

Chapter 6

I kept my eyes closed.

Every time I moved, there was this dull soreness that would radiate through me. Even the slightest of shifts was uncomfortable. The soreness mainly came from my back and thighs, obviously from all from the fucking I laid on Amelia last night.

I just lost my virginity.

To my own sister.

Was it a dream? A week-long fantasy I had conjured up from a lonely night?

I really couldn't tell, because other than the soreness, I couldn't really remember what happened last night.

It was all a blur.

No. It was real. I did make love to Amelia. It couldn't be a dream because I felt fucking amazing, and I couldn't even remember the last time I felt this great.

Sighing happily, I rolled to my right, planning to doze back into sleep and recover my sore body, when I smelled *her*.

Huh?

I opened my eyes, startled at the sight of Amelia laying next to me, eyes closed, dark hair all around her.

I swore I had left my sister in her room last night. Waking up next to my beautiful sister was incredibly tempting, but I had slept alone so she could continue with her programming.

Had she sneaked into my room? I didn't remember locking my room door last night, so that was most likely it.

Groaning, I sat up and glanced at my clock. I had massively overslept. It was already noon, but the question remained.

Had my sister skipped work? She should be in the office having lunch, not in my bed.

Before I could decide what to do with the situation, Amelia shifted, groaned, then parted her messy, dark hair.

“Jack...” She offered me a small smile, dispersing all doubts that last night was a dream.

“Hey,” I replied awkwardly, not knowing what to say.

“Come here.” She reached for me.

Amelia banded her arm around my neck and pulled me in towards her lips. I climbed on top of her, my entire body tensed and unsure, but as Amelia sucked on my lips, offering me ample samples of her, I couldn’t help but submit to the pleasure.

Amelia clutched my hair in her fist, bruising my lips with lust.

This wasn’t a brother-sister kiss. This was a full-blown lover’s kiss. I kissed my sexy sister back, tasting her, moving my hands and finding her naked under the covers.

“Yes...” Amelia moaned when I squeezed her tits. She tangled my tongue with hers, licking every corner of my mouth, forcing me into a frenzy.

My cock was throbbing, and as I squeezed her tits as hard as I could, her hands found its way to my cock.

She took my erection in hand, both of us gasping as she curved her body into mine.

“Amelia.” I moaned her name out, wanting to tell my sister that this was the best thing I have woken up to.

But before I knew it, I felt wetness around the tip of my cock. Amelia wasn’t playing around. With a grunt, she flexed her hips forward, taking in my cock and sending me reeling with pleasure.

She was *drenched*.

I slid into her with ease, our moans intertwining as I entered my sister for the first time that day.

Amelia broke the kiss, and we locked eyes. I saw lust and desire. Two foreign emotions inside those hazels.

This wasn't Amelia. This woman held my sister's eyes, sounded like her, had her amazing body and her tight pussy.

But... this wasn't my sister.

I had changed her beyond redemption, and the worst part was I couldn't care less.

As long as she fits my needs. As long as I transformed her from this boyish personality into a real woman.

"Jack..."

Even though I recognized her voice, her tone had completely shifted. She used to vocalize her words in this unsexy brash tone, but right then... with Amelia right below me, with my cock sliding into her pulsing depths, she sounded like a goddess.

"Yes?"

"Fuck me," she whimpered, lips trembling. "Like you did last night."

She must have *really* meant it, because my sister arched herself off the mattress, trying her hardest to press herself into me and get me deeper inside her.

I obliged. How could I not?

Taking hold of her slim hips and not breaking eye contact with those hazels, I braced my hips, exhaled, then slammed forward.

I felt her entire body shudder at the force.

"Yes! Like that, Jack! L-Like that!"

For the next minute, we created music. The sharp slaps of my balls slapping against her ass, the lustful moaning and shrill cries.

I tried to last as long as I could, but it was impossible.

It wasn't just the feeling of her pussy that had me going over the edge. It was the way Amelia was reacting to me.

The way she yelped and gasped every time I drove deep into her. The way she writhed under me, crushing her teardrops tits against my chest. Amelia held nothing back, and I certainly didn't either.

I ignored the soreness, pounding as hard as I possibly could. Impossibly, Amelia came quicker than I did. I heard a shrill cry of my name, followed by moans.

Loud, crazy moanings.

I was with her, shooting endless ropes of cum deep into her pussy. I groaned with her, both of us breaking with agonizing bliss.

"Amelia..."

