

We Were Lovers

Chapter 5

I reached for the bathroom door handle, paused as my fingers encircled it.

Did she *really* want me to go in there?

Sarah had certainly *implied* that she wanted it to happen.

But what if I was wrong?

What if I *wasn't* wrong and my sister *did* want me to sneak into the shower with her?

What would happen *then*?

My brain filled with images. A cascade of scenarios playing out in an imagined reality. Me walking on on her as she was undressing, moving forward and kissing her, our bodies tangling together. Us sharing the cramped space of the shower together, Sarah lowering herself onto her knees to 'clean' my cock. Me bending her over, taking her cherry right there in the bathroom.

My grip tightened on the door handle, but I didn't turn it.

I held back.

I wanted to rush in there, tear my clothes off and tear off any clothing my sister might still be wearing. I wanted to ravish her and *have* her. I wanted it there and then, no delays and no hesitation.

But, somehow, I managed to hold back.

I waited. Listened.

The seconds ticked by in agony. Moments felt like ages, minutes felt like hours. And still I waited until...

Running water.

The sound of it flowing through the pipes, of it raining down onto the shower's floor. Water.

Going in right away would've been bad. I had to wait, had to play the part of a naughty lover. Walking in on Sarah while she was undressing would've been awkward, embarrassing. And sure, walking in when she was fully nude and showering was awkward too. But, somehow, doing it this way felt *right*.

I turned the door handle, slowly pushed the door open.

Quietly. Cautiously.

And, when it was open enough for me to fit through, I slid inside the bathroom and closed the door shut behind me.

My eyes were so hungry to see Sarah's naked body. It was like they were magnets, trying to tug themselves towards the small shower and the prize standing inside it. I resisted the pull, kept my eyes on the bathroom floor for a long moment – just in case I'd been wrong and Sarah didn't actually want me there.

When no shocked scream came, no shouting at me to get out, a tiny part of me relaxed. I allowed my eyes to move up from the discarded clothes on the floor, drawn at last to my showering sister's body.

Steam rose as hot water sprayed downwards. The shower's glass panels were already beginning to mist – trails from stray water droplets cutting through the steamed glass.

Luckily, Sarah hadn't been in the shower for long.

Not long enough that the glass planes had become too opaque.

No, I could see my sister's body clearly.

And it was *beautiful*.

You'd think Sarah was an athlete from her slender, fit frame. Lean and tight and firm. Not a hint of fat anywhere to be seen. Her hips curved deliciously, her cute butt protruding nicely from her backside. A delicate, yet perfect, frame.

Her breasts were beyond beautiful. Perky and firm and amazing; with wide, soft

brown areola and mouth-watering nipples. They weren't huge melons, nor were they small buds. No, those tits were the perfect middle-ground. Without sag, or strain, but instead full of life and energy. Wonderful, perky titties that'd happily bounce and jiggle at even the slightest movements Sarah made. Perfect handfuls.

I ogled Sarah's perfect chest for a few dreamlike moments.

Then, slowly, my gaze lowered.

No hair.

Sarah shaved. Or waxed. Or *something*.

Not a single strand or spec of hair, no stubble and certainly no bush. She was bald down there. Completely.

And there, between my sister's legs, I could see it.

My prize. My goal.

With her standing up as she was, I couldn't see all of it. Nor could make it out in huge detail thanks to the slightly misted shower panels. But there it was.

Sarah's pussy.

The slightly protruding mound, its cute little slit.

I inhaled a shaky breath, heart racing. She was looking at me. Sarah was staring at me as my eyes roamed her body. She wasn't screaming or shouting, wasn't complaining or telling me to leave. She wasn't saying *anything*.

When I finally dragged my gaze up from Sarah's little cunny, stopping only momentarily to stare at her amazing tits for a second time, she met my eyes.

Sarah was, of course, blushing. Profusely.

Face bright red and just about glowing with embarrassment.

Her eyes were warm, lips parted slightly. Beads of water ran down her face, her entire body. Her brown hair was dark and wet, clinging to her shoulders. Heat filled her eyes.

What was I supposed to do now?

I could see the question reflected in Sarah's eyes.

She didn't know what she was supposed to do either, had no idea how this whole 'sneak into the shower together' thing was supposed to work. She was staring at me, expecting me – the supposedly more experienced of us - to make the first move.

I couldn't let on that this was new to me, too.

No matter what, I couldn't fuck this up. Not with where I was – what was about to happen. I refused to mess it up by showing Sarah how inept and inexperienced I truly was.

She thought we'd done this before. Many times before.

She was expecting me to take the lead.

So that's exactly what I did.

Pushing my nervousness deep down, burying every uncertainty and doubt I had, I began to strip my clothes off.

Sarah glanced down at my body as more of it was revealed, then looked away shyly – not watching as my fully hard cock sprang into view.

Without speaking a single word, I stepped towards the small shower.

I'd never fully appreciated before just how cramped and small the shower space was before. With one person inside, it was possible to get clean without too much trouble or discomfort.

