

## **We Were Lovers**

### **Bonus Chapter: We Are Lovers**

Lies. All of it! Her whole life, a fucking lie told by her perverted, asshole brother. He'd fabricated an entire relationship, pulled it all out of his ass, just to get Sarah to sleep with him!

And he'd succeeded.

She blushed bright red at the thought, the realisation of what she'd done. She'd had sex with her *brother*. Incest. She'd committed *incest*.

There was no going back from that.

She couldn't *unfuck* him.

A riot of emotions swelled up in her chest. Rage and anger and shame and contempt.

He's *used* her. Sarah had been stupid enough to think that Brandon loved her, had been foolish enough to trust him with her heart. And, all the while, he'd been using her – manipulating her into spreading her legs for him.

Asshole!

And what could she do about it? Tell their mother or father what he'd done? No way. Go to the police? Hell no. She couldn't tell anyone. Ever. If someone were to find out that Sarah had spent weeks having non-stop sex with her brother...

No. She could *never* allow that to happen.

There was nothing she could do. No way to right the wrong that her brother had done to her. She was powerless, as always. Invisible.

Her mother didn't care, avoided Sarah at every opportunity. Same with her father – who hid himself away at work rather than face what his 'precious' daughter had become. She didn't know anyone outside this stupid, shitty house other than her doctors – all of whom wanted nothing more than to erase her from existence.

That's what they were trying to do, no matter what colourful words they used to describe it. Sarah regaining her old memories and identity would mean the person she was now – the silly girl who'd allowed herself to be used and fucked by her brother – would be replaced.

A person was their memories. Sarah had heard her mother say words similar to those once, in the early days of her amnesia. If a person didn't have their memories, they weren't the same person any more.

If Sarah got her memories back, she wouldn't be herself any more. She'd go back to being the old Sarah. The quiet loner.

'The old you was miserable,' her brother had said.

'You didn't have any real friends.'

'Lonely and sad, locked away in your room all day.'

Had those been lies too? Had the old Sarah been what her shithead brother described? Sad, miserable, alone. Was it true, or another of his attempts to manipulate her?

Sarah wanted to scream. To shout and thrash and let out all the feelings she was bottling up before they overwhelmed her.

Who *was* she?

And did she even *want* an answer to that question any more?

Sarah crawled under her blanket, tried to push the thoughts and feelings away. She needed to sleep. Rest. After she got some rest, she could work it all out. Sort herself out. That's all she needed. Just some rest.

Everything would be okay, she lied to herself. All she needed to do was to sleep her troubles away.

Sleeping didn't work. Not on that first night, or on the second or third, nor any night that followed after. The thoughts wouldn't go away, the feelings pressed and crushed her with their intensity.

Worse than the feelings, though, was the arousal.

In the few weeks she'd been having daily, intense sex with Brandon, it was like her body had grown used to the constant satisfaction. And now, Sarah didn't know what to do with herself. It came out of nowhere, tingling warmth and uncomfortable wetness. Fantasies popping into her head that she wanted no part of, yet that her body reacted to all the same.

At first, she tried to ignore her body's perverse lust. But that did no good. The random bursts of horny arousal only grew more intense, more demanding.

When it got too much, she tried touching herself. But fingers only went so far. After being filled with cock, her middle and ring fingers felt insignificant by comparison. They got the job done, got her off. But it wasn't the same. Like she'd spent a lifetime eating nothing but tofu, only to discover the sizzling delight of delicious bacon. Sure, tofu sated her hunger for a bit. But tofu was no bacon.

In her weakest moments, Sarah found herself actually standing up, walking to her bedroom door. She stopped herself before she could open and step out of it. If she did, she knew, she'd find herself in her brother's room – horny and wet and willing. And, knowing her brother as she now did, he wouldn't say no.

She refused to fall that far. She was the master of her body, not the other way around. She would *not* sleep with Brandon again.

Who was she, really?

Sarah had been asking herself that question ever since she'd woken up in a hospital bed so many months ago. Back then, she'd had no idea. The family her doctors had introduced her to were strangers in her eyes. The life she'd lived before the accident was a mystery – only bits and pieces had been revealed about the person she used to be. And most of those fragments, it turned out, had been untrue.

Who was she?

Finally, after months of pondering that question – of trying to learn about her life before the accident, before the amnesia, Sarah had an answer.

She was who she was.

Pretty obvious, in retrospect. But it'd taken a broken heart and painful truths for Sarah to finally work it out.

The truth was, Sarah knew now, it didn't matter who she'd been before the accident. That girl, whoever she'd been, was gone now. A memory in the minds of those who knew her. Sarah wasn't the girl who'd existed back then, even if they shared a name and body. They were different.

And that was fine.

Her mother wouldn't like it – didn't like it. But Sarah couldn't care less what that bitch thought. If the woman hadn't been so cold and uncaring, maybe Sarah wouldn't have ended up doing what she'd done with Brandon. And if her father hadn't busied himself with work and avoided Sarah like the plague, maybe Sarah wouldn't have been left with a single person in her life to pay attention to her – her brother.

The old Sarah was gone. And, Sarah hoped, never coming back.

Sarah was Sarah. She was herself.

