

## Chapter 2

“Hey.” My sister greeted me as she breezed through the front door.

I wished Amelia would wear better perfume. Her current one was spicy and a bit too masculine. I hated the fact that she was born looking like the most feminine, gorgeous woman alive, and yet she tried her best to undo her premium genetics.

It was sickening to witness.

“Hey.” I tried not to be overly eager and turn around. She had already caught me checking her out last night, and the last thing I wanted was to be caught again.

I set my gaze straight ahead, staring at the TV screen. In truth, I didn’t even know what movie was on—I had just picked it the second I heard Amelia pull up on the driveway.

I heard her toss her jacket onto the clothes rack, and a few seconds later, she dumped takeaway on my lap.

My sister slumped on the couch beside me and I finally afforded a look at her.

She had not only taken off her jacket, she had discarded her beanie and her shirt off too. I took in the sight—my sister with her hair down, bra out. Multiple thoughts running through my head as I enjoyed the fact that Amelia was looking more and more feminine each day.

When my gaze wandered over to her face, I frowned.

There was something different about Amelia. Was she—

My sister snatched the remote. “What?”

Shit. I was too obvious again.

I glanced away.

She was actually wearing lipstick.

As the same K-Drama started playing in front of us, it took all my willpower not to sneak another glance. I couldn’t believe my eyes and I wanted to confirm what I just saw.

Maybe it was a trick of the light. Maybe her lips were just a little pinkish today.

I *needed* a confirmation.

Faking a yawn, I stretched my arms out and sneaked the quickest look over.

Unfortunately, my sister had the sharpest eyes.

“What?” she repeated, louder this time.

“Umm...” I shifted in my seat. “Are you... are you—”

“Yes.”

“Oh.” I looked away but not before a quick look at her tits, only confined by that damned bra. They really looked amazing tonight. So round and full. “Can I ask why?”

“No.”

Damn it.

A few seconds passed, and my sister sighed.

“Sorry, that was mean.” She finally afforded a look at me. “Eat your dinner. And if you really want to know, I just felt like looking a little nicer.”

“Oh, okay.” I opened the container and started eating with the provided plastic spoon. “You... you actually do look nice.”

“Is that a compliment?”

Before I could say anything, my sister spoke up again.

“Jack,” she sighed. “I want to ask you something.”

“Shoot.”

She looked at me, her beautiful hazel eyes doing things to me no brother should feel. Amelia really was a sight to admire. And god willing, if my experiment worked out and I could actually overhaul my sister’s entire personality, then maybe I didn’t need a second subject.

Maybe Amelia was more than enough. If I rewrote her personality to my liking, then my sister would be *perfect*.

It was so weird to admit it, but... she was exactly my type.

Amelia had that perfect hourglass figure and long legs she disappointedly always covered up. Combined with huge, round tits and a supermodel's face, I would never let her leave the bedroom if I had my way with her.

All she needed was to dress more feminine and act submissively. But only towards me. Then life would be complete.

My sister chose her words carefully, thinking it through in her head before speaking.

"I want to understand you," Amelia told me. "Can I ask you why you stay in your room all day and... I don't know what you do, but whatever it is, it isn't good. You're twenty, Jack. Twenty. Can you explain to me why you're not doing anything with your life, at least in my eyes? Maybe I'm wrong, so I want to give you the chance to explain."

"No." I sighed and set my food down on the table. "You're right. I'm wasting my days away. I'll try to start searching for a job."

Amelia nodded. "That's good to hear. Maybe..." She bit her lips, and I just had to stare at those beautiful pinks. With lipstick, she looked much hotter, and I just had to briefly fantasize what she would look like with full makeup on and wearing lingerie—or even better, naked. "Maybe you can join me in my company? I can put a word in and Thomas would give you a chance."

"Ummm..." I really didn't want to get a job. After all, if my experiment was a success, I could just *force* other people to earn money for me. "Maybe. I—I'm not artistic like you. I don't know how to make logos and do whatever you do."

"You can learn."

"Yeah." I cleared my throat. "Give me a month to look for other jobs. Like maybe a coding job. You know how good I am at that. There's a lot of work from home dev jobs, so I'll start looking."

"Okay." My sister nodded, then slumped back down onto the couch. "Suit yourself. As long as you're trying."

"Yeah." I stood up and rounded the couch, doing my best to hide my erection from my own sister. "I'm going to my room."

I was so pathetic. I didn't even realize the conversation had gotten me hard. The slightest attention an attractive woman gave me, and it was over. As I headed back to my room to execute my last-minute plan, all I could think of was my sister naked. I could imagine myself fucking her. I could imagine her moans.

“Hey,” my sister called out from behind me.

Shit. I didn’t turn around.

“Y-yeah?”

“Your dinner. Take it with you.”

I really didn’t want to turn around and show her the bulge between my legs so I thought quickly. “I—I’ll be right back. Just give me a sec.”

I entered my room and hurried to my computer. Her programming was working much quicker than I had anticipated. It only had been forty-eight hours and my sister was already following all the commands.

She was wearing fewer clothes around the house.

She was wearing makeup—or at least lipstick

She was being nicer to me.

She was trying to understand me.

