out. He pulled out and went deep again. “Oh, God,” he gasped, keeping his cock buried to the hilt. Then he slowly stroked in and out, milking his cum into her pussy and groaning with pleasure. He was so quick that if she’d been the least bit turned on, she couldn’t have cum and if she had been on the verge of cumming, his sudden slow down would have robbed her of her pleasure.

“Oh, oh, my God,” gasped Gwen, briefly moved her hips as she felt him cum. “Oh, yes, George, I’m cumming.” She’d cum enough times that she managed to fake it well enough to fool George. “That was fantastic.”

“You came?” asked George, incredulously. He’d never made a woman orgasm with his cock before and this had been pretty quick. “Man, you are one hot babe.”

Being the kind of guy who didn’t care about a woman’s orgasm or the kind who stuck around for breakfast during a one-night stand, George patted her on the ass and put his clothes back on. “Tell your brother that you were pretty good for a first time. Maybe we can do this again sometime. I’ll see you at work Monday, OK?”

“Yeah, see you on Monday,” said Gwen. She’d climbed on the bed pulled the sheets up to cover herself. She waited until he’d left the room and then got up. She went down the hall and peered around the corner to see him go out the front door. As he shut the door, she sighed with relief. Totally disgusted, she rushed to the shower and let the cold water pour over her. When it was hot, she washed George off her, giving the inside of her pussy special attention.

Gwen didn’t even want to put on the same clothes, so she wrapped a big towel around her and went to the back door. “He’s gone, Benji. You can come back inside.”

“That was quick,” said her brother when he came inside. He pulled the towel off her. “Did he fuck you and cum? I’m going to call him.”

“Yes, he was quick,” said Gwen, fuming that the towel was now in his hand. *Won’t he ever get tired of that?* “You know when a guy fucks a goddess, he can’t control himself.”

Benji chuckled, “I can’t believe you said that, baby doll. I suppose you’re right. He couldn’t believe his eyes. Maybe next time he’ll take his time.”

“Maybe, Benji,” said Gwen. She had hoped it would be a one-time thing, but now it didn’t sound like that.

“Go get in the stocks.”

“Yes, Benji,” she said. She didn’t hurry, though being in the stocks for Benji was far better than being alone with George.

When he came in a few minutes later, Benji locked the stocks. “I talked to George. He was pretty happy. I’m glad that you didn’t lie about him cumming. That was the important part. He said it was like fucking a statue.” He gave Gwen’s oblivious bare ass a big surprise.

“Ahhh, owwww,” gasped Gwen in surprise.

“He said you sounded like you wanted it.” He caressed her bottom. “You just didn’t move for him.” He swatted her. “I’d expect a woman who wanted to be fucked would do more than tell him he was big and felt good. If he felt good, then why weren’t your hips moving?” He swatted her again.

“Aahhh, ohhh, Benji! I had to pretend. I just didn’t think about moving.”

“Jesus, baby doll, you’re moving your ass better than that right now,” he swatted her again. He could hear her sniffing back tears, but he still asked, “This is not playtime. This is punishment. Are you enjoying yourself?”

“No, Benji,” she said. *I’m moving my hips now? Like what? Asking him to hit me again? Daring him to spank me? What the hell am I doing?* She forced herself to stand still.

“So, we’re going to have you practice how a hot woman gets fucked. I like the part about that hits the spot, but you have to move. Push your hips back to meet his thrusts. Do you know you do that for me?” He swatted her two times in rapid succession. “Are you faking that?”

“Yes, I mean no, I...” She sobbed as she tried to collect her thoughts. “I know I do that and no, I’m not faking it. He was just... I didn’t want him and he d-didn’t... oh, damn...,” she said in resignation, “... he didn’t care.”

“I’ve told you, baby doll, nobody will care about you like I do. I hear he fucked you from behind.”

On the other side of the stocks, Gwen pointlessly blushed. “Jesus, Benji, do guys talk about everything. Can’t it be private?” She screamed from another swat.

“Was it his idea or yours?”

“He liked it like that.” She sniffed. “I... that’s how I let him. He didn’t say anything, I just bent myself over the conference table like you suggested.”

“You didn’t let him kiss you and that’s why you offered him your ass,” snapped Benji. He swatted her again and to his surprise, she didn’t make a sound. Her sniffing and sobbing stopped.

“I offered him my ass so he wouldn’t feel me up anymore. I let him for a while, but I didn’t want anymore. I didn’t let him kiss me... damn you, Benji... why do you have to make me say it? I don’t want anybody to kiss me, but you.”

It was her turn to be surprised when Benji came around to the head side of the stocks. He looked in her eyes. “Baby doll,” he sounded touched. “Say that again.”



"I don't want... Benji, there's something behind your kisses. George didn't care and I didn't want him to kiss... uh... to do something so... so... intimate."

He could tell that she wasn't lying. His kisses were different to her. "Do you want me to kiss you right now?"

"No, Benji, it's not the right time and you know it. You know when."

"So you like it when I kiss you?" Benji was surprised at what she was saying.

"No," she snapped. "It's like... yes, I like it *when* you kiss me. I don't like *that* you kiss me."

Benji disappeared from her sight very happy with her honesty. He was happy that she didn't want him to kiss her. He didn't want her to enjoy her new life. Yet, he was also happy that she did enjoy it when he was being intimate with her and she was receptive. He liked that she thought a kiss was too intimate for anyone but him.

Gwen felt him caress her ass. She wasn't in the mood for that level of intimacy, but it was better than a swat. It told her that he was happy. He confirmed that when he said, "OK, baby doll, guys may force you to kiss them, but I won't mind that you do your best to avoid a kiss. You won't avoid a cock, though."

"Yes, Benji," said Gwen. *I could kill you. Bare hands. Around your throat. Choking the life out of you. I could kill you for making me say I don't want anybody but you to kiss me. I don't mean that I want you to kiss me. I just mean... what do I mean? I mean that you're going to do it. I can't say no to you. I mean you're my brother and... dammit, you shouldn't kiss me, but I don't want just anybody to... dammit! Please don't figure out that I mean that when you do it, I like it. Gawd, that's exactly what I said, isn't it?* Her face burned, sharing her humiliation with the wall.

"Not kissing him is off the table, baby doll," said Benji. "I spanked you for not moving and for choosing the position. Imagine my surprise when he said you came. Is that true?"

"Yes, Benji, I was surprised myself. It just hap..." He gave her three quick swats.

"Eeeeeaaahhh," she screamed. "What was that for, Benji?"

"You can lie to him, but don't lie to me." He swatted her again.

"You're... you're right, Benji," she sobbed. "He... he was disgusting and I... hunh... I didn't cum. I just... just faked it."

"Nice touch, baby doll," said Benji, caressing her again. "He thinks you're a nympho now." He liked spanking her, but he also liked the way she moved her ass to meet his caresses. He decided not to mention it or else she might stop doing it.

"I shouldn't have cum?"

"Let's see, what did he say? Your sister is a real nympho. I've never had a girl cum that fast before. So, baby doll, you'd have been safe not cumming, but like I said, it was a nice touch."

Gwen felt like the faked orgasm was not only wasted, but it hadn't been a good idea. *Now I'm a nympho? From prude to nympho? Why did I have to do that? Benji spends time*

*getting me... damn him, he goes out of his way to make me cum. Takes his time. Well, at least I didn't say that I like it when he fucks me, but I don't like that he fucks me.*

Feeling his cock hard and free pressing against the crack of her ass, Gwen said, "Benji, how big are you? Your cock, I mean."

"Bigger than average," said Benji. "Maybe eight or nine inches long." He'd already lubed his cock and now he worked it into her pussy.

"George didn't feel the same," she said. "Smaller, you know."

"I don't check out guys' cocks," said Benji. "I'm bigger than average. That means most guys are smaller than me." He put a hand on her tit and, as usual, put the buzzing vibrator to her clit. She may have faked an orgasm with George, but he was certain she hadn't ever faked one for him. That fact alone told him that she was being satisfied even if she wouldn't admit it. He even suspected that she not only liked kissing when he kissed her, but she liked fucking when he fucked her.

Holding the vibrator in place, Benji slowly stroked in and out of her cunt and teased her nipples to hardness. He took her to one orgasm and then started fucking her hard. As he came, she shuddered through a second orgasm. She couldn't fake the passion that her body showed. She had a look of eager anticipation when he came around and kissed her.

When he broke the kiss and looked at her, Gwen blushed. She knew exactly what he was thinking. He was proud of the fact that she liked kissing him. She'd shown him a weakness. It made her mind scream in betrayal while her stomach did little excited flip-flops. *Stop gloating, little brother. So what if big sister gets a little... a lot... hot for you. Jeez, not hot. Don't say that. I lose control. It feels good, but only for a little while. You're an asshole and you kiss good and you've got a big cock. You're handy. Either go away or kiss me some more.*

Unable to read her mind, Benji disappeared from view. He found himself starting to care more and more about his sister. Though she didn't want to, they'd grown closer over the past week. She still had a debt to pay to the male of the species. He lifted the stocks off her and said, "Today was a trial run, baby doll. Tomorrow will be the real test."

"What's tomorrow?" asked Gwen, thinking that tomorrow would be an extended session with George.

"Sunday football," said Benji. "You, me, and five guys. You're going to give them all hard ons and you're gonna take care of all five. You can do me later."

Speechless, Gwen watched him pick up his clothes and leave. She didn't want to ask him if he was serious, because she was afraid he was. He'd given her warning so she'd be mentally prepared, but she still hoped he was bluffing.

That afternoon, they went to her apartment to gather up all her old clothes. Benji had her kneeling on the floor and writing on a pad of paper as he named each piece of clothing. The position made her lean forward and give him a view of her panties. Initially annoyed, after an hour, Gwen stopped thinking about it. At a knock on the door, she started to get up.

"Stay there, baby doll," said Benji. "Who would be knocking on your door?"

"I don't know. Carla? Amy? Could be anybody." Her ass faced the door and she tried to hold her skirt down as Benji opened the door.

"Afternoon," said a forty-something man. "I'm the super, Joe. Gwen in there? Just haven't seen her for a few days. Everything OK?"

"Yes, she's here," said Benji, toying with the idea of letting him in so he could see Gwen in her new clothes and on her knees trying to make her skirt grow.

"Who're you?" asked Joe.

"From Goodwill," said Benji. "Just came over to pick up some donations."

*What is he doing?* Gwen was already uncomfortable with the super at the door and Benji's explanation made her more nervous.

"I'd like to talk to her," said Joe.

"She's right here," said Benji. He swung open the door and the super took a step into the apartment and then stopped.

"Ah, that you, Gwen? Everything OK?" She certainly didn't look like the Gwen he knew. After the initial shock, he came in and walked halfway around her. Her legs were gorgeous and when he got in front of her, he could practically see down her blouse and he was sure he could see her nipples.

"Just fine, Joe," said Gwen. "I'll be moving out soon. I should give notice I suppose."

"He's from Goodwill?" Joe nodded at Benji.

"Yes, I have a lot to give away, so he came to help." She looked over her shoulder and glared at Benji.

"Got another blouse, lady," said Benji. He looked pointedly at her until she leaned forward and wrote it down. He held up big wad of clothing and acted like he couldn't get it spread out so he could see it. "What do you think this is, Joe?"

The super squinted and then came over. "It's a skirt. She likes 'em long. Least ways she used to."

"Oh, I got it," said Benji. "Yeah, it's a skirt." He nudged Joe and nodded toward Gwen when she leaned forward to write it on the list.

