

We Were Lovers

Chapter 3

The moment our lips met, a tingle ran down my spine.

All thought vanished save for one simple fact. My sister's lips were warm, gentle.

It lasted barely a second before Sarah pulled away.

Still, in that single moment, life was *amazing*.

Sarah blushed brightly, refused to look me in the eye. We were still on her bed, sitting with legs crossed facing each other. And, for a long while, neither of us said anything. We simply sat there, the tiny peck she'd given me on both our minds.

She'd actually done it. Sarah had kissed me.

No tongues or anything. It'd been a quick, shy thing. But she *had* kissed me, my lips.

That was something the old Sarah would've *never* done.

I felt giddy, excited. Victorious.

In the grand scheme of things, one chaste kiss was nothing special. It wasn't like I'd gotten her to spread her legs for me, let me fuck her. Yet, even so, she'd *kissed* me. I could barely believe it.

On my lips, I could still feel her warmth. The contact of her soft lips on mine.

"So," I said as the silence stretched on. "Did it work? Did anything come back to you?"

Sarah's face reddened even more. She shook her head quickly, still refusing to look at me. Her lips, full and beautiful and so very kissable, remained tightly shut.

"How..." I hesitated, a tinge of fear dampening my excitement slightly. "How do you feel?"

If she didn't like it, or if she felt weird after what she'd just done, it might mean she'd never want to try it – or anything more – ever again. If kissing her brother felt *wrong* to Sarah, my wicked scheme would be all but dead.

"I..." Sarah spoke, voice impossibly soft and quiet. "It felt..."

Sarah turned away from me, face as red as a ripe tomato.

She didn't look upset or offended, nor did she seem disturbed or disgusted with herself. Just very, very shy.

Before long, the silence began to grow from awkward to downright uncomfortable. I made an excuse to leave, rose from her bed and walked over to her bedroom door. As I opened it, I turned to look at Sarah and found her, for the first time since the little kiss, staring at me.

Our eyes locked and, for a moment, it seemed like she wanted to speak.

Then the blush returned to her cheeks and she glanced sharply away.

I left her room, mind racing.

If Sarah's memories ever came back. I was fucked.

That was my biggest fear by far. More so than her rejecting me or refusing to 'resume' our 'former relationship'. *That* I could live with. If I never had sex with Sarah, it'd suck – but I'd accept it. Some things just didn't work out.

But her remembering, her *knowing* I'd tried to manipulate her into having sex with me. *That* terrified me.

Especially since it could happen at any moment. Literally.

It could happen at random one day. Or be triggered by any number of unpredictable things. She might eat some snack she'd liked before the accident and the taste of it could bring *everything* back. At any moment, my sister could remember who she was. Hell, even the kiss she'd given me might've caused all her memories to return.

What I was doing – tricking her, fabricating a new past and memories for her to

believe – was risky and stupid.

But the potential rewards were just too *juicy* not to try it.

So I had to come up with a plan.

Somehow, I had to make sure Sarah's real memories never returned. That her amnesia remained permanent.

After much reading up on and studying large-scale, long-term memory loss, I devised a plan. Not a perfect plan, but it was the best shot I had.

Restoring an amnesiac's memories often included certain stimuli.

Pictures, stories, scents and tastes and sounds. Things that might jog the subject's memories in a kind of forced nostalgia. If one memory could be sparked, so could the others. But, often times, the subject – even upon remembering certain things – would have many holes and gaps in their recollections. Along with the nostalgic 'spark' of a memory, subjects would also usually need someone to fill in the blanks – guide their subconscious mind into rebuilding things.

Memories degrade over time, see. Like Chinese Whispers. Every time a person recalls an event from their past, they potentially – and unknowingly - alter it. Tiny details get misremembered, things get rewritten to fit in with that person's changes in mentality as they grow older. Memories degrade and *change*.

For Sarah, who couldn't recall her memories, that left an opening.

What I needed to do wasn't prevent Sarah from remembering her past, it was to make sure she *did* start to remember – just in an environment I controlled.

Like showing her the old hiding spot she'd had. Or telling her the story of Remus and Romulus. Giving her a sense of familiarity while twisting the truth in such a way that it effectively rewrote my sister's memories.

Even if Sarah started to remember who she was, she wouldn't remember *everything*. Memories don't work like that. There'd be holes and gaps and blank spots. And in those, I could put whatever stories I wanted.

In short, my plan was simple.

Use the journals and information I had on Sarah to bring about sensations of familiarity, then fill in the holes in her mind with a new reality – one in which we'd been partners and lovers.

Not too different from what I'd already been doing.

Only now, I had structure. Strategy. A step-by-step plan.

A lie hidden between two truths.

Whatever it took, no matter what, I'd make Sarah mine.

