

Remember Me

Chapter 3

I raised my glass, tapped it against my sister's.

"To fucking our sister," Denise said loudly.

"To fucking our sister," I repeated, a smile tugging at my lips.

Perversion and deviancy must run in the family. For us both to want to play with Anita, have her be our toy... What were the odds? And yet, here we were. Denise and I, puppet masters to the beautiful Anita.

For me, it was simple.

Anita was hott. Blisteringly hott. Like, the type of hott that you expect to burn you if you get too close. She'd be way out of my league under normal circumstances, even if she *wasn't* my sister. That family bond? That'd just made me fucking her all the more impossible.

And yet, here Denise and I were. Plotting our next move.

What if, before her accident, our older sister had been just like us? A perverted, deviant, incest-loving slut.

It was pointless to think about. That Anita, the wonderful sister who wanted to make the world a better place, was gone forever. All which remained now was the hollow shell. Her sexy body and her ravaged, weak mind. A pretty face, and nothing else.

"She'll make a good mother," Denise said before downing her glass.

"A mother, huh?" I shook my head. "Why do I get the feeling that you have something wicked planned?"

"Who knows," Denise smiled. She reached into her pocket, tossed me the USB stick we'd saved tomorrow's video on. "Be a good boy and go upload that for me."

"Uh-huh," I sighed, setting my untouched glass down and pushing myself to my feet. "And what reward can I expect for doing all the hard work?"

"Anita's pussy," Denise shrugged. She snatched up my glass, downed it in one go.

"How about you let me have some fun with yours too?"

"Mine?" Denise looked up at me with a twinkle in her eye, grinned. "Sure thing, big brother. Let me just grab my monster-cock strap-on real quick. We can take turns bending each other over the table. You can have my tight pussy, and I'll stretch open your little hole too."

I rolled my eyes, walked out of the room.

"Don't worry big brother," Denise called after me. "I'll be real gentle with you."

Denise. She'd always been like this.

Or, no. Not *a*ways.

Back when she'd been a kid, my younger sister had been a whole lot louder. A bratty piece of shit who'd always demanded everyone's attention; screaming and shouting until she was the only one anyone was looking at. It was only during her teen years she'd refined her bratty attitude into what it was today. Controlling and domineering and confident.

Between her and Anita – the star pupil, the genius, the child prodigy – I'd very much been the invisible son. Whenever our parents weren't humouring Denise, they were praising Anita.

Of all of them, only Anita herself actually paid any attention to me.

She was my big sister, in every sense of the word.

And now, she was gone.

I made my way through the house, entered Anita's bedroom.

There she was, sleeping in bed. Not a care in the world.

Did she dream?

Could a person dream if they possessed no memories?

Certainly, as I looked at her, I saw no sign of her dreaming. No twitching eyelids or faint muscle movements. No sign of motion at all, save for the steady rising and falling of her chest under the blanket.

A consequence of her condition. She was a very heavy sleeper.

She wouldn't wake up if I began making noise, wouldn't stir even if I began shouting at the top of my lungs. If I were to pull that blanket down, straddle her belly and fuck her massive tits until I came all over her beautiful face, I knew I'd get no reaction out of her.

I pushed down the urge, focused instead on the task at hand.

Giving Anita a new video to watch in the morning.

It didn't take long. No more than a few moments, really.

And, when it was done, and I'd pocketed the USB stick, it was time to go sleep.

Only I didn't. Not right away, at least.

I walked over to my sister's bed, sat down on the edge.

"I miss you," I told my empty shell of a sister. "I keep thinking back. We stopped talking after you moved out and went to college. You had your stuff and I had my stuff, and we kinda just drifted apart. I wish... I wish I'd called you more."

I sighed, looked at my sister's serene, sleeping face.

"This is pointless," I told myself. "You can't hear me. You're not *her*. Not really. You're just..."

A pair of huge, perfect tits. A pretty face. A sexy body. A doll for me to use and abuse and have all the fun in the world with.

