

## Remember Me

"Oh God," Mom sobbed. "No. No! There has to be something you can do. Please!"

The doctor's face remained calm, though it was easy to see the pain and discomfort in his eyes. Giving bad news to family members couldn't be an easy part of the job.

"I'm sorry," he said, eyes down, "the chemical damage was... extensive. We have no way of repairing your daughter's brain. This project she was working on, the compounds she created, we have no idea where to even *begin* when it comes to treatment."

"There has to be something," Mom wailed. "You have to do something!"

"All we can do, I'm afraid, is observe her condition. Everything else is out of our hands."

Mom choked out a sob as the doctor made a quick retreat. She clutched her daughter's – my sister's – hand, stared into the woman's confused face.

All Anita saw was a room filled with strangers.

She didn't see me, her brother. She just saw a dark-haired guy standing in a corner watching. She didn't see Mom, all she saw was a woman sobbing and crying over her. That other woman in the room? Anita wasn't aware that it was her sister. And the man pacing back and forth? The man who was unable to even look at her? She had no idea at all that he was her fiancé.

We were strangers in her eyes. Had been, ever since her accident.

Anita was – or had been – a hobbyist chemist. A genius who'd set up a small laboratory in her and her fiancé's garage, who'd been attempting to make some kind of chemical cure for some disease or another. She'd wanted to make the world a better, happier place. Dreamed of winning a Nobel Prize.

Now, because she'd fucked up and accidentally inhaled one of the chemical compounds she'd created, my sister was a hollow shell of the person she'd been before.

Whatever the chemical's purpose had been, its effects had ravaged Anita's brain.

A lifetime's worth of memories had been erased. Everything she'd been was gone. She couldn't remember who she was, she couldn't remember anything about her life, she couldn't even remember who *we* were.

As Mom continued to sob uncontrollably, I kept my eyes on the confused woman. The woman who'd once been my big sister.

Pretty, certainly. Sexy, most definitely.

Unobtainable? Before today, she had been.

Now, though...

I waited out of sight while Anita and her boyfriend climbed into his car and pulled out of their driveway. When they were gone, car out of sight, I stepped out of the shadows and walked over to their home.

Like all members of the family, I had a key.

It was a precautionary thing. Sometimes Brock couldn't be there with her – he worked from home most days, but every few weeks he had to go into the office all the same. It only made sense for me and Mom and my other sister to have keys, so we could check in on Anita when Brock wasn't able to.

I let myself into the house, made my way to Anita's bedroom.

Ever since the accident six months ago, she'd been sleeping alone.

It made sense. When a woman's memories vanished every time she fell asleep, how she woke up was very important. If her first experience upon opening her eyes was to find herself laying in bed with a man she didn't recognise, it set a bad precedent for the rest of the day.

And, after all these months, we'd learned something very important about how Anita's brain worked: The first few minutes after waking up were by far the most vital.

I opened the bedroom door, walked inside.

It was fairly empty, all things considered. A bed with neat, clean sheets. A side-table with a big red button built into it, a notepad laying down next to that button. And a big television attached to the wall opposite the bed.

A smile crept onto my face.

He hadn't changed it. Good!

Brock hadn't changed my setup at all. My plan could actually work!

Quickly, I stepped over to the big red button, pressed it.

Immediately, the television turned itself on, drawing my gaze.

And there, on the screen, was Anita.

"Hey there," the image of my sister said with a sad smile. "I know you're confused right now. Trust me, I know *exactly* how scary these first few minutes can be. But don't worry. I'm here to help you make sense of things."

As I watched, I sat myself down on Anita's bed, got comfortable.

"You see," Anita said, eyes seeming to peer right at me. "I'm you. My name - *your* name - is Anita Ventus."

How did she feel every morning, being confronted by her truth like this? I could only wonder.

"We were in an accident. One that did irreversible damage to our brain. We have two forms of amnesia; retrograde amnesia and anterograde amnesia. The first, retrograde, means that we can't remember anything prior to our accident - memories of people and places and events, all of that is gone. The second, anterograde, means our memory resets itself every day and we forget everything that's happened since the accident."

Every day, she forgot who she was. She forgot *everything*.

"I know, it's a lot to take in."

That was putting it mildly.

"But it's okay! We have some amazing people in our life. We have a family that cares about us, and we have a boyfriend who loves us very much."

Anita's fiance entered the frame, smiled at the camera and went to go stand next to Anita - taking her hand in his.

That was annoying. But no matter, I could deal with it.

"This," Anita smiled at the camera, "is Brock. Before the accident, he was our fiance. Now he takes care of us. He'll be waiting for you downstairs right now, making you breakfast. Don't eat it! He's *really* bad at cooking."

"Hey!" The recording of Brock said, grinning. "I'm not *that* bad!"

"There are eggs and bacon in the fridge," Anita smiled at the camera. "And probably some other things too. Help yourself! This is your home, after all."