Joe's eyes got big as he saw the sheer panties on Gwen. In fact, he thought he was staring at her bare ass.

"You're kidding, right?" said Benji, picking up another skirt. "Doesn't look to me like she likes 'em long. Got another skirt here, lady."

Burning with outrage and humiliation, Gwen added another skirt to the list. She started to sit up, but Benji, with a wink at Joe, called out a blouse and she wrote it down. Joe grinned at Benji, as if sharing a secret with him. He felt guilty, but she was too good to ignore.

"Hey, Gwen," said Benji. "C'mere." To the super he said, "I'm George, by the way."

*What's going on?* Gwen rose and approached them warily.

“She’s pretty hot, huh?” Benji winked at Joe. “You won’t believe what she did when we first got here?”

Joe was enjoying a view of Gwen’s tits restricted only by a thin sheer bit of material. “Yeah, I guess so,” he said, agreeing with Benji’s assessment, but not wanting to call a renter hot. Not to her face. “What’d she do?”

“How about you give Joe the George special?” said Benji. With Joe’s eyes on Gwen, he didn’t see Benji clearly mouth the words, “Don’t fuck up.”

“Uh, George? Maybe Joe doesn’t want the George special,” she said.

Benji mimed undoing the buttons on her shirt. “You could at least offer and see. Who wouldn’t want a special?”

“OK, maybe he does.” Gwen couldn’t believe what Benji wanted at the spur of the moment. She undid the buttons of her blouse. “Mind if I take it off, Joe?” Though she really thought it unlikely, she hoped he’d say no.

“Yeah, sure, if you want,” said Joe. He practically drooled as she dropped her blouse. He grinned at Benji. “That the special?”

“No, there’s more to it, Joe.”

Forcing a smile, Gwen slid down the zipper of her skirt and stepped out of it. *This is so gross, but no way do I want 15 minutes tomorrow morning.* “Joe, a George special is you get to fuck me. If that’s OK with you, how about you come over here and undo these little knots?”

As Joe undid the bows on her hips, Gwen mouthed back at Benji. “You are an asssss-hole.” She took Joe’s hand and led him into her bedroom. “Already took the sheets off, Joe. OK with you if you just bend me over the bed? George liked it that way.” She pushed the door shut, but it didn’t latch.

Benji went to the door and peered in through the narrow opening. He could see Gwen’s upper body. She was bent at the waist with her hands on the bed. Joe fumbled with his pants, pulling his cock free without removing anything. He was in a hurry, as if Gwen might change her mind and his opportunity would be gone. Holding her by the hips, he thrust into her cunt and pumped hard and fast.

“That’s what I needed, Joe,” said Gwen. “A real man. George was OK, but you know how to take control. I can’t believe how good you feel inside me.” Benji could see her body moving, rocking in time to Joe’s thrusts. It was hard to believe she was being forced as she put on a good show.

Though she thought the door was shut, Gwen was sure Benji would ask Joe how well she’d done, so she moved with his thrusts. She pushed back and it felt like Joe could get deeper that way. He sure sounded like it was better to have her participate. *What just happened? Joe knocks on the door and on the spur of the moment Benji serves me up? Is that how it’s going to be? I did it once with George and I thought that was it for the day. Five guys tomorrow. My God, why is Benji so upset that I wanted nothing to do with men? How long is he going to make me pay? Am I going to go the rest of my life wondering if this guy or that guy is going to fuck me in two minutes?*

She hadn't even had time to think of getting this over with quick. It was a role she'd practiced for George and she fell automatically into it again. Joe expected even less than George. He fucked her quick, shooting his jism in her in barely a minute. Tucking his cock back in his pants, he said, "I didn't think you were that kind of a girl. Such a good figure, I mean, and liking to make a man happy."

"Thanks, Joe," said Gwen. "That was nice." She turned toward him and saw the open door and Benji's shadow just outside. "Let us get back to work. I'll have the apartment cleared out by next weekend. I'll give notice. You need 30 days notice?"

"That's OK, Gwen, I'll take care of it. Don't worry about notice. Just have it cleared out next weekend and I'll see about getting it rented a week from Monday." For the privilege of fucking her, he was more than willing to waive the 30-day requirement.

Benji moved away from the door, so Joe didn't know he'd been watching. The super came out of the bedroom. "She's pretty good, you know? Young guy like you oughta see about hooking up with her." He let himself out.

"Enjoy that?" asked Gwen as she came out of the room. She picked up her panties and put them back on.

"Yeah, I did," said Benji.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"What? Something that got you fucked again? No, just thought Joe should have a shot at you. Nice guy comes around to check on you since he hasn't seen you for a week. He was worried about you, wondering who I was and what I was doing and was everything OK? I figure he's got a crush on you. He's one of the guys you hid from and he's just a normal, nice guy who'd never do anything to hurt you. He'd just enjoy seeing you in a tight top or shorts. No harm, no foul. Besides, once he got a look at your ass, he had a hard on and it's your job to take care of the erections you earn."

*What kind of logic is that? It's not my fault he got an erection. It's because Benji made me dress like this and bend over. God, he got a great look at my ass because of Benji and I have to work it off? Is he saying that every guy who gets a hard on around me is going to get to fuck me? So unfair.* She didn't ask the question because she didn't want to know the answer and she didn't see a point in arguing with Benji. It was unfair and Benji knew it was unfair.

As they resumed inventorying her clothes, Benji let her sit at the table as she made the list. He didn't want to see Joe's cum seeping out of Gwen's pussy. He was virtually the opposite of Gwen. She could physically enjoy sex with him, but detested the fact that he made her and that she enjoyed it. He thrilled at the chance to make her have sex, but he found the act of her having sex with another man bothered him. He'd watched it this time, but he didn't want to watch it in the future. His satisfaction would come from setting up her fucks and knowing what was happening. He'd leave the execution to her.

That evening, Benji took her out to dinner, though he made her pay. She turned heads in the restaurant, much to her chagrin and his delight. It did look like she was getting more comfortable dressed like that. That was fine with him since it showed he was successfully

training her. She'd never like being dressed the opposite of how she wanted, but she'd become the sexy cock tease that he wanted.

"Baby doll, there won't be any sex at the office," he said as they waited for their food. "I don't want you to lose your job, so you'll dress sexy, but you have to say no to guys who so much as want to put a hand on you. George may have gotten the wrong idea. He doesn't get you whenever he wants and definitely never at the office. You'll do it when I say and only when I say. I trust that won't be a problem."

"No, that won't be a problem, Benji," she said, feeling much relieved. She'd thought that once the floodgates of cock and cum were opened they wouldn't ever close.

"Something I want you to take care of at work is having your paycheck sent to my account. I'll give you an allowance for things like lunch and gas. If you need to buy something, we'll go shopping together. Especially if you need new clothes. I want to approve everything."

"Benji!" snapped Gwen. *That's outrageous. It's my money. I never expected he'd do something like that. I'll have no freedom at all. I suppose that's what Benji wants in a slave. He keeps me on a short leash and I do what he wants. Now I've screwed up by snapping at him. What if he assigns me minutes for that?* "Yes, Benji, I understand. I shouldn't have used that tone with you. Would you please spank me when we get home."

Though his slave was definitely due a spanking, he was surprised that she asked for one. It only made sense if she thought she might get something worse. He was pleased that she'd weighed her options and asked for a spanking rather than let him pick the punishment. "Yes, of course," he said. "I appreciate that you saw the error of your ways."

On the drive back home, Gwen asked about tomorrow. "Like I said," replied Benji. "There will be five guys there. They're from my work, so it's nobody you know. They know I'm bringing my sister. I told them you'd be happy to keep the chips and beer coming. I didn't tell them you're going to fuck them all. I expect you to lure each one to a bedroom and give him what he wants. Their choice whether you give them a blowjob or a fuck."

"Any of them married?" she asked.

"Two of them," said Benji. "I get your point. If one of them doesn't want to cheat on his wife or if one of them is gay... I don't think so but if one of them is, then don't force yourself on him. I expect some of them to brag about nailing you and some of them to be upset that my sister tried to break up their marriage or whatever. Who knows, maybe the married guys won't mind a little action on the side."

"Got it," nodded Gwen. After her earlier outburst, she was determined to be on her best behavior no matter how much it made her stomach turn. "I have to offer them sex, but I don't have to unleash the full power of a goddess and end up ruining a marriage."

Benji laughed. It wasn't the first time she'd used his description of her and referred to herself as a goddess. He knew she was being sardonic, but it was also well said. "Yeah, don't hurt them. I mean, baby doll, no man could resist you. If you wanted to, you could get the Pope to fuck you."

“Benji!” she said, reacting to his sacrilegious analogy. Thinking her reaction was silly since they weren’t Catholic, she added, “I’ll bet he’d vote for a blowjob anyway.”

Thinking that Gwen might be getting used to being his slave already, Benji wondered if that would be OK with him or not. He wanted her uncomfortable, feeling used, but he also wanted her trained. Could he train her to comply without question and still keep her as the Gwen who was disgusted by sex? Did he care if she was disgusted by sex or was it enough that she’d jump every man he pointed her at? Was it OK if Gwen fundamentally changed? Would he be able to stop her from changing?

As they pulled into the garage, Benji said, “Take off everything but your panties, shoes, and collar. Get in the stocks and wait for me, baby doll. Put the paddle between your teeth and hold it for me until I get there. While you’re waiting, think about what will happen next time to take that tone with me.”

“Yes, Benji,” said Gwen. “You surprised me. I’m sorry that I reacted like that. Would you warn me when you’re going to do something unexpected?”

“Would I save you from yourself?” smiled Benji smugly. “We both know I like spanking you. I think it’s up to the slave to make accommodations for her willful behavior, not her master.”

“Yes, of course, Benji,” agreed Gwen. She was disappointed that he didn’t have enough compassion for her to save her from herself. After a week, it’s so unfair was ceasing to be an argument in her mind. It was like Obama saying it’s fair for the successful people to be taxed higher to support the unsuccessful. Benji thought it was fair to demand anything of her to meet his wants.

Waiting 10 minutes, Benji went to the dungeon where Gwen was still standing with her neck and wrists in the stocks. “Baby doll, I won’t ever tire of that view of you.” He locked the stocks and stroked her bare skin, everything except what was covered by her panties. “I get a hard on thinking about you, looking at you, and touching you. The best is when you’re just waiting for the paddle. Yeah, I’m hard now, baby doll.” He could only imagine how she felt. He was right that she felt as helpless and frustrated as he felt powerful and on top of the world.

*Dammit, don’t make me wait all night. This paddle is heavy. I can’t hold it much longer. How about you take it and spank me rather than teasing me? Don’t touch me like that. It makes me tingle ... my traitorous body. C’mon and spank me and then fuck me. What? Fuck me? Why did that pop into my head? Just spank me and go away. No, don’t go. I’m so confused. I don’t want you to fuck me. That’s just the way it happens. Spank me and fuck me... every time... spank me and fuck me and then let me go. You’re going to fuck me, so just do it.* It wasn’t like with George and Joe where she was hoping to get it over with, she wanted him to start. Being alone with him was the most pleasant time of her day, second only to being left alone, which hadn’t happened all week. Even being spanked was better than being out in scanty clothes or getting fucked by a virtual stranger.

Coming to retrieve the paddle, Benji stopped to enjoy the view of his big sister with a wooden paddle clenched between her teeth. Her desperate expression was thrilling.

