

Chapter 7

I was going to make Amelia do the one thing I never thought possible.

Quit her job.

I had just woken up to an empty bed and it was torture. I could still smell her on my sheet, on the pillows. *On me*. I missed my sister already.

How was I going to wait until five in the afternoon? I didn't want to leave the house, and masturbating could only pass so much time.

Groaning, I reached for my phone at the bedside table and dialed the only number I had saved on my contact list.

She picked on the fifth ring.

"J-Jack?" My sister sounded nervous. "What is it?"

"Come back home," I told her. "I'm horny and I want to fuck you."

I couldn't believe what I was saying. Not only was Amelia having a personality overhaul, I was experiencing one too.

Was I always this cruel? Or did my slow dominance over my sister made me into this monster?

I didn't believe I was a bad person. Maybe overzealous with lust over Amelia, but I'd treat her right.

She would be happy as my slave.

"I..." Amelia paused. "Jack... please. I have an important meeting today. It's important that I attend it. I-I don't want to lose my job. This is very—"

"No," I told her. "I want you here now."

Silence on the line.

Was her programming not working? Why was she resisting me so much?

She should still be wearing the bluetooth earbuds I got her yesterday, with the same commands battering into her mind.

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**

Just as I was about to lose my cool, my sister spoke up, her voice little more than a whisper.

“Okay.” Amelia sounded like she was about to cry. “I’ll be home in thirty minutes.”

I killed the line and hopped out of bed to my computer, eager to fix my sister once and for all.

She shouldn’t be this upset about my demands. Amelia should love it, relish in her subservience to me.

I knew exactly what I had to do.

I began typing.

Session 7.0:

- **Jack is my Master**
- **I am addicted to pleasing Master**
- **I love obeying Master**
- **I am in deeply in love with Master**
- **I love having sex with Master**
- **I cannot disobey Master**
- **I trust Master with my life**
- **I am only loyal to Master**
- **I am completely devoted to Master**
- **I cannot love anyone else but Master**
- **I cannot think about anyone else except for Master**

- **I want to spend the rest of my life with Master**

I knew I was going overboard, but I didn't care.

I already made Amelia unable to disobey me, or at the very least, extremely difficult to say 'no' to me.

But after this update to her personality, it would fix everything. Finally, turn Amelia into this perfect sister.

A lifetime with Amelia as my sex slave.

I already had a taste of it. The past twenty-four hours were, by far, the most pleasure filled day of my life. I knew there was no going back once I had sampled a day in heaven.

Sex with Amelia was everything I had imagined—and more.

But a question loomed in my mind

Would I need another woman? I could easily brainwash anyone. I could have a legion of models in my harem.

But that would kill the initial reason I started this experiment. All I wanted was a perfect girlfriend. One woman. And I have chosen my own sister to become that vessel of perfection.

There was no need for another.

Soon, I'd start a family with her. Make her the Mother she always needed to be.

I smiled. Yes. That was the plan.

Amelia slowly opened the front door, as if trying not to alert me that she had arrived home.

But once she saw I was on the couch, she blew out a breath and stepped inside, closing the door behind her.

“Hi,” Amelia said shyly, looking the most feminine I have seen or heard from her.

My older sister was wearing a low cut top that showed off those amazing cleavage. Accompanied by a cute gray miniskirt, Amelia was bordering on violating her work policies.

“Hey,” I greeted her back, eyeing her from head to toe.

God. She was so fuckable.

But I made a decision just moments before she had returned.

I was not going to fuck her. I was going to exercise the most amount of self control I have ever used and not give into my desires.

I didn’t want to fuck an unwilling Amelia. She needed to love my cock. Worship me as I pounded into her tight cunt.

“Come here, sis,” I said.

Amelia didn’t look too keen with the order. But she came to me anyway, standing before me with her hands behind her back.

My sister bit her lower lip, anticipating my next words.

But I surprised her by giving her another pair of earbuds with the fresh programming already installed inside them.

“Don’t ask questions,” I said. “Wear these new ones and go to sleep.”

It was still in the morning, and Amelia was obviously questioning my odd order, but her programming took over.

She nodded, and I watched her swap her earbuds before she walked stiffly towards my room.

“No,” I said, making her turn around, and looking even more confused. “Sleep in your room.”

There was no way I could control myself if Amelia was in bed with me.

I watched as my sister went in the other direction, her ass looking amazing in that new miniskirt I had just bought for her.

Fuck. I wanted to bolt inside her room. Strip her naked. Pound into that pussy.

But I stayed rooted to the sofa.

I couldn't fuck her. Not until the programming fully took over and her transformation was complete.

How long would that take? A day? Two? Three?

It didn't matter. I had waited more than twenty years before I gained the opportunity and lost my virginity to my sister.

I could wait a little longer.

Five days later

I kept to my promise. I didn't fucked Amelia.

But I was finally going to relapse.

