

I woke in an instant, sitting bolt upright in a strange bed, blinking rapidly as I caught my breath, wondering what woke me. It usually doesn't take a lot. A soft knock came from the door, and I turned my head, realizing that it had been the soft tap that woke me. I walked to the door, looking around the hotel room for the first time, grabbing a robe and throwing it on before looking out the peephole.

Outside was a man in a uniform, standing by a wheeled cart. I opened the door, allowing the man inside. "Good morning sir, I hope I didn't wake you. Here is your breakfast, as requested. Is there anything else you need sir," he asked, wheeling the cart to a small table and moving the covered plates to it from the cart.

"No, not at all, thank you," I said, tipping the man with the last of my money. When the door closed, I sat down and uncovered the food, thinking back to the previous night. After I had accepted the deal, Anima had listened to my desires, and explained each of the limits on the powers she was granting me. My first wish had been for mind control, and she had told me that is was similar to normal hypnotism, that I couldn't force people to do things against their own moral fibre, they had to, on some level, want to do what I was ordering them too.

Her second gift was the power to peer into a mind, and see what lay there, to see their desires to help with my mind control. I had a few other uses in mind for it as well, as anybody who ever thought about it would.

Anima and I had been stumped for a time when I couldn't think of a third gift, however. It had even gotten to the point where I had asked her for ideas. Anima just told me she wasn't allowed to make suggestions. Finally I decided on unlimited funds, since I was both fed up of working to eke out a living and now had far more important things to do now than work every day. She gave me a blank white card, like a bank card, but with no information at all. The drawback to this seemed to be that it was useless for online purchases.

The deal had been sealed with a kiss. It seemed that part of the myth was true at least. The rest of the night became fuzzy after the kiss, to the point I don't remember getting a room at this hotel, or even ordering breakfast. I chewed on this problem along with my breakfast, which was surprisingly good. Once I finished that, I went into the bathroom, and stopped dead on seeing the mirror. Written in beautiful cursive, and a deep red lipstick, were the words, "Hope you like the room. It's on me tonight." I laughed out loud when I saw Anima's note.

When I was finished my shower, I shaved carefully and got dressed. I didn't see any of my stuff here in the room, which led me to believe that it was all still in my Explorer. I flipped off the lights as I went out into the hallway, and didn't bother stopping, or even looking at the desk on my way out to the parking lot. My SUV was easy to spot, and I climbed in, started it up, and then just sat there.

What to do now? With the card Anima gave me, I could pretty much do anything, and go anywhere, but something told me that going wasn't really in the cards. I turned in the front seat and reached into the back seat for my backpack. Inside was a notebook I carried everywhere, something I could use to order my thoughts and make a plan.

I flipped it open to a blank page, and started listing my needs. First among them was a place to live, followed by clothes and food. I pulled out my wallet and looked at the white card. Last night, it had been blank. Now, it has a sequence of numbers on the front, and a black strip on the back along with a chip, like a normal bank card. I tapped it against my notebook as I thought, and, under my neatly written list of needs scrolled out a list of banking information, as though for a direct deposit form, along with a four digit grouping I suspected was a pin code. A smile ticked my lips, and I clicked on my seatbelt, stuck everything on my passenger seat and went looking for real estate.

As I drove around the city, I wasn't sure what kind of real estate I wanted. A house with a large yard was tempting, but so was a brand-new penthouse apartment. After driving around somewhat aimlessly until noon, I pulled into a burger joint to have lunch. On the way in I grabbed a real estate weekly from a stand. After I got my food, I slid into a chair at a small table, opened the weekly and started browsing. I didn't see anything really interesting for houses though as I reached the half-way point, when I was interrupted by a voice.

"Hi! Looking for a new house?"

I looked up to the voice. It belonged to a slender woman with shoulder length blonde hair and an engaging smile. I smiled back at her and nodded. "Yeah, I want a change of pace, and my roommate just ditched me, so it's the right time I guess."

She slid into the seat across from me without an invitation, and peered at my weekly. "Those things are terrible for finding a good place. They never give you all the details, and they miss a lot of good properties."

I folded the weekly away and took a bite of my burger before I answered, "I don't know any good real estate agents though, or even any decent agencies. I've only ever rented."

Her smile reappeared like magic, and she passed me a card. "Hannah Richards. I buy and sell real estate for a living. If you have some time, I'd love to help you out."

"It must be my lucky day. Today, I have nothing but time."

Hannah and I chatted over lunch about what kinds of properties I was interested in. She had her tablet out, going through her list of available properties. By the time we finished eating, she'd managed to narrow it down to three different properties. As we walked out to our vehicles, I decided to try my mind reading. As I slipped behind the wheel of my Explorer, I focused on her getting into her car a few stalls down.

