

We Were Lovers

Chapter 4

I smiled at my sister, lost in her pretty face and amazingly beautiful eyes. I could have spent all day staring at Sarah, admiring her. I could've wasted minutes and hours and days doing nothing but appreciating her humble beauty and not regret a second of it.

Right then, her eyes were on the sky.

The two of us were laying down in the garden, green grass underneath and a blue sky above. There were a few clouds in the sky; puffy white shapes that we'd just spent the last half-hour pointing at, searching for recognition. Was that a car? Or a book? Was that one a person's head? A bear? A banana?

Sarah – the old Sarah – had liked to think about things. *Really* think about them. Contemplating even the most mundane of things in ridiculous levels of detail. This was something she'd liked to do a lot. She'd liked to think – in great detail – about the shapes she saw in the clouds.

Was the new Sarah the same?

Was she thinking about all those clouds and their shapes right then? Was she, in that moment, lost in endless and tedious contemplations? Or was she simply staring up at the sky, enjoying the simple, relaxing beauty above us?

How much of my sister was old Sarah, and how much of her was an entirely new person?

And how much was I responsible for crafting the newer one?

She was beautiful. Truly stunning.

Right then, she was wearing a plain old t-shirt and jeans. Clothes that, on any other girl, would've been uninteresting. Yet, on Sarah, the clothes somehow managed to be sexy. The tight, thin t-shirt fabric clung to Sarah's torso – the outline of her bra visible underneath it. Faintly, I could make out the purple, flowery patterns on the bra cups. And the skinny jeans, hugging Sarah's legs and bottom. Truly marvellous.

But, as sexy as those simple clothes may have looked on Sarah's perfect body, it was nothing compared to her face.

Her eyes. It was my sister's eyes that drew my gaze the most. Almond shaped eyes with hypnotic, pale green irises. I could have stared into those skyward-facing eyes forever. And her lips. Full and lush and beyond pretty – just looking at them make me want to kiss them again. Soft pink lips that always tasted ever so faintly of something fruity.

We'd shared several more kisses since our bowling date. Tiny chaste kisses. And, each time, her lips had tasted sweet.

"The sky's up there," Sarah said softly, a blush creeping into her already rosy cheeks. She pointed up at the clouds, not turning her gaze away from the sky.

"I know," I told her, not moving my gaze from her face.

Confidence. That was the key. Assertive, but not aggressive.

Sarah's blush deepened, a tiny smile tugging at her beautiful lips. She said nothing else, didn't complain about my staring.

Only once. I'd read through most of Sarah's journals at that point. And, in all of those thought-filled pages, she'd only mentioned her kink once. And, even then, she'd more implied it than anything else.

Sarah was submissive.

Not in the BDSM sense of whips and ropes and candle-wax. But in a gentler way. She wanted to please, to make people happy. And her kink was much the same. She wanted to pleasure, to give her all in satisfying her 'future boyfriend'. In the journals, she'd pictured a guy taller than her, older than her, handsome but not arrogant. She'd wanted someone confident, assertive. Someone who wouldn't be afraid to toss her down on he

bed and climb atop her, have his way with her. Yet, at the same time, someone who'd be gentle and loving – pleasuring her in the same way she wanted to pleasure him.

I knew what she wanted. And I had, thanks to the bowling trip, an opening for us to start secretly dating. All I needed to do now was to become the type of guy she wanted. Or, at the very least, trick her into think I was.

Easier said than done.

Assertive yet gentle. Confident but not arrogant. Trying to be both without crossing the invisible lines old Sarah had lain out would be challenging. At what point did confidence turn into arrogance? Was it even possible to be confident without having a hint of arrogance? How was I supposed to make up for the contradictions?

How was I supposed to even fake being confident?

Not that I'm overly shy or anything, but I'm not exactly the life of the party, either. Hell, I'd never even *gone* to a proper party – unless you count birthday parties as a kid.

Until now, my main worry about my plan was Sarah's willingness to go along with it – to give me, her brother, a chance to woo her. But, now that I had that, now that *she'd* kissed *me*, now that us being together was actually a real option, I had this new problem to deal with.

What if I wasn't the type of guy Sarah was into?

How was I even supposed to go about fixing a problem like that?

Did I change to become the kind of guy old Sarah wanted? Did I somehow try to change the type of things my sister liked in a guy? Did new Sarah even have the same interests and desires as old Sarah?

I didn't know what to do.

All I *did* know was that I couldn't do *nothing*.

I had a once in a lifetime chance to actually seduce my sister, make her my lover. I had an impossible opportunity to fuck my beautiful, sexy sister. No way was I going to pussy out and do nothing with this golden opportunity I'd been given.

So what next?

What was I supposed to do?

