

Personality Overhaul

For years, I fantasized about *her*.

She wouldn't just be gorgeous, she would have the perfect personality too.

She would always be eager to please me, she would always laugh at my jokes, she would kiss me without asking, she would get on her knees and blow me just because she wanted to.

In my mind, she was this... perfect, unattainable woman.

I knew this woman didn't exist. She couldn't. Not unless I was filthy rich.

So I figured I had to build her instead.

Not a robot. Fucking an animated object didn't interest me in the slightest. I wanted a *real* woman, so I dedicated the last three years and a half years of my life to solve my impossible problem.

The first year of my research had me in a deep dive into mind control. My logic was that if I could directly control a woman's thoughts and feelings, then molding her into my dream woman would be a straightforward task.

My first lead that mind control wasn't just fiction came from a case not that long ago, detailing a bizarre incident. A spy was sent to Russia for information extraction. Within a week, the American agent, a woman, had completely switched allegiance. Double agents were rare, but her case was one of a kind. When she was found to be a traitor, she was brought back, interrogated, and extensively questioned. But what they discovered was a head scratcher.

The woman talked differently. Walked differently. She couldn't even remember her own children.

Her entire personality had changed. It was like she was a completely different person.

I went all in into uncovering the Russian's secret. I hacked into websites, paid off people for leads, and tried my best to find out the cause of the woman's strange personality overhaul. I discovered the exact method the Russians used on her.

The woman was posing as an administrator worker in the Russian government. In the office, everyone was subjected to constant daily audio frequencies. It was a frequency so high, even dogs wouldn't pick up on it. And when combined with commands written from the most complex code in existence, it was possible to imprint deep directives into everyone that was exposed to the audio frequency.

Real life brainwashing. All I needed to replicate that was some audio tuning and a lot of programming.

I was already an excellent programmer, having a passion for everything tech, so the task was perfect for me. Tuning audio waves to that high of a frequency required expensive equipment but that wasn't the most painful part. I assumed learning the language would be a cakewalk since I had mastery over a dozen programming languages.

I was dead wrong.

As I tried to decipher the Russian-made language, days turned into weeks and weeks melted into months. Even after hacking several confidential websites, I couldn't find any guide or resource to help my learning, so I was alone in decoding this impossible language.

But after almost four years of blood, sweat, and countless tears, I had finally achieved a basic understanding of the inconceivable language. I had enough to form short sentences—or write simple commands.

I was ecstatic to finally put my theory to the test, and I spent the entire day writing and rewriting my first set of commands. I would be tuning the coded instructions into high-frequency waves and then installing the output into a simple bluetooth speaker.

Fuck, I was so excited. If I could actually alter someone's personality, then the possibilities were endless. I could have a harem of supermodels. I could be the king of the world.

But I had to start small. After all, all of this hard work was just to get my perfect girlfriend. And I knew just the right girl.

For what felt like ages, I left my room. I went into hers, then hid the bluetooth speaker under her bed. The high-pitched audio would be continuously playing while she slept.

I just hoped she wouldn't be working overtime tonight.

My sister returned home in her usual manner. Storming through the front door in a huff. When she saw me, she raised an eyebrow and tossed me my takeaway.

"Chinese," she said, taking off her jacket and launching it towards the clothes rack. She already practiced that move countless times, so the throw was perfect. The jacket landed on the hook.

I watched my older sister undo her hair, letting those beautiful dark waves down to her chest. But I hid my frown when she put that horrible beanie back on.

"Have you eaten?" I asked.

"Yeah, with the gang. Fuck me, I'm beat." She hopped over the couch, landing beside me. "Are you watching anything?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Then I'll take point." She gestured for the remote, then scrolled through the Netflix offerings, eventually settling on some K-Drama show.

As the intro played, I used the moment to sneak a look at her.

I wasn't happy with the relationship we shared. There had always been friction between us because Amelia was the type of sister who expected more from everybody around her. I didn't get why she had to hold me to the same standards she held herself.

Yeah, if you looked at us, it was clear who was the successful one. I was a twenty-year-old man who stayed in my room all day long, unproductive and unmoved.

Amelia was the opposite. She was only a few years older than me, but my sister was already her company's superstar. She could create amazing designs from her

computer and within the three years in the company, my sister was already leading a team of junior graphic designers.

Amelia was the one our parents always relied on. She was the one everybody looked up to.

Her voice broke the silence. "Have you applied for any jobs today?"

Fuck. The same old question.

"Not yet."

"Fucking hell, Jack." Straightening herself, she shot me a look. "When can you take responsibility for yourself? Do you expect me to be the one paying the rent all the time?" She nodded at the container in my hands. "Or buy you takeouts all the time?"

I looked away. "No."

