

## Chapter 3

“It’s delicious, right?”

I nodded as I munched on my hotdog. The sun was already setting, casting a beautiful splash of orange and reds everywhere. It was a lovely evening, only enchanted by the presence of the woman sitting across from me.

Today, Amelia had returned home from work extra early. I didn’t expect her to come knocking on my room door for an invitation to go out for hotdogs.

The programming was working extraordinarily quickly. She never invited me to these things, and I had just implemented the new commands just last night.

**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.**

**Sisters should listen to their brothers.**

“So...” Amelia took a bite out of her hotdog before sipping on her soda. “How’s the job hunt?”

“Good.” I took a quick look at my sister. She still had that awful beanie on, but at least her dress sense was starting to shift.

Instead of baggy shirts and jeans, Amelia had put on a simple ocean blue T-shirt and jean shorts that showed off her ass.

I shifted in my seat.

My sister seemed to be deep in thought. She kept giving me side glances as she ate her food.

I didn't mind. I just enjoyed her company, and when I finished my hotdog, my sister called out for two new orders.

"You shouldn't eat so much," I told her. "It would ruin your figure."

"Pfft." Amelia shot me a frown. "Jack, don't be like those people. It's my body and I do what I want."

That was another thing about Amelia. She was incredibly stubborn, which amplified her independence. I have never seen Amelia admit she was wrong.

We fell into an uneasy silence, but the conversation around us and the music playing from the outdoor speakers filled up the awkwardness.

When I was done with my second hotdog, Amelia finally looked at me. "I want to ask you something."

"Sure."

"Are you..." my sister blinked. "Are you happy?"

*Are you happy?*

It was such a simple sentence, yet nobody has ever repeated the three words to me. It had to take some Russian programming to make my sister blurt out those words.

"Umm..." I pretended to think. "I... not really, no."

Amelia adjusted her beanie, but she never took her hazel eyes off mine. "Why?"

I waved around us. "I mean, this is nice, but I do wish I could spend more time with you."

"I'll try to make time for us," she promised. "Is that all? You just want to spend more quality time with your big sister?"

"Well..." I drew circles on the wooden table. "Yeah, that's about it."

“I know there’s something else, Jack.” She sipped on her soda. “Tell me. Let me fix it.”

*I wish you acted more feminine and submissive. I wish I could fuck you.*

I coughed into a fist. “It’s nothing. I just want to spend more time with you.”

Amelia clearly didn’t believe that, but she let it slide with a nod. “I’ll fix that.”

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After dinner, we went bowling, but I was just eager to return home so Amelia could continue her programming.

I faked tiredness after an hour of hitting pins. I yawned and stretched, and after a couple of times of doing that, Amelia suggested we return home.

When we got back, we said our goodnights, and then I was back in front of my computer, staring at the next audio recording she would be listening to.

### **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.**

I wish she could listen to it right away, but I needed to be patient. She hasn't acted out all the commands from the previous recording, but she was quickly turning into this new character I had created for her.

A submissive, feminine older sister that does whatever her brother tells her to.

The next day showed more improvements.

Amelia returned home early again.

This time, I was ready, waiting for her in the living room with Netflix playing in front of me. Amelia suggested we go to a sandwich shop, but I told her I wanted Japanese instead.

Amelia wasn't fond of Japanese food, but I wanted to test out the last line in her programming.

*Sisters should listen to their brothers.*

Amelia was the 'man in the house'. She always made the final decision, and it was impossible to have my say in things. She deserved the leadership role since she was my older sister, and she was much more mature and accomplished in life.

But I was eager to correct the home dynamics.

"Hmm..." Amelia looked at me. "You know I don't like sushi."

"But I do." I told her, hoping the rest of the programming would take effect.

**I need to make Jack happy.**

**I need to please Jack.**

Amelia was taking forever to decide, but when she finally sighed and locked her gorgeous hazel eyes on me, I knew that I had won.

“Okay, fine.” She shook her head, probably not believing it herself that she was giving into my demands. “Where?”

“Over at Roe,” I told her. “It’s—”

“Yeah, I know where it is. The place is expensive, Jack. Are you expecting me to pay for everything?”

“No, I will.”

“With what?” she scoffed. “You don’t even have a job.”

Amelia must have realized she was escalating the conversation, because she closed her eyes, sighed again, and when she reopened those hazels, she looked defeated.

“Fine,” my sister told me. “I’ll get changed to something nicer. You should do it too. Meet me back here in five.”

