

Remember Me

Chapter 2

"Brock?" My sister's timid voice asked. "You're Brock, right? My boyfriend?"

I nodded my head, gave a disarming smile.

"I can't find the notebook. The thing that's supposed to have my memories in it. It's not there."

Every morning, the same story.

She woke up, watched a modified video, searched for the notebook, couldn't find it. Every single morning since I'd taken the damn thing and hidden it somewhere safe.

Tonight, I'd modify the video I had planned for her even more – remove all mention of a memory notebook. It'd take a bit of time, possibly a few hours. But, if it got my dumb sister to stop repeating the same thing every morning, I'd take it.

"I haven't seen it," I lied, eyes roaming Anita's body.

She was wearing the clothes I'd set out for her. One-piece bathing suit, cat ear headband, paw-shaped gloves and slippers, a little bell attached to a choker around her neck. A real life cat-girl, save for the lack of a tail.

Had this morning's video sunk in fully?

The maid one had. No reason to believe this one hadn't.

Anita frowned, looked distinctly worried. A cute expression on a pretty face.

"Don't worry about it, pet," I smiled. "We're not doing anything big or special today. You won't be needing the notebook. We're just gonna have a quiet, fun day in."

Slowly, my cat-girl sister nodded her head.

"Come over here," I told her. "I'll get your breakfast."

A bowl on the floor, filled with milk. Another bowl next to it filled with kibble.

Anita's breakfast.

She didn't question it, didn't reject the idea. She simply nodded her thanks, lowered herself onto hands and knees, and began eating.

Today's theme was 'Anita is my pet'.

And, so far, it was going beautifully.

I sat down on a kitchen counter, watched Anita licking milk out of a bowl. Her large breasts were held snugly in the swimsuit; two massive globes squished together. I'd picked out a one-piece that'd show off plenty of cleavage and side-boob but, even knowing what to expect, I was amazed at the sight of it. How it clung to her body, how clearly defined her figure was in it.

God, Anita was hott.

I was getting hard just thinking about what I had in store for my sexy sister. Lots of little games for us to play.

"Anita," I found myself saying, hopping off the kitchen counter. "Be a good girl and come here. I've got a special snack for you."

My sister looked up at me, a dribble of milk on her chin.

Her eyes lowered to my crotch as I unbuckled my belt, let my pants fall to the floor.

Without hesitation, Anita crawled over to me.

"Brock!" Anita panted. "More, Brock!"

At some point, I'd have to make her start using my name, instead of her boyfriend's. Hearing his name repeated over and over again was getting annoying fast.

"Fuck," Anita gasped. "Brock!"

I slapped her ass, watched her flinch.

We were in the kitchen still. Her hands on the counter, me taking her from behind. The sounds of rough sex filling the house.

"Master," I grunted, grabbing a fistful of her hair. "Call me *Master*, Anita."

"Master!" My sister cried out. "Fuck me Master!"

I pulled her hair, made her back arch painfully. I thrust into her without restraint or remorse, fucked her little cunt with everything I had. Her ass smacked against my body with every thrust, jiggling and rippling with the impact. Her naked tits bounced beneath her.

"Please baby," Anita groaned. "Fuck-"

"I'm not interrupting, am I?"

A voice behind us. A girl's voice.

I froze mid-thrust, my body tensing. Anita gasped, continued riding my cock slowly for a moment before realising I'd stopped. She shuddered, collapsed chest-first onto the counter in front of her, slid off my cock, hunched down and slumped onto her knees.

Slowly, I turned.

"And here I thought you were away on a business trip, *Brock*. Guess you just couldn't stay away from Anita that long, huh?"

Denise. My and Anita's younger sister. Standing in the kitchen doorway, eyes on me with her arms crossed.

What the fuck was *she* doing here?

And what had she seen?

Everything. She'd seen everything. There was no way she didn't know *exactly* what I'd been doing to Anita just now. Fuck, Anita was still on her knees, body exposed, panting.