“Thanks for keeping that for me, baby doll,” he said as he took it. She sighed in relief and worked her jaw from side to side. “Next time hold it so the handle faces out.”

*Hold it so it's handy! Jeez, I'm so sorry you can't reach across. That is just so annoying that I'll... do exactly that, won't I?* Just thinking about her waiting excited Benji and after several minutes in the room where he could see and touch Gwen, he was ready to cum. He thought briefly about rushing it. Five quick swats and he could be in her and sating himself. He dismissed the thought, not even willing to accept the notion that he could quickly satisfy himself and deny her an orgasm. She'd performed well for him today, but it wasn't about rewarding her. It was about his ego and how incredible it felt to make his frigid big sister cum. No one else had ever done that.

He could tell from her body language that her motor was started. “I'm glad that you recognized that you were in big trouble,” he said. “I agree that you deserve a bare bottom spanking.” He delivered a hard swat. “My slave still needs to work on immediate, unquestioning obedience. No command should surprise you.” He swatted her again. “If I told you to run around the front yard naked, you say, yes, Benji, and run out the door, stripping on the way.” Swat! “If I told you to eat your dinner off the floor, you should serve up a heaping helping right in front of me, smile, and eat it all up.” Swat! “If I told you not to make a sound while I tan your great ass with 20 swats, you better not even shed a tear.” Swat!

“Baby doll, the problem is that a slave should never say she's sorry because a slave should never be sorry because a slave never disobeys.” He rubbed her warm ass. “I love spanking you, baby doll, but I'd rather I didn't have to. I'd rather you had said, that's a great idea, Benji. I don't need money now that I'm a slave, but I would have been satisfied with a simple, yes, Benji.”

“Yes, Benji,” said Gwen. *Yeah, I could have said that. Never would have thought of that, but I could have. I'm going to send my paycheck to his account. It sort of felt good to protest, but I should have known it wouldn't do any good. Then, it felt like a really bad idea. He'd get my money whether I said, yes, no, or please take it all, Benji. I'll look forward to busting my ass at work to pad your account. He gets it no matter what. He always wins. I have to get that through my head. Before I do something stupid and regret it. God damn, what am I going to do without any money?*

She shivered with unwanted pleasure as he pressed the vibrator to her clit. Anticipating how he could make her feel, she was becoming more than used to this part of her slavery. She swayed slightly, enjoying the feel of his hand on her tits and the vibrator in her pussy. When she was close, she felt Benji's cock enter her and sighed. She tried to tell herself that this was like any of Benji's orders. He was going to get his way, so she might as well enjoy it. He'd done this every night, so she had no way of knowing she'd be disappointed if he didn't.

His voice softly crooned compliments. His hands caressed her. His cock started slow and picked up speed, never seeming too rough though he pounded her hard near the end. As usual, she came twice while he came once. It felt wonderful and she forgot to curse him for making her feel good when she didn't want to. When he came around to kiss her, he paused and looked at her. She bit her lip. She parted her lips in invitation. When that didn't work, she said, “Kiss me, Benji. Please.”



Benji unlocked the stocks and lifted the top. Pulling her free, he put his arms around her and kissed her with savage passion. She responded by holding him tight and battling his tongue with equal passion. *Damn him for making me ask. Was he really not going to kiss me? And is this a reward for asking? Free from the stocks and why am I pawing at him... his strong back... his broad shoulders? How do I get to this place where I want him to hold me and kiss me? Don't ask, Gwen. Just go with it. Worry about it in a few minutes when the moment is gone.*

He broke the kiss and swept her up in her arms. As he carried her to the bedroom, she was inordinately thrilled. *Big strong man with a big cock. Why didn't I want this? Was there something wrong with me then or is there something wrong now? Oh, my, he tossed me on the bed... ahhh, what's he doing... holy cow, he jumped on me... so gently... all over me... kissing me... caressing... how can I get him to possess me so that he doesn't want to share me?*

Benji noticed that for the first time, Gwen didn't want him to leave her. There'd always been a time when she stopped responding, but she was snuggled tight to him as if she didn't want the moment to end. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. The more he pushed her and the more powerful he felt, the more submissive and loving she was becoming. He'd told her she was going to pull a five man train tomorrow and she was responding like she needed him.

In the morning, Gwen asked Benji, "Is there something else going on? Did you give me something else or is there a side effect of Piper? I got carried away yesterday. You know I don't want to be your slave or lover or whatever."

Benji raised an eyebrow. "Interesting question, baby doll. The other subject isn't showing a change in behavior. If you keep thinking you don't want me like I want you, you're going to go crazy trying to figure it out. The simple answer is that we're discovering the real you."

"That's crazy," she said, though she was afraid he was right. *Why am I afraid of that? Can't I admit that he's right? Do I want to hang on to the old Gwen? Which one makes me happier?* "Well, I don't want to get laid by five guys today. I know that much."

"Think about it this way, baby doll. You're making up for lost time. You should have had a lot of lovers by now. You're 30 and had no sexual experience before I starting forcing you."

"I was happy like that," said Gwen.

"Were you?" asked Benji, his tone saying it was a rhetorical question. "Whatever. The game starts at 11:00, I don't care what you do this morning, but I want you at 10:00."

After she left, Benji wondered at the changes in Gwen. She seemed confused about what was going on and Benji realized the fact that she had no sexual experience, or dating experience for that matter, had left her emotionally unprepared for this sudden onslaught of sex. She didn't know what to do about him and she didn't know what to think about George, Joe, and five of his friends. He knew she felt the physical pleasure of an orgasm, but she was emotionally vulnerable. That was fine with him because that also meant she was malleable.

It had been days since she'd had free time and Gwen wasn't sure what to do with it. She knew changing clothes wasn't allowed and she didn't want to go out like this. Sitting down with her iPad in the kitchen so she was away from Benji, she read her email and then played some solitaire. After a couple of games, she started thinking about Benji. *What did he say? I should want him like he wants me? Something like that. What does that mean? How does he want me? As a slave? As a lover? As a hot fuck? Whatever he meant, it's creepy. My little brother wants me.*

Her thought shifted to Benji's assignment for her. It was outrageous for him to expect her to pick up five guys, one at a time, over a span of three hours or so, and fuck them all. She didn't know how she was going to do it. *How can I get one of them alone in the middle of a football game so I can seduce him. I'm not sure I even know how to seduce a guy. I mean, I'll be dressed sexy, but there's more to it than that. I have to act like I want it... like I'm horny and easy. How do I let a guy know I'm available, horny, and easy? What if I can't do it? I have to or he'll hurt me in the morning, but what if I can't get all five of them alone to proposition them?*

Gwen hadn't solved her dilemma by 10:00. Finding him in the great room right where she'd left him, she said, "What do you want me to do, Benji?"

"Put on the clothes on the bed, baby doll."

"Yes, Benji," she said and headed for the bedroom. *Put on the clothes and only the clothes on the bed. This isn't embarrassingly sexy enough? What's he up to?*

As she entered the bedroom, she thought, *oh, you... Benji! What are you going to make me do?* Laid out on the bed was a Seahawks' cheerleader uniform. She knew Benji and all his friends were Seahawk fans and they were going to root for their team. He wanted her to be dressed as sexy as those girls, fantasy girls for the Seahawk fans. Stripping, she put on the uniform. As she did, she had an idea. The outfit would probably help her seduce the guys. It was horrifyingly indecent, which made it perfect for her horrifyingly indecent orders.

Returning to Benji in the short shorts and tied top, she said, "Thank you, Benji. I like the outfit."

"You do?" asked her surprised master.

"Yes, Benji. You're making it easy to seduce your friends."

"And you like that?"

"Of course, Benji. I'm going to fuck them all. That's a given, so no point in denying it. This makes it easier."

He twirled his finger, indicating he wanted her to turn around. It hadn't been his intent, but she was probably right that it would make it easier. Her tits filled out the top well and the shorts made her ass look fantastic. He hadn't thought that Gwen would need help nailing his friends, but she obviously thought so.

When they got to Rob's house, Rob and two other guys were already there. Their eyes popped out at the sight of Gwen. "Holy shit," said Sam. "You brought us a cheerleader."

This is your sister? She's pretty hot." He held out his hand. "I'm Sam and you can sit on my lap during the game if you'd like."

Gwen blushed at his forwardness. "I might have to hurt you, Sam. Sitting in your lap ought to do that."

"Hoo, boy," said Sam. "Hot and feisty."

The other two guys stared at her tits as they introduced themselves. *If knots could be untied by force of will alone, I'd be topless*, thought Gwen about the way the tiny top tied between her tits. Only Gregory had on a wedding ring. "You gonna do some cheers?" asked Rob.

"While I'm sitting in Sam's lap?" teased Gwen. The fact was, she wasn't a football fan and she didn't know what they'd expect. She figured bouncing up and down would probably be enough. Taking Benji's original statement that she was there to keep the beer and chips flowing, she asked, "Who wants a beer?"

"I'll take one," said Sam. "In the fridge. Get me one from the bottom shelf." He followed her into the kitchen. The fridge had plenty of beer and the ones on the bottom shelf didn't look special. She bent over, keeping her legs straight and got a beer. Sam leered at her while she gave him what he wanted and then she gave him the beer.

Seeing they were alone, Gwen said, "Here's your beer, stud. How about five minutes into the game you meet me in the bedroom."

"Seriously?" he asked. When she just smiled, he said, "I'll come find you."

Gwen couldn't believe she'd been in the house for just a couple of minutes and already had a 'date'. She met Benji's other two friends before the game started. Seeing that Eddie was a college age intern and Reggie was black, Gwen realized she'd expected all the guys to be similar to Benji or George, white and in their 20s or 30s. She wasn't concerned about Reggie being black, but it bothered her that Eddie was still in college.

Of the five, Gregory was the only one with a wedding ring. She managed to get him away from the others, but when she propositioned him, he wiggled his finger, flashing his wedding ring. "You're hot," he said, "but you're trouble."

"I understand," said Gwen. "Didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

Before the game started, Gwen had gotten a chance to talk to all of them. She set up a second quarter tryst with Rob, halftime with Eddie, and third quarter with Reggie and still had no indication who the other married one was.

Once the game started, Gwen managed to stay out of Sam's lap, serving beers and snacks. She slipped away after the Seahawks scored and Sam joined her in a guest bedroom. "You are fucking gorgeous," he said. "The outfit is great. Always wanted to do a cheerleader." He reached for the knot between her tits. "What's your pleasure?" she asked as he untied her top.

With a grin, Sam said, "What's your specialty?"

Sliding the top off her shoulders, Gwen tossed it aside. "Well, if you want to fuck, I like it from behind or I could give you a blowjob."

“Hell, yeah,” said Sam. “A cheerleader blowjob. Take off the shorts, too, though.” He only needed her mouth, but he wanted her naked. He let her finish stripping and then put his arms around her and kissed her.

There was no way that Gwen could politely refuse to kiss him, so she broke down and kissed him back. She felt one hand on her ass and one on her tits. Knowing that he probably needed some foreplay, Gwen let him fondle and kiss her for a couple of minutes. Then she pulled away and knelt in front him. She unzipped his pants and pulled his hard cock out. It was an effort to have sex with him, but she knew she had to do her best. As she stroked his cock, she said, “Mmm, looks like you’re ready for some fun.” *My God! I’m about to such a stranger’s cock! Bad enough I had to do George and Joe, but I just met Sam. At least I’ve had some practice. I have to blow him and make it look like it’s my idea.* Flashing him a smile, she licked his cock and took the head in her mouth as she stroked him.

