

Chapter 5

I have never seen Amelia like this.

She looked like a completely different person. Eyes glazed over, hazel irises consumed with lust, dark hair a mess.

“Please.” She begged, voice filled with gnawing desperation. Amelia spread her legs even wider, offering me hopes and dreams. “Fuck me, Jack.”

I guessed I was in shock because I froze up, not knowing exactly what to do.

Obviously I wanted to fuck my sister, but... *how?*

Am I really getting performance anxiety? Now?

Amelia was usually a patient saint, but suddenly her hands were on my shorts, and a second later, my cock was exposed, rock hard and throbbing with need.

I swore I have never seen myself this large before. And Amelia must have been impressed too, because her eyes widened for a moment and she froze, as if deciding if I could actually fit inside her.

I definitely could.

Her pussy was so drenched, so pink, so ready for the taking. And the very thought of finally losing my virginity spurred me back to life.

We locked eyes. I gripped my sister’s shoulders, gasped when she returned the enthusiasm by gripping my cock. She wasn’t giving me any mercy, holding me in an iron grip, making me throb and leak pre-cum down to her bare stomach.

It was the first time a woman had touched me, but I didn’t have time to celebrate because Amelia broke eye contact, and with heaves and gasps, guided my cock towards heaven.

One moment I was hovering just above her drenched sex, the next, my tip was just inches away, and then...

I felt her.

I wasn't inside her yet. But first contact was enough to have me clenching my teeth. Her pussy walls clamped down all around my tip, and I took a second to just breathe and... feel.

Feel the raw excitement that had my nerves frazzled, feel the little sparks of pleasure rushing through my entire being, feel the pins and needles all over me...

It was such a surreal experience.

All of it was too much.

I groaned out loud, feeling lightheaded, barely containing myself, wanting nothing more but to surrender and unload everything into the woman of my dreams.

Amelia whimpered out my name, and then light flashed in my vision as I felt the tip of my cock being compressed on all sides in the best fucking way possible.

"Jack..." Amelia tossed her head back, moaning, her tits crushing against my chest as she arched off the mattress. I wished she was actually naked, but I would take what I could get.

We were *actually* going to fuck.

"Sis..." Groans spilled out of me. Was I too big for her? She was squeezing me so tight, I felt like there was no way forward.

But then the pressure loosened. I went on pure instinct, gripping my sister's slim hips, locking eyes with her amazing hazels.

I pushed forward.

"J-Jack!"

I didn't reply, too focused on all the raw, new sensations overwhelming me.

I was a few inches deep inside my own sister. Her cunt pulsed around me, enveloping me in this all-consuming warmth that had me desperate for more.

I tried to push in deeper, struggling through the tightness. Amelia shuddered. Spilled out groans. Music to my ears, urging me on, forcing me to grip her hips tighter, clench my teeth harder, drive myself deeper into her.

She was there with me, swaying her hips back and forth, urging me on until my balls slammed against her pussy.

“Jack...” My sister shuddered, her eyelids fluttering, beads of sweat appearing all over her beautiful face. “This feels...” She moaned. “... so good.”

“Y-Yeah.”

That was all I could say.

What the fuck.

The past three and a half years were all worth it.

The frustrations of decrypting the Russian code. The lonely nights of research and despair. The endless days of fantasizing about turning Amelia into this perfect girlfriend.

It was all *finally* happening.

“Fuck me properly, Jack,” my sister whimpered. Her hips began moving. Back and forth. Back and forth. I moved with her, drawing my cock out, then returning into her heated depths.

“Yes!” Her jaw dropped, her lips parting in a soft ‘O’. “Yes. L-Like that! Yesss! J-Kack! Jack! YES! YESSSSS!”

I continued ravaging her pussy, my jaw slack, my heavy balls slamming against her flesh. I groaned, feeling the pressure mounting and building, threatening to take me completely until I was forced to surrender.

“FUCK!” I was being ripped apart, pleasure barraging through me with no end, my moans turning into roars as I became undone, pouring into my very own sister.

She took me with strides, pumping her hips, clutching me tight, moaning for me. Moaning to continue fucking her until we were in a tangle of limbs and sweat.

I clutched her close, burying my nose into her dark hair, smelling salt and sweetness, enjoying my sister for everything she was worth.

We remained silent, and it took a moment for reality to sink in.

I had just came inside my own sister. I just lost my virginity.

To my own sister.

I guessed Amelia also must have finally came to her senses too, because she gasped, looked at me, looked at my cock which was still buried inside her.

“Jack...” she gasped, her voice raspy and so fucking sexy.