I can't even describe what it feels like to touch another mind. It felt like time was standing still, or maybe moving at a crawl as I could feel her thinking that she so desperately needed a commission, needed her job and after a month she still hadn't had a single nibble at the office, watching sales and commissions go to the senior members, even the secretaries passing her over for new clients. I decided then and there to give her a sale, even if nothing was quite perfect.

I had to pass on the first two properties. While the first was a beautiful old property, it turned out that between the last showing and now, somebody had broken in and set up an impromptu camp inside. Nobody was there when we arrived, but when Hannah saw the open door, and we took a peek inside and saw the beds and trash, she called her office to tell them. The second property was out of town, almost a half-hour drive, and though isolated it was a bit too isolated for me. The house was also a bit too small for everything I had in mind.

The third property, however, was perfect. Though it was an apartment in the middle of downtown, and it took a bit for us to find good parking nearby, Hannah assured me it had an underground parkade, even going so far as to point out the entrance. The building was barely three years old, and the elevator ride to the 54th floor was both smooth and fast. I certainly approved of the hallway, with only a stairwell access, and then the door to the apartment itself.

Inside the door, the apartment was absolutely perfect. A two level penthouse with a large kitchen, two bathrooms, three bedrooms and a huge rooftop patio, I fell in love with it before we'd finished the tour. Even without my powers I knew Hannah was showing me this one out of politeness, doubting I could ever afford the monthly payments, let alone the full price. As we returned to the entrance, I smiled at her, "I'll take it."

She blinked, and then let out a nervous laugh. "Really?"

"Absolutely. It's perfect. How much is it listed for?"

She checked her tablet, glancing up at me from time to time to see if I was pulling her leg. "It's listed at three-quarters of a million dollars."

I nodded. "Can we do the financing here, or do we need to go back to your office for that?"

"I have the forms here on my tablet, we can fill them out and I can submit it to the office right away. We'll probably have an answer inside an hour," she said, poking at the tablet a bit more and then handing it over to me. I filled out all the paperwork until I got to the financial information. I just tapped the tablet with the card, and it filled itself out.

When that was done, I gave it back to her and walked out to the patio as she submitted the information. The patio was the real selling point for me. While the penthouse sat on half the roof, the patio covered the other half. It was floored with wood decking, and had a large hot tub sitting on it, empty at the moment. It has a four foot glass boundary running around the patio, and I leaned against that, the wind ruffling my hair.

I heard Hannah coming out, and turned to face her. Her eyes looked slightly stunned, and I smiled. "Heard from the office yet?"

"Yes, your paperwork went through without a hitch, and we've already received confirmation of payment. Three quarters of a million dollars, already transferred and verified. I am the office hero right now," she

laughed nervously, holding out a set of keys. "Here are the keys. I already spoke with the property managers, and they should have your parking card ready for you soon. I uh... I need to get back to the office. Thank you, Andrew."

I took the keys from her as she headed out, and then took a walk around my new home. It was nice to know that the Devil kept his, or I should say her, promises. Three quarters of a million dollars was certainly good credit. It suddenly struck me just how large the place was, and how empty. Furniture would be next on my list I decided as I went back to the elevator, rode it down to the lobby and then walked over to the property manager's office that Hannah had pointed out to me. It didn't take long to get my building card, which would also let me into the parkade. On it were three numbers. I took a guess that they were my parking stall numbers, more than one because who spends that much on an apartment and owns one vehicle?

It was in my Explorer outside that I got my next surprise. As I started it up, my phone rang. It wasn't my usual ringtone and the song told me who it was. I poked the screen to answer it and held it to my ear. "Hey sis, how goes," I asked cheerfully. I was always happy to talk to my twin sister Leanne.

"I should be asking you that. I just drove past your place and people are carting everything out. What happened," she asked me. I doubt anybody else would have heard the concern, but we'd always been closer than most.

"Oh. Well, Jake ditched, I got fired and our landlord must have been throwing a fit because I got home yesterday to an eviction notice. So I figured to hell with it and grabbed my stuff and left that place behind. I was in a hotel last night, and today I lucked out and found a new place," I replied, cheerily, before I even considered how to explain my new abilities, and freedom, to her. Leanne and I never lied to each other, but still, how to explain that you're the heir to an ancient pact with the Devil?

"Already? Andrew, nobody finds a new place that fast," she said, and then continued in a rush, "Oh, you are so not staying in that storage locker are you?"