“Wrap those lips around my cock, hot stuff,” said Sam. “This is so sweet.” She was the prettiest girl he’d ever seen in the flesh and he couldn’t believe how easy she was. It was an incredible sight to see her kneeling in a submissive position and sucking him off. She was hot and sexy, but he also knew she was going to fuck or suck everybody at the party. She’d be a good time, but not the kind of girl he was looking for long term. “Suck me off, slut,” he said. That’s what she was.

Stunned at being called a slut, it was hard for Gwen to continue, but she forced herself to continue without a pause. It was a good thing Benji had recently impressed on her that she would obey instantly, without question. She wasn’t prepared to be called a slut, but she was prepared to follow a command without batting an eye. *Slut! He called me a slut! My God, that’s what I am! Benji is making me be a slut. What will these guys think of me? I can’t proposition five guys and look like a normal girl with normal morals.*

Not voluntarily being a slut, Gwen was able to put the insult aside and sucked him off, getting a mouthful of cum after a couple of minutes. She caught it all in her mouth and swallowed almost without thinking about it.

“Holy shit,” said Sam. “You swallowed. Man, that is so hot.”

“I love cum,” lied Gwen. She had no idea what she would have done with his cum if she hadn’t swallowed it. She’d always swallowed Benji’s cum and wasn’t aware that it was that odd that Sam would be impressed.

Sam left Gwen to let her dress and she came out a couple of minutes later. The knowing smiles on the guys’ faces told her that they were aware what she and Sam had been up to. *Embarrass me to tears*, thought Gwen. *Benji said he hadn’t told them I was going to fuck them all, but they all knew what they were going to get and they’ll all know what’s going on when I’m gone and they’ll all probably talk about me when this is over.*

With the word out that she sucked and swallowed, she blew Rob and Reggie, but Eddie wanted to fuck. She had a break during the fourth quarter and took a quick shower. It didn’t wash away the feeling of being a slut or of being used.

On the way home, Gwen asked who the second married guy was. “Reggie,” said Benji. “He still let you give him a blowjob, though, didn’t he?”

“Yeah, like he wasn’t even married,” said Gwen.

“Some guys just like variety,” said Benji, as if he thought it was OK. “What his wife doesn’t know won’t hurt her.”

“I suppose,” said Gwen, though she disagreed.

Once they were home, Benji put her in the stocks. He was especially passionate with her and Gwen wasn’t surprised. She’d learned that the more he demanded of her, the more turned on he’d get. What she’d done for him today made him feel more powerful than ever. She got some satisfaction out of the thought that he’d had to sit there for the whole three hours and be the only one who didn’t have sex with her. *It must have killed him to know what was going on and not get any. He set it up and fucking with me turns him on as much as fucking me. Did he have a hard on the whole time?*

By the time Benji was done with her, Gwen had enjoyed two powerful, passionate orgasms. It galled her that Benji could be so turned on by her abuse, but she did reap the rewards of his passion. It was the best sex she’d ever had and it was hours before she could hate Benji again.

Sister Slave

By Kenna

Chapter 5

After several weeks as Benji’s slave, Gwen didn’t think she’d ever get used to fucking strange men for Benji’s pleasure. She’d accepted it and got good at it, but it never felt right. She picked up guys at the park, at the mall, and any place else that Benji took her. She was dressed like bait for horny men and she had no problem landing them. Some men came to the house and she didn’t know where Benji had found them.

There was really no place where Gwen was comfortable anymore. With Benji she was his slave and he made her put out. Her co-workers were getting more brazen, so she didn’t like being at the office. A break in her routine came when her boss told her they had a special project and she needed to come in on Saturday. Benji wasn’t upset that the day was spoiled for him, but he did say he’d call to make sure she wasn’t lying to him.

She got a bad feeling about working on Saturday when Benji caught her just before she left and said, “Monday through Friday is one thing, baby doll, but Saturday work... I think today if somebody wants to fuck you, that’d be just fine. You don’t have to encourage anyone, but if the guys want a piece of ass, go ahead. Hell, maybe you’re there as the morale booster.” *Morale booster? Like that’s all I’m good for anymore? I know I told him I didn’t think we were behind and I didn’t know what I’d be doing, but I know it’s not morale booster.*

When the elevator door opened, Gwen was surprised to see her boss, Andy, waiting for her. She knew she wasn’t late, yet he said, “Come on, Gwen. Everyone is waiting for you.”

“What’s going on, Andy?” she asked. “What do you need me to do?” He didn’t answer, so she followed him in the opposite direction from his office and her cubicle.

“We’re in here,” said Andy, opening a conference room door. As he held the door for her, she walked in. She saw George, Tom, and four other male co-workers. *Why are they looking at me like that?* Andy gave her a little push so he could come in and shut the door.

“What’s going on?” she asked again as seven men ogled her. She wanted to clutch her blouse and leave, but covering up was not allowed and leaving was not possible with Andy right behind her.

“You have any idea what it’s like for a guy to work around you, Gwen?” asked Andy. He gave her another push to move her closer to the semi-circle of gawking men. “You’re such a tease. We had a meeting yesterday to talk about what to do about it and decided to put an end to the teasing.”

George and Tom forward and grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up. “Up on the table, slut,” said Andy. “It’s time to pay up.”

Stunned, Gwen put her feet on the table and when the two men let go, she was standing on a stage. Andy’s words ‘time to pay up’ told her that Benji had at least suggested that she could take care of a roomful of hard cocks. She couldn’t even bring herself to protest being put on display. “What did I tell you guys?” said George. “She wants it.”

*No, it only looks like I want it. What girl wants to pull a seven-man train? If Benji set this up, and I know he did, then I have to take care of all these hard ons like they’re my fault. I can’t say no. So, George is partially right. I want it more than I want to disobey Benji.* She walked down the conference table away from the men. Turning to face them again, she said, “Good one, guys. I get it now. I’m the special project. I thought you liked it when I dressed like this, but I guess you like it better like this.” She unbuttoned her blouse, took it off, twirled it around, and threw it at Andy. “Guess you’re going first, Andy.”

*This is lower than low, Benji. Used to be a time you’d at least warn me.* She unzipped her skirt and slid it down her long, lovely legs. She twirled it and threw it in the general direction of three men. Ned caught it. “Guess you go second, Ned. You gotta be quicker, guys.” Down to her sexy underwear with a roomful of horny men, Gwen felt a sudden thrill. Benji set this up and following this lowest of low commands made her submissive side twist her insides in a most provocative way. She reached behind her back to unhook her bra and then stopped. “Hmm, how do I know what you want? You want to see my tits?”

“Hell yeah,” said Will. “Show us your tits.” The rest of the group found their voices. Amidst several calls for her tits, Gwen undid her bra and tossed it out. She hated what she had to do, but knew if she let the full power of her master take her, she’d enjoy it. George caught it. “I get her third,” he said and sniffed her bra. “How about some pussy!?”

The horny guys cheered for her pussy. Gwen walked toward them and knelt in the center of the table. “Tom, you get one. Mike, you get the other. On three, give them a tug.” The two men each grabbed a bow knot on her hips. “One... two... three.” With almost no effort at all, her bow knots turned into loose strings and her panties dropped to the table. A brief tug o’ war ensued with Tom getting her panties. “Number four,” said Gwen.

Down to her garter belt and stockings, Gwen didn't care who went fifth, sixth, and seventh. She was kneeling at eye level and every eye was on her body.

"Just one thing," said Andy. "You don't get to be in charge." He and George grabbed her and pulled down. Laying her on her back with her legs draped over the end, they held her down while Tom tied a rope to her right wrist.

"What are you doing?" she asked as fear filled her. Tom passed the rope under the table to Will, who tied it to her other wrist. With no slack in the rope, her arms were pulled down and under the table. "Let me go. I'll do what you want. You don't have to tie me." She couldn't get up. Tom grabbed one tit and Will grabbed the other. Andy stepped between her legs and freed his cock. "I want you," he said.

Gwen had barely had time for her pussy to accept the inevitable and start oozing juices, so Andy took his time, all of 10 seconds, to enter her cunt. "Huh!" he grunted when he was in to the root. "We know you like it, so we voted to make it a little more exciting. You're not going to let us. We're going to gangbang you. It'll be like raping you."

*Not like you're raping me. You are raping me. I just don't get to say so. Well, maybe that's what they want.* "Let me go. Get away from me. I don't want it like this. Oh, my God, seven guys! Don't touch my tits." All of her rapists looked more excited that she was putting up a fight, even if it was a pointless fight. "Don't fuck me, Andy. Oh, for God's sake, you're raping me on the conference table." She'd play acted like she enjoyed sex and it wasn't nearly as hard to act like she was being raped.

Once he was in Gwen's pussy, Andy grabbed her ankles and lifted and spread her legs. She couldn't believe how exposed it made her feel to be tied, unable to protect her tits, with a man pulling her legs apart for a better view of her pussy. This is so wrong. Please, dear God, don't let me cum. She looked to the side and saw Ned taking his clothes off. "Let me go! Let me go!" Nobody noticed her voice was suddenly husky with desire.

"Hell, yeah," said George. "I like it better when you put up a fight." He grabbed her hair and leaned over, kissing her against her will. She struggled anew as she tried to resist the kiss more than she'd resisted being fucked. "Yeah," he said. "This is more fun than last time."

"How goes it, boss?" asked Ned. "I'll bet you can hear her screaming down the hall.

"She's great! Super tight and wet. You guys are gonna love helping me fill her up."

"No, no, no, not seven of you," wailed Gwen. "Let me go!"

"Watch out, guys," said Ned. "I'm gonna fuck her mouth." George, Tom, and Will had to move to let Ned get on the table and straddle her face.

"Fuck no! Not two at once!" screamed Gwen. "Let me up. I don't want... ullkk, gukk, mmphf." She struggled as Ned slid his entire cock between her lips and down her throat. She hated doing it for Benji, but at least she got to set the pace with him. Ned just started fucking her face like it was a pussy. *My God! Andy raping my pussy and Ned choking me with his cock. I am so gonna cum.*

"Fucking A," said Tom. "Look at that. Now that's what she deserves. Give it to her from both ends. Man, I want her mouth and her pussy."

“We have time for that,” said Mike. “I’d like to try both, too.”

*No way! They’re gonna take turns and their going to take more than one turn? Fuck me! Andy said to plan on working ‘til 5. No, don’t, Gwen.* She fought it but her body shuddered in orgasm and nobody noticed. She felt Andy fill her pussy and pull out. She just held her legs up and spread, waiting for the next cock. When she felt one, she knew it had to be George.

“Hell, yeah,” said George. “Always wanted to fuck a wench on the conference table.” He grabbed her ankles to hold her open. “What a fucking slut. Nothing but a whore. Yeah, that’s right, bitch. It was nice when you gave it up once, but it’s better to take it. This is for teasing me. This is what you get. Fucking make me hard and think you don’t have to pay for it.”

Gwen could hardly hear George as Ned pounded down her throat. She heard slut, whore, and bitch because he emphasized those words. Teasing. Pay for it. *Those are Benji’s words. What did he say to them that makes them think they can tie me to a table and rape me all day long?* Ned flooded her mouth and she swallowed every drop.

“Do her, Tom,” said somebody. “Keep it going. Both holes.” Half a minute later, Gwen had Tom’s cock in her mouth as he mercilessly forced her to deep throat him. She was glad at the ruckus that caused because she came again.