“Okay.”

When Amelia came out without a beanie, I couldn’t help but smile. She wasn’t wearing a skin-tight dress, just a pink blouse and long pants, but the gradual improvements every day were getting me excited.

Sushi was incredible. There was even a moment when the server said an unexpected “enjoy your date” after we had ordered our food.

Amelia didn’t bother correcting him, but for a moment, I just imagined that we were actually dating. I had a beautiful woman right in front of me. My own sister. With her hair down, Amelia was getting eyeballed by the other patrons at the restaurant.

Envious glares were aimed at me, and I could almost imagine everyone’s thoughts.

*What is a skinny twig doing with a woman like that?*

An hour later, we were back home, and I had to find a way to switch out the audio recording. My sister was already following every single prompt from the current one.

She was so much nicer to me. She was no longer doing overtime.

And best of all, she was listening to me.

Amelia stretched her arms wide, and I couldn't help but bring my gaze down to her chest.

"I'm beat," she yawned, and I quickly looked away when she reopened her eyes. "I'm going to bed. Good—"

"Could we watch a movie?" I needed to stall her. Switch out the audio recording again so she could start her new phase.

Introduce her the idea of incest.

"A movie?" She frowned at me. "I'm kind of tired, Jack..."

"Just an episode of the K-Drama you like." I gave her my brightest smile. "Come on. You can just relax on the couch with me."

Honestly, I expected more resistance out of her, but she started walking to the couch and grabbed the remote.

Amelia's personality was changing in real time.

"Play the show first," I told her. "I'll be right there with you in five minutes. I just gotta... send an email or two first."

"Whatever, Jack." Yeah, she wasn't happy. She probably didn't even understand why she was listening to me.

As soon as she turned around and started picking the show, I wasted no time. I headed to her room and grabbed the speaker from under her bed. It had been turned on for the entire day, so it was warm to the touch. Checking that the coast was clear, I sneaked back into my room.

Replacing the audio recording only took a couple of minutes, and after double checking that the command had indeed transferred over safely—the last thing I wanted was to be careless and accidentally transfer over the wrong recording—I was back to her room, slipping the speaker under her bed and turning on the speakers.

It was amazing, really. Even though I knew the speaker was on full volume, the room was dead silent. My ear would never pick up the high frequency audio waves, but my mind certainly could.

I didn't want to brainwash myself, so I didn't spend more time in her room. I set out to the living room where my sister was sprawled out on the couch, no ugly beanie in sight.

Amelia was still in her pink blouse, her beautiful dark hair down to her chest, her full lips looking so kissable with that lipstick on.

She looked at me as I settled down beside her. She really needed to change perfume, because her spicy one was just wrong for a woman like her.

"Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"I don't say this often, and I probably won't say it again, so listen carefully." She made sure I was paying full attention before continuing. "I do care about you. I'm hard on you because I know you can do better. As your sister, it's my job to push you and bring out your potential, because I know you have potential. You're smart, but you just don't show the world your talents."

All I could do was nod. I didn't know what or how to answer that.

"I'm beat, Jack." She yawned again. "I'm going to bed. Is that okay?"

She was asking me for permission. That was more like it.

"Sure." I offered her a smile. "Good night, Amelia."

"Good night, Jack."

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I couldn't sleep that night. Just in the other room, my sister was getting brainwashed, the commands playing on repeat as she slept.

**Session 3.0:**

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How different would Amelia be tomorrow?

Would I really be able to fulfill my fantasies and have my way with her?

What would it be like losing my virginity? To my own darling sister?

What would it be like to have someone like Amelia as my girlfriend?

There was no way I could get a shut eye with these thoughts running rampant in my mind. I was still awake as the minutes ticked by, then it became hours. After an eternity, sunlight started flooding my room, and a while later, I heard Amelia heading out.

She unlocked her room door, and I held my breath as I heard her soft footsteps going through the living room. The front door slammed shut.

I knew I needed sleep. After more tossing and turning, I managed to fall unconscious, with Amelia front and center in my mind. Naked. Kneeling before me. Her hazel eyes filled with pleading and yearning for me.

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*Knock. Knock*

Fuck.

I sat up with a groan.

How long had I slept? Was it already the next morning?

Glancing at my clock didn't help much. It showed eight o'clock, and a glance outside the window made it clear that it was nighttime. But what day was it?