I blinked, and if I had been driving I would have hit something. I had completely forgotten about the storage locker. Our parents had bought it years before they died, and insisted that anything really special be stored there, until we owned our own homes where those special things could be displayed and kept safe. Leanne had taken over keeping an eye on it, but I still had the access code, and a key.

"Andrew? Hello?"

I came back to the world hearing her over the phone. "Sorry sis, I zoned for a sec. No, I'm not staying at the locker. Actually, I'd forgotten all about it. It's kinda hard to explain over the phone," I said, trying to think of how to say it.

"Whatever it is, it happened last night, right; around eleven?"

I sat a bit straighter in my seat. "How did you know that?"

“Andrew. I felt something change.”

I relaxed slightly. People may have scoffed at the idea of twins being connected emotionally, but with Leanne and I, it seemed to be true. We’d always taken a delight in our “twin bond” as she had termed it, since we didn’t usually have to bother with phones or emails to know how the other was. Strong emotions we shared easy. “Yea, it happened last night. I used to think Grandma was full of crap with her stories.”

“About the Devil’s Pact?”

“Those would be the ones,” I said. I hadn’t bothered to mention them to Anima. Getting information was easier when the person holding it all thought you had none of it yourself, but from as early as I could remember until we were ten, when she died, our Grandmother had regaled us with stories of her youth, talking about her wild life as a country singer, and dancer, all due, she claimed, to a deal with the devil.

“Are you saying that the Pact is real Andrew?”

“Yea, Leanne, I’m saying it seems to be real. Turns out to be three gifts rather than one or two though. I wonder what Grandma never told us.”

There was a long silence on the other end of the line, but I didn’t bother checking to see if she was still there. Like me, she’d be absorbing all the information, piecing it together as fast as her devious brain could. “Where are you staying now? We should talk about this, and some other stuff too.”

There was a small pause, again something that nobody except for me would have ever caught, and for the first time I could feel her unease. I realized that I’d been feeling it all day and hadn’t thought about it because I was practically high on my own new life. “Leanne, what happened?”

“I’ll see you tonight. Text me your new address, I have to go,” she said, somewhat hurriedly, and hung up. I sat there, staring at my phone and knew what it was. Her boyfriend was being a dick again. Part of me, a very large angry part, wanted to go right over there and kick his ass, but the logical part of me knew it was a bad idea, a very bad idea. So, I did what I knew was best. I texted my sister my address, and went for a drive.

I found myself on the south end of the city before long, close to an IKEA. Since some furniture was better than nothing, I pulled into the parking lot and found a good spot, thankfully close to the entrance. I grabbed one of the little maps and pencils and went shopping. It took me a couple of hours in there, but I did manage to find what I wanted, for the moment. I planned on replacing everything with better eventually. A quick call to the property manager confirmed there was a loading dock in the back of the building, and I arranged for delivery of almost everything for tomorrow, and only took home a bed, two chairs, a coffee table and a set of dishes, cutlery and cookware.

The drive home was interesting, with my windows down a bit to accommodate the loading straps that held the larger items to my roof. I pulled into the back of the building as the sun was setting, and managed

to move everything up to my new home, helped by a delivery driver who loaned me his back and his dolly. Then I parked my Explorer in one of my stalls, and rode the elevator back up to my penthouse. By this time, I was thoroughly exhausted and hungry, but I needed to at least set up my bed today, so I sighed and unpacked it. The frame was light-enough, and with my drill it was quickly assembled. I tossed the bedspread and everything onto it in the middle and checked my phone. True to form, there was nothing until I set it down. Barely had I taken my hand away when it buzzed with a text from Leanne, saying she was on her way.

I fired her another text, asking her what she wanted, and when she replied pizza, I ordered it in on my laptop, then started assembling my two chairs and table, so that we could at least sit and eat. Now, though, I was a bit concerned. Leanne wasn't angry, just worried and sad, about what I didn't know. The fact that I was picking up on her so strongly told me she was almost here, so I went downstairs, the chairs finally assembled, to meet her.

As I went through the lobby, I saw a guy from my pizza place coming in and headed him off, paying for the pizza as I saw a red little civic pull up to the front of the building. I waved to Leanne, motioning for her to stay put as I went outside and told her where the parkade was. I walked over to it, she had to drive around the block, and let her in, telling her what stall to park in, and then what floor to come up to.