Brock speaking in the video was even more annoying than him appearing in it. All the more work for me to do later.

"On the bedside table," Anita said, "there's a notebook. Think of it as our dairy. We write in it every day, and leave notes in it for the next. Read the last page or two, catch yourself up on what you've been up to. But don't spend all day trying to remember the past. It won't work. Instead, go out there and live your day! It's the only one you'll get, so enjoy every second of it. And, if you have any questions or doubts, ask Brock. He might look like an idiot-"

"Hey!" Brock laughed.

"-But he's good people."

I reached over for the notepad, began flipping through it.

"And Anita?" My sister's recording said, voice taking on a slightly more serious, more certain tone. "I know it's all a little overwhelming, but you've got this. Trust me. I know."

The recording came to an end and, with a smile curling my lips, I set down the

notepad and got to work.

Under the side-table was a small computer – one I'd built myself. It was on that computer that the video recording was stored, and it was a home-made program on said computer that told the video to play whenever it received a signal from the button.

I connected my phone to the computer, plugged in a small mouse and saved the video file to my phone.

The first few minutes after Anita woke up were the most important. For whatever reason – the doctor's had described it as her brain trying to 'fill in the blanks' – whatever information Anita learned immediately after waking up, she absorbed far easier and more readily than at any other time during the day.

Watching the video instantly after waking up, seeing Brock's face and being told that he was her boyfriend or fiancé, Anita would believe it without question.

Or, to put it another way, this video was the key to my sister's mind.

I watched the video back for the hundredth time, staring at my computer screen with total concentration. Deepfake technology had come a long way in recent years, but it was still far from perfect. Anomalies and errors and glitches would have to be smoothed out and removed one by one.

The video played, my sister saying the words that'd been scorched into my memory through repetition. Then I walked the man Anita called her boyfriend, not Brock but someone else. The man I was staring at, searching for any flaw with, was an image of myself.

No problems, no tearing or distortions. It looked real.

And, when the fake image of me spoke, it was with the lines I'd recorded myself hours ago – Brock's voice cut out and replaced with my own.

It was seamless. Flawless.

But would it be enough to trick Anita's broken brain?

There was only one way to find out.

But, if it did...

I breathed in a deep breath, saved the file and created a new copy. All in all, I'd need over a dozen of these video files. Each one slightly different from the last.

A lot of work ahead of me but, hopefully, it'd all be worth it.

I walked into Anita's bedroom without worry, turned the light on and got to work as she slept. A consequence of her accident was that she slept like a log. She'd wake up when she was ready, and not a second sooner.

I connected my phone to the mini-computer, replaced the regular video file Anita watched with the one I'd edited and doctored.

It didn't take long. I was out of my sister's bedroom in minutes.

Then I went to Brock's empty bedroom, tried to get some shut-eye in his empty bed. But excitement kept me awake all night, anticipation for what would happen come morning.

"Oh," a woman's voice said behind me. "I thought..."

I turned to look at her, a smile on my lips.

"The notebook said you wouldn't be here today. Something about how you're going to be away for two weeks."

"Nah," I said, shaking my head. "Changed my mind, babe. I didn't want to leave you all on your own for so long."

"Oh," my sister said. "Okay..."

I leaned back against the fridge, looked Anita up and down.

Large breasts in a thin nightie, no bra in sight. I could make out the dark circles of

her areola, see the light protrusions of her nipples. She had a lean, athletic frame. The kind of body that got the blood flowing.

"What do you want for breakfast?" I asked with a grin.

Anita shook her head, smiled. "I have it on good authority that you're a terrible cook. I think I should be the one making breakfast today."

With a laugh, I stepped aside, allowed Anita access to the fridge.

As she got busy making breakfast, I took the opportunity to appreciate her backside. Round and bouncy and inviting. I stepped up behind her as she leaned over a kitchen counter, planted my hands on her hips.

Anita tensed, looked over her shoulder at me.

"I think I know what I want for breakfast," I whispered in her ear.

"Oh?" Anita breathed. "And what'd that be?"

"You."

My sister's naked body clung to mine as her eyes fought to stay open. We were laying on her bed, the room lit only by moonlight shining in through the open window.

"Sleep," I told her, cupping a heavy breast and squeezing it.

Anita shook her head quickly.

"You can't fight it," I told her. "You're going to fall asleep any moment. Just relax, close your eyes and-"

"No," Anita said, shaking her head again. "I don't want to."

"You don't want to sleep?" I asked, looking deep into her dark eyes. "Why not, honey?"

"I don't want to forget..."

Did Brock have to deal with this clinginess every time he fucked my sister at night?

"I don't want to..." Anita yawned, eyes shutting despite her best efforts. "I don't..."

And then she was gone. Mind shut down.

I pushed myself up, climbed off the bed.

Day one of Brock's two-week business trip had gone well enough. I'd managed to convince Anita that I was her lover, even gotten her to suck me – her brother – off and spread her legs for me.