"A toy."

I stood, walked to the bedroom door, turned and looked back at her.

"Sleep well, Anita. Rest up. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day. You'll need all the energy you can get."

"Admit it," Denise laughed. "You used to spy on me in the shower."

"I did not," I grunted, not looking at her.

"The red face is a dead giveaway, bro," my younger sister giggled. "I'm not mad. I actually think it's kinda cute. Pretending to take the dogs out for a walk, then climbing up that one big tree with your phone."

"As if!" I turned away from her, stared at the kitchen door, waiting for Anita to appear. Any minute now. "Besides, why would I have my phone? Not like I'd be able to see anything from that far away. I'd need a pair of binoculars or something."

"To zoom in and record with," Denise said, and I could hear the grin in her voice. "Bet you had a nice collection of videos, what with how often you took Boomer and Butcher out for 'walks'."

"I *did* take them for walks."

"Sure you did," Denise said.

"I-"

The kitchen door opened.

My eyes widened.

Anita, as always, took my breath away.

The timid, uncertain smile. The round eyes that darted between me and Denise. The slightly parted lips. The flush in her cheeks.

She was wearing an apron. A plain white cooking apron.

And nothing else.

"Hey sweeties," Anita said, voice soft and quiet. "What're you two doing up so early?"

I was about to speak, but Denise beat me to it.

"Waiting for your dumb ass to wake up and make us breakfast."

Anita blinked, blushed, looked down at the floor. She walked into the kitchen without

a word, began looking through cabinets and drawers in search of something to cook.

I glanced at Denise, saw her smirk.

Today, Anita would be our 'mother'. She'd believe with all her heart that she'd given birth to the pair of us, that we were her children. And, more than that, she'd feel obligated to do whatever either of us demanded.

Denise had been the one to come up with the story. Anita scaring off her 'husband', robbing her 'children' of a father. The guilt and self-loathing from that 'fact' and how it made her want to do everything humanly possible to appease her sad, spiteful kids. A little tale to, as Denise put it, make things 'extra juicy'.

I pitied Anita as she got to making breakfast, flinching at every insult Denise threw her way.

I pitied her. But not enough to stop myself.

"Wiggle your ass a little more," I ordered Anita as she leaned over the stove. "Put on a show while you make breakfast."

She looked over her shoulder at me, eyes wide and cheeks pink.

"I don't think that would be appropriate," Anita said. "I'm your mother and-"

"Maybe if you shook your ass more," Denise snapped, "Daddy wouldn't have left us. So shut your mouth and do as you're told."

Anita flinched, turned her downcast eyes back to her task.

And, as she made food, she wiggled her butt from side to side.

"You call *that* a show?" Denise snorted. "No wonder Daddy ran off. With how little effort you're putting in right now, I'm tempted to leave too. How about you, bro?"

"Y- yeah," I coughed.

Anita gasped, spun around, eyes wild and desperate.

"No!" She pleaded. "Please don't. I couldn't- I can't-"

"Shake," Denise spat. "Your. Ass."

Anita needed no further encouragement.

When she resumed cooking, she did so with swaying hips and a juggling ass. The lack of underwear gave me and Denise a perfect view of our sister's bouncing backside. A nice, round ass jutting out and in, up and down.

Before long, Anita was panting with the effort.

"It must suck," Denise said, eyes on the prize. "Knowing that Daddy prefers cheap hookers over you. Knowing that he'd pay a complete stranger, a dirty, disgusting whore, to have sex with him rather than doing it with you. Guess that makes you less than a whore, doesn't it?"

Anita shuddered, didn't reply.

"Doesn't it?" Denise demanded.

"Yes," Anita answered, head lowered.

"You're less than a cheap whore," Denise stated.

"Yes," Anita repeated.

"Say it, dumbass!"

"I'm... I'm less than a cheap whore."

"You're nothing," Denise told her.

"I'm nothing," Anita echoed, voice strained.