I got to my penthouse a minute or so before Leanne did, and her jaw dropped when she walked in. From the tiled entrance to the solid oak floor, I agreed with her. This place was fantastic. She kicked off her sneakers and padded barefoot over to the table where the pizza was open, a piece already missing. I watched her as she walked over. Leanne never wore socks, and rarely got dressed up. Today, it was just her favorite red sports bra and matching sweats. She took the gym seriously, and enjoyed showing her toned tummy and rounded arms. For the first time, I admitted to myself how much I enjoyed looking at her and how much my love of her went beyond the brotherly, even as twins. From her small, pert breasts to her long black hair, I wanted her to be mine.

She grabbed a piece of pizza and munched on it happily. "So, is this place part of the Pact?"

"In a way. I was stumped on a gift, and chose unlimited money, so I now have a no-limit credit card. This was my first real purchase, from a cute real estate girl," I said with a chuckle. I was amazed at the sudden flash of jealousy I felt from her, and I know she was aware I felt it, mostly from the way I suddenly looked at her. I opened myself up and looked into her mind.

I'd always known that Leanne loved me a bit more than a sister should, but in the way that guys are, I hadn't pieced it all together. With most twins there's a dominant and a submissive partner. One twin naturally leads and the other naturally follows. Looking back on it now, even a little that day, I realised that I had our relationship backwards. All our lives, Leanne had seemed to be the one coming up with games to play and things to do and I had agreed, but anytime I had made the smallest suggestion to change a game, or even to do something else she was immediately on board. She really was the submissive one, and right then, looking into her mind, all I could see was that she hated Mark, her boyfriend, and stayed with him only because she had no other place to go, and that she lusted for me, loved me, that even the idea of me fucking another girl caused her to be so jealous that she could barely stand it.

In that moment, for my sister, I embraced all my new powers, and smiled at her. “Leanne, Mark still works nights, right?”

“Yeah he does. Why?”

“Then,” I paused slightly, steeling myself for the next words that would change our world, “you want to leave Mark, right now. You’re going to borrow my Explorer and go to his house, grab anything of yours you want to keep and come back, ok?”

Something I hadn’t known at the time was that while in somebodies mind, when I gave them a command and they accepted it, truly accepted it instead of being rolled by it, a difference I would learn later, I fed on their acceptance. It was like fine food or maybe a drug, something you could go without but were far happier with.

Leanne was the first person I experienced it with, as she finished her piece of pizza and gave me an impish smile that I recognized all too well. “How much can I bring with me Andrew?”

“As much as is yours Leanne. Take as long as you need, but be back before Mark is off work,” I said, knowing that he worked short nights, five or six hours only. I was also pretty sure he was getting action on the side since my glimpse into Leanne’s mind told me she hadn’t had much action other than her fingers in months.

She finished her pizza and winked at me. “I’ll be back soon. Where are your keys?”

I tossed them to her, and when she left, returned to my pizza, setting up my laptop to watch a movie while I waited for her to come back. I saved her about half the pizza, which was not easy, and paid scant attention to the film, finally getting up to go and check out my hot tub. As darkness fell, a feature on the patio I didn’t know about became apparent. The railing that surrounded my patio seemed to have lights in it, which lit up the thick glass panes. There were also lights cunningly hidden in the decking, so that you could walk around without falling to your death.

I opened the hot tub cover, and saw it was surprisingly clean inside, though quite empty. I dropped the cover back in place and went inside, looking for a guide on how to fill the thing. I’d never owned one before, so I didn’t want to ruin it. I found the guide in a drawer, and sat back down to read it. To my surprise, it seemed that the hot tub was wired into the buildings water system, and it even had fill and auto-cleaning modes. I took the guide out to the hot tub, and followed the instructions to begin filling it, which seemed that it would be a long process.

When I went back in, I heard somebody fumbling around at the door. Just as I got there, it opened, and Leanne spilled inside, trying to juggle two rolling suitcases and a heavy-looking shoulder bag. She tripped and fell as she backed inside. I managed to catch her, only to be knocked over myself by her heavy load. “Jeez Leanne, what do you have in this bag?”

“Most of my books. I still have two boxes downstairs, and my TV.”

I laughed and helped her up. “Well, for right now just leave it off to the side. We’ll go get the rest of your stuff, then you can finish eating.”

Her eyes lit up at my laugh, my acceptance of her, and she was practically skipping like a school girl as we collected the last of her belongings from my Explorer. When we got upstairs, I started setting up the TV as she inhaled the last of the pizza and looked around, going onto the patio and peeking into the various rooms. “Where’s all your furniture Andrew?”

I laughed. “Arriving tomorrow. I hit up IKEA after we talked today,” I called to her, still fiddling with the TV, trying to hook it up to my laptop. When I had that done, I checked the time, and decided it would be time for bed soon. “I think I’m going to turn in for the night, after a shower.”