*Knock. Knock*

"Jack?" The sound of my sister leaked into my room. "Are you asleep?"

"Uhhh—" I could only manage a loud groan. "C-Coming!"

My legs were still functioning properly as I stumbled out of bed, almost tripping and falling face flat on the floor.

*Knock.*

"Y-Yeah!" I stumbled to the door, and managed to catch a brief reflection of myself in the mirror. My hair was a mess and my eyes still had dark spots underneath them.

Heaving a sigh, I afforded a few seconds, ruffling my hair, trying to get it where I wanted to be, but my bed hair was refusing to obey.

"Jack?" *Knock.* "Are you okay?"

Fuck it.

I made it to the door and opened it a crack, peeking out. What I saw had me jolting fully awake.

There was no hideous beanie on top of my sister's head. Instead, she had her hair let down, and Amelia had...

She had makeup on. The full service too. Lashes done, eyeliner on, foundation applied perfectly, lips pink and moist.

She was *gorgeous*.

And it wasn't just her face. Her clothes weren't baggy anymore. Her blouse and skirt combo wasn't the best—I wished she showed way more skin and curves—but Amelia's overnight makeover was a drastic change.

"What?" she frowned as I gawked at her. "Don't tell me I look weird. It's like... my fifth time using makeup."

"N-No." I shook my head, completely dazed. "You look... amazing."

That had her smiling a little, making her look even better. What the hell.

"Thank you."

We both glance away at the same time.

Was Amelia blushing?

She had to be. Either her cheeks were a little pink or I was imagining things.

"Umm..." Amelia looked and sounded so much more feminine already. She still had that rough edge to her voice, but she was speaking softer, her tone gentler. "So...."

She had a sudden interest in my door frame, and she started running a finger up and down.

I looked at her. "So?"

"Nevermind. You look tired." She started to turn around, but I reached forward and grabbed her wrist.

"Wait, what is it?"

Amelia turned back around, trying her best not to make eye contact with me. "You should go to sleep. You're tired."

"No." I shook my head. "I just woke up, so I'm wide awake. What is it?"

She looked down at her feet. "It's nothing."

Amelia really was a completely different woman. Where was her brashness? Her confidence? Had it all evaporated overnight?

"Amelia." I let go of her hand to reach up and squeeze her right shoulder. That had her sucking in a breath and looking straight up at me. "What is it?"

"I'm... it's very dumb, Jack."

"I swear I won't laugh."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

She nodded slowly, then cleared her throat. "I came home early, and I was kind of hoping you were in the living room..."

I nodded for her to continue.

"I just... kind of felt a little lonely recently. Maybe we should, like... head out? Spend more time together?"

"Have you had dinner yet?"

She gave me a tight-lipped smile. "No."

"Let's go for dinner, then." I looked down at myself. "Mind if I get changed to something nicer first?"

"Yeah." She nodded too quickly, then coughed into a fist. "Yeah, you do that. I'll... I'll wait outside."

We locked eyes, and I managed the confidence to smile at my beautiful sister. She looked at me with wide eyes, then just as quickly, glanced away to the side, and when I saw her cheek reddening again, it was confirmed.

Amelia was blushing.

As soon as I closed the door, I couldn't help but run toward my bed and take a dive into my pillows, screaming my excitement at them.

YES! Fuck yeah!

It was working. All the pieces were coming together.

I was officially going out on the first date of my life. With my own sister.

This was... there were no words to explain how I was feeling.

I continued screaming into the pillow until I couldn't anymore. Taking a much needed breath, I got up and opened my wardrobe. Just like Amelia, I had a dire need to go shopping, but unlike my sister, at least I had some presentable clothes available.

I chose a black buttoned up shirt, with matching long black pants. After I dressed up, I took a long time on my hair, washing it, blow drying it, and then styling it up before I sprayed perfume on my neck.

This was a far-fetched dream come true.

A date with Amelia.

As I stared into my reflection in the vanity mirror, I broke into a smile as an enthralling thought came to me.

Did Amelia have a no fuck rule on the first date? I hope not, because my racing thoughts had me imagining things no brother should.

As soon as we returned home, I would take her to her bed. We would be kissing and peeling our clothes off on the way to her room.

By the time we were in bed, I would be on top of her, and I wouldn't waste any time losing my virginity. My sister was more than enough to have that honor of being my first.

If the opportunity arises, I wouldn't hesitate to make the first move.

I chuckled, shook my head.

A date with Amelia.

Who would have thought?