George came and Gwen felt another cock against her pussy. To her surprise, the cock moved lower and prodded at her asshole. *No, no, what are you doing? That’s the wrong hole! For God’s sake, I don’t even know who that is. He knows it’s not my pussy. Oh, my God, I’m taking it up the ass.* “Unh, unh, unh,” she grunted, the only sound she could make as somebody took her virgin ass. *Get out of there!!*

Hearing laughter, Gwen wondered what was so funny. *Raping me? Raping my mouth? Raping my ass? Giving me what I deserve? It’s not funny.* When Tom came in her mouth, she didn’t even have time to see who was fucking her before another cock was in her face. Her eyes were too full of tears to see who took her mouth this time. *Taken from both ends and I don’t know who’s at either end.* Somebody diddled her pussy and she didn’t even realize it was her own fingers.

“Look at that,” said George. “She’s cumming.” *Shut up, George. You came. Andy came. We’re all gonna cum.* She wanted to cry over her lack of control. Her traitorous body felt wonderful. She thought of how much Benji must be enjoying this. It was a great orgasm because it was for Benji.

The nightmare rolled on and then after seven cocks, she had a break. Her body was slick with sweat. Andy put both hands on her tits. “Let’s take a walk,” he said, though he felt her up for another minute.

George put a collar around her neck and Andy snapped a leash in place. *At least it isn’t my pink collar and my pink leash. Benji didn’t give them mine.* Her arms were free and when Andy tugged on her leash, she got up. Standing on shaky legs, Gwen was relieved when he wanted her on her hands and knees. He led her out of the conference room and down the hall. Somebody was head of him looking back and she figured the other guys were behind her. The leash changed hands several times and she assumed everybody took a turn as they made three passes around the office.



Back in the conference room, they tied her arms under the table again and tied her knees to the legs of the table. She saw Ned between her legs and felt his cock in her. “No, please, not again,” she whimpered. They all think I want them, but as they’re starting a second round and they all know I don’t want them again. This is rape and they all want to rape my for real.

With his cock buried in her, Ned said, “Say, choo-choo.”

“Huh?” said Gwen.

“You’re pulling a train,” said Ned. “Say, choo-choo.”

“Choo-choo,” said Gwen and ripples of laughter filled the room.

Ned pulled out and pushed in. “Say it again,” he said. *Fuck. What is he doing to me? This sucks so bad, I hope he doesn’t know he’s winding me up.*

“Choo-choo.”

He thrust again. “Say it.”

“Choo-choo.”

“Keep saying it,” said Ned. He started stroking slowly.

“Choo-choo, choo-choo, choo-choo,” said Gwen, humiliated to the core.

He made her do that for half a minute and then said, “How about chugga-chugga.”

“Chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, choo-choo,” said Gwen. She didn’t know what he wanted, so she mixed them up.

“One more thing, bitch,” said Ned. She’d always thought he was such a nice guy, but he was having fun humiliating her. “When I cum, you say whoo-who, like a steam whistle.”

It just came naturally that as Ned picked up speed, so did Gwen. “Chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, choo-choo, choo-choo.” She sounded like the train was picking up speed, which it was. “Chugga-chugga, choo-choo, chugga-chugga, choo-choo, ahh, whoo-who-who-who,” she wailed long and loud as a powerful orgasm seized her and Ned filled her up. Again her orgasm was disguised, this time by the fact that they thought she was announcing Ned’s orgasm, not hers.

The room filled with laughter as Gwen’s train ride came to an end. She was ready to start again, but Andy loomed over her, his cock at the ready. “You’re gonna suck my cock, slut, but first, just lick it.” *No, please. Just get it over with. Don’t make it last longer.* She felt Andy pinch her nipple and pull. It hurt too much, so she started licking his cock. He twisted her nipple until she did it like she wanted to. Laving his cock, she felt sick to her stomach. He shifted and she licked his balls. After a couple of minutes, he said, “You can suck my cock or I’ll fuck your mouth, whore.”

Given the choice, Gwen turned her head to the side and took him in her mouth. It was better since it gave her some control, but she still took him deep down her throat. “Fuck, I will remember this forever. The day Gwen Meyers sucked my cock.” When he came, he said, “Don’t swallow it yet.”

Keeping the disgusting goo in her mouth, Gwen looked at him with pleading eyes. *What now?*

“Open up so I can see it,” said Andy. He smiled as he looked at her cum covered tongue. “Swallow it, cocksucker.”

Gwen snapped her mouth shut and came, her body twitching and jerking, unable to swallow. “She’s having a seizure,” said somebody.

“She’s cumming, you idiot,” said another voice. “Man, she’s getting off on this.”

Swallowing finally, Gwen wondered what was next. Her vision was blurry, but she was pretty sure it was Tom that poked his cock in her pussy. For this second round, everybody had made some sort of demand, but Tom just fucked her. Riding high on endorphins, Gwen wasn’t going to let him just fuck her. “Oh, my God, Tom. Tom, is that you? What are you doing? You’re fantastic. Yes, fuck me like that, Tom. Fuck me hard, Tom. Your cock is incredible.” She hadn’t noticed anything special about any of the cocks, so she was making it up. Tom fucked her harder and there were murmurs of surprise and wonder. Nobody could tell what Tom was doing that was special.

“God, Tom! Yes, pound me hard. Yeah, this is what I deserve. Give it all to me.” She gasped as she felt her orgasm building. *I did this! I drove myself to this one.* “Tom! You son of a bitch! Don’t slow down now. My God! I’m cumming!” *Yeah, you other six guys can wonder what he’s doing. Nothing at all except letting me be creative.* She humped up to meet Tom’s thrusts and felt him squirt his cum in me. “God, yes, fill me up, Thomas. My God, Thomas. You’re fantastic.”

Gwen didn’t want to suck any of the cocks, but the next one tasted like shit and she realized this was the cock that had fucked her ass. She was on her side, her head bobbing up and down and she felt a cock enter her pussy. *Two at once again? This ought to make me cum good. Don’t distract me. Who’s playing with my ass? Dammit, let me get fucked in peace. What! No! My God! He’s going in! Three at once!* She thought she said it out loud, but her mouth was busy, so it must have been somebody else. She could feel two cocks in her front and rear, rubbing against each other like a Boy Scout trying to start a fire. It was certainly building a fire in her. There wasn’t enough room and it felt like her clit might pop off.

Wracked by a tremendous orgasm, she heard a yelp and the cock in her mouth was gone. “She bit me,” said Will. “Fucking bitch bit me!”

“I gonna eat you alive,” murmured Gwen. “Gimme back.” It must not have been a very bad bite because half a minute later Will sprayed her face with cum. “You messy,” said Gwen. It was the 14<sup>th</sup> load of cum and the only one that wasn’t inside her somewhere.

It was quiet for a while and Gwen wondered what was going to happen next. The next thing she knew, Benji was there, cleaning her up. “I not there, Benji,” she said. “You... only you. Sgo home.”

Dressed and in the car with Benji driving, Gwen felt herself returning to reality. “You are one A class, certified asshole, Benji,” she said.

“I heard you came a bunch of times.”

“That does not mean I enjoyed it or that I approve or that you’re not an A-class, certified asshole.”

“Did you cum?” insisted Benji.

“Does that thrill you, little brother of mine?” snapped Gwen. “Fucking give me 30 minutes tomorrow, asshole. I’m gonna have my say. I can’t go back to that place for work. What the hell am I going to do? They tied me to the table. Tied me. Raped me. Fucking tied me and had their way with me for hours.”

“All that pent up testosterone,” said Benji. “Will you ever understand what you can do to a man?”

“I know what I can do to a man, Benji,” said Gwen. “I can make my own brother so horny that he’ll bang me like a drum. I could give the Pope a hard on. I can magically will an erection on a dead man. They don’t all get to fuck me.”

“What do you think about the physical pleasure? Isn’t there anything there for you?”

“Being raped? Seven guys, twice. Fourteen times. I came, but I cum for you and you only do it once. Fourteen times? There’s not that much physical pleasure in the world, you idiot.”

Benji was aware that he’d overdone it this time. There had been no mention of rope and rape or of taking a second turn. He was upset with himself for setting up something beyond his control. He couldn’t argue with her. “What did you mean when you said, I’m not there, Benji. You, only you?”

“I meant that if I didn’t need a daily dose of Piper, you’d be dead.”

He knew that’s not what she meant, but he figured that was Gwen’s interpretation of what she’d said to him when she was coming down from an orgasmic high. It was something that she didn’t want to admit, but had in a candid moment. It was something deeply personal and she hated that she had deeply personal feelings toward him. You, only you, meant there was something special about him, but he didn’t know where ‘there’ was. Even after taking on men fourteen times, she had said something to him that singled him out as special. What he didn’t even consider was that ‘sgo home’ (let’s go home) was a very important part of what she’d said.

When they got home, Gwen got out and slammed the car door. “I’m going to take a shower, Benji. If you know what’s good for you, you’ll stay away. When the shower stops, give me ten minutes and then come find me.”

Benji wasn’t sure what he was going to do about her attitude. He wasn’t going to punish her with the 30 minutes she’d suggested, since what had happened was his fault, but he also wasn’t going to apologize. He heard the shower turn off and waited ten minutes. It was time to get stern with her and let her know who was boss. She wasn’t in the bedroom or the bathroom. He looked in the two other bedrooms. He checked the kitchen, dining room, great room, garage, and backyard. He was sure she hadn’t left, so he looked in the dungeon.

He didn’t know what she’d be doing in the dungeon and what he saw stunned him. She worn a pair of panties and had her neck and wrists in the stocks. He walked over and

locked them in place. "You want a spanking for talking back?" he asked. "Is that it?" He thought she was trying to mitigate her bad behavior so she didn't get the 30 minutes she'd dared him about.

"Well?" he said when she didn't answer. "Do you want a spanking?"

Annoyed he walked around to look her in the eyes and make her answer. He stopped and stared. She had a gag in her mouth. Once he took his eyes off the gag, he saw she had a frustrated, submissive look. She wanted something, but she'd fixed it so he had to figure it out.

"You want 30 minutes tomorrow morning?" he said, pulling down her panties and picking up the wooden paddle. He swatted her ass hard. "Not gonna happen, baby doll. You're just gonna get the spanking of your life." He swatted her again. "You did what I wanted and until you deliberately disobey me..." Swat! "... all you're gonna get is the paddle."

Swatting her a fourth time, he said, "It's such a beautiful target. I could spank it all day." After another swat, he saw her ass sway from side to side. He got the impression she was forgiving him. He swatted her two more times and she moved her ass enticingly. He couldn't believe she needed a spanking to forgive him.

"They weren't supposed to do it twice," he said and swatted her. "That doesn't give you the right to call me little brother or idiot." He swatted her again, deliberately leaving out asshole. She'd called him that before and that's what he'd been today. He forced himself to think about what she wanted. *You, only you. I'm not there.* She'd also said, *I cum for you and you only do it once.* There was that *you and you only* embedded in her words. He knew she liked it when he fucked her and liked when he kissed her and that's when he realized where 'there' was. *You and only you.* He was the only one who could put her there. That place where she liked being fucked and kissed.

"Don't you dare let yourself get fucked twice by the same guy ever again," said Benji, placing the blame on her. *What? It wasn't my fault. That's so unfair. How am I supposed to keep seven guys from tying me to the table? He's the only one who can keep them from tying me to the table. Is that what he means?*

He gave his sister slave two more swats for good measure and then put the buzzing vibrator to her pussy. She'd gagged herself because she didn't want to talk. She didn't want to give away what she meant or what she wanted. It was up to him to get it. Figuring it out and spanking her, meant she thought he was getting the message. That meant she could forgive him.

