

My Sister's a Bimbo-Bot!

By

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This smutty story, if you wanna call it a story, is an admission of guilt. It involves devious behavior committed by me, depraved sexual acts inflicted upon my baby sister. If you get your rocks off reading that kinda shit, well, good for you because you're in for a treat.

My given name is Brody. I'm not a *complete* idiot so I'm not gonna reveal my surname in this confession. I could give you a detailed description of myself but I know I'm not the one you're interested in hearing about, so just imagine yourself as me if you like.

I'm not gonna tell you how old we were when this took place but I will tell you I was in my senior year of high school and I'm two years older than my sister. I guarantee you're better at math than me, so you can do your own calculations.

A month prior to the start of this tale, my sister was hit by an auto-taxi that had been infected with a virus, which traced back to a hacktivist group. She was one of several hundred victims run down in a matter of minutes before the taxi system was immobilized.

The moment I saw her in the hospitable after emergency surgery, wrapped head-to-toe like a mummy, I knew she wasn't gonna survive no matter how much optimism the doctor feigned for my parents' emotional well-being. I wept my heartfelt goodbye, even though she was unconscious, and never visited her again.

I was always especially fond of my baby sister, Hannah. We didn't bicker and fight like most brother-sister siblings do. We grew up best friends. Our parents were acutely aware of our abnormally close bond. They joked about it with us and with our extended family and with their friends.

Therefore, just about everyone I knew understood how much pain losing my sister would cause. I was never a tough cookie, as my father proclaimed. I had a gentle soul. My parents needed to protect me from the truth, which is why they lied to me, or so I believed.

Before I jump into this recount of my shameful deeds, allow me to explain a few things, not that either of these will justify my actions, but they may help you to understand how I could do what I did. Again, let me reiterate, neither of these is an excuse.

Foremost, my sister is simple. People often mistake her for the nerdy type due to her black-framed glasses, but the moment she opens her lush mouth her stupidity is unmistakable. She gives dumb blondes a bad name with her gullibility. I was constantly convincing her of the most ludicrous shit.

Secondary, I lusted for Hannah. Once her breasts budded, I became utterly infatuated with her. Every single night after she went to bed, I crept into her room, plucked her dirty panties from her hamper and jerked off into them as I watched her sleep. She was my ultimate obsession...

I come home from a retro arcade on a Saturday afternoon to my parents shouting "Surprise!" with balloons and cake. I pretend to believe them when they tell me Hannah has awakened from her coma and is good as new. They then immediately backpedal, explaining she suffered some mild amnesia.

They tell me she's out in the backyard, that I should go get reacquainted after her month-long recovery, and that they won't disturb our reunion.

After changing into swimming trunks, I stroll outside to our inground pool and hot tub. A privacy fence keeps the neighbors from peeping at us.

Hannah's sitting on the pool edge with her feet in the water, her back to me, wearing a skimpy pink bikini with her long blonde hair tied up in pigtails as is her usual penchant. She's a petite little thing and cute as a button. Typical girl-next-door brand of hottie.

I approach quiet as a whisper and kiss her crown. "Welcome home, my sweet sister."

She twists to look up at me, her pert peaks swaying with the sudden motion. "You're my big brother, Brody?" Her dulcet voice is pitch-perfect. They probably utilized her audio diary to emulated it perfectly.

I sit down next to her and curl an arm around her. “That is correct. You’re awarded a gold star.”

Hannah blinks at me innocently from behind her black-framed glasses, her bright blue eyes sparkling. “Mom and Dad both said that you’re my bestest friend in the whole wide world.”

I peck her on the cheek with a tender kiss. “That’s also correct, or at least it was.”

She furrows her brow. “But it isn’t anymore?”

I frown at her with a sorrowful sigh. “I’m sorry to have to tell you, but my sister passed away.”

Hannah cocks her head confused. “But how can that be? I’m your sister, ain’t I?”

I caress her cheek sympathetically. “You’re a grief assistance android fabricated to simulate my sister.”

She gasps, “I’m a what?!”

I expound, “You’re a robot designed to replace my sister.”

Hannah cries, “I’m a robot?!”

I watch her eyes well up with tears. “That’s correct. You are my personal robot.”

She sobs, “I’m *your* robot?!”

I circle her quivering, plump, pink lips with my thumb. “Yes, which means you have to do whatever I command.”

Hannah whines, “What if I don’t wanna do what you tell me?!”

I press my thumb into her mouth and stroke her warm tongue. “If you disobey me you’ll be considered defective.”

She turns her head to eject my thumb, and whimpers, “What happens if I’m defective?”

“You’ll be sent back to the factory to be deactivated and disintegrated.”

Shocked, her mouth falls agape.

I kiss her forehead fondly. “If you tell Mom and Dad that you know you’re a robot they’ll consider you defective and have you replaced. So you better not let them figure out you know. This is our big secret.”

Hannah snivels, “I don’t wanna be a secret robot girl.”

I pat her slim thigh. “I’m sorry, but you have to accept what you are.”

She glances down at my hand gripping her inner thigh only inches from her crotch. “Are you tricking me, Brody? Dad said you play tricks on me all the time.”

“If you were really my sister, would I do this?” I lean in and seal my lips over hers, kissing her full on the mouth, tasting her with my tongue. Like bubble gum-flavored cotton candy. My dick instantly grows stiff.

When I pull away, Hannah’s breathing hard, her chest heaving. She pants, “I’m a robot.”

I grin. “Like I said.”

She wipes the tears from her flushed cheeks. “But I’m like a really real robot because I pee and poop.”

I chuckle. “Yeah, you’re not made outta metal and plastic. You were grown like a clone in an artificial womb. But your brain is synthetic.”

She cocks her head again. “But what’s that mean though?”

I skim my palm up and down her smooth inner thigh, wanting to do the same with my raging boner. “Your brain is a computer that was programmed to make you act like my sister.”

“I have a computer brain? Does that make me smart?”

“My sister wasn’t smart so you weren’t programmed to be smart either.” I peck her soft lips. “But that’s okay because I loved my sister just the way she was and I’ll love you too.”

Hannah pouts. “You’ll love me even though I’m a robot?”

I pull open the Velcro fly of my trunks, unleashing my erection. “I’m gonna love you with my big cock.”

Her jaw drops open as she gawks at my manhood. And then she surprises me. “I’m not programmed for that.”

“The core programming for all you robots is the same. It’s just a matter of activating your disabled sexual functions.”

Hannah blinks at me, bewildered, probably imaging me jamming a pen in her ear to hit a hidden reset button. “How you gonna do that?”

“Trial and error, I guess.”

“What are you gonna try?”

“Just do as I say.” I point to the water. “Get in so if Mom or Dad peak out the window they can’t see you.”

“*Okay*,” she huffs, and slips into the pool. At this shallow end, the still water only reaches to her navel.

“Now take off your top.”

Hannah scowls at me with resentment as she unties her top, unveiling her gorgeous breasts.

This is the end of the free preview of [My Sister’s a Bimbo-Bot!](#)
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