

Chapter 4

Amelia had once invited me out for dinner with her team.

She had been loud, laughing with her colleagues without a care in the world. She ordered endless beer refills, chugged more than she should, cracked jokes.

I could tell from all her team faces that this wasn't unusual behavior from my sister. They all loved her wild energy, and she always had men surrounding her. She acted like one of them, and they considered her their natural leader.

But the woman in front of me... She wasn't the Amelia I knew.

My sister wasn't cracking jokes or shouting for the servers to come take our order.

She was just... there.

Sitting still, hands clasped together. Head down. Eyes on the tables.

Even how she looked was completely different.

Instead of a beanie or a cap on top of her head, my older sister finally allowed her natural dark strands to be free. Her hair was down to her chest, and for her date attire, she had picked a beige colored blouse and tight jeans.

Amelia was finally playing to her strengths. My sister possessed so much unrefined beauty, and she was actually showcasing just how attractive she really was.

People were giving us double glances due to how unusual of a couple we were. A hot young woman sitting across from a skinny twig that had obviously not seen too much of daylight.

Amelia had makeup on. She was dressed to impress. Everything about her made it clear that the woman right opposite me shouldn't be there. I had no right to even be in the same room as her, let alone at the same table.

"So..." I cleared my throat and rubbed the back of my neck, trying to gather up all my social skills just for this date. "The place is nice, right?"

Amelia hasn't really said a word since we left home. She even allowed me to drive, which was a surprise because she never trusted my driving before. She was always strong-arming me for the driver's seat.

My sister looked up, and we locked eyes.

With how loud my heartbeats were, I wouldn't be too surprised if she could hear me.

"It's..." She bit down on her lower lip, taking time to think over her next words. It was definitely unusual since she never had a filter over her mouth. "It's nice... yeah."

Just then, the server finally returned with plates of sushi.

We were having sushi for the second day in a row. It was a purposeful choice since I knew how much my sister disliked seafood.

Just the mere fact that she had surrendered to yet another Japanese meal showed just how much more compliant she had become over the last few days.

"You look nice," I complimented her, having no clue what else to say. We never really talk about much, so I had no fucking clue how to fill in the silences.

She picked up her chopstick and brought a sashimi to her mouth. "Thank you."

The surrounding chatter filled in the awkwardness.

What should I say?

Panicking a little, I blurted the first thing that came to mind. "I'm just glad we are spending more time together."

"Yeah." Amelia nodded, tucking dark locks of hair behind her ear. She ate another piece of sushi before glancing away to the side. "Sorry, I'm always working so much."

"No, it's—"

The server returned, bringing in the main course. The waiter placed delicious looking bentos in front of us, and then he bowed a little, wishing us a good meal in Japanese.

The rest of the evening played out in a similar fashion.

I kept trying to make conversation, and because my questions were so flat and boring, Amelia either just nodded along, or gave me quick replies.

In the end, we finished our meal, and when the server came back to give us our bill, Amelia reached for her purse, but I stopped her.

I was adamant on paying, which annoyed my sister, who yet again stated that I couldn't afford the meal. But I kept my ground, and surprisingly, Amelia folded.

The ride home was not much different. I didn't know how to start a conversation and Amelia eventually resorted to being glued to her phone. When we got back, I was a mess in the head.

Should I make the move? We just had a date.

Shouldn't a date end in a kiss? At the bare minimum?

Should I kiss her?

As Amelia locked the front door behind us and started taking off her heels, I knew I was running out of time.

In a minute, she would be returning to her room, and I needed to use the mood to my advantage. If I made a move on her the next day, the ambience would be different.

We just had a date. A kiss shouldn't be weird.

I watched my sister as she sighed, then started walking past me.

"Wait," I told her.

She paused, looked at me with a frown.

If I wanted to do something about what I was feeling, I knew I had to act on it right then.

"I think—" I started to say, then cut myself off.

Don't talk.

Act.

I stepped towards my gorgeous sister.