He fondled her tits and she came. *Yeah, you owe me, Benji. Own me. Claim me. Make me cum. You're the only one allowed to do that.* When he kept the vibrator in place, but didn't enter her. *Yeah, that's how much you owe me. Do me twice like they did.* After a second orgasm, he put his cock in her. He fucked her to a third orgasm and came with her. She wanted the routine and that's what he gave her.

When he went to ungag her, her eyes were shiny with tears. He took them to be tears of pain, though the expression on her face looked like they were tears of joy. He removed the gag and didn't wait for her to ask. He kissed her hard, sharing a passion that he didn't

think he deserved this time. If she hadn't wanted it so much, he would have cut it short. She was 'there' and she wanted to be there for a while.

When he lifted the stocks finally, he said, "Baby doll, I'm only going to say this once. I'm still going to make you fuck and suck, but I'm going to supervise every time from now on."

"Thank you, Benji," she said. "I understand that you miscalculated the power of a goddess to drive men crazy. You understand that even if I cut your balls off you will give your goddess her daily dose."

Benji tried to laugh, but he couldn't. She was serious.

Sunday morning, Benji said, "Baby doll, I have some things to do. I'll be gone all day. Put on something that I'd approve of and I'll be back when I can."

Benji made some phone calls and paid Gwen's overeager co-workers a visit. He showed them pictures of Gwen and pictures of them going in and coming out of the building. Everything was date and time stamped. They went in singly and came out in groups, laughing and joking. The very damning pictures of Gwen covered in cum on the conference table made them all blanch.

It was late afternoon when Benji returned home. Gwen was watching TV, a rare event for her. She turned it off when he came in. "What were you up to, Benji?"

"Talked to your boss," he said. "You're fired."

She snorted in derision. "Like I was ever going back there. I'll have to find a new job."

"You got a very generous severance package, baby doll."

"Severance package? He just doesn't want a lawsuit. What do you consider generous?"

"\$120,000."

"You're kidding," said Gwen incredulously.

"Well, it was 50 grand from the company and 10 grand from each of the guys," said Benji. "I'd say they think a goddess is worth at least that."

"You blackmailed them," said Gwen.

"That's a rather crude way of putting it, baby doll."

"I wish I could have seen their faces. That's brilliant, Benji, but now I feel cheap. A goddess is worth more than that."

"We can always go back for more," he winked.

She wasn't too happy that her 'severance pay' was in his bank account, but she'd gotten used to that. It took some of the bite off that insult when he gave her a five carat diamond pendant.

The weather was good and Benji took her to the beach in a bikini that she considered indecent. Her ass was essentially bare and the triangles over her nipples and pussy were barely enough to hide those key parts. Nothing about her tits was left to the imagination except for the color of her nipples. She turned heads and chased families to another part

of the beach. Benji made her fuck three guys that came up ostensibly to chat, but really to get a closer look. He didn't like it, but he watched to make sure they didn't get carried away with her.

Sister Slave

By Kenna

Chapter 6

With the nicer weather came the annual visit by their parents. The snowbirds left Arizona for summer in the north. Gwen and Benji had already told their mom and dad that Gwen had moved in to save money, so it wouldn't be a problem that Gwen lived with him. They just had to prepare a bedroom for her and a guest room for their parents.

It was a Thursday with the visit still more than a week away when Gwen came home from work upset. Benji put his normal routine of stripping his sister and using her for his pleasure (and Gwen's as well, though she denied it still) on hold. "Something happen at work, baby doll?" he asked. Sex at work was off-limits, so he was worried one of her co-workers had forced her to do something.

"Mindy!" said Gwen, exasperated. "I can't believe Mindy."

He was relieved that it was a problem with Mindy rather than a guy. He couldn't imagine what the woman might have done to upset his sister. "What happened, baby doll?"

"She hit on me, Benji," said Gwen. "Can you believe that? All these years we've been friends and she's never said anything. Now even she thinks I'm a slut... a lesbian slut. Do I look like I'm trolling for girls, too?"

"I didn't know she was bi," said Benji. "You're hot, baby doll. I suppose you look like you're trolling for whoever thinks you're sexy, guys and girls."

"Well, I just don't need that from her," complained Gwen. "Now I have to worry about more than the guys ogling me."

"Just calm down," said Benji soothingly. "You didn't do anything with her, so it's not a big deal. You don't have to avoid her. Just be firm with her like you are with the guys. No sex at the office."

"I know," said Gwen. "I just didn't think I'd have to deal with her like that. I said no. No sex at the office and she said she wouldn't know if she didn't ask."

"Let's get your mind off her," said Benji as he unbuttoned her blouse. Once he had her in just her shoes and collar, he sent her off to the dungeon to chain herself to the wall. He'd started to mix up her position and this was one he used when he wasn't in a hurry. It would take time to get her mind off Mindy.

As soon as Gwen left, Benji called Mindy. After opening pleasantries, Benji said, "I heard you made a pass at Gwen today."

"Gawd, she told you that?" said Mindy. "I kind of keep that side of me private. Took me a while to work up the nerve and she was pretty quick to brush me off."

"Can't blame you. She looks pretty sexy these days. Probably something you never imagined a few weeks ago."

“You can say that again. She was so cold, you know? I know you’ve been helping her come out of her shell, so I know you know. You’ve made a big difference in her life. I think that’s cool.”

“Yeah, well, I have another idea to help her out more,” said Benji. “What would you say to a threesome?”

There was a couple of seconds of silence. “Uh, threesome? Like you, me, and her? I don’t know.”

“More like you and me and you and her. I wouldn’t... well, she is my sister, but the point is she needs a push. Believe it or not, I think I can talk her into it as long as I’m there.”

“And so, you just thought you and I... as long as me and Gwen...” said Mindy. “You mean like nothing serious, just a fling?”

“Yeah, you’re pretty sexy, too,” said Benji. “The way Gwen talked about you I think she’d like to experiment with you, but she’s nervous and scared. I figured Gwen might loosen up with me there for moral support and if she watches you and I make love that will get her motor running and then you can take her for a spin.”

Having met Benji before, Mindy wasn’t averse to the idea. He was cute. It seemed odd that Gwen would be open to a threesome with her brother even if he did keep his hands off her. She wouldn’t have minded dating Benji and having sex with him. If he thought he could pair her with Gwen, she thought it would be worth it. “You really think so?”

“Yeah, I’ll talk to her about it, but I’m sure she’ll agree. How about you come by Saturday afternoon. We’ll have some wine and relax and just see how it goes.”

“Sure, OK,” said Mindy. “You wanna watch two girls get it on? Even your sister?”

“Every guy’s fantasy,” said Benji. “Even if she is my sister. So, I’ll see you on Saturday. I’ll call you if she’s not interested, but I think she will be.”

“Yeah, I’ll see you. Hey, I just... it’s not like I’m doing it just for Gwen. I mean I’m not so desperate for her that... you’re cute and sexy and so I’m fine with you being there and... fucking me.”

“Great,” said Benji. “I didn’t mean to make it sound like I was blackmailing you, like you have to go through me to get to her. It’ll be fun and it’s important that I be there.”

“Sure, I’ll talk to you later.”

“Bye,” said Benji. He hung up the phone wondering why he hadn’t thought of this earlier. He’d been so focused on Gwen satisfying guys that he hadn’t considered that girls would think she was sexy, too.

When he entered the dungeon, Gwen was facing the wall with her ankles chained to the wall, three feet apart, and one wrist chained to the wall. She couldn’t do the last one herself. He fastened the fourth cuff to her free wrist.

“I’m pretty stupid, aren’t I, Benji?” said Gwen.

“Why? Chaining yourself for me? You do it all the time, baby doll.”

“You called her, didn’t you?”

Benji thought about playing coy by saying called who? She'd guessed why he hadn't followed her up, so there was no point. "How does Saturday sound?"

"Sounds like I'm pretty stupid, Benji. Sounds like fun. You know I've never done it with a girl and have no desire to start." *Like that matters to him. I've done so much for him already and he's never had to torture me in the morning after that first time.*

"Yeah, but you also had no desire to start fucking guys, but look at you now. Going down on a girl is fun. I do it to you all the time. You taste good and I like driving you crazy. She's done it before obviously and I hear girls do it better than guys."

"That supposed to make me feel better, Benji? So what if she does it better. The point is I'll have to do it to her. I mean, God. I just think about kissing her, ugh... doing stuff with her tits... it's unnatural... just thinking about being naked with her and in bed and touching her gives me the creeps."

"So, you'll do it?" said Benji.

"Not until you say it, Benji. I want to hear you say I have to."

"You have to, baby doll."

"Oh, boy, you bet, Benji," she abruptly sounded enthusiastic and happy. "I'll do it with a smile on my face. I'm gonna eat pussy like I was starving." *Like it or not. Happy or upset. Smile or frown. I'm gonna eat pussy. I wonder what it tastes like? I'm going to eat her to an orgasm no matter what it tastes like. Might as well smile.*

"Yeah, I knew you'd have a good time, baby doll. I'll be there to supervise."

"Gonna watch two girls. You like that?"

"I told her it was a threesome. I'm gonna fuck her. We all get something." He picked up a thin whip. "For the record, I'm not mad at you for expressing your feelings. This is just playtime like usual."

"Whip me, Benji," said Gwen. "Have fun with big sister." *Have a good time with that whip. Maybe someday I'll understand why I enjoy it, too.* She gasped as the first of many lashes drew a red stripe down her flawless back.

Benji gave her 20 lashes and then made her cum with the vibrator. After another 10, he made her cum again. After another 10, he fucked her against the wall, too focused on fucking her, squeezing her tits with both hands, and kissing her neck to use the vibrator at the same time. When he came, he undid her wrists and laid her back with her ankles still attached to the wall on short chains. Atop her, he kissed her and she purred with delight.

"I love you, baby doll."

"I love you, Benji," said Gwen. It wasn't the first time she'd said it. If he caught her just right, she'd use the L word. She'd retract it later, but he still liked to get her to say it. He gave her another half hour of attention and when he let her go, she looked disappointed.

On Friday, Gwen and Mindy had lunch and Gwen admitted she wanted to experiment and reiterated Benji's claim that she'd only do it if he was there.

"You don't mind it?" asked Mindy. "I wouldn't do anything with my brother around."



“Yeah, I know it sounds weird,” said Gwen. “He’s helped me a lot. Picked out clothes and stuff. He’s helped me try on things, so I’m pretty comfortable being nude around him. He’s been my rock through all this. To tell you the truth, I’d go back to frumpy, prudish Gwen if it wasn’t for him.”

“I didn’t know it went that far. I mean I knew he was supporting you, but not that much. Must be nice to have a brother you can trust like that. Like you’re best friends, too.”

*No way! Not like my best friend. Try my worst enemy. My master. An asshole.* “Yes, we’ve always been close.” *Lying comes so easy nowadays.*

“So you’re OK with this, Gwen?”

“Yeah, looking forward to it. We need to talk though. Benji’s going to try to run things. We need to have our own plans.”