"Then? When will you stop being a hermit? Honestly, I'm tired of it." She drew her attention back to the show. "Do something for once. If not for me, then for yourself."

Silence prickled between us. I glanced back at my older sister, at her face that was illuminated by the TV screen. She had a point. Why would I say to that? That I had wasted the last four years of my life dedicating myself to decode some unknown Russian code? What if it didn't work out and my efforts had all gone to waste?

My sister kept her gaze forward. "What?"

Shit, I must have been too obvious with my stares. I cleared my throat and glanced away.

There was another thing about Amelia I didn't understand. My sister had real beauty—the one you were born with. She had amazing almond eyes, the perfect nose, full kissable lips, and a jawline all women should have. If only Amelia dressed herself like a woman, she could strut down a runway and not look out of place.

That was the biggest problem I had with my sister. She hid her beauty. Or at least she tried her best to hide it. Oversized clothes, scarves, hats and beanies were her usual fashion choice.

She could be the perfect woman, but Amelia chose to be brash and boyish. She never wore makeup, and I didn't even know if she even owned a dress.

I had to change that.

Slinking back into my seat, I spoke out. "When are you going to bed?"

"Why?" I could feel her gaze on me. It was an odd question to ask her, but I had to know.

"Nothing. You said you were tired."

Her phone lit up, and she glanced at her notification. "I'm exhausted."

"You should sleep."

"Jack, I'm the last person you should worry about. One sec." She pressed her phone against her ear, and a couple of seconds later, she was in a conversation. From her replies, I couldn't tell what it was about, but she was saying 'This is inappropriate' and didn't seem too happy.

"Work?" I asked when she killed the call.

"Why do you have so many questions tonight? You're never like this. And why are you suddenly out of your bat cave?"

I frowned.

She saw my expression and sighed. "If you *really* want to know. There's a guy in my team that is... overly eager. He just asked me out." My sister pursed her lips and adjusted her beanie. "Kind of."

"You're not interested?"

"Obviously, Sherlock."

I didn't even realize I was leaning forward into her. "What type of guys are you even interested in?"

“Jack.” She shot me a glare. “Mind your own business. What you should be focusing on is finding a damn job first.”

That settled the conversation. She went quiet, and after a while, I got up and returned to my room. But I didn’t retire to my comfy bed. For an entire hour, I waited behind the door, phone in hand to keep me busy, and my ears perked up for sounds outside. Finally, Amelia killed the TV, and I listened to her footsteps as she went to her room.

This was it. I would soon learn if the last several years were a huge waste of time or a life changer. The American agent became a whole new person in just a week’s time, so it was safe to assume the subliminal commands were fast working. Hopefully, I would notice instant results.

I specifically coded the commands to make it obvious if they were working or not.

I heard her clicking her room light off and I took the cue to click off my lights too and lay down in bed. Sighing, I stared into the darkness and listened to the pounding of my heart.

All I could think of were the commands I had coded into the speakers.

Session 1.0:

I will start using makeup.

When I go outside, I want to wear clothes that would show off my figure.

When I am at home, I’m extremely comfortable and I want to wear less clothes.

I love my brother.

I will treat Jack nicer.

I want to understand Jack.

It was simple, easy to digest commands. I didn’t want to go overboard, and I honestly just wanted to see if there were any results. If Amelia did the impossible and started wearing makeup, then I knew hell had frozen over.

Day 1

As soon as Amelia left for work, I bolted out of my room to hers, rushing to check under her bed.

The speaker was still there, untouched, and still switched on. I breathed a sigh of relief and switched it off before perching myself at the edge of her bed, thinking about what the hell I was doing.

This was crazy. This was insane. And if this whole experiment didn't work out, then there would be nothing to live for.

I was out of shape and skinny as a twig. I had no other motivations and no friends. Following in Amelia's footsteps and climbing the corporate ladder sounds like hell and college seemed even more unappealing.

This had to work. I had sacrificed *everything* for this.

It was a Saturday, but my sister would only be returning at seven or eight. What was frustrating was that Amelia wasn't even required to stay back at the office. She wanted to.

So I had a whole day to kill. A whole day of constant anxiety and overthinking. I was being impatient to expect something on the first day but the Russians had successfully brainwashed the woman so quickly.

Since I had a whole day to take my time to busy myself, I took a tour of Amelia's room. As expected, everything was spotlessly clean and in their rightful place. Even her slippers were perfectly aligned together.

Before I knew it, I was heading for her drawers. It only took a couple of moments to find out where she had stashed her underwear. When I opened the drawer and saw her disappointing selection, I shook my head and sighed.

I went to her wardrobe next. It was just oversized shirts and blouses. On the bottom shelf, she had an entire row of beanies, and her trousers were kept right above it.

No dresses. Nothing sexy.

It was such a shame. All that beauty wasted.