Her mind turned to the journals and diaries. The last remnants of the old Sarah who'd once been. The story of her life that her brother had hidden away, kept secret. How many were there? Lots, from what her brother had said. All filled to the brim with rambling thoughts, no doubt.

When she'd first heard about those books, Sarah had been outraged at the

betrayal. After a few days, she'd wanted to read them and learn about who she used to be – though she hadn't wanted to speak to Brandon then, so held back on demanding their return to her.

Now, though, she had different thoughts on those books and their contents.

She no longer wanted to read them. They belonged to the old her, not the *her* she was now. Reading them would achieve nothing. They were just the journals of a girl that no longer existed.

So Sarah went out into her back yard, started collecting a pile of twigs and tree branches.

What better way to send off her old self than this?

As she watched the journals and diaries burn, Sarah felt a weight lift from her shoulders. A shadow had been following her everywhere she went until now, the echo of her old life. Now, that shadow was gone – burned to ashes. Sarah was free to live her own life. And, from here on out, she'd do just that.

Just as she was basking in the sensation of freedom, however, her body threw a curve-ball at her.

Tingles, heat. A shiver of arousal followed by dampness between her legs. Her body, as always, had the worst of timings.

She should have walked away there and then, she knew. Gotten as far away from her brother as possible. She *should* have retreated to her room, played with herself and kept a safe, comfortable distance between her and Brandon.

*But why?* A quiet, hungry part of her asked instead.

So what if he was her brother? It wasn't like they hadn't fucked before. Countless times. All hot and erotic and orgasmic. It wasn't like they hadn't already crossed that forbidden line.

But even if they *had* done it before, even if Sarah *did* want to feel a cock inside her again, why *Brandon*? He *certainly* didn't deserve it. Didn't deserve *her*. After all the lies he'd told her, after all his manipulation, was she *really* going to give him what he'd wanted all along?

He deserved punishment, not a reward.

The idea came to her, hot and kinky and *just*.

"Take your pants off," she ordered.

Totally naked, Sarah walked down the hallway to her brother's room.

She felt wild, free, sexy. More than that, she felt *powerful*. She had her urges, but she wasn't a slave to them any longer. By taking the reins, taking control of her desires in the way she had, she'd truly become the master of her own body.

And, in a way, Brandon was her slave – though he didn't know it. The idiot probably thought she'd forgiven him or something.

She hadn't. And she never would.

But that didn't mean she couldn't have some fun.

Walking into her brother's room, she was more alive than she'd ever felt before. Without bothering to speak, she walked over to her brother's bed, climbed on top of it and him – pulling his blanket away as she did.

"Sarah," Brandon whispered urgently as she grabbed hold of his hardening cock. "Mom and Dad are–"

A single glare was all it took to silence him.

Their parents were downstairs. Sarah already knew *that*. In truth, it was half the reason she'd even come to her brother's room in the first place.

She'd make sure they heard what was about to happen.

Ecstasy spread through every inch of Sarah's body as she impaled herself with her

brother's cock. The feel of it spreading her wide open, filling her up, was almost too much to handle. She had to hold herself back from orgasming right there and then.

It was glorious, *amazing*.

Would all dick be the same, or was the fact that this one belonged to her brother the reason it felt so good?

She started moving, slowly at first, enjoying the sensation of his meat pushing in and out of her. She was at its mercy, she knew. If her brother took the initiative, started fucking her, she'd lose herself in the overwhelming pleasure of it.

When he tried to place his hands on her hips, she glared down at him – another warning.

She was in control here, not him.

If he didn't like that, he could always pull out of her and jack off by himself.

Sarah let out a moan, began fucking her brother in earnest.

Bedspring creaked, moans and gasps and groans filled the bedroom. The air grew hot and clammy, intense with the action taking place on the bed.

Their parents could hear. Sarah was certain of it.

They could hear, and that meant one of two things. Either they'd do what they'd done ever since Sarah left the hospital – ignore her and pretend like nothing was wrong. Or they come up and investigate, find their children fucking like rabbits.

The thought of their faces upon walking in and witnessing the act sent pleasure tingling through Sarah's body.

Let them come, she thought. Let them see what their *precious* Sarah had become. What they'd allowed their son to do to her. Let them watch in horror as their little angel rode herself to orgasm after orgasm on her brother's big cock.

Sarah rode Brandon for a long, *long* time. She only stopped when she felt him cumming, his cock twitching inside her and filling her with that recognisable, faint warmth. And not once during the act did Sarah's parents come to check up on them.

She collapsed atop her brother, panting heavily. Sweat coated her body, dripped down from her and onto him.

If they didn't want to acknowledge their children were fucking, she thought to herself, that was fine.

It just meant she'd have to be even louder next time. Even more intense.

Eventually, her asshole mother and her asshole father wouldn't be able to ignore Sarah fucking her asshole brother any more. And, when they finally couldn't ignore her, that's when the real *fun* would begin.

Old Sarah had been a nice, quiet girl.

Sarah, when she'd been trying to figure out who she was, trying to remember, had been a nice, kind girl too. And that'd ended up with her being used by the only person in the world who'd actually paid attention to her.

New Sarah had learned her lesson.

She wasn't going to be a 'nice' girl any more.