Two people, however, made the show feel very compact.

And *boy* was I grateful for that.

I stood behind Sarah, pressed into her back. My cock – long and protruding, was between Sarah's legs. Not inside her, there was no penetration. If someone were to look at Sarah head-on, see the front of her body with the shadow of someone else behind her, they'd see my cock poking out between Sarah's upper thighs.

Her pussy was literally on top of my cock.

I could *feel* it there.

Whether the warm wetness I could feel was from Sarah being aroused, or if it was simply due to the fact that we were showering in hot water, I didn't know. But the feel of her slit was undeniable. The lips of her cunt. I could feel them on the skin of my cock.

My cock was between my sister's legs, rubbing against her bare cunt.

It. Was. *Amazing*.

And that was only the half of it.

I moved my soapy hands over Sarah's body. A silly pretence of helping her scrub herself clean. One both of us knew was utter bullshit and one neither of us questioned. I cleaned my sister's perky, soft tits thoroughly. Rubbing softly at first, barely doing more than trailing the palms of my hands and my fingers over her smooth skin. Then, feeling a little more confident when Sarah didn't stop me, the gentle fondling began. The massaging and kneading and squeezing and groping.

I was in nirvana.

Heaven.

I was in a dream come true. A fantasy made real.

I tweaked one of my sister's nipples between a thumb and finger, gasping at the exact same moment as Sarah let out a soft, erotic moan. Her entire body had trembled, shivers running under her skin. Her pussy had quivered, trembled atop cock.

Ever so slowly, I was moving my hips. Not even thrusting, not really. More like, I was ever so slightly rubbing Sarah's slit with the topside of my cock.

I squeezed her breasts again, drawing tiny little circles around her nipples with my fingertips.

Was this what she wanted. Did it feel good?

Judging from the pleasant, breathy sigh that escaped Sarah's lips, I guessed yes.

Much as I wanted to, I didn't push Sarah any further than that. Touching and petting and light rubbing. No fingers in holes, no mouths on private parts. No virginities taken. Just a brother and sister helping to clean each other in the shower.

I was on to a good thing here. A *really* good thing.

No way was I going to ruin it by moving too fast, being too aggressive.

Time passed – I had no idea exactly how long; could have been minutes, could have been hours. Really, it felt like both. Like we'd been standing there touching each other, my cock between her thighs, for just a few minutes *and* for countless hours. Like time didn't exist. Like *nothing* existed, save for my sister's smooth skin and pillowy, perky tits. Her leaking cunt, coating my cock in creamy fluid that was most certainly *not* soapy water.

But it couldn't last forever.

Eventually, I forced myself to step back from Sarah – pushed through the horny haze and regained my senses. If I didn't put an end to it, Sarah would. Or worse, Mom might wonder who was spending so long in the bathroom and come to investigate.

"I think," I said, breathing heavily – cock twitching and pulsating. "We're clean enough."

Sarah looked over her shoulder at me, eyes hazy.

She nodded her head, stood aside as I slid out of the shower.

I didn't wait, quickly grabbed a towel and wrapped it around my waist. I was out of the bathroom in a heartbeat – racing towards my bedroom to take care of the hardest boner of my entire life.

That solidified it. Me and Sarah were officially secretly dating.

Kissing and holding hands? That was cute and all, but it wasn't fully in the 'dating' zone, not really. You could hold hands or kiss someone you had no interest in sexually.

But what'd happen in the shower? That was different.

That was *big*.

I'd had my cock between my sister's thighs! My hands on her tits!

We were well out of the brother-sister dynamic now. Instead of seeing me as her brother, Sarah saw me as her boyfriend. Maybe she even saw me as both at the same time. Either way, it was an all-round victory. I'd won. I'd tricked her into accepting me as a lover.

Now, all I had to do was wait.

Keep pushing, keep telling her sweet stories. Keep nudging her in the right direction. And, eventually, it would happen.

I'd fuck her.

My beautiful, hott, sexy sister.

I was going to ram my cock into her cute little cunt.

I was going to make her mine.

A part of me wished I'd gone further in the shower, tried to have my way with her there and then. Sarah liked assertive, confident men. Perhaps she'd *wanted* me to fuck her in the shower. Perhaps I'd been too passive.

But it didn't matter.

We'd been sexual with each other. Overtly, blatantly sexual.

We had crossed that line.

And Sarah was *fine* with it.

More than fine, really. Save for bright blushing and general shyness, she was the same of Sarah as always. We chatted in her room, went for little walks together, spent hours together smiling and laughing and relaxing. And, every now and then, she'd ask about the fictional past I'd constructed – ask about what we did together sexually, what it was like, where we did it.

I could see it in her eyes. Arousal. Interest.

She wanted to know about the sex she believed we used to have because it made her wet and horny to think about.

Sarah got off on the idea of being fucked by her brother.

Being fucked by *me*.

That, more than anything else, put a spring in my step. Knowing that Sarah was, in theory, willing to have sex with me made the waiting bearable – if agonising.

And wait I did. For almost two whole weeks.