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Though she and Mindy had made plans and she had been bubbly and enthusiastic the whole time, deep down Gwen had a feeling of dread. As Mindy’s arrival approach on Saturday, it got worse. *I know what to do with a guy, but what do I do with Mindy? If I let her show me, will I like what she wants me to do? How is this going to work and how am I going to feel? Can I keep a smile? Benji’s never really watched me with a guy. He’s going to be right there the whole time. What if I make a mistake? To hell with it, the only mistake I can make is to not make love to her. That won’t happen.*

When the doorbell rang, Gwen pointed at the end of the sofa where Benji was to sit. The position made sure he couldn’t see the entryway. With a smile, Gwen opened the door and let Mindy step inside. “Oh, you went without a bra anyway,” whispered Gwen. The two girls were dressed nearly identical, though Gwen had expected Mindy to wear a bra on the way over and take it off before they went to Benji.

“I figured nobody’s going to see me like this,” grinned Mindy. “It feels weird. I mean, I’ve gone without before, but not like this.” She looked down at her low cut, sheer blouse. Looking at Gwen, she said, “And you’re just wandering around the house like that with Benji around.” She could clearly see Gwen’s nipples and her friend’s skirt was shorter than anything she wore at work. Just like her skirt for this special event. To finish off the outfits, both wore garter belts and stockings, white for Mindy and black for Gwen, and no panties.

“Let’s go,” said Gwen. She led Mindy into Benji’s view by the hand.

“Holy cow,” said Benji when he saw the two of them. “Twins!”

Mindy giggled. She didn’t think she was anywhere close to as beautiful as Gwen, but Benji’s comment made her feel beautiful and sexy like Gwen, not plain and trampy.

“What do you think?” asked Gwen. On cue, the two of them turned slowly around until they were back facing him.

“What a great surprise,” said Benji. “You’re both incredible.” He made sure his eyes stayed on Mindy. “I promised Mindy wine, but you two look ready to go right now.”

“You wish,” said Mindy. “Let’s have some wine and you can just sit and drool.” She didn’t want to just walk in the front door and have sex and she knew Gwen needed time to get used to her.

Over a glass of wine, the three chatted, avoiding the subject of the upcoming threesome. Gwen sat on the sofa a discrete distance from Benji and Mindy sat in the chair opposite them. Gwen crossed her legs and so did Mindy. Benji licked his lips as he stared at Mindy’s nipples and tried to see what was under her skirt. Despite what he’d said to Mindy on the phone, he did feel like he was blackmailing her. She may have agreed to his terms, but she didn’t want to fuck him as much as she wanted Gwen. That gave him a sense of control over her, fueling his desire.

Almost as one, the two girls uncrossed their legs and crossed them the other way. Benji thought he caught a glimpse of white panties. He didn’t suspect that Mindy had shaved her pussy for Gwen and that he’d just seen delectable bare skin.

Next to her brother, Gwen knew she was putting on a show for Mindy. As she did, she kept checking out Mindy, wondering what it would feel like to cup another girl’s tit or how she’d feel when Mindy was nude. At first it was intriguing now that Mindy was actually sitting in front of her and sex was imminent. She tingled as she thought about Mindy licking her. It was such a forbidden act in her mind.

When she couldn’t start to think of Mindy as sexy, Gwen tried to imagine she was Benji. What did her brother find sexy about a girl? Mindy certainly had all the right parts, though she imagined Benji had reserved ‘goddess’ for her alone. Mindy had nice tits and large, suckable nipples. When she thought about rolling them between her fingers and how Mindy would feel, she felt a twinge of excitement. Sensing a way to make this better, she imagined how Mindy thought about seeing her through a sheer top or when the top was gone. She slowly uncrossed her legs and recrossed them and kept an eye on Mindy’s expression. Her friend leaned forward slightly for a better view and again Gwen felt a little tingle. *Great, I’m sexy. Mindy thinks so and so does every guy in the world. It turns me on to be sexy. To know that Mindy’s turned on by looking at me.*

Mindy uncrossed her legs and Gwen felt some excitement at the sight of Mindy’s shaved pussy, but it was because Benji suddenly sat forward as he realized what he’d seen, not because she thought Mindy was sexy. *I’m going to lick that pussy,* thought Gwen. She was dismayed when that thought got the most reaction out of her traitorous body. If that was what it would take, Gwen started thinking about how she was being forced to sit and flash Mindy. *Soon we’ll be naked. We’ll kiss. She’ll touch me like a man does. I’ll touch her. She’ll lick my pussy. Oh God, I’ll cum. I have no control. I’ll cum and then... oh, my God, will I be in that place? The place where I’ve lost it? The place where I want Benji to kiss me and I even tell him I love him? That would be nice. At least it wouldn’t be so gross.*

Benji sat back now that Mindy’s legs were cross. Gwen very slowly uncrossed her legs and very slowly crossed them, lifting her leg in an exaggerated motion. As Mindy matched her action, she definitely saw the vertical slit between Mindy’s legs and it turned her on suddenly to know that Mindy had seen hers and that Mindy probably thought she’d done it to show off her own pussy when she’d really done it to get Mindy to give Benji a better view.

“You two,” said Benji, interrupting the ongoing conversation and shaking his head as if catching them being naughty. “I think that it’s probably time to move on to the fun.”

“What do you think, Gwen?” asked Mindy. “I think he’s right. We better before I try to fit my head under that tight skirt.”

When it suddenly felt like Mindy would be forcing herself on her, Gwen felt another burst of excitement. She uncrossed her legs and left them uncrossed and her knees slightly parted. *She’s looking. Benji’s making me show her and she’s taking advantage.* She found herself staring at Mindy’s brazenly displayed bare cunt. *I’m looking because I have to.* “Yes, Mindy, it’s time.” *I may be able to work myself up more, but it’s time to get started.*

“OK, well, here’s the deal,” said Gwen, standing and facing Benji. She waited until Mindy was beside her. “I’m going to sit down and she’s going to strip. She’s stripping for you and me. When she’s done, I’m going to strip and you just keep your eyes on Mindy because I’m stripping for her, not you.”

“Then I get to strip for her?” asked Benji.

“Well, it’s not for me, little brother,” laughed Gwen.

To Benji’s and Mindy’s surprise, Gwen sat down in Benji’s lap with one arm around his neck and her butt against his crotch. She pointedly took his arm and laid it across her lap with his hand on her far hip. “I’m so excited,” she said. She felt Benji’s cock under her even before Mindy started to undress. She winked at Mindy. “I gotta sit here or he’ll jump up and rip your clothes off.”

“Not like there’s much to it,” said Mindy, though she carefully unbuttoned her blouse rather than rip it off. Parting her blouse, she gave her two lovers an unrestricted view of her tits. She posed for a few seconds, proud of her tits. They were larger than Gwen’s with bigger nipples. Crossing her arms under them, she lifted them up, offering them to Gwen.

Reminding herself that she had to watch and would soon suck those nipples, Gwen licked her lips the way she’d seen Benji do so many times.

Mindy unzipped her skirt and in seconds it was on the floor. She kicked it away and posed again, feeling a thrill from the way the brother and sister stared at her pussy.

“Did you tell her to do that, Gwen?” asked Benji.

“If I’m gonna lick it, then I don’t want her pubes to get in the way,” said Gwen. She stood. “You stay there and keep your eyes off me.” She stepped toward Mindy to take her place and Mindy stepped into her, putting her arms around her and kissing her. Surprised, Gwen returned the kiss, getting excited only from the thought that Mindy was forcing her to kiss.

After a few seconds, Gwen pushed away. “You have to wait your turn, Mindy,” she said. “Go sit down. He’s not gonna rip my clothes off, so you don’t have to... yeah, OK, you can sit on his lap just for fun.” She watched her brother put his hand on Mindy’s hip and an arm around her. *Did she just wiggle her butt? Oh, my God! He had a hard on. Still does. Does she know I was sitting on my brother’s hard on and knew it?*

It was disconcerting to be about to expose herself and have Benji's eyes on Mindy's tits. It's where they were supposed to be, but it still seemed strange. More disconcerting was Mindy's full attention on her. She unbuttoned her blouse and slid it off. Repeating Mindy's motion of crossing her arms and lifting her tits, Gwen shuddered as Mindy licked her lips. *What's going on? How does this work? I'm getting turned on because I don't want to be turned on? I'm getting excited because I'm being forced?*

When she removed her skirt, Gwen saw Mindy again lick her lips. Though Benji now had a hand on Mindy's tit, Mindy seemed not to notice. Gwen just stood there, feeling her excitement level rise from Mindy's undivided attention.

"Let's go to the bedroom," said Benji. Mindy got off his lap and he stood.

"Your turn," said Gwen. "You strip for her." She sat down to watch and was stunned when Mindy sat in her lap. Used to Benji's surprises, Gwen told herself it was no different than a command from Benji to let Mindy sit there. "Wow, who needs him?" *I need him to distract her. I've got a naked girl in my lap and let's see... one hand on her back and one on her hip. My God, her tits are right there. Don't look at them. Shit, don't look at Benji.*

A sly smile from Benji only made Gwen more uncomfortable and more excited. She didn't know what to do and then Mindy lifted her hand and put it on her tit. "Oh, God," said Gwen softly, looking at where her hand was. She had her fingertips on the soft flesh and then let her whole hand melt onto the luscious globe. Looking at Mindy, she blushed when she saw Mindy was watching her. "You're supposed to watch him," she whispered.

Not hearing what Gwen said, Benji asked, "Anybody remember me?" He had his socks and his shirt off and neither girl was looking at him. The look on Mindy's face was so sexy and Gwen was so... he tried to decipher the look... surprised, sexy, lascivious, uncertain. He finally settled on enthralled. "Never mind," he said. The look between the two girls was incredible. Mindy was possessive and Gwen was submissive.

When Benji spoke, Mindy looked up at him, breaking the spell. He finished stripping. "Now the bedroom?" he asked.

"Now the bedroom," said Mindy. She stood and took Gwen's hand. Benji turned to follow them, but Mindy bumped into him from behind and reached around his waist. Peering over his shoulder, she said, "Lead the way, big boy." With Mindy almost sandwiched between brother and sister, the threesome made their way to the bedroom.

"You two first," said Gwen, standing back to give them the big bed.

"Uh uh, girl," said Mindy. "You haven't thought this one through. You and me first. If he goes first, then you'll be..." she dropped her voice to a whisper. "... licking your brother's cum out of my pussy."

On one hand, Gwen didn't see that as a problem considering she'd probably like the taste of Benji's cum better than Mindy's pussy, but on the other hand, she knew she should be grossed out at the thought of Benji's cum. "God, you're right," said Gwen. "I hadn't thought of that."

"What's going on?" asked Benji. He'd never been out of control before.

“You’re waiting,” said Mindy. “Shouldn’t be a problem. Just be your average guy who’s gonna be able to pound nails with your cock after you watch two girls.” She got on the bed, tugging Gwen up next to her.

“I thought we’d...” said Benji.

“You thought you’d shoot cum in me and make Gwen eat it? That’s pretty low, you know? Then you’d get some pussy and I wouldn’t get Gwen?”

“Oh,” said Benji. “That’s what Gwen hadn’t thought of. I hadn’t either. Honestly, Mindy, I didn’t mean to ruin it for you. I’ll just pound some nails over here.” He got up on the bottom corner of the bed where he had a good view and the two girls moved to the far side to give him room.

“Tell me you’ve ever had a guy do this,” said Mindy.