"Yeah," I said, leaning back in the office chair. "Everything's good here. Anita's with Denise right now, want me to go fetch her for you?"

"No," Brock sighed. "No, that's okay. Probably for the best if I don't speak to her. Don't want to confuse her or anything."

"Not long now," I noted. "Four days, right?"

"Yes, that's right. The flight is in three, then I'll stay in a hotel overnight and be there in the morning. It's better that way. Arriving home at the beginning of the day, instead of in

the evening. Less confusion and excitement for her.”

“It’s a shame,” I found myself saying. “Spending time with Anita and Denise, it’s been a lot of fun. I don’t want it to end.”

“You can come by any time,” Brock said, voice jumbling slightly as the call quality dropped. “Just give me a heads up and I’ll make sure everything’s golden. I know Anita would like to see more of you guys. She asks about her family every day.”

“I’ll definitely be stopping by more, I promise.” After all the fun I’d had with Anita, no way was I gonna put an end to things now. I’d have to find some way to make it work after Brock arrived home, but I’d manage it. “And I know Denise will want to as well. The three of us alone together? It’s like a dream come true.”

“I’m glad you guys are enjoying,” Brock’s voice said, followed by a second muffled voice. “I’ve gotta go now. I’ll see you in a few days. Take care.”

“See you soon, Brock.”

I sighed after the call ended.

Just a few more days.

With a grunt, I rose to my feet, left the office.

I’d have to come up with some way for the fun to continue with Anita even after her ‘boyfriend’ arrived home. Some way to get him on board or remove him from the picture. Something.

I set the thought aside, told myself to ponder it later.

Right now, I had two sisters to keep company.

The scene I stumbled in on when I entered the living room was one worthy of shock and surprise. But, over the last few days, I’d become almost desensitized to Denise’s perversions. When I saw what was happening, all I did was nod my head and walk closer. Not even a raised eyebrow.

My sisters were on the sofa, both completely naked. Anita sat spread-eagled, legs wide open and arms behind her back. Denise knelt next to her with a big bowl of fruit.

Holding a single cherry by its stem, Denise pointed the bright red bulb towards Anita’s wet cunt.

“Look,” Denise said, eyes locked onto the cherry as she pushed it inside our sister. “Your son has come to watch you eat. Go on, say hello.”

“Hello,” Anita breathed, eyes flicking to me.

“Tell him what we’ve been doing,” Denise commanded her, spinning the cherry stalk with her fingers - the red fruit fully inside Anita’s hole.

“Denise is making,” Anita blushed, bit her lip, “a whore’s desert.”

I watched as the red cherry emerged from Anita’s cunt, drenched in her juices. Denise lifted it up, held it to Anita’s other pair of lips – her mouth. And, without needing to utter a single word, she made Anita eat it.

The next fruit she pulled out of her bowl was a strawberry.

“Isn’t it a bit early for desert?” I asked. “We haven’t even had dinner yet.”

“Dinner comes after,” Denise smiled. She pressed the strawberry to Anita’s pussy. “I was thinking we’d make a nice, juicy salad. Cucumbers and carrots. Maybe a nice, big eggplant. What do you think?”

“Not enough meat.”

“Perhaps,” Denise laughed. She pushed the cold strawberry inside Anita. “What do you think, whore?”

Anita gasped, shook her head.

“Looks like *Mommy* here would like some meat too,” Denise said, giving me an amused, suggestive look. “I’m thinking some sausage sounds nice. Don’t you agree, big brother?”

Anita Salad, it was safe to say, became my new favourite food the moment I tasted it.

Seasoned perfectly, with just the right amount of Anita.

As we ate, Anita rested.

And, when we were done with our food, that rest came to an abrupt end. Denise, as always, giving Anita a rough and tough time.

"What are you?" She asked, bending Anita over her lap and giving her a harsh spank.

"Worthless," Anita gasped.

"Who wants you?" Denise demanded, bringing her hand down again.