Fucking *finally*.

Five days of pure agony, constantly stopping myself from giving into my own desires.

On the first day, I forced my sister to resign from her job.

On the second day, since Amelia didn't have a reason to leave the house anymore, she started doing the chores, and she even started to even enjoy being bossed around.

On the third day, Amelia started calling me 'Master.' It slipped from her after I told her to cook for me. I wasn't going to lie. After she had called me that, I rushed to my room to rub one out because if I hadn't, I would have lost it right there and then.

And on the fourth day, my sexy older sister was practically begging me to fuck her. She started this habit of occasionally asking me if I needed anything, and even brought me snacks and homemade dessert without me asking her to.

And while I ate the delicious food she made for me, she was on her knees before me, looking up at me with those beautiful hazel eyes, her intentions obvious. But still, I abstained. I haven't even touched her. Not even a simple kiss on the lips.

I felt like a monk holding his holy vow.

By then, she was calling me 'Master' like it was my name and she was happily following through all my orders, smiling as she cooked and cleaned for me.

I could hear Amelia outside. Despite it being only seven in the morning, Amelia was already hard at work, diligently carrying out the chores assigned to her.

Getting out of bed has me feeling slightly lightheaded.

Why was I suddenly feeling so anxious to meet Amelia?

I saw her pretty much every day of my life, but for some reason, this occasion felt different. Special.

Amelia wasn't Amelia anymore. She was this new and improved version, and I could feel my legs trembling as I opened my room door and took a peek outside.

My sister was in the living room, feather duster in hand, earbuds still lodged inside her ears. Even with no makeup on and wearing oversized clothing, in my eyes, she still looked like the hottest girl alive.

She had to wear the unsexiest pairs of clothing so I could control myself, but even that proved difficult. Especially when I could say a few words and have her stripped naked and bent over the couch in seconds.

Hazels eyes turned to me, and a wide smile appeared on her full lips.

"Good morning, Master," Amelia almost sing-song her greeting out. I have never seen her like that before, especially when seeing me. The programming has really changed our relationship for the better.

And the way she was speaking to me... gone was her brash, boyish tone. From then on, Amelia spoke in a high-pitched girly tone. Music to my ears.

I shuddered. I still couldn't get over the fact that she was calling me 'Master.' I didn't think I would ever get used to hearing *that*.

Even though it was hot to hear Amelia calling me that, it also felt a little odd. This was my older sister, someone who was always responsible for me.

I had to get used to being the one in the charge.

"Morning," I said, strolling out to the living room where my sexy maid waited for me.

Amelia was tall for a woman, and with the high heels I made her wear around the house, she was practically my height.

I reached up to take her chin, felt her shiver from my merest touch.

"Amelia?" I said, using my other hand to remove her earbuds. I could hear music leaking through the bluetooth device. Hopefully, we didn't need anymore. I didn't want to scramble her brain for much longer.

"Yes, Master?" my sister whispered back.

There was practically no trace of her old self left. The old Amelia wouldn't be standing there, panting with lust as I held her.

"Could you strip naked so I can fuck your ass?" I asked, not holding back my dark intentions.

Her eyes lit up.

"Oh, please, Master!" she squealed in delight, already stripping off her unneeded clothing. "I'd love that!"

The last time I have seen her *that* excited was when she had received a promotion at work.

Seconds later, Amelia stood naked in front of me.

She had a body better than those pornstars I used to jerk off too. Amelia loved to go to the gym and head to run on weekends, and I couldn't believe I was going to savor her years of hard work.

My sister moaned as I held her sex globes in my palms, massaging and tweaking her erect nipples.

"Mhmm..." Amelia closed her eyes. "That feels good..."

I experimented with her body, finally having an opportunity to explore everything my sexy sister had to offer. I played with her tits, spanked her ass, enjoying as Amelia moaned and shuddered as if I was an expert at pleasuring women.

Did the programming increase her sex drive? Or had I changed her view on me so much, she would respond positively no matter what I did?

Either way, as long as Amelia was enjoying herself, I didn't care. I was more than happy. Amelia was ecstatic, and all was good in the world.

I achieved my dream. Found my perfect girlfriend.

My own older sister. Who would have thought?

"Master..." Her eyes were as glazed as I ever saw them, and there was even drool leaking down her lips.

I squeezed her ass, feeling those muscled, plump cheeks. "Hmm?"

"Before you fuck me in the ass..."

My sister was actually saying those words. Amelia. What the hell.

"May I give you a blowjob first?" my sister asked, as if I would ever say no to that. "I'd love to have your cock in my mouth."

I liked to believe Amelia was always secretly like this, and I just let out her hidden desires.

"Sure," I said, more than eager to have the first blowjob of my life.

“Let me...” Amelia helped me clear my shirt off my head, and then her hands were on my shorts, tugging down.

My cock spring free, already hard and prepared to be down her throat.