Stars twinkled overhead. Empty streets spanned out before us.

It was well past midnight. Under normal circumstances, both of us would've been asleep by now. But tonight would be, if all went well, anything but *normal*.

My plan had started with telling Sarah to stay awake. To keep her eye on the clock and listen out for noise at around midnight.

Bewildered, she'd done as I'd instructed.

And, at midnight, a small pebble had struck her bedroom window, followed by a second and a third.

She'd opened the curtains, found me standing there like a boyfriend right out of a cheesy teen romance movie. I'd waved my arm at her, gestured for her to sneak downstairs and come outside with me. And, thankfully, she'd done just that.

A night-time date, consisting of walking through dark streets together.

Probably not the most romantic of memories to make, but unique and interesting, I hoped. Something for Sarah to look back on fondly. Tonight had to be *memorable*.

"Where are you taking me?" Sarah asked softly as we walked.

Honestly, I didn't have a real destination in mind. I had a vague idea of where I wanted my plan to take place – somewhere out of the way, lit enough to see by but otherwise hidden from sight – but no actual location.

"You'll see," I told her, smiling confidently.

If she was tired, my sister didn't show it. If anything, she seemed more awake and alert than I was. Eyes roaming the streets around us, darting this way or that whenever something moved or made a sound in the shadows. When a strong gust swept through the

street, sent a discarded can rattling down the road, Sarah jumped in startled surprise.

We spoke quietly a little, chatted about random crap.

And, after a half-hour of searching, I found it. The perfect spot.

Walking through a well lit, properly maintained park area, I spotted a little side-path to an enclosed area. Two benches with a lamp-post between them, surrounded on all sides by trees and bushes. Only one path in or out. There, we'd be invisible to anyone not headed directly to that exact spot.

"Come on," I said, taking Sarah's hand and guiding her to one of the benches. "This is the place."

We sat down, me letting out a sigh of relief while my sister's eyes darted across the dark trees surrounding us. When I turned to smile at her, I saw the uncertainty and discomfort in her face.

"What are we doing here?" She asked me, eyes wide. "Where even are we?"

"I have a lot of memories of us together," I lied. "A lot. There were a lot of places we'd go to get away from Mom and Dad. I've shown you some of them. But this place here? It's new. We've never been here before."

"So *why* are we here now?" Sarah asked.

"Because I have a lot of memories of us spending time together in secret places," I told her. "And you don't."

When she said nothing to that, I continued.

"Whenever I've taken you places we've been before, it's been because I'm trying to make you remember." So many lies to keep track of. "We've never gone somewhere new. Just once, I wanted us to make new memories, not just try to relive old ones."

Bringing Sarah to a place neither of us had ever been before, a place with no residual emotional meaning, was important. As much as I wanted to rewrite Sarah's past, I also needed to take steps for the future. Convincing her that we'd once been fucking like rabbits wouldn't do me any good if Sarah decided she didn't have *feelings* for me. She might accept that we'd once been together, but also decide that didn't mean she wanted to *stay* together.

In addition to everything I was already doing – taking her to places that she emotionally resonated with - I also had to make Sarah *want* to date me.

I had to create whole new memories of us together. Memories separate from the falsehoods I was constantly telling her.

"Just for tonight," I said, "I want things to be like they used to. Me and you together, finding secret places to spend time together where no-one can see us."

My words were followed with silence.

Sarah didn't say anything, and neither did I. We simply sat there in silence as the minutes ticked by.

Had I chosen the wrong place? With how isolated this path and the benches were, it'd seemed ideal. Perhaps it would've been a better idea to keep walking, looking for a better spot. Or maybe I should have done this another time, during the day instead of in the early hours of the morning. I'd hoped Sarah might find the pebbles thrown at her window romantic in some way. What if all I'd done was annoy her?

I almost flinched when Sarah placed a gentle hand on mine.

I turned my head to look at her questioningly, but she was staring forward – refusing to meet my gaze. She was blushing. Her hand tightened softly over mine.

Was she trying to comfort me?

Why?

It took me a moment to work it out.

She felt bad for me. It was her empathy towards me, believing I was hurting. She thought I missed the old Sarah, the one she thought I'd had a secret relationship with. In her eyes, it must seem like I'd lost a lover – was grieving my girlfriend's disappearance.

She was trying to comfort me wordlessly.

That simple fact made me want to laugh out loud. I held back, obviously. Laughing then, in front of Sarah while she thought I was in pain, would've been a bad move on my part. But amusement bubbled up inside me even as I warped my face to meet Sarah's expectations.

She thought I missed the old, pre-amnesia her.

Sarah had no idea. None what so ever.

Her losing her memories was the best thing that'd ever happened for me. It was everything I'd never thought to hope for.

