

We Were Lovers

Chapter 2

My sister glanced at me over the dinner table, that familiar curiosity glinting in her eyes.

Ever since my grand lie began, ever since I'd told her that we'd once been lovers – sexual partners – Sarah had looked at me in that same way. Curious and uncertain, a flare of desire in her pale green eyes.

Not desire for me. Not yet.

No, in her eyes I saw a hunger for answers.

She wanted to know who she was. Who she'd been.

Probably, she wanted to know why her past self – the person she couldn't remember ever being – had hooked up with me.

Did she suspect me of lying?

I had no idea.

All I knew – all I cared about – was that those beautiful eyes were looking at me. For the first time in our lives, my sister was looking at me and seeing a potential lover.

Before the accident, she'd have never even considered it.

I looked up from my food, met Sarah's gaze and smiled.

Almost immediately, she looked away.

And so I did the same. Returned to eating dinner, my mind filled with thoughts and plans and ideas. Plots to trick Sarah into accepting me as her secret boyfriend.

The collection of journals and diaries I had were extensive.

I'd barely scratched the surface of what they had to offer and already I knew more about my sister than I'd ever considered before. Certainly, I knew more about Sarah than she knew about herself.

Her crush, for example.

Some dude at a part-time job she'd had before the accident. An older guy who flirted with her as they stacked shelves together, who told her lame jokes and only ever wore plaid shirts.

I'd never met the guy, never so much as seen what he looked like. But, with the amount of detail Sarah's journals provided, it wasn't hard to imagine the prick. Long, dark hair. Sun-tanned skin. Stupid clothes. A poser, most likely.

The journals fawned over him, mentioned how Sarah jilted herself to the thought of that co-worker.

But, for all the useless nonsense written down about how 'dreamy' the guy was, there were little tidbits of information here and there that I *could* use.

Apparently, the guy did a lot of charity work, which – judging from what she'd written – my sister found very appealing.

And he was always smiling, always had a dumb smirk on his face.

Easy enough to emulate that.

Most useful of all, perhaps, was the co-worker's interest in history. In the store's downtime, when they had nothing better to do than chat, the guy would tell me sister all kinds of stories about ancient history – events and mythologies and the like – and, for whatever reason, Sarah really liked that.

"Hey," I smiled, stepping into Sarah's room. "I'm going to work soon. When Mom gets back, could you tell her I won't be here for dinner?"

Sarah raised an eyebrow at me.

"You have a job?" She asked, confusion lacing her voice. "I thought Dad said you're unemployed."

"Well," I grinned, "it's not really a job. I'm not getting paid or anything. It's more like

charity work. Feeding the homeless and raising money for poor kids, that kind of stuff.”

A total lie, of course. I'd be spending the next few hours at a friend's house playing video games.

“I'm actually in a rush,” I added quickly, not giving Sarah any time to ask questions. “I'll be back tonight!”

“Uh. Okay,” Sarah blinked at me as I quickly left her room.

I couldn't help but smirk as I walked away from her bedroom, left the house and began the short walk to my friend's place.

Little lies. Easy as pie.

I just had to make sure none of my fabrications contradicted each other, and that I remembered each and every lie I told.

The former should be easy enough. I just needed to keep the lies short and sweet, not go into detail about them and not give Sarah a chance to question or dig in to them.

And the latter would be the simplest thing in the world.

I pulled out my phone, opened up a note and began typing down the lie that I'd told Sarah, recorded the date and time.

There were already a dozen other little notes saved on my phone; along with back-up, hand-written notes I kept in the chest at home. Little lies slowly building up a new reality. The longer the list got, the more difficult it'd be to keep track of each individual lie, but I wasn't overly concerned with that.

Fate had given me a perfect opportunity.

Sarah with amnesia.

No way was I going to pass up the chance to seduce her. Not a chance in hell.

“What,” I said with a smirk, “do you know about Remus and Romulus?”

Sarah gave me a flat stare. She didn't blink, didn't say anything, just stared at me with that frozen expression.

“Oh,” I continued, trying to sound slightly surprised – like I hadn't planned this entire conversation out beforehand. “Right. Amnesia. Sometimes I forget...”

“Yeah,” Sarah said, face relaxing and eyes rolling. “You're not the only one.”

The tiniest hint of a smile tugged at her lips.

“Remus and Romulus,” Sarah spoke softly, thoughtful. “Sounds like the name of an indie rock band or something.”

We were sitting on Sarah's bed, the room dimly lit by the evening's orange light. She was wearing jeans and a white blouse, utterly regular clothes that somehow looked unbelievably sexy on her body. From the way she was sitting, leaning back against the bedpost, her chest stood out – perky breasts begging to be stared at.

“Less indie rockstars and more mythical brothers,” I told Sarah. “*The* mystical brothers, really.”