For a few days, Sarah couldn't so much as look at me without blushing profusely. Whenever I tried to speak to her, she'd find an excuse to run away. But she didn't seem to hate me, wasn't disturbed by my presence. Was she just shy and embarrassed over her 'first kiss'?

From what I'd read in her journals, I was certain that it had been.

Sarah's first kiss was with her brother, and mine was with my sister.

After a while of giving her space, I decided it was time to move forward with my plan. During her period of avoiding me, I'd read up and done my homework – devouring diaries and journals with eager excitement.

I tapped on Sarah's bedroom door, opened it before she could answer it, stepped inside.

Sarah was, predictably, reading a book.

With her computer password lost in the deep-dark of her mind, her means of entertaining herself were limited. She had a TV and a large, full bookcase. And I'd never seen her watching the TV.

"One of the benefits of amnesia," I smiled, stepping over and sitting down on her bed. "You get to experience all those books for the first time all over again."

"Yeah," Sarah shifted uncomfortably. "I guess."

"I've been thinking," I told her, keeping my eyes above the titillating neckline of her t-shirt. "About ways to help jog your memory. And about some other stuff. Does 'Tens's Alley' ring any bells for you?"

"No," my sister answered. "None. Listen Brandon, I think..."

"Okay!" I grinned at her. "Put on something nice to wear and meet me downstairs in ten minutes. We're going out."

Her eyes widened, lips parting to argue.

I didn't give her a chance.

"Trust me," I smiled, hopping quickly off her bed. "This'll help bring your memories back, it has to!"

I was out the door before Sarah could so much as utter a word in response. In moments, I was in my own room again, collecting the small sum of cash I kept hidden in my chest. I didn't like spending money – not when I could save it instead – but today would be more than worth the loss.

Wearing pretty much the same getup she'd had on a few minutes ago – plain white t-shirt and skinny jeans – Sarah appeared downstairs, an air of nervous awkwardness surrounding her.

I paused for a moment, taking in the sight of her.

Pale green, almond-shaped eyes. Beautiful eyes, filled with uncertainty and shyness. Innocent eyes that made me want to protect Sarah and, at the same time, made me want to ravish her. Paired with her naturally pink cheeks, her heart-shaped face, her adorable nose, and her lusciously full lips, my sister had the face of an angel.

And the body of a seductress.

Modest and sexy at the same time. Firm. Her breasts were neither too small, nor too big. Perfect, perky handfuls. The type of tits that really *bounced*. Even with her wearing a bra, they jiggled when she walked. My mouth almost began to salivate at the thought of how bouncy they'd be naked.

And her butt – equally bouncy and lively. Two round buns that openly tempted eyes and silently begged to be spanked. In the skin-tight jeans Sarah wore, I didn't need to imagine the curvy perfection of my sister's ass – I could already see it.

Sexy and cute at the same time, hott yet adorable.

"Good," I grinned at her. "You're here. Lets go."

I started walking to the house's front door and – thankfully – Sarah followed me. I could *feel* her desire to ask where I was taking her, the question held back by her shy awkwardness.

By the end of today, I was certain the awkwardness of our kiss would be gone. If everything went well, Sarah and I would be closer than ever. All I needed to do was play my cards right, stick to the plan and use the knowledge I had on my sister to my advantage.

Outside the house, I had a taxi waiting. A necessary expense.

I told the driver where to go, took a seat in the back with Sarah.

Ten's Alley. A bowling alley inside of huge mall.

It was large and open, music playing over speakers and the recognisable sounds of bowling balls striking bowling pins echoing throughout. Not packed, luckily. But not empty. A few families were bowling together, a group of friends here and there.

Sarah and I got our rented shoes, headed to our assigned alley and, to my sister's bewilderment, began playing.

"Remember anything?" I asked her after her turn to throw the ball – something she seemed to have trouble even picking up. "Anything at all?"

She shook her head at me.

Not unexpected, really. She'd only been to this place a few times before. The mall we were at was too far to walk to and a longer-than-needed drive away, so it'd taken special occasions worthy of celebrating to convince our parents to bring us here.

Still, there were several mentions of this place in Sarah's journals. Positive mentions. Sarah – old, pre-amnesia Sarah – associated Ten's Alley with happy times, good memories.

"We came here for your thirteenth birthday," I told her. That much was true. "And again when you got your first ever job – you said it was your treat, since you could afford to pay for things yourself at last." Again, true. "It's here that we had our first real date, as boyfriend and girlfriend." A lie, obviously. "Oh, and Aunt Karren's wedding! We came here after the ceremony, and Mom and Dad made bets over how long the marriage would last." True. Dad won the bet, too. Less than a year.

There were more, but those – save for the 'date' one – were the times Sarah has mentioned specifically in the journals as being fond memories.

"Nothing?" I asked. "Really?"

Again, Sarah shook her head – this time, a real sadness in her eyes.