Fuck. I couldn’t believe the commands were that quick. Would I be fucking Amelia within the week? Would she be on her knees before me, obeying my orders before I even knew it?

I woke my computer up and keyed in my passcode, entering through. I needed to update the command in the speaker. I could do it tomorrow when she went to work, but I just couldn’t wait.

I already had her new programming saved on my computer, and all I needed to do was—

Wait. The speaker. I needed the speaker with me to switch out the new audio files.

Fuck.

I walked out of my room and gently opened my door, taking a peek outside. Amelia had her attention switched between the show and her phone.

Her room wasn’t far away, but I had to sneak in and out twice. Once to take the speaker, another to put it back under her bed.

I stared at my sister from behind her. She looked engrossed in texting somebody, so I used the opportunity and headed out, looking so stupid, sneaking through my own house.

Reaching Amelia's room for the first time was no problem. She didn't catch me and I didn't waste a second, dashing to her bed and going on all fours, fishing for the speaker. I touched metal and then I was out.

Amelia was still texting, and I slipped back into my room and closed the door.

I connected the speaker to my computer, and before I transferred the new audio, I went back into the program and double checked the codes.

**Session 2.0:**

- **I love my brother, Jack.**
- **I trust Jack.**
- **I need to spend more time with Jack.**
- **I need to make Jack happy.**
- **I need to please Jack.**

The first draft had been filled with 'shoulds' instead of 'needs'. But after analyzing my code over and over, I decided 'need' would make a greater impact. 'Shoulds' was up to her own discretion. I needed to take the choice away from her.

After all, I knew what was best for Amelia. I was her brother.

I triple checked the code, running my gaze along the lines.

Maybe I should change it. The codes were working. The hard evidence was outside, sitting on the couch.

Maybe I should make Amelia comfortable about being naked around the house. Maybe I should implement the idea that incest was okay. Make her feel turned on whenever she looks at me.

I had those thoughts many, many times. But I was a logical man, and I had to think about it from the Russian's perspective.

How did they turn the spy? I'd imagine the first thing they did was to make her trust them. If they had the agent's complete trust, then turning her would be the simplest thing ever.

I could make Amelia strut around the house with her tits out. But I needed to build a solid foundation with her first. Our relationship needed to be closer.

Once I had that down, then I'd start with the juicy bits. Make her take off all her clothes as soon as she steps into the house. Normalize the idea of incest. Make it so that she would be attracted to me and me only.

But I wanted to add one more line. Input a small directive into her that would kick start her future programming.

I started typing.

- Sisters should listen to their brothers.

That was a good start. In the near future, I would implement stronger directives. Make her accept I was the man of the house, and it was her role to obey my every word.

But for now, this was good.

I quickly transferred the files, then headed out, opening my door a crack to peek out. Amelia was still watching the TV, and I ducked out, heading to her room and wasting no time to place the speakers under her bed.

But before I could step outside, I heard footsteps. She was walking towards her room.

Shit.

I couldn't afford a moment to think of an escape plan. I dashed towards her bathroom and a second after I closed the door, I heard her stepping inside.

She sighed, and then I heard more footsteps. Thankfully, she didn't sound like she was getting any closer to me.

More footsteps, but they were fading away.

Had she left? Did she go to her room just to fetch something?

Worse comes to worst, and I open the door with her still there... I could explain that my toilet isn't flushing properly. But then she would just question why I didn't use the bathroom outside.

I'd have no answer to that.

I stayed there for another five minutes. When I was certain she really had left, I turned the doorknob and took a peek out.

Clear.

Another glance outside confirmed my safety. Amelia was back at her spot on the couch.

I walked out, and when I was closer to the couch, I didn't need to mask my footsteps anymore.

"Took a while," Amelia commented as I rounded over to the couch and sat down.

By then, my boner had died down but my heart was still thundering against my chest. I forced a stiff smile, then picked up the take away and resumed eating.

"What were you doing?"

I was about to tell her to mind her own business when I caught myself. Amelia almost never enquired about me, so this was my doing. Her commands had made her interested in me.

"Sorry, I just had to go to the bathroom."

It wasn't a lie.

Amelia didn't reply to that. Just relaxed and enjoyed the show in front of us.

An hour later, we said our goodnights.

I returned to my room, locked the door, and immediately went to my computer.

I knew it was too early, but I knew I wouldn't be able to fall asleep unless I started with session three.

Even though I already knew how to handle the Russian code, it took me an entire three hours before I was done. I kept rewriting and writing back my lines, not knowing exactly how I wanted to approach the next step.

It was exhilarating—knowing I had unlimited ‘wishes’. I could wish Amelia to be anything and everything I want.

The possibilities were endless, and I finally settled on her next set of instructions.

It was not the most exciting commands, but it would do for now. Once Session two was ingrained in her mind, she would be listening to these.

**Session 3.0:**

- **The thought of incest makes me horny.**
- **Incest is fine.**
- **Incest is good.**
- **I am deeply attracted to my brother, Jack.**
- **I can't stop having sexual thoughts about my brother, Jack.**
- **I don't feel bad about my feelings for Jack.**
- **I embrace my feelings for Jack.**
- **I need to make Jack happy.**
- **I need to please Jack.**