The first time I learned about the story was from one of Sarah's journals. It'd been the first story her crush co-worker had told her they day they met. A story of brothers raised by a wolf, one going on to found a city while the other became worm-food. After seeing it mentioned in Sarah's journal, I looked the full story up online – picking the version that sounded most interesting – and began memorising it.

When I began telling Sarah the tale, she looked dubious and confused. Why was her brother telling her about some ancient story out of no-where? But, as I got into the rhythm of the story, so did Sarah. Her face shifted from bafflement to interest to enrapture.

“Just think,” I ended the story with. “If it'd been the other brother who died, we'd have had a Reman Empire instead of the Roman Empire. Or, well, maybe not. Still, it's interesting to think about.”

Sarah was leaning forward now, eagerly listening to me speak.

Why did she like historical and mythological stories so much?

"Wanna hear another one?" I asked her.

Oddly, the question seemed to jarr Sarah out of her eagerness. An odd expression crossed her face, a pang of pain, a silent longing.

"Did you tell me stories before the accident?"

"Yes," I lied. "All the time."

Sarah sat back, face unreadable. All enjoyment had drained away.

"I don't remember," she said softly, not looking at me. "I can't remember anything. It's all... gone."

I couldn't help wonder how that worked. She didn't remember her past, couldn't remember her own name when she first woke up. Yet, she knew how to talk and walk, knew what a banana was. Why could she remember how to do maths or how to cook, yet not remember Remus and Romulus – the story her crush had told her?

What dictated the things Sarah could and couldn't remember?

And, more importantly, what dictated when – or if – she'd start to remember the things she'd forgotten?

"Are you okay?" I asked, pushing the thoughts aside.

Slowly, Sarah nodded her head.

I watched her for a long moment, an idea forming in the back of my mind.

"You know," I said, choosing my words carefully, "there might be a way to help jog your memories."

At that, Sarah looked up at me.

"We used to make out a lot," I told her. "A *lot*. And, sometimes, there would be this *feeling*. The kind of sensation you can't get anywhere else. It's like magic. Like the whole world feels *right*."

I was talking out of my ass. I'd never made out with Sarah – or any other girl for that matter. And, even if I had, I was pretty sure there was nothing 'magical' about it.

But, if I could convince Sarah...

"Maybe if we kissed, and you got that feeling again, it might help spark your memories."

Sarah's cheeks flushed, pink swiftly shifting to red.

She opened her mouth, stammered her response.

"I- Ah- I don't think-"

"It's alright," I interrupted before she could fully reject the idea. "We don't have to or anything. Just think about it for a few days. It's a long shot, but who knows. Maybe it'll work."

I sat back in bed, flipping through one of Sarah's many diaries.

My sister, it was safe to say, was an introvert. Not many friends, and none that she didn't either work with or know solely online. No boyfriend or significant love. No great dreams or aspirations. She liked to write a lot, explain in huge detail how boring and uninteresting her life was. But, other than that, my sister really didn't have that much going for her.

She liked stories. That much was obvious.

She admired 'good' people – like her former crush and his charity bullshit.

Occasionally, she'd play video games with her online friends or binge-watch shows and movies. But, for the most part, pre-amnesia Sarah seemed to have spent most of her time thinking.

Just *thinking*. And writing down her thoughts.

That was so odd to me.

I mean, who spends hours and hours every day doing nothing but thinking about random shit?

In one journal, Sarah had dedicated a full twelve pages musing about colour. Not

any colour in particular, but the 'concept' of colour. What it meant. If everyone saw colours the same way, or if each pair of eyes saw them differently. What if, the journal asked, one person's blue was another person's red? What if everyone in the world had the exact same favourite colour but, because we all saw colours differently, it made it seem otherwise?

That was the kind of bullshit I had to read through.

Page after page of total nonsense.

Maybe if my sister spent less time *in* her head and more time *giving* it, my read-through of her diaries and journals would actually be entertaining.

As it was, I was stuck reading the stupidest thoughts imaginable.

Still, for all the nonsense and bullshit, there were little hints to be found here and there. Glimmers of information that I could use.

Sarah liked to stargaze.

Sarah enjoyed strawberry icecream.

Sarah wanted to wear bikinis but was too shy.

That last one in particular was a golden find.

Apparently, she owned several sets. Colourful, pretty swimwear if the diary's description was to be believed.

Summer had come and gone. The date above this particular entry marked it as the beginning of Summer, a few months back now. In it, Sarah wrote about how she wished she had the confidence to wear the two-piece swimsuits. She had a nice body – not that I'd ever gotten a chance to really see it. And she was more than pretty enough. Yet, for some reason, Sarah had been too shy to ever wear the bikinis she'd bought for herself.

Now *that* was something I could use.

"Alright!" I said with a wide grin. "Lets get your memories back!"

Sarah looked at me dubiously, an eyebrow raised.