"I can explain," I said, knowing that no explanation I gave could possibly remedy this situation. "Anita and I were-"

"Save it," Denise said, a wide, viscous smile on her face.

"I..." There was nothing I could do. Nothing I could say.

"Anita, honey," Denise said, wicked smile still in place. "I'm going to need to borrow your *boyfriend* for a while, okay? I have something very important to discuss with him. You be a good girl and wait here."

I gulped, watched as Denise turned and walked away.

"Stay," I commanded Anita.

And then I followed Denise. What other choice did I have?

"Sicko."

The first word out of Denise's mouth.

We were in Brock's study. Denise sitting snugly in an office chair while I stood stiffly in front of her. She stared up at me, smiling her wicked smile.

My stomach churned with dread.

"No-one will believe you," I said aloud. My brain taking a few seconds to catch up to my mouth.

There was no way I'd ever be able to lie to Denise, convince her that nothing had been happening. She'd seen it. Stood there for who knows how long, watching me fuck our sister from behind. Nothing I did or said would change that reality.

So, might as well play a different hand.

"When Anita sleeps tonight, she'll forget everything. It'll be your word against mine. And the burden of proof rests with-"

"How did it feel?" Denise asked, smile never wavering.

I paused, stared at her.

"The first time you shoved your cock inside her," Denise clarified. "How did it feel to fuck Anita that first time?"

What was this?

Why wasn't she shouting at me, calling me a freak or a monster or something? Why did she seem so calm?

"Amazing," I answered honestly. "Her cunt is so tight, you wouldn't believe."

Denise's smile widened to a grin.

"How'd you do it?" She asked, leaning forward. "Did you mess with her diary? That dumb video she watches every morning? Is the cat stuff hers, or did you convince her to wear it? Does she have any idea that you're relate-"

"One at a time," I grunted, body relaxing a little.

"Can I join in?" Denise asked, a glint in her eyes.

As I stared at her, a cold shiver ran up my spine.

"If I don't," she continued, "I'll tell everyone what you were doing with our sweet, poor sister."

My eyes drifted up and down Denise's body then. Taking her in properly. The slender frame and the small bust, the short hair and cute cheeks. She was pretty. Not in the obvious way that Anita was, but in a subtler, fainter way. If Anita was – or had been – a girly girl, Denise was a tomboy through and through.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked, resigning myself.

It was odd, discovering that my little sister was as much of a kinky pervert as I was. I'd always pictured her as being innocent, just a kid. But she wasn't either of those things. She was an adult with adult desires, adult thoughts.

When offered a toy like Anita to play with, how could she say no?

"I'm not sure if this'll work," I told her, setting the video back to its start. "It's a lot more detached than anything I've tried-"

"If it doesn't work," Denise grinned, "we'll try it your way next time. We still have over a week. No need to worry so much."

I wasn't exactly keen on the prospect of losing a day for Denise's test, but what could I do about it? Pushing down my mild annoyance, I hit the play button – sat back and watched.

"Android designation five-seven-two-six-nine activated," a robotic voice said. On the screen, an image of Anita appeared – a deepfake using Denise as a base. "Your name is Anita. You are the property of Denise Ventus. You are a human-like, high-end android. Your function is to serve Denise Ventus and obey her in all things. If you understand, nod your head."

There was a pause. Denise giggled beside me.

"If you failed to nod your head, report to your owner and request maintenance immediately. Otherwise, listen carefully. Your duties as android servant to Denise Ventus are as follows..."

"It's not gonna work," I said as the video began going into detail. "Anita has brain-damage, but she isn't stupid."

"You said her mind is most susceptible right after she wakes up," Anita shrugged. "You tricked her into thinking that you're her boyfriend and owner. What's to say we can't take that a little further?"

"A little? This is more than a 'little', Denise."

"It'll work," she grinned. "And, if it doesn't, what's one day?"

The wait was agony.