As far as proof of concepts went, it was a roaring success.

Now it was time to take things up a notch.

"Hey babe," I said as Anita entered the kitchen, her brows knit together in confusion. "Sleep well?"

"You're Brock," Anita spoke softly, hesitantly. "Right?"

"That I am, honey. What's the matter? You look a little pale."

"The notebook," Anita said, "the one that the me in the video mentioned, it's not there."

In order for my plans to work, I needed to make sure that little book of problems wasn't around any more. Too many memories in it that'd contradict with the realities I was attempting to fabricate. When these two weeks were over, I'd return it to Anita – making sure to fill in the gaps with fake, boring memories.

"Really?" I asked, painting a concerned look on my face. "Are you sure? Did you check under the bed?"

Anita nodded her head.

"How odd. You've probably just misplaced it somewhere. It'll show up, I'm sure."

"Okay..." Anita said, less confident than she'd been yesterday. I noted that mentally.

"I guess I should go put some clothes on, then..."

She was wearing the same nightie she'd had on yesterday morning.

"The main bedroom is at the top of the stairs," I smiled at her. "Your outfit for the day

is on the bed. I'll get started on making breakfast right away."

Anita smiled, shook her head. "I have it on good authority that you're a terrible cook. I'll be the one making breakfast today, if that's alright with you. Just give me a few minutes to get changed first..."

When she appeared downstairs a few minutes later, dressed head to toes in the black and white costume, I couldn't help but grin.

My sister was sexy under normal circumstances. But seeing her standing there in a slutty French maid outfit?

It took everything in my not to pounce on her there and then.

"Well then," my sister said, a faint pinkness blossoming in her cheeks, "what would you like for breakfast, Sir?"

"You know what?" I laughed, unable to resist. "I think I'd like to have you, Anita."

With her mind being as open and vulnerable as it was when she woke up, I'd always wondered just how accepting and gullible Anita could be. When she watched those recorded videos of herself, how far could her sense of reality be warped?

Apparently, it could be twisted *this* far at least.

She could be made to believe that, in addition to being my girlfriend and fiancée, she was my live-in maid too.

"I- uh," Anita blushed. "If... If that's what you you want, Sir."

I walked over to her, eyes roaming up and down her body. In that costume, her ample cleavage was on full display. Huge tits begging to be looked at and played with.

"Great!" I grinned. "In that case, why don't you get down on your knees for me, sweetie? My cock isn't going to suck itself now, is it?"

Slowly, Anita nodded her head.

She flowed down onto her knees, the skirt of her maid costume flaring out around her.

A year ago, if you'd told me my elder sister would be on her knees in front of me, ready to suck my cock while wearing a maid costume, I'd have laughed at the absurdity of it. Such a thing was impossible outside of my imagination.

And yet here she was.

All thanks to a chemical compound she herself had created.

She reached a shaking hand towards my pants, slowly tugged them down.

When my cock flopped out in front of her, Anita gasped. She glanced up at me with wide eyes, looked back down at the meat dangling before her. And, slowly, cautiously, she reached her hand out to touch it.

With the sexy image of my sister on her knees in front of me, it didn't take long for my cock to grow, lift itself up as it hardened – pointing directly at Anita's face.

She gulped, leaned forward and kissed the tip.

Shivers ran up my spine at the warm, faint contact.

"Don't worry," I told my sister as she opened her mouth to take in my cockhead. "You love sucking dick. You just need to get into the rhythm of it first. Trust me."

I put my feet up on Brock's home-office desk, phone held up to my ear.

"Are you sure you don't want to speak to her?" I asked.

"I... No. No, I don't think that would be a good idea," came Brock's voice. "It'll just confuse her, hearing my voice for a minute or two. As long as she's doing okay, I can wait to speak to her. It'll only be two weeks, after all."

"I'll let her know you're thinking of her," I told him.

"Thank you," Brock said softly. "You're a good brother."

That was... debatable.

"Anyway," Brock continued. "I've gotta go now. I'll call back again tomorrow."

"Talk to you then," I smiled.

As I hung up the phone, Anita walked past the office door, butt bouncing in her maid costume skirt. She was carrying a feather duster, a loving smile on her lips.

"Who was that?" Anita asked, eyes widening as she remembered to speak the last word. "Sir!"

"No-one important," I grinned. "Put the duster down and come in here. I've got something for you."

"Oh?" Anita hummed, setting down her feather duster and hopping into the small office. "And what might that be, I wonder..."

Without me needing to say anything, she sat down on my lap, wrapped her arm around my neck and leaned in to kiss me. I had no doubt in my mind that she could feel my bulge pressing into her leg. But, if she was offended or shy about it, Anita didn't show it. She simply smiled, looked me in the eye.

"How might I serve you today, sir?"

Two whole weeks.

This was going to be the most memorable fortnight of my life. Of that, I had no doubt.

A shame I was the only one who'd remember it.