“Y-yeah?”

It had just been under a week, and Amelia’s personality had changed drastically. She had gone from this brash boyish figure to this feminine woman who was finally showcasing her god given beauty.

“What...” My sister drew a shuddering breath. “Jack... what just happened?”

I told her the truth. “I don’t know.”

“Did...” We were still looking at each other, and I noticed soberness returning to her hazel eyes. “Did... did I do something wrong?”

Amelia should be freaking out. But she wasn’t. She was just looking at me, searching for validation that what we were doing was indeed wrong.

She couldn’t even be sure because her programming had fucked up her moral boundaries.

The realization had me giddy.

Not even a week ago, she was this successful older sister, and I was her loser little brother. I didn’t even think Amelia herself realized just how drastically she had changed.

“Jack...” Amelia pleaded. “Answer me. Is what we are doing wrong?”

I recalled her programming.

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

"No," I answered her. "No, what we're doing is fine."

She didn't seem convinced. Amelia chewed nervously on her bottom lip.

"Are... are you sure?"

"Yeah," I confirmed.

"This is incest, Jack. We just..." A sob escaped her lips, her entire demeanor changing in an instant. "Jack, we just fucked."

My sister pushed herself off of me. I slid out of her, the sudden change in temperature drawing a gasp out of me. I was still rock hard, ready for more, but one glance at Amelia confirmed she wasn't in the state for a second round.

She had tears rolling down her cheeks, and she was covering herself up, crossing her legs, but the damage was visible and all over her.

I had spilled so much cum, semen was leaking down her thighs.

Did I regret it?

She was begging for sex. There was no universe or alternate timeline where I would possibly have said no to that.

"Hey..." I reached for her, but stopped when Amelia cowered away. "Amelia, it's okay. What we did is okay."

“Is it, Jack?” She was full on crying, tears streaking down her soft cheeks. “Is it? We just fucked.”

“I know. But it’s okay.” I attempted to reach for her again, and this time, she let me hold her hand. Shifting forwards, I got close and hugged when Amelia leaned against me. “It’s okay.”

“We just fucked.”

“And it’s okay.”

For what seemed like forever, we just laid in bed and held each other. I was so deep in thought, mulling over what had just happened, that I didn’t even realize Amelia had fallen asleep until I looked back at her and saw her completely at peace. Eyes closed, breaths soft.

I managed to pry myself away without waking her up.

I wore my pants, reached under the bed, and grabbed the bluetooth speaker. Tiptoeing out of the room, I headed back to mine and slumped down in my chair.

So far, Amelia had listened to four different tapes. I had started out with extremely tame stuff, just urging my sister to act like a proper woman. Then it got out of hand after I introduced the idea of incest to her.

But she had taken it really well. I just lost my virginity.

Wait.

I took a moment to compose my thoughts.

Did I feel any different?

Am I finally a man now?

I didn’t feel very different. Much happier and excited and still recovering from that intense orgasm, but other than that... I still felt like... me

Bringing my focus back to my screen, I typed out the brand new commands.

- **I am addicted to sex with Jack**
- **I love giving Jack blowjobs**
- **I love getting fucked by Jack**
- **I need Jack to fuck me**
- **I am always horny for Jack**

That would probably help her with her guilt. I needed Amelia to not feel bad about having sex with me.

But then, I didn't just want a sex partner. Sure, I was totally in love with her, and I'd love it if I could do nothing but just fuck her all day, every day, but my perfect girlfriend wouldn't be perfect if all we did was fuck.

She had to be submissive.

She had to obey my every command

She had to *want* to be ordered around.

I started typing.

- **Jack is always right**
- **Jack's opinions are more important than mine**
- **I want Jack to think for me**

I was about to go crazy and code out half a dozen more commands when I stopped myself.

This was enough to solidify her obedience, or at least make her more submissive to me.

I still had all the time in the work to work on her personality.

That this was enough.

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- **I love giving Jack blowjobs**

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- **I am always horny for Jack**
- **Jack is always right**
- **Jack's opinions are more important than mine**
- **I want Jack to think for me**

Transferring the new code into the bluetooth speaker, I returned to Amelia, breathing a sigh of relief when I saw her still laying half-naked in bed.

Crouching, I slid the speakers deep underneath her bed, then turned it on.

With that done, I stood up and studied the beautiful woman in front of me.

I wanted nothing else than to snuggle up with her and spend our first night together, but then I would be listening to the programming, too.

With a longing look at my half-naked sister, I clicked off the lights and left Amelia to sleep in peace.