"It's okay," I told her, reaching out and taking her hand. She flinched but didn't pull away. "You'll start to remember eventually. I'm sure of it. But, even if you don't, it's fine. If you never get your old memories back, that's okay. 'Cause we can just make *new* memories for you. Memories just as happy and fun as the old ones!

"Don't sweat it if you can't remember anything. It just means you get to experience all the good times all over again."

Sarah stared at, face unreadable.

"Good times," she said after an uncomfortably long silence. "Like fucking my brother?"

"Don't knock it 'til you've tried it," I smiled at her, heart pounding in my chest. "And yes. I'd consider those times *very* good. If you could remember them, you would too."

Uncertainty flickered behind Sarah's eyes. I rose from my seat, grabbed a bowling ball and walked over to the throwing line.

"Feel free to look at my ass," I told her over my shoulder.

I made my throw, somehow managed to get a perfect strike.

Grinning, I turned to my sister – caught her eyes darting away from my backside, a pink blush in her cheeks.

By the time our taxi arrived to take us home, whatever awkwardness and discomfort Sarah had felt about me was gone. We talked and chatted, laughed together. Knowing everything that Old Sarah liked made chatting up and wooing New Sarah too easy.

She finished off the strawberry icecream cone I'd gotten her on the ride home, listening as I told her sweet little lies.

And, when we got home, I led her to her room – stood waiting in the doorway as she turned to face me.

"Dad is weird around me," she said softly. "Like he's always walking on eggshells. He treats me like I'm a kid. Mom avoids me constantly, and she's always cold and mean. And it's not like I have any friends or anyone to talk to or hang out with outside. You're the only person who treats me like I'm a normal person."

She shifted from foot to foot, a faint blush creeping into her cheeks.

"I just wanted to say," she continued in a whisper. "Thank you. For trying to help me."

And then she leaned forward, eyes closed.

Her lips met mine in a single, perfect moment. Soft and sweet and tasting ever so faintly of strawberry.

A heart-beat later, I was staring at my sister's bedroom door – which had just been shyly slammed in my face. A stupid smirk on my face and electricity flowing through my veins.

She'd kissed me.

Another soft peck, though lasting a little longer than the first. Nothing overly deep or sexy yet. But still. *She'd* kissed *me*. And not in order to get her memories back. She'd done it because she *wanted* to.

If that wasn't progress, I didn't know what was.

Did this mean she saw us as dating, now? Was that her way of saying she was okay with 'continuing' our fictitious relationship?

I had no idea. But the simple fact that she *had* kissed me made me smile like an idiot whenever I found myself thinking about it – which was often. Sarah, my beautiful, unobtainable sister had kissed me. What would've been impossible before the accident now felt entirely sane and reasonable.

It meant she saw me as more than just a brother. It meant she was, at least in some small way, open to the idea of us being *more*.

I was going to fuck my sister.

At some point, I'd convince her to sleep with me. Convince her that we'd been doing just that, sleeping together, for a long time already.

Time was all I'd need.

I'd read enough from my sister's journals and diaries to know that she masturbated. Before the accident, she'd played with herself often. Annoyingly, it was one of the few topics Sarah hadn't gone into a lot of detail on. But she *did* do it.

She was pretty much the same age I was, a year older. Which meant she'd have the same urges and hormonal desires that I did.

Her body wanted to be fucked. It was nature's push.

And, except for Dad, I was pretty much the only guy in the world that Sarah knew. It made sense that her hormone-consumed mind would plant me into her fantasies, right? She believed we'd had sex before, many times, so she must've at least *thought* about it.

All I needed to do was make her *think* about it more.

Get her horny and aroused enough that her restrained and self-control evaporated. Make it so that she caved to her hormonal desires.

I flipped through of her journals, headed straight to a page that she'd mentioned touching herself in. Read and re-read it so many times that my eyes stung. Searching the scant description, my sister's thoughts, for any hints I could use.

She'd felt guilty about it. Regretful and uncomfortable.

She didn't think it was right for her to think about someone while she diddled herself. Something about it not being fair to them for her to imagine them 'that way'. I read those two words over and over again.

What did 'that way' mean?

Did Sarah have a particularly embarrassing kink or something?

Thoughts and ideas coursed through my mind. Situations and kinks in which Sarah might feel bad about her sexual fantasies.

Maybe she liked the thought of pegging a guy? Felt bad for mentally emasculating them like that? Or perhaps she had some weird peeing or pooping thing going on? What could Old Sarah have possibly been so embarrassed and ashamed of?

I placed the journal back inside my chest, picked up another and began skimming.

Boring thoughts on weather. Tedious contemplations on life and death. Dull droning about countless drab topics. Page after page of crap. Until, finally, I found something tasty.

More than tasty. Delicious.

In just a few hastily scribbled lines, the answer to my question about my sister's shameful desires was answered.

A wide smile spread my lips.