Gwen thought Mindy was going to kiss her in some magical fashion, but Mindy aimed lower, kissing her throat. In seconds, Gwen decided it was some magical fashion. She looked at Benji briefly. *Why didn’t you ever do anything like this? Screw it. It doesn’t matter. If she keeps this up, I’ll be there.*

For those few seconds, Mindy wondered if she was getting to Gwen. Then she heard Gwen sigh and felt the beautiful girl melt. She spent a couple of minutes lavishing Gwen’s throat with kisses and... *nibbling! She’s... what? Biting me. Oh, my God!* When Mindy stopped that and kissed her lips, Gwen forgot to be grossed out.

With victory in her grasp, Mindy moved slowly lower, taking each step slowly as if asking permission to continue. She made love to Gwen’s tits, tummy, and thighs with Gwen beside herself with desire when Mindy bypassed her pussy.

Benji watched with awe as he accepted the reality that girls really did know how to do girls better. He took mental notes as Mindy got to Gwen’s pleasure buttons with practiced ease. Gwen was supposed to be grossed out and then Mindy was lapping at his sister’s pussy and Gwen was saying, “Do me, beautiful. That’s fan... uh... fan... God damn... tastic.” He didn’t think she was faking it.

Moving closer, Benji watched Mindy’s tongue roam freely in Gwen’s pussy, never staying in one place very long, but seeming to linger at the same time. He watched Mindy’s hands on Gwen’s perfect tits as they teased Gwen’s nipples without the same insistence that he had. He even listened to the sounds of contentment that Mindy made as she enjoyed Gwen.

When Gwen came explosively, Benji watched Mindy practically eat Gwen’s clit. He thought chewing and biting had to hurt, but Gwen was nothing but pleasure incarnate. He realized Gwen had just had her first orgasm that wasn’t from him.

With an abrupt switch, Mindy lay back and pulled Gwen atop her. “Eat me,” she said desperately. Gwen tried to move up to kiss Mindy’s throat, but Mindy said, “Don’t fuck around, baby. Eat me. Skip the hors d’oeuvres, soup, and salad. Straight to the dining table.”

Without batting an eye, Gwen moved to Mindy’s pussy and started the same thing that Mindy had done, moving her tongue here and there. *Dammit, snap me back to reality.*

*Not even a warm up? I don't get to kiss and work my way down... get ready for eating her? This is a gross and disgusting and what the hell does Benji see in licking pussy? I could throw up about now. Great technique, Mindy. Had me going. Great pussy licking, but your pussy is gross. What the fuck is that? Bleh.*

"God damn, you sweetness," said Mindy. "God, yes, you don't have to do that, but it's great. You could just go... oh, you bitch... straight in and... you have one minute and then you better..."

*What? I don't have to do this? I could go straight for her clit and finish it? Fuck me. Now that I started, I have to take my time. One minute. Bleh. Bleh. Bleh. Hope this turns you on Benji. God dammit, I was hoping he'd be ready to wash my mouth out with cum or fuck me after she leaves, but he won't be. I'm gonna make her cum and then she's gonna use him up and what the hell is wrong with that? I don't want him. I don't want him. I don't want him. Damn you, Mindy, I don't want to do this. Fuck you, Benji, I don't want you. Don't make me want you, but God... he's better than her. C'mon and cum, Mindy.*

Neither Mindy nor Benji knew what was going on in Gwen's mind. Gwen was doing what Mindy had showed her, complete with making contented sounds as she wanted to gag. Benji was ready to explode and Mindy actually did. "That's the spot, baby," squealed Mindy in delight as she came. "Dooeedooeedooeedooee!"

As soon as Mindy came, Gwen rolled away, nearly falling off the bed to make room for Benji. "Come and fuck me, stud," said Mindy. "Keep me going!"

Benji smoothly slid into her sopping pussy and it was immediately apparent what the multi-orgasmic Mindy meant. It seemed her orgasm was continuous as she came down from Gwen's tongue and rose back up to Benji's cock, hammering nails deep in her pussy.

"Now!" snapped Mindy. "Don't be Gwen. Do me hard. Grab some tit and squeeeeeze." Though he was surprised, Benji immediately grabbed a handful of each tit and squeeze. He fucked her hard, realizing that Mindy wanted the opposite from him that she wanted from Gwen. Slow, soft, and gentle gave way to hard, rough, and insistent. Still fucking her, he bent down and grabbed a nipple in his teeth and pulled up.

After half a minute, Mindy took a breather with a deliberate mental effort to stop cumming. She panted hard for half a minute and then went back into an orgasm, this time accompanied by Benji's orgasm. She only stopped when he was finished and too limp to continue.

When they collapsed in exhaustion, Mindy pressed herself against Benji. "You're worth a repeat," she said. "What happened to Gwen?"

Benji looked around and saw Gwen wasn't in the room. "Probably didn't want to watch us... me anyway," he said. "Can't blame her, I suppose."

They rested for a few minutes and then Mindy got up. "I should probably go," she said. "Maybe Gwen's uncomfortable? Upset? She was hot, but she didn't want a threesome, Benji. She didn't want you here. Dammit, my clothes are in the family room. Oh, never mind." She saw that Gwen and thrown them in the room where she'd have to step over them to leave. She dressed. "Tell Gwen we can do it again if she wants. At my place."

As soon as Mindy left, Benji went in search of Gwen. She was in the dungeon, sitting on the floor. When he came in, she stood up. "Don't you ever..." she said and threw a ball gag at him.

"Any time I want, baby doll," said Benji after deftly catching the ball. He walked right up to her and backed her up against the wall. She was trembling, apparently with rage, and he pressed his lips to hers, forcing... slipping... easing his tongue into her waiting mouth. She kissed him back hard. He felt her arms clutch around him and her nails dig into his back and her legs lift and wrap around his waist.

After several minutes, they cooled down. Gwen stroked Benji's hair affectionately. "Fuck you, little brother," she said. "I will do all the guys you want, but don't you..."

"Got it, baby doll, no more girls."

"No, I'll do girls all you want, but..."

"Got it, baby doll. No more girls for me."

"Fuck you," said Gwen. "You have any idea how much that pisses me off?"

"What? Fucking Mindy?"

"No, fuck you and damn you, too. Telling you that... that I'm jealous." With that word, all the outrage vanished.

"I suppose I do," said Benji. After all he'd put her through, she didn't want to care about him the way that she did. He'd always felt a sense of triumph that he'd turned her from a frigid puritan to his sex toy. She was practically a prisoner of her own desire and love and she didn't want to be. He didn't know how much of that was real and how much of that was due to her total dependency on him for her daily dose of Piper.

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When their parents arrived the next week, Benji and Gwen had set the house up with separate rooms for them and a guest room. They'd moved boxes and furniture into the dungeon to block or hide all the incriminating evidence. Neither Gwen nor Benji wanted their mom and dad to figure out what was going on.

Only two days into the visit, Dolores cornered Gwen for a talk. The look in her mom's eyes told Gwen that it was a serious talk. She was expecting the usual you need to find a man and get married talk probably coupled with you aren't going to find Mr. Right living with your brother.

Instead, Gwen was stunned when her mom asked, "How long have you known you were adopted?"

If Benji had taught her one thing, it was not to react to even the most outrageous things. Gwen calmly took in this fact hidden from her for 30 years as it came out of nowhere.

"What makes you think I found out?" she said.

"You and Benjamin are sleeping together," said Dolores.

"Why do you say that, mom?" Gwen's insides felt like they were turning inside out, but she stayed calm.

“Gwendolyn, a mother knows these things,” said Dolores wisely. “When you go to pee, you go to the master bathroom. Some of your clothes are in your room, but there are still things in the master bedroom. You still have makeup and toiletries in the master bath.”

*My God! I was adopted? When? Must have been really young because I don't remember family but mom and dad and Benji. Why would she keep that a secret and... oh, my God, that's not the biggest piece of news. She knows Benji and I are... well, I wouldn't call it sleeping together, but yeah, that's what it is.*

“You’ve been snooping around?” said Gwen, reprovably.

Dolores smiled. “How do you think a mother knows these things?”

*I thought it was mother's intuition, not plain old detective work.* “So, you’re OK with this?”

Patting her daughter’s hand, Dolores said, “I’m happy you finally found the right man to get you out of your shell and start living, honey. I’m glad that Benjamin has found the right woman and I’m glad it’s each other. Richard always told me we shouldn’t have kept your adoption a secret from you, but how did I know it was keeping you and Benjamin apart.”

“Right,” said Gwen. “I should have told you I found out about the adoption and we should have told you that we’re together, but we didn’t think you’d understand.” *That wasn't keeping us apart. I wanted nothing to do with him. Was that because he was my brother? No, it couldn't be. He's always been an annoying little brother. I hate him. Don't I? Or not? Maybe I do love him and don't want to admit it because he's such as asshole making me be his slave.* Then a light went on in her head and she smiled.

“When are you two getting married?” asked Dolores and Gwen laughed out loud for the first time in months.

“I need to talk to Benji,” said Gwen. “He doesn’t know that you know.”

Benji was watching TV with their dad. Gwen stood between him and the TV to block his view. “We need to talk, Benji,” she said. “Seriously, you need to come with me so we can talk.”

Confused and curious, Benji followed his sister to the master bedroom. He wasn’t going to make a big deal out of it with their parents there, but she’d pay later for being bossy. She let him go in first. She’d maneuvered him so his back was to the bed as he faced her. She took a running leap and he fell back on the bed with her on top of him. “You are so fucked,” she laughed. “So fucked.”

“What are you talking about, baby doll?” Oh how she was going to pay for this when their parents were gone.

“I’m adopted,” she said. “Adopt...ted. Adopted.” The words came out as if she was trying on a new word she’d never heard before.

“You’re what?” Benji was as stunned as she’d been, but he didn’t hide it as well.

“You are not my brother. Not blood related. Nada. And mom knows we’re sleeping together. She noticed some things. You know how mom always sees right through us.”



“Oh shit, is she upset? What did she say?”

“She said you are totally fucked, Benji.”

“No, really, what did she say?”

“She said, when are we getting married?”

“My God, you’re right. We’re totally fucked.”

Gwen leaned close, inches from his face. “No, Benji. I love you, so you’re the only one who’s totally fucked.” She kissed him, taking the lead in that endeavor for the first time ever.

Benji knew what Gwen was talking about. Mom would ask monthly, weekly, maybe even daily since it was Gwen. When’s the wedding, Benjamin? When are you going to ask her, Benjamin? When’s the wedding, Benjamin? You’re not getting any younger, Benjamin. There was no way around it. He and Gwen were getting married. “Why would I be the only one totally fucked, baby doll, if I love you, too.”

“Because,” said Gwen. She rolled off him. “Get off the bed.” When he did, she said, “Get down on one knee.”

Kneeling, Benji knew what she expected. She could hardly contain herself. “Gwendolyn Ann Meyers, will you marry me?”

“Oh, you bet I will, Benjamin,” said Gwen. “Gotcha.”

“I got you, too,” said Benji. He lay down next to her. She was staring at the ceiling, reliving her life and watching all the intricate pieces fall in place leading up to this wonderful moment. She’d never seen it coming. Never imagined it. Never wanted it. Would have denied it could be possible until about two minutes ago. He stared at the ceiling, realizing it was probably time to tell Gwen that Marshall had weaned himself off Piper, that he’d invented a cure for addiction and clinical trials for Piper 7 were starting, and that he’d received a huge bonus and a big promotion. She was well trained and undeniably submissive and he didn’t need Piper to own her. He figured she’d hate him when he told her he could have weaned her off weeks ago, but he loved how she hated him. It would be worth it.