Leanne stepped out of one of the rooms and walked towards me. “Cool. Which room is mine?”

“Well, I was thinking you would just share my room, and my bed,” I said, with a flex of my power, “You wouldn’t mind that, would you?”

Her smile lit up the night. “Not at all. I’ll share whatever you want Andrew, to be with you.”

“Then let’s go have a shower,” I said, holding my hand out to her. She took my hand and let me lead her upstairs, breaking away to dart to the door and make sure it was locked and then back to me. Of the two bathrooms in the apartment, the one on the upper floor was by far my favorite. It had a large steam shower which took up most of the room, with a space outside it for clothes and towels, along with a toilet.

Once inside, Leanne and I began to strip. We’d showered and bathed together before, and never thought much of it, but today was different. I tossed my clothes to the side and turned to see Leanne push her sweat down, facing away from me. Her tight ass was a delight, and I could see her cute pussy, glistening slightly, from behind. Her was cute and tucked in. When she turned, I slid my eyes up over her body, enjoying her creamy skin and her pert breasts, a beautiful 32C, though I was ignorant of the proper size at the time. Her areola were a pale brown, just different enough a color so that you would know they were there, and her nipples were stiff. They were also long, at a quick guess almost half an inch long. I found them incredibly arousing, and when I looked at her face, she was blushing.

I took her in my arms we opened the steam shower and turned it on, fiddling with the controls to set the right temperature. It didn’t take long to start forming steam but by then I had her on her back, one leg on the floor and the other over my shoulder as I buried my ace in my twin’s pussy, enjoying the smell. I used my thumbs to spread her open, and took a long taste of her with my tongue. Her answering moan was enough for me, along with her taste, and I dove in, as they say. I drove my tongue along her wet pussy, lapping and licking at it lick a cat with a bowl of cream as she writhed and moaned on the bench, her hands grabbing at her breasts, kneading them and yanking roughly on her long nipples. Her head thrashed side to side, and I learned then that my sister, with the right methods, could orgasm quickly. Her first orgasm

took me by surprise as she arched her back and moaned, her toes curling and her pussy tightening on my tongue as I dug into her.

By the time she had recovered from her first orgasm, all she was able to do was curse a few times before her second hit, and then her third, my tongue digging into her pussy along with two fingers. It was clear, to me at least, that Mark hadn't fucked my sister much. That, or he had an incredibly small cock because she was tight, incredibly tight. I let her recover from her three orgasms, and, when she looked at me, I gave her a quick lick, making her twist and gasp on the bench.

I crawled up her body, and she reached between us, eagerly, to grasp my cock. I'm not hung like a porn star, but I'm not a string bean either. What I lacked in porn-star length I made up for in porn-star width, to the point that I was a bit worried about hurting my sister when I took her, but I saw no concern in her eyes as she slowly rubbed me, pulling me eagerly to her wet cunt, rubbing me against her opening with vigor, drawing shivers from me and more inspired moans and twisting from her. I met her gaze and asked her with my eyes, even as I slid off the bench and turned her with me, giving myself better access to her.

She answered the same way, and I pushed, her tight body opening to me as her head rolled back and her hands scrabbled around. I grabbed her hips to hold her as she moaned and whimpered, slowly rocking my hips to work into her. She finally got purchase on the bench, and spread her legs as wide as possible, softly begging me to go further, to not stop.

I let my body do as it would, each thrust of my hips pressing my cock further into her, drawing gasps and whimpers from her and soft groans from me. Finally I was fully inside her, and her eyes were wide, locked onto mine.

"Mark.... Not near... this wide... so wide.... Oh God... fuck... fuck me...." She moaned, throwing her arms around my neck, pulling my head down to kiss me as though she were devouring my soul as I began to work in and out of her.

Her tightness and her kisses drew me closer to orgasm as my hips rocked in and out of her, her body shaking with each thrust, glorious moans and cries escaping her with each thrust; each rough hard push into her body made me groan and grunt. I began to lose my focus, driving into my own twin, her enjoying it with barely a push from my powers. The pleasure of it was overwhelming, and it took a second to realize I was feeling her love, her pleasure as well. This time, when her orgasm struck it threw me into my own, flooding my sister's tight pussy with cum. The way her eyes flew wide and her arms tightened around my neck I had a feeling that her and Mark had always used protection. But I already knew that I wouldn't want anything between us, now or ever.

Leanne pulled me down on top of her on the wooden bench and licked my ear, which tickled. "Mmm, my brother, my Master. I love you, Andrew, I always have," she whispered, her voice on the edge of sleep. Though tired myself, I managed to at least turn off the steam before we fell asleep, intertwined together.