I was still on top of her, dripping with sweat. Amelia was a mess herself, and for good reason, the wild look she had just added an extra layer of sexiness to my sister.

Disheveled hair, glazed hazel eyes, pink parted lips slick with our saliva.

I just wanted to fuck her all over again.

"Yes, Jack?"

She was so out of breath that her voice had this breathless airiness to it. I loved it.

"Don't you..." I drew in a shuddering breath. "... have work?"

My sister closed her eyes.

"Fuck..." She grimaced. "I guess I have to get to work. Ryan will kill me."

I was guessing Ryan was her boss. I rolled away, letting her get up.

Amelia was really a sight. I had completely filled her up because cum was dripping out of her pussy, and I even had her stomach and tits marked with my seed.

Amelia showered in her room, washing away our sins.

I was in her room too, uninvited, picking out her clothes to wear for the day. A good chunk of her wardrobe was just terrible, but I found a nice-looking blouse that showed a good amount of skin and then some tight shorts that would really expose that amazing ass of hers.

When my sister stepped out of her bathroom, she disappointedly had a towel wrapped around her body. Amelia frowned when she noticed me standing there.

"Here." I pointed to the clothes on her bed. "I picked out your outfit for you."

She frowned. "What are you? My boss?"

Weird. Her programming should have made her more agreeable with me, but it seemed like I had focused most of the brainwashing on getting her to fuck me.

She was definitely more submissive, but there were clearly a few holes in the programming.

"You're very sexy," I told my sister, not believing what I was actually saying. But losing my virginity had loosened up my tongue. "You should show off your body more."

"I mean, I appreciate that, Jack, but don't you think I have the right to choose how I look?"

With that, she strode to her wardrobe and started picking. Thankfully, she didn't choose a beanie or an oversized sweater. My sister picked out a simple T-shirt and trousers.

After she left for work, I was back in front of my computer, eager to fix the problem.

But first, I had to evaluate what I really wanted from Amelia.

I successfully made her okay with having sex with me. And although she was a bit more receptive to my suggestions and occasionally allowed me to lead, her stubbornness was still there, and I had to remove that flaw in her.

I started typing.

Session 6.0:

- **I want Jack to lead me.**
- **I want to listen to Jack**
- **I—**

No.

Deleting the commands, I started reevaluating what I really wanted out of Amelia.

I could go on typing out several variations of the same command to force her to listen to me. But the answer to all my problems was staring at me in the face.

Amelia had an ego. She always assumed she was right.

She doesn't listen to me because of her ego.

In order to tackle her disobedience, the solution was simple.

I started typing again.

Session 6.0:

- **Jack is always right.**
- **I never want to disobey Jack**
- **Jack is always right.**
- **I never want to disobey Jack**
- **Jack is always right.**
- **I never want to disobey Jack**

I leaned back in my chair, reading the same two lines over and over.

The perfect woman would mean that she was always happy serving me. If I forced her to obey me, it might mean that she would do what I say, but it wouldn't guarantee that she would be happy with my commands.

But...

If I made her think I was always right...

If I made her never want to disobey me...

Then I would have my perfect woman.

Right?

Confirming my codes, I transferred the fresh programming into the Bluetooth speaker and slid it back under my sister's bed.

Saying no to sex required inner strength I never knew I had.

And my sister was obvious with her intentions.

She returned home, saw me on the couch, walked up to me and embraced me in a passion filled kiss.

I had to admit. I did fuck her.

Amara was a *really* fucking good kisser. She knew how to suck on my lips, my tongue, bring her hands under my shorts and started stroking me until I gave her what we both wanted.

But after we did the deed on the couch, it was clear that Amelia wanted to go on for the entire night.

I had to muster up the strength to say that I was exhausted and head to bed early.

She wasn't happy with it. Even tried to persuade me out of my wavering decision.

If you would have told me a day ago that I would say no to my sister who was naked on the couch, legs spread out wide, asking me to 'just fuck her', I would never, ever believe it.

But I somehow did. I rushed back to my room, went to the shower, and jacked off to the fresh memories of us fucking until I could get her off my mind.

It was evident that not only had I made Amelia a sex addict, I was becoming one, too. The amount of raw pleasure her lips or her pussy could grant me was insane.

I forced myself to sleep my lust away until morning hit.

This time, Amelia wasn't in my bed when I woke up, and she wasn't in her room.

My sister had gone off to work for the day. At that point, I was used to waiting hours for her to return home, and I even had strategies to pass the time.

I called for an Uber and headed out shopping.