She was sitting on her bed, a book face-down on the covers. I stood in her bedroom's doorway, eager and smiling – just like the guy she'd mentioned in her diary, her former crush.

When my sister didn't say anything, I stepped fully into her room, closed the door behind myself.

"I know more about you than anyone else in the world," I told Sarah, actually telling her the truth for once. "If I can't jog your memories, nothing can."

Sarah blushed, glanced down at my crotch for a heartbeat, then looked away.

"Don't worry," I told her. "I'm not gonna try seducing you." Not yet at least. "I just figure, since I know so much about you that no-one else does, if anyone can help you regain your memories, it's me."

The amnesia wearing off, Sarah remembering her past, would be a very bad thing. Very bad.

Not only would it become impossible for me to ever trick her into sleeping with me, but she'd also *know* that's exactly what I'd tried to do. She'd know I'd stolen her diaries and journals, used them to manipulate her.

Basically, I'd be fucked.

So using the pretence of getting Sarah's memories back was pretty dangerous, to say the least. Accidentally ridding her of her amnesia would be bad news all round. But, for all the risk I was taking, the potential rewards were just too juicy not to *try*.

I sat down on Sarah's bed, not close enough to make her uncomfortable, but not too far away either.

"Sarah," I stated firmly, drawing my sister's gaze back to my face. "That's what everyone calls you, right? Sarah. And, if I know you, that doesn't feel quite right, does it?"

She stared at me for a long moment. Then, slowly, she nodded her head.

It was an educated guess on my part. There was nothing in the journals I'd read so

far that made me believe my sister didn't like her name. More, it was to do with the amnesia itself.

Every time my sister heard her own name, it was a reminder that she didn't know who she really was – something that I knew made her uncomfortable.

"That's because you've never liked being called Sarah," I lied. "I don't know why, and I don't think you really knew why you didn't like it either. But you didn't. It's why me and you always had nicknames for each other instead."

Giving Sarah a new name – one unassociated with her forgotten past – would, with any luck, help in my plans for her.

A new name. A new identity. A new life.

Replace the old life completely and there'd be no need for the old memories to return – or so I hoped.

Sarah shifted awkwardly.

"Nicknames?"

"Yes. I used to call you Sis, obviously. And, whenever we were alone, I'd call you Princess or Beautiful or Babe. Mostly, I called you Lil' Sis."

Pink crept into Sarah's cheeks as she tilted her head to one side.

"Why 'Little Sis'? I'm older than you, aren't I?" She asked.

I couldn't help but smile. She'd taken the bait.

"It's kind of an inside joke. You used to call me 'Big Brother' because of, well..." I gestured to my crotch. "So I started calling you Lil' Sis."

Sarah, predictably, blushed brightly.

"We were very close," I added. "If there's anything you want to know about who you were before the accident, I'll answer as best I can."

Sarah remained silent for a long time, cheeks flushed in embarrassment.

When she finally spoke, she locked eyes with me. Pale green irises intense.

"How did it start?" My sister asked slowly. "Me and you. How did it happen?"

I smiled at her, began spinning her a tale.

Little lies were simple. They were the type of things Sarah wasn't likely to question or remember – the stuff I could get away with easily.

It was big lies that were the problem. Whole stories fabricated from nothing.

The story of how our illicit relationship began would be one Sarah remembered. If I contradicted it at any point in the future, she'd know.

Fortunately, I'd already planned for this.

The tale I spun for my sister was one I'd planned out days ago. No loop-holes, no contradictions.

It'd begun, I told her, with a holiday.

That part was real. The best lies were hidden between two truths. The four of us – me, her, Mom and Dad – had gone on a short weekend holiday abroad. In order to save a bit on money, me and Sarah were forced to share a hotel room.

In reality, that meant changing clothes in the shared bathroom and mostly ignoring each other.

In the fantasy I was creating, things were a lot more interesting.

Sarah listened intently as I told her my tale. Just like with the story of Remus and Romulus, Sarah was enraptured. She leaned forward, pretty lips parting slightly. For the moment, she seemed to forget I was her brother, forget everything.

When the story came to its end, silence followed.

For the longest time, neither of us said anything. Just sat there looking at each other.

Not that I was complaining. My sister was beautiful. Stunning.

Her full lips and alluring eyes and pink cheeks. Her body, lean and firm, with

wonderful, perky tits and a nice, round ass.

I could have stared at her all day.

"Do you really think it'll work?" Sarah said at last, staring hard into my eyes.

"Do I think what will work?"

Sarah sifted uncomfortably.

"Us kissing. Do you really believe it'll help me remember?"

I shrugged, heart racing.

"I don't know," I answered simply. "But there's no harm in finding out, right?"

Again, silence filled my sister's bedroom.

A wave of emotions passed through Sarah's eyes too fast to catch.

Finally, she spoke again, face red.

"Then lets try it."