Standing in the kitchen with Denise, staring at the clock. Waiting.

The alarm clock would've gone off by now, Anita was awake upstairs. The video would be playing, and she'd be watching it. Soaking it in. But how would she react to it?

Would he mind reject it? Accept it?

If she saw through the blatant lie, what would she do?

So many possibilities. She could run away, become distrustful of everything, start freaking out. She could call the police.

Tick, tock.

Why did time have to move so slowly?

The creaking of floorboards. The sound of her descending a staircase. Footsteps outside the kitchen.

And in she walked, back straight and stiff.

"Mistress Denise," Anita said in an emotionless tone, eyes on her younger sister. "I await your command."

"Told you it'd work," Denise muttered under her breath.

She walked over to Anita, began circling her; eyes roaming her sister's sexy body. Anita was in a plain nightie, no underwear on beneath it.

"Strip," Denise commanded.

Anita moved without hesitation, slipping out of her nightie so fast that I was surprised she didn't get whiplash. The nightie dropped to the floor, and Anita returned to her back-straight stance.

"Well aren't you a good slut-bot," Denise giggled. Reaching out and stroking her sister's tit. "I should've named you that instead of Anita, shouldn't I? Slut-Bot. Or maybe Whoreatron. What do you think, *Brock*?"

"I think," I grumbled, "that you're an idiot."

"Don't mind him, Slut-Bot. He's just upset 'cause I took his kitty away. Now, why don't you be a good little robo-slave and make me some breakfast?"

"Yes, Mistress."

As 'Slut-Bot' started preparing breakfast, Denise stepped up beside me with a smug grin on her face.

"I could get used to this," she said under her breath. "Might have to do something about her and the real Brock. Make 'em split somehow. Then offer to take care of my dear, big sister myself."

"Get in line," I muttered.

Denise giggled.

"Slut-Bot," she said, loud and clear. "Shake your whore ass while you cook. We have company over; I expect you to entertain them."

Anita did as she was commanded, wiggling her butt as she began frying up some bacon. My eyes were drawn to her backside like magnets, to the point I was unable to look away. Two round bubbles dancing right there in my vision, naked and teasing and tempting. All I needed to do was bend her over and-

Only it wasn't me in control today. It was Denise.

"Today is gonna be fun," Denise whispered to me. "Just you wait and see."

"Smile," Denise said, pointing her phone's camera at our sister. "No, make it look more natural than that. Just a simple, happy smile. Yeah, that's it."

Denise tapped her phone screen.

"I'm a brother-fucking whore," Anita told the camera happily. "I'll fuck anyone who asks, but I want my family most of all."

Words written down by Denise, easily memorised by Anita.

In her defence, her memories were all gone. There was plenty of empty space upstairs to memorise things. But still, to so willingly say those things on camera. Even if she did believe she was an android, surely there must be some part of her that was aware of the truth. There *had* to be. Right?

"Point to your brother," Denise ordered, turning the camera to me.

Anita pointed at me. Following her script.

"What do brother-fucking whores like most?" Denise asked.

"Fucking their brothers!" Anita stated happily.

"Well?" Denise said with a smirk. "Go on then. Fuck your brother, whore. Give him the time of his life."

It was a double edged sword.

On one side, I got to fuck Anita again. Awesome. On the other, Denise would be recording it and keeping the evidence. Not so awesome.

But, given the options of fucking Anita and not fucking Anita, of course I was going to go with the former.

My sister pounced on me with surprising force and vigour for a woman who thought she was a robot. She tore away my clothing, hands roaming my body with unbridled lust. Her lips met mine, her tongue forcing its way into my mouth before I even knew what was happening. She dragged me to the ground, mounted me.

I realised then, in that moment, that Anita would follow any command Denise gave. She'd fuck me, even if I weren't a willing participant in the act. Which, in turn, made me feel a lot less guilty about everything I'd done to her.

She wanted a fucking? I'd give her a fucking.