We were in Sarah's bedroom watching a movie when she brought it up, us going on a date. With what'd happened in the shower, I'd completely forgotten about that plan. A romantic, planned, real date. It'd slipped my mind entirely.

"Tomorrow," I said, giving it only a few moments thought. "I know the perfect place for us to go. Wear something nice and be ready by six."

That was a lie. I had no fucking idea where to take my sister for a date. But I could improvise.

A date with Sarah.

After what'd happened in the shower, all cards were on the table. *Anything* was possible.

When Sarah opened her bedroom door, my heart just about stopped in my chest. My eyes widened and my breath caught.

Stunning. Truly, radiantly beautiful.

She was wearing a pretty white dress, not overly fancy but not every-day attire either. It was clean and bright and hugged her lean figure tightly, plunging v-neck showing a mouth-watering amount of cleavage. Her hair was neat, shiny and flowing. A light layer of make-up coated Sarah's face; faint, glossy lipstick and dark eyeliner and a rosy pink blush

on her otherwise pale skin.

My eyes roamed my sister's body, taking in the wonderful sight.

"You look," I breathed, eyes finally coming to rest on Sarah's face, "amazing."

With the number of lies I had to tell Sarah on a daily basis, it was nice to give her the honest truth for once. She *did* look amazing. By far and away the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen.

Sarah smiled at me.

For our date, I was taking Sarah to a restaurant. Not an overly expensive one – the stack of cash in my pocket was intended for something else – but one nice enough that it'd seem sweet and romantic. A little Italian place far enough from home that it was unlikely we'd run into anyone who knew us as brother and sister.

Tonight was going to be, if everything went to plan, a very special memory for the both of us. So I did everything I could to make the night picture-perfect, date stolen practically word-for-word from teen romance movies.

I acted like a charming gentleman, confident and always smiling.

The type of man Sarah wanted.

More than that, though, I acted like a *boyfriend*.

No calling her sis, no being brotherly or trying to 'help' her regain her memories. Tonight, I wasn't Sarah's brother. Tonight I was her lover.

I smiled at her, told her how sexy she looked. How I wanted nothing more than to tear that pretty dress off her body and have my way with her. I told her about a motel that was close by. That, if she wanted, I could take her there after we were done eating, spend the night there together. I flirted openly with her, let the whole world – or at least the other patrons of that small Italian restaurant – know that me and Sarah were an item.

"So what do you think?" I asked as she ate up the last crumbs of desert, a slice of cheesecake. "About the motel?"

Sarah stared at me for a long moment, eyes unreadable.

"What about Mom and Dad? Won't they question if neither of us go home?" Sarah said, voice soft.

"I'll send Mom a text and tell her I'm staying over at a friend's place. And she already knows you're on a date, so all you have to do is call and tell her you'll be back tomorrow morning. I doubt she'll ask any questions."

Mom had been awkward around Sarah ever since the accident, like she didn't quite believe Sarah had amnesia, was upset that her child was acting so strangely. I had a feeling she'd be more thrilled than worried that her daughter was doing 'normal' things like going on dates and getting laid.

Sarah was silent for a long while, considering.

Finally, she nodded her head.

"Okay," she whispered. "Let's go to the motel."

It wasn't a cheap place. I didn't want to take my sister's virginity in some sleazy, drug-den type motel. Walking past crack-heads and the like to have sex in a dirty, run-down motel room was not something that'd impress Sarah very much.

There was a nice bathroom with shower attached to the room. A decently-sized TV in one corner, an empty wardrobe in another. And a king-sized bed with clean, soft sheets. Faintly, I could smell a flowery scent in the air.

And nervousness. That filled the air too.

Sarah entered the motel room first, walked over to the bed and sat down stiffly – body tense. I followed, sat next to her.

And nothing happened. Neither of us made a move.

We just sat there silently for a long minute.

Sarah and I were both virgins. Though, of course, Sarah didn't know that fact. She

believed the opposite, in fact. In her mind, we'd done this type of thing countless times before. She didn't know what to do, but she fully believed that I did.

"Are you sure," I spoke softly, "that you want to do this?"

Slowly, wordlessly, Sarah nodded her head.

"Then lets take it slowly," I said softly – trying to make sure none of my own nervousness bled into my voice. "There's no rush. We've got all night. Just the two of us..."

I had to be more assertive than that.

Sarah, the old Sarah at least, liked confidence. Liked assertiveness. If I wanted to be with her, I had to be what she wanted. Not shy or timid, not nervous or awkward. Confident. Assertive.

Dominant.

"We should start off with head," I stated, the tone of my voice more firm. Stronger. Assertive. "You don't remember how you used to suck my dick at all, do you?"

Blushing, Sarah shook her head.

"That's okay," I smiled, painting confidence across my expression. "Don't worry, I'll show you."

I inhaled a deep breath, tried to slow my racing heart.

"First of all," I told my sister, "you'll have to get off the bed. Drop down onto your knees in front of me, Sis. I'll teach you everything you need to know."