"Nobody."

"What do you deserve?" Another brutal spank.

"Nothing," Anita grunted.

"We're all that you have," Denise spoke in a soft, quiet voice. "Your kids. No one else cares, no one else wants you. *We* don't even want you. You drove our father away, didn't you?"

"Yes," Anita choked out.

"You deserve all of this, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You *want* to be punished, don't you?"

"Y- yes," Anita confessed quietly.

"Why?"

"Because..." Anita shut her eyes tight. "Because, you have to be here to punish me. If you left, you wouldn't be able to. And I want you to be here, so..."

"So what?" Denise asked, raising her hand again.

"Please punish me."

And down came Denise's hand once again.

"Smile for the camera," Denise giggled, pointing it at Anita's face.

But Anita wasn't paying attention. *Couldn't* pay attention. Her whole body bounced back against me as I thrust forward; impaling her with my cock. Her tits bounced wildly beneath her, body coated in sweat. She moaned loudly, eyes unfocused.

"That's a good bitch," Denise laughed, snapping picture after picture. "Take care of that cock nice 'n' good."

I gripped Anita's hips hard, began thrusting faster.

"Looks like someone's about to shoot his cum all up inside that loose cunt of yours," Denise said, gripping Anita's hair and forcing the fuck-dizzy girl to look her in the eye. "No morning after pills. No condoms. I think it's about time 'Mommy' became the real deal."

I should've slowed down.

My brain knew better. Knew not to cum inside Anita, what with the promises Denise had made. I *knew* I should've pulled out and ejaculated all over Anita's back instead.

But, in that moment, I didn't give a shit.

"Fuck!" I gasped as that first, wonderful burst of cum erupted from me.

Anita cried out, entire body trembling as her hole clenched around mine – held me in place.

She gasped, moaned loudly.

"There she blows," Denise laughed. But I barely registered the words.

Spurt. Spurt. Spurt.

I emptied my balls inside Anita, felt the energy drain from my body and collapsed atop her.

We sprawled out on the bed together, panting heavily.

"Well 'Mommy', how does it feel?" Denise asked, camera in our sister's face. "Not so high and mighty now, are you?"

After I put Anita to bed, gently brushing the hair from her face and tucking her in, I went exploring.

Denise had free reign at this point – had fully taken over the 'video creation' part of this endeavour. And, if I was completely honest, she'd taken over everything else as well. My plan to spend some quality time fucking Anita while her boyfriend was away was all but over. This was all about Denise and her games now.

It was... interesting. Fun at times, for sure. But also grating.

Why should Denise be the one taking control of things?

This had been *my* plan. Was meant to be *my* fun.

And I'd become nothing more than a prop for Denise to use as she so desired.

"Won't even let me fuck her," I muttered as I walked into the house's garage. "Fuckin' strap-on nonsense."

Yeah, like I was ever going to agree to *that*.

I glanced around the garage, at all the cardboard boxes and objects hidden under dusty sheets.

Anita's old lab. The place where her accident had happened.

Inhaling some chemical she'd created.

A genius one moment, a damaged shell the next.

Everything Anita had been died the moment she'd inhaled those fumes. She'd been transformed from a loving, kind, brilliant sister into a living puppet.

If only there was some more of that chemical for me to use on Denise.

But...

My eyes widened as I stared at those boxes, at the lab equipment hidden under plain, dusty sheets.

What if there was more of the chemical?

When me and Brock had packaged everything up, there'd been more than a few stoppered vials and sealed jars. Lots filled with unknown chemicals. We hadn't dared open them at the time, and we hadn't know how else to dispose of them. So we'd packaged them up, hoped that Anita would be back to her old self at some point and would resume her experiments.

Somewhere, in those boxes, might be more of Anita's chemical.

Could I... Was it possible for me to create more puppets like Anita? Would I be able to make puppets out of Denise and Brock?

My mind filled with endless possibilities.

And my hands got to work unpacking those cardboard boxes.