And before we both knew it, I leaned in towards her. I—

“Jack!” Amelia squealed before staggering a step back.

I could only watch as my sister backed herself into a wall, her eyes wide, her jaw open as she gawked at me.

There were so many emotions written on her face. None of them good.

“Jack...” She stared at me. “What were you trying... trying to do?”

“I...” Fuck. “Nothing.”

“No.” She shook her head. “You... I know what you were trying...”

I stayed silent. What could I say to defend myself?

“This is sick...” Amelia covered herself, looking like she was trying to throw up. “I...”

She didn’t finish her sentence. My sister rushed out of the house, and I went to the window to catch her running to nowhere in particular.

Fuck. Fuck!

I was such a loser. I just made a move—my first move—to the only woman I ever liked, and it failed in the worst way possible.

The programming was not fast enough! I had to—

Before I knew what I was doing, I was heading towards Amelia’s room. I grabbed the speaker from under her bed and went back to mine.

The speaker was warm to the touch from being turned on for such a long time, but I didn’t care. I was back at my computer and typing out new codes in a rush. I wasn’t drafting the commands with logic anymore, acting purely from emotions.

Session 4.0:

I love incest

I don't feel disgusted by incest

Incest is good

I want to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I swapped out the audio files and returned the speakers back under her bed before slumping back onto the living room couch.

I tried to waste time and watch some TV, waiting for her to return home. But I couldn't stop the thoughts.

What the fuck was I thinking?

An hour passed and there was still no sign of Amelia.

Two hours went by before I finally gave up and went back to my room, feeling utterly defeated. I assumed I wouldn't be getting any sleep due to how terrible I was feeling, but the next thing I knew, daylight was flooding my room.

I jolted out of bed and rushed outside, but with how bright the living room was, I knew that I had overslept and Amelia would be at work.

I checked her room and found the speaker still under her bed and still warm to the touch.

Unless she hadn't returned home last night, my sister had just listened to the new recording.

Shit. I couldn't even recall what I had programmed into the audio file.

Was switching out her tapes so quickly a good or bad thing? She hasn't even fully accepted the previous commands yet.

What will happen now?

I was in turmoil while I waited until my sister finally returned home.

She was late, and I had assumed she had done overtime. But when I saw her through the window walking towards the front door, I knew something was wrong.

My sister wasn't walking in her usual way, chest high with that confident aura. Her shoulders were sagged and she took forever to reach the door. She kept pacing back and forth on the lawn, talking to herself, and it took five minutes before she finally fished out her keys.

"Hey," I greeted my sister from the couch.

It had already been a couple of days without a trace of ugly beanies and oversized clothes. On that day, Amelia was sporting nothing sexy, just a gray sweatshirt and long pants, but it was still a massive improvement from her previous fashion choices.

My sister didn't reply. Instead, she went straight into her room without a word and locked her door.

Disappointment wasn't even enough of a word to measure how I felt right then. It was my second time being rejected, but maybe it was a good thing.

Maybe the programming was doing its job.

I was trying to make her accept the idea of incest. It would take more than a couple of days before her mind would fully accept an idea as drastic as that.

Maybe she was being conflicted about her sudden feelings for me?

But why had she refused the kiss?

Maybe it was still too soon?

Sighing, I went back to bed.

At least she will still be listening to the new recording for another night.

Session 4.0:

- **I love incest**
- **I don't feel disgusted by incest**
- **Incest is good**
- **I want to fuck my brother, Jack**
- **I have to fuck my brother, Jack**
- **I have to fuck my brother, Jack**
- **I have to fuck my brother, Jack**
- **I have to fuck my brother, Jack**

The next day showed no improvements.

I was waiting for my sister on the couch when she returned home late once again.

This time, I didn't even get a chance to say hi. She rushed into her room.

What was wrong with her?

Even though I was moving forward with her programming, it seemed like we were taking a step back.

Amelia was ignoring me. It had almost been a week and even though her personality had changed, the results weren't satisfying.

Didn't the Russians brainwash the spy in just a week?