Amelia looked at me, smiled, mouthed a ‘Please enjoy, Master’, then went down to her knees before me.

My sister spent the majority of her life focusing on work. Getting straight A’s in school, then becoming the top manager in her company. She never wasted time on dates or relationships, so I assumed she wouldn’t know how to suck cock.

But I was wrong.

As soon as she held me in her warm grip, it was obvious Amelia knew what she was doing, and I had to briefly wonder if I didn’t know my sister as well as I thought I did.

She squeezed me, applying just the right amount of pressure to have me groaning in pleasure. Then the strokes, oh god the strokes...

Her warm fingers glided along my length with practiced mastery.

Fuck. Fuck!

“Amelia,” I moaned, feeling my knees buckle—and I wasn’t even in her mouth yet.

She gave me a sly smile. “Are you enjoying this, Master?”

“Yes,” I breathed. Twenty years of bad luck, but now I could properly live life. “Very much so, sis.”

“Then you’re going to enjoy this.” She dived forward, never breaking eye contact, her hazel eyes locked on mine as she cupped my balls and fixed her pink lips around the tip of my cock, working me like a pro.

I didn’t know how I managed to hold everything in, but I did, gritting my teeth and gripping the armrest of the sofa, in total ecstasy as my own sister sucked me off.

I pushed my hips forward, feeding her more of me until I felt the heat of her throat, engulfing me in this all pleasuring sensation.

“Mhmm!” Amelia’s eyes went wide. She still refused to break eye contact. My sister seemed to be loving my cock, happily choking on me, saliva dripping down to her chin as I mouth fucked the girl of my dreams.

I pulled out before I could burst and Amelia gasped for breath, coughing and in tears.

“Against the sofa,” I growled, my cock the hardest it has ever been. So much blood was down south, I was actually feeling lightheaded. “I want to fuck your ass.”

“Y-Yes...” Amelia was already bent over the couch, her ass up in the air for offer. “Master.”

Not only was her mouth leaking, her pussy was too. She was glistening under the living room’s light, leaking arousal down her soft thighs.

I didn’t need any more invitation than that.

I had made the right decision to wait. Before, Amelia was only fucking me half heartedly, but now her soul was in it.

“Mmm.” Amelia groaned as I positioned behind my sister, gripped her hips tight, then pushed my hips forward, joining our bodies as one.

“M-Master!” She dug her forehead against the sofa, pain overwhelming my sister as I fucked her ass.

Jesus, she was tight. Even with all the lubrication she gave me.

“Sis,” I moaned, squeezing that crazy ass of hers as I tried to force my way through her insanely tight asshole.

I didn’t know exactly why I wanted anal. But it was proving to be the right decision because her moans were filling up the room, urging me to start pounding away at her ass.

“MASTER!”

I watched as my sister convulsed, shrieking her pain and pleasure as an orgasm overwhelmed her.

But I was still going, still destroying that tight hole of hers, ramming my heavy balls against the lower curve of her ass, my own moans mixing perfectly with my sister's high-pitched shrieks and groans.

"So good," I heaved, filling my own orgasm swell and build within me, threatening to take over at any moment. "So fucking good."

"Good..." Amelia repeated, her voice hoarse, but still so sweet sounding. She must have been past the point of pain, because I could tell my sister was starting to really enjoy herself, gripping the armrest of the sofa tight, gyrating her hips back and forth, getting herself into a lust-filled frenzy. "So good, Master..."

I was so proud of myself for lasting as long as I did. Five days of abstinence, but I held my own.

When I came, Amelia was with me. She screamed out her second orgasm, and I roared with her, not being able to stop myself, pounding in and out of her asshole, destroying her perfect body.

It was the longest orgasm of my life, but by the time my cock stopped spasming, Amelia was still in the midst of her orgasm, riding my cock, causing waves of pleasure to rock me even after I had spilled my entire load in her ass.

By the time I could move again, we were cuddled on the sofa, slick with sweat. I could feel her breasts pressed up against me. Unlike our previous sex, when I could tell Amelia wanted to leave, this time, she held me tight in her arms, utterly content that I was next to her.

Amelia looked at me, her hazel eyes filled with nothing but worship and love.

She kissed me, a full-blown French Kiss so good, it initiated another hour session of pure fucking.

I had her in every position I fantasized over the years, and by the time we were done, Amelia was forced to shower from how much cum I had coated her entire body in. It was everywhere. Her face, hair, tits, legs, pussy and ass.

It was a fitting farewell to the old life we were leaving behind.

But she was happy. The smile on her face said it all.

This was the life I always wanted, and I couldn't be happier that I finally achieved it.

All those late nights in front of my computer, not knowing whether the thousands of hours spent would be worth it or not.

Thank god I pushed through, despite all the negative pushback from old Amelia and the rest of my family.

I thought I would never say this, but...

I love my life.