I got back just in time. As I placed the shopping bags on the table, I heard Amelia pulling up to the driveway.

My sister opened the front door, her eyes swerving to all the branded shopping bags.

"Jack." For a moment, I heard the old Amelia. She sounded pissed off. "Don't tell me..."

"Lingeries," I told my sister, having no idea why I was feeling unbelievably calm. I knew Amelia would be *pissed* and I was banking everything on the programming already taken effect. "I bought you a lot of amazing underwear, some *really* sexy dresses, and a couple of innocent uniforms. "

"What?" She strode towards the bags, then took a peek inside. I saw the change in her expression. Disgust to fury.

"Jack, what the fuck?" She swirled towards me. "I told you—I'm not your fucking barbie doll. You can't just—"

"I bought them so you could look better," I interrupted my sister. "You should be thankful."

"I..." Amelia blinked, the rage in her expression evaporating. "I guess... I guess so."

No way.

"You should try one of them on." I suggested. "There's red lingerie in one of the bags. I think it would look amazing on you."

"It would?" Amelia searched through the bags until she was holding a set of red strings. "Are these it?"

"Yeap." I couldn't wait to see my sexy sister in *those*. "Why don't you go to your bathroom and wear them?"

"Okay." She stared at the thin string in her hands.

"Amelia?"

"Y-Yeah?" She looked up at me, eyes wide.

"Go and put it on."

"Okay."

She seemed reluctant, but slowly, Amelia turned around, and then headed to her room.

God... this was so much better.

Why hadn't I implemented this into her at the start?

Instead, I rushed into sex. Sex with Amelia was the most pure and amazing experience ever. But watching my older sister submit to my will?

That gave me pleasure no amount of sex could.

I could almost orgasm in anticipation of waiting for my sister. I had already discarded my clothes, ready to fuck my new and improved sister.

When I saw the lingerie on the display at the storefront, I pictured my sister wearing it. But nothing could have prepared me for the vision when she appeared.

Fuck. Me.

Almost all of her was on full display. Thin red ropes covered only her nipples and the pink flesh around her cunt, while almost all of her was on full display. My older sister stood awkwardly in front of me, shuffling her feet and biting her lips.

“Amelia.”

“Y-yeah?” My sister was refusing to make eye contact.

“Look at me.”

Her hazels slid to mine.

“You look so beautiful. You should be proud of wearing this for me.”

“I...” she blinked. “I should?”

“Yes, sisters should always please their brothers. And by wearing this, you’re pleasing me right now.”

Her smile appeared. Radiant and beautiful. “I guess so.”

“You are. Now come here and go on all fours so I can fuck you.”

Amelia did exactly that, and I spent the next ten minutes ravaging her tight cunt, pounding her with no remorse or self control.

At least my sister was enjoying it. She screamed me out, encouraged me with whimpers, spasmed as we both went over the edge together.

As we laid on the couch, holding each other, Amelia nudged me with questions.

“Jack?”

“Yeah?”

“I...” She blinked her pretty lashes at me. She was butt naked. Somewhere during the intense fuck, the red lingerie had slipped off her sweat slicked body. “I don’t understand what’s happening.”

I played dumb. “What do you mean?”

"I... a week ago, I didn't used to be like this. But... I... you..." She shook her head. "What's happening to us?"

"Nothing," I reassured my distressed sister. "You're just being a good older sister and taking care of my needs."

"So..." She blinked, visibly calming down. "This is normal?"

"It is."

There it was again. Her gorgeous smile.

"Then I guess it's normal. Sorry for bothering you about it."

"Don't mention it." Getting up, I headed over to the numerous shopping bags and retrieved the only thing I bought for myself.

A pair of bluetooth earbuds.

I could feel Amelia's gaze lasered on my back. Her question came through a second later.

"What's that?"

"Amelia," I sighed, turning to my sister. "It's not good to ask questions. You shouldn't ask questions."

"I..." More blinking. It seemed like her programming was triggering in real time. "I... shouldn't?"

"No." I forced a smile, actually annoyed at her repeated questioning. "Your role as my older sister is to take care of my needs, remember? Not to ask questions. Don't you agree?"

"I... agree." But she sounded unsure. The programming might not have taken full effect yet.

I sighed. "But to answer your question, these earbuds are for you. I'm transferring my playlist into them. When you are at work or out of the house, you can listen to them. Music can do wonders for your personality."

Amelia nodded. "Sounds good."

"Great. I'll be right back."