What was I doing wrong?

I didn't want to return to my room and spend another night overthinking. I needed to know what was going on, so I got up from the couch and headed towards Amelia's.

Her room door was closed, and I didn't bother opening it. Amelia was sure to have locked her door.

Placing my ear against the wood, I listened.

There was nothing at first. Complete silence. But I stayed there, feeling like a creep, until I heard the first signs of life.

Soft footsteps, then the slight creak of her bed as she laid down to sleep. But her room lights were still on, and I went to my hands and knees to double check.

Yeah, she wasn't planning on sleeping yet.

Amelia was probably on her phone, because for the next ten minutes, nothing clued me in on what my sister was doing.

I had been creeping up to my sister for half an hour, and I was about to leave when a sound made me freeze up.

What was that?

I pressed myself harder against the door. Maybe I had heard wrong. Maybe—

“... fuck. Oh god...”

Was Amelia...

Was she moaning?

“Yes...” Another soft moan leaked through. Then—

“... Jack.”

The realization had my blood stilling.

She was masturbating. And she was saying my name.

Holy fuck.

I couldn't stop listening.

"Jack... Jack... Oh god, Jack..."

My sister was growing louder by the second, and I was so fucking hard.

My own sister. Masturbating to me.

This couldn't be real.

But the reality was right there, and groaning low, I slipped a hand under my shorts and started stroking myself to her sounds.

This was too good. I already knew I was going to have the orgasm of a lifetime with just how rock hard I was.

Using my free hand, I tested the doorknob, humoring myself to enter, but fully aware that the door was locked.

Twisting the knob, I laid my full weight against the door—

And almost fell to the ground when the door swung open.

It wasn't locked, and I jolted straight up, raising both my hands as if I was getting detained.

Shit. Shit.

Locking eyes with my sister confirmed my suspicions.

She had already changed into her pajamas. Her hair was down, she didn't have makeup on, and her right hand was beneath her pajama pants, clearly doing the deed.

"Jack!" she gasped, but she didn't get to her feet and scream at me like I fully expected her to. It would be the only logical reaction.

Instead, her hands were still under her pants, and she—

She continued masturbating.

Her shocked expression fell. She was just staring at me now, her wide hazel eyes slowly glazing over. I just stood there, not entirely sure what to do.

“Jack...” my sister repeated. She stared hard at me, and I noticed her quickened wrist movement. Then she bit her bottom lip, and my name came out in a muffled groan.

“Jack...”

“Amelia?” Dropping my hands, I took a slow step forward, gauging the situation. “Are... are you okay?”

“Yes, I am...” She exhaled, then closed her eyes. But it was only for a moment because she glanced up at me again, her hazel eyes looking completely different. “I am okay...”

I noticed the lust in them. Lust and desire.

All directed at me.

I didn't need to check, but I knew the speaker was still under her bed. Still playing the same programming.

I want to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I have to fuck my brother, Jack

I knew I completely fucked up yesterday by trying to kiss her.

But this was completely different. From her expression, from the look she was giving me...

She wanted me.

I should make a move.

“Amelia...” I took another step forward. Then another. Soon, I was beside her bed and staring down at the most beautiful woman alive.

She parted her lips. “Yes, Jack?”

“Can... I...” I cleared my throat. “Can I help you with that?”

Amelia just stared at me, her emotions suddenly impossible to tell.

What was she thinking?

The seconds suddenly felt like hours. My sister was still staring hard at me.

She made the first move.

Using her free hand, she reached for my wrist.

I allowed her to take me, and then she was pulling me into bed.

Were we actually doing this?

Now?

I was on all fours, right on top of her. She pulled her hand away to show me it. Her right palm was drenched with wetness, making me gawk at her.

“Jack...” Amelia did the unthinkable. Slowly, as if in a dream, she started spreading her legs wide, offering herself to her own brother.

Was she actually—

We locked eyes.

“Fuck me,” my sister whispered, her breathing ragged. Desperate.

“Please—fuck me.”