Honestly, I was doing my sister a favor. My perfect version of Amelia would be the most feminine girl. I would be doing the world a favor by turning her into a proper woman.

Closing the wardrobe, I laid down on her bed. It smelled like her and I grabbed one of her pillows to get a better whiff. I was being the creepiest brother alive, but I didn't care.

She was hot, and I loved her. That was more than enough reason for a woman to be mine—no matter our blood ties.

"Fuck," I muttered, hugging her pillow close. Amelia had been in her room for at least nine hours. For nine hours, she has been hearing the high frequency waves that were tuned with the Russians codes, formed into basic sentences.

Would it work?

That was the million dollar question.

I was crashed on the living room couch when Amelia breezed through the front door. She took her jacket off, then tossed it at the rack.

Yet again, it landed perfectly.

"Are you bored with your batcave or something?" Amelia asked, leaning over me, then dropping the takeaway on top of my chest, making me gasp in surprise.

I sat up and looked at her, analyzing if there were any noticeable changes about my sister. She still had that ugly beanie on and she was still dressed the same as she always had. She turned around. No make up.

Fuck. Had I really wasted the last four years of my life?

The realization had me groaning in despair and I slumped back down onto the couch.

My sister popped a grape into her mouth. "What's up with you?"

I closed my eyes. "Nothing."

She ate another grape and motioned me away. "Scoot."

I straightened myself as she sat down. A moment later, the same K-Drama appeared on the TV screen.

Throughout the show, I kept sneaking glances at my sister. But she seemed the same as she always was. She wasn't treating me any differently and she was still hiding her beauty with those beanies and those oversized clothes that didn't do her figure justice. Nothing was different, and I was slipping into despair as the minutes ticked by.

But just as I was about to announce that the past four years were a complete waste, Amelia did something odd. She groaned, stretched her arms high, then cleared her shirt over her head, exposing a palish blue colored bra.

I gawked at her. I knew Amelia had a good figure and did lots of cardio on the weekends, but she had the hourglass figure down to the T.

Her hazel eyes snapped to mine, and I looked away, feeling my cheeks burning up.

My sister didn't make a comment, and for the rest of the TV episode, I was trying my hardest not to be a creep. Even with that boring bra, her breasts looked *amazing*. Round, full tits, and I half-wished I had urged her to be naked around instead.

The audio recording. It worked. It must have worked. There was no chance Amelia took her shirt off on a whim.

Holy shit. I couldn't believe it.

It was working.

A hundred different thoughts crossed my mind.

Should I change up her programming? Be more forward with the commands?

Should I urge her to be naked? Should I start changing her to be more like the perfect woman?

No. No, I have to be patient. I had coded six different commands into the audio and so far, only one had taken effect. I had to make sure all six were fully engrained in her before I moved on to stage two.

Yeah. That was the right way to go.

"I'm hitting the sack," my sister suddenly said, breaking me from my hellish thoughts. She stood up and stretched again, and this time, I couldn't help my stare as she pushed her tits out. Seriously, she had the perfect body, so I didn't understand why Amelia didn't show it off more.

"Jack." When my name dripped from her lips in that manner, I knew she had caught me staring again.

"Huh?" I snapped my attention back to the TV, but it was too late. "What is it?"

"Don't be disgusting." My sister snatched her shirt up and left.

When she closed her door and clicked it locked, I bolted out of the couch and headed straight for my room, my heart pounding so hard, my anxiety at an all time high.

Before she returned home, I had switched the speakers back on. She would be listening to the high-pitched frequency for another night, with the commands battering into her mind over and over.

It worked. I still couldn't believe it.

If I closed my eyes, I could still picture her amazing tits, large and round, straining underneath that boring bra. It seemed like my theory was right and the commands were almost instantaneous.

Session 1.0:

I will start using makeup.

When I go outside, I want to wear clothes that would show off my figure.

When I am at home, I'm extremely comfortable and I want to wear less clothes.

I love my brother.

I will treat Jack nicer.

I want to understand Jack.

The other commands would soon be taking effect. She would start wearing makeup, she would start showing that fantastic body of hers more, she would try to form a better relationship with me.

But this was just the first set of commands. Once she was complying with all six orders, then I'd move on to the next set of instructions.

I couldn't wait.

Laying on my bed, I closed my eyes, imagining Amelia as the perfect woman. Feminine, submissive, sexy, desperate to please me.

My breaths picked up, and I slipped my hand underneath my shorts, stroking myself as I fantasized about my older sister on her knees in front of me, begging me to fuck her.

She would be naked, with her wonderful tits out and her pussy leaking.

She would be calling me Master. She would be looking up at me with her gorgeous eyes, whimpering.

God.

It would be a whole new personality overhaul.

The world wouldn't be ready for the new improved Amelia.