"You're her," I said, forcing my voice deeper and grittier – hoping that I sounded pained. "And you're not. You're the same girl I fell in love with, you talk and act the same way. You like the same things as you used to. You're you. And yet everything we had is gone."

I inhaled a deep breath, taking the pause to think hard on what I should say next.

"We were happy," I told her. "Really happy. Like, planning the rest of our lives together happy. We wanted to move away, go somewhere no-one knows who we are. So we wouldn't have to hide how we feel about each other any more."

The journals mentioned a place Sarah wanted to visit. I tried to recall the place's name, use it on her now. But I drew up a blank.

"Everything was amazing," I said sadly. "We were amazing. We used to know each other so well. And now you don't know me at all."

"I'm sorry," Sarah whispered, her hand still on mine.

"Don't be," I shrugged. "It's not your fault. It just sucks. Knowing you used to be happy, had everything you ever wanted. And knowing you could have it all again, if not for the fact that the girl you love and who used to love you doesn't even remember who you are any more."

She was lonely. She had to be. No contact with her online friends, no work friends to spend time with. She *had* to be feeling lonely.

I could use that.

"You took away the loneliness," I sighed. "You made it all better."

I stopped talking, allowed silence to take over.

Let Sarah do what she did best. Think. Contemplate.

And hope her mind ended up where I was trying to lead it.

When she pulled her hand away from mine, I felt my heart thud in my chest. But, then she turned to me – beautiful eyes glinting in the near darkness – and I felt a glimmer of hope flare up inside me.

"Tell me about it," she said, eyes intense. "What it used to be like."

I nodded my head, began talking – telling her a story about two lovers. I lied and I lied, telling her how happy we both used to be together. What we did to make each other smile. Lots of little lies, and a few big ones. I told her about how she used to wake me up in the mornings with a kiss, how I'd sneak into the bathroom with her when she was showering, how we'd slip away when our parents weren't looking and go on secret dates.

Sarah ate it up, listening with wide, dreamy eyes as I told her a fantasy I'd one day make a reality.

"It's getting pretty late," I said after I finished my tale. "We should head back soon."

Sarah nodded her head in agreement.

And, together, we walked home. Only, unlike the journey to that little park enclave, Sarah and I held hands the entire walk home.

I let Sarah stew for a few days. My sister was a dreamer, the type of person who'd think things over and over again. The journals were proof enough of that. So I let her be, let her repeatedly think over everything I'd told her. With any luck, her thoughts and

contemplations would turn into daydreams and fantasies.

When I finally let myself inside my sister's room again, she actually seemed excited to see me.

And not energetic excited. Happy excited. Eager.

"Hey," I smiled at her. "How've you been, Lil' Sis?"

A faint blush crept into her cheeks, but her smile didn't waver.

"Bored," she told me. "I know you told me I used to do nothing all day but think about stuff, but this is too much. Didn't I have any *fun* hobbies? Like, I don't know, maybe I liked to surf or skydive or something. Something *interesting*."

"Fun and interesting?" I smirked. "Like having a secret, illicit relationship with your brother for example? Nah, you were *way* too boring to ever try something like *that*."

She rolled her eyes at me.

"I'm serious," Sarah complained. "I'm so *bored* all the time."

"Reading not doing it for you?" I asked, eyeing my sister's stacked bookshelves. She couldn't have possibly read all those books yet, could she?

Sarah groaned.

"If I read any more books," she told me. "My eyes will fall out."

I took a moment to consider my options.

"Then we should go on a date," I told her seriously. "A real, proper date. Like we used to before your accident. Tomorrow, maybe."

It was evening already, too late to plan a date from scratch.

Blushing, my sister nodded her head.

"Okay," she said softly.

No complaints, no awkward discomfort. Just shy acceptance.

Progress.

Then Sarah stood, face turning redder than I'd ever seen it before.

"I'm going to go take a shower," she said – the words somehow sounding automatic and rehearsed. "I won't be long."

I stepped aside as she walked past me, opened her bedroom door.

She paused, turned her head to look over her shoulder at me.

Red-faced, voice quiet, she spoke.

"Remember what you told me?" My sister asked me. "The other night. About how you used to sneak in when I was showering?"

Somehow, her face turned even redder.

I nodded my head, eyebrow raised.

Sarah smiled, turned and walked out of her bedroom – heading right for the bathroom.

I stared after her, wondering why she'd asked that questi-

No.

No, she didn't *actually* want me to join her while she was taking a shower. She couldn't *possibly* have implied that she wanted me to...

She gave me one last glance as she opened the bathroom door.

Then the door shut behind her.

Heart pounding, my feet began to move before my mind could catch up – could even comprehend what was happening.

I followed Sarah to the bathroom.