Anita squealed as I impaled her with my cock, eyes rolling in their sockets.

Not only was she wet, but she was *drenched*.

Somewhere, deep down, did Anita have a thing for being called a whore? Or being objectified?

Thoughts for later.

"That's it, Slut-Bot," Denise giggled, circling around us to record from every angle. "Ride that cock good. Tell your brother how much you need his fat cock."

"I need your fat cock so much," Anita gasped, hips bouncing as fast as she could go. "I want it. It want it so bad, big brother. Fuck me with your big cock. Pound your sister good!"

My eyes shot wide open.

For a moment there, she hadn't sounded like 'Slut-Bot' at all. She'd sounded like, well, my sister. Anita.

My cock twitched at the thought.

"Whore," Denise laughed, swatting Anita's tits as she circled around us. "Slut. Fleshlight."

"Yes!" Anita moaned. "I'm your fleshlight, mistress!"

"Well," Denise said, coming to a stop, her feet on either side of my head. I could see up her skirt, knew then that she wasn't wearing panties. "I hope you can do more than just take cock, Slut-Bot. I paid good money for you. Too much, for such a cheap whore. So you'd better put that mouth of yours to good use too."

Anita didn't waste any time. Her hands snatched out, pulled up Denise's skirt. She leaned forward, mouth open and tongue extended.

I had the perfect angle, the perfect view, of Denise's fist foray into incest. Maybe her first lesbian experience too.

Anita spread her sister's pussy lips open, slid her tongue over Denise's clit, down her snatch. As that tongue disappeared inside Denise's hole, Anita's cunt clamped down hard on my cock.

"Don't stop riding," Denise moaned, planting her empty hand on her sister's head. "A good Slut-Bot has to- ooh! Has to... be able to multitask. Do two things at the same- Ah!"

Anita didn't stop bouncing on my cock. She didn't even slow down.

Saliva and other fluids dripped down from where my two sisters connected – fell right on my face.

"Tell the world what you are," Denise commanded, phone still held in her right hand – pointed down at the girl who was eating her out.

"A brother-fucking whore," Anita moaned into Denise's cunt. "A Slut-Bot. I'm your own personal sex-doll!"

Denise pulled the blanket aside as I carried our sister to her bed. Neither of us said a word, both keeping respectfully silent for the sleeping girl we both knew wouldn't wake up.

When she was all tucked in, we made our retreated.

Only when we were downstairs did Denise speak.

"So," she said casually, nonchalant. "What're we gonna do with her tomorrow? I was thinking we'd made her think she's-"

"We?" I asked. "No, you had your day. Tomorrow's mine."

Denise snorted. "Yours, huh?"

I blushed, crossed my arms defiantly. "Yeah. Mine. You had your fun today, but that's over now. You have your recording, you can blackmail me with it later. But right now, it's time for you to leave me to my fun."

"Blackmail you?" Denise smiled. "No, big brother. That video isn't to blackmail you with, it's for my own personal enjoyment. And as for me leaving? Keep dreaming. You think I'm gonna let you have all the fun while all I get is a single video? Not a chance."

"But she's- It was my idea. I..."

It was pointless. There was no way I was going to convince Denise to back down and leave me and Anita alone. For better or worse, we were partners in crime now.

"Fine," I sighed. "What's your plan for tomorrow?"

"Oh, it's nothing too extreme," Denise grinned. "And it'll help us both out. See, I've been thinking-"

"You, thinking?" I grumbled. "Oh joy."

"I've been thinking," Denise repeated as if I hadn't said anything, "that this could be a big opportunity for the both of us."

"Oh?"

"Yup!" Denise nodded her head. "Stop and think for a moment. How much money do you think we could make with her?"

Money?

My eyes widened.

Wait, was Denise *actually* suggesting we whore out our own sister? Or did she mean something else? Selling pictures or videos of her maybe, or something else entirely.

I eyed my little sister cautiously.

"I'm listening..."