

We Were Lovers

Chapter 7

Life was good.

Life was *better* than good. It was *amazing*. A dream come true. Literally. All those times I'd fantasised about fucking my sister, of her being mine. All those dreams and desires, that impossible hope. And now here I was, in a secret relationship with Sarah.

Life didn't get better than this.

After that date, it was like a switch had been flipped. After that night in the motel, *everything* changed.

Sarah let go of all her doubts and uncertainty, threw herself into our 'relationship' with everything she had. In her eyes, I imagine, she'd crossed a line and done the unthinkable. We'd done something together that could never be undone. And so, since it had happened and there was no going back, she figured she might as well go all in. The fact that she already believed we'd been together for much longer, done countless unspeakable things to each other, probably helped.

The morning after that fateful day, I woke up on the motel room's bed with my sister's lips wrapped around my cock. Sarah hadn't even bothered to rouse me beforehand, she'd just gone right to giving me a blowie the moment she'd woken.

And things only got better from there.

For the next three weeks, we fucked like rabbits. She bounced on my cock in every room of the house, in our back yard – even the front yard once. We fucked on my bed before school, I screwed her on her bed when we got home. We took showers together to clean up after sex only to end up getting dirty all over again in the process.

More than once, we got naughty in front of Mom and Dad. At the dinner table, eating food and pretending everything was fine as she slipped her hand under the table to give my cock a nice massage. Them totally utterly aware of what their kids were doing.

Truth be told, Sarah was more hungry for sex than even I was. And *that's* no small thing. My sister was like a woman possessed.

To put it simply, my life was paradise.

I had a beautiful, sexy girl – who also happened to be my sister – thirsting for my cock at every waking moment. I had a girlfriend that lived to be fucked, who was more than happy to take a few naughty risks to obtain the pleasure she sought. And, best of all, I had Sarah's total trust and dedication.

And, just when I thought things couldn't possibly get any better, they did.

"What-" I managed to choke out, heart thumping and cock hardening at the the sight before me. "What are you..."

Sarah gave me a confident, hungry smile.

She was dressed up. Wearing something somewhere between a maid outfit and a cat costume. Her dress was black with white frills, a cute white apron at the front. A maid's tiara sat atop her tied-back, brown hair. But there were also cat ears, cute little triangles sprouting from the maid tiara. Black ears with a matching black tail attached to the back of the maid costume.

"Hello Meowster," Sarah grinned, eyes bright. "How may I serve you today?"

Her eyes drifted down to my crotch.

I stiffened, in more ways than one. How could I not, with the way my sexy sister was eyeing me up? The hunger in Sarah's eyes reminded me very much of a dog staring at a nice, juicy steak.

The costume Sarah was wearing, on anyone else, would've looked cute and innocent. It wasn't particularly slutty or anything. The skirt went down to her knees, the area of her chest that was visible showed very little in the way of cleavage. It was chaste

and modest and adorable.

Yet, on Sarah's body, with her steamy, twinkling eyes, my sister might as well have been wearing transparent lingerie and holding a sign with the words 'come fuck me' written in bold. With those eyes, and that sly, sexy smile, Sarah could make even the most innocent of outfits downright slutty.

She took a step towards me, closed my bedroom door shut behind herself.

I set the book I'd been reading – one of old Sarah's journals – aside, placed it on my bedside table. I leaned back in bed, allowed my eyes to roam my sister's amazing figure.

Sarah took another step forward.

"Oh no!" She said in a soft, sweet, adorable voice. "There's a big snake in your pants!"

She pointed at my crotch and the very visible bulge there.

Sarah climbed onto the foot of my bed, crawled forward.

"Don't worry Meowster," she purred. "I'll get rid of the big, mean snake. Just you watch..."

Her hands found themselves on the waistband of my trousers. Eyes never leaving mine, Sarah slowly tugged them down.

"Sarah," I groaned when my cock sprang free. "Mom's still home-"

I knew that wouldn't stop her. If anything, the threat of being caught would only urge my sister on. The idea of our mother walking in on her son and daughter getting naughty seemed to arouse Sarah.

"Shh," Sarah cooed, eyes blazing. "Kitty will take care of you, Meowster. Just lay back and I'll do all the work..."

Without hesitation, she slid my cock into her mouth - lowered her lips down the shaft with practised ease. I closed my eyes, didn't try to complain or convince my sister to stop. Once she got going, I'd discovered, there was no stopping Sarah. Besides, the idea of getting caught was kinky.

"Good girl," I found myself gasping instead. "Good kitty."

"Was it like this before?" Sarah asked, resting her head on my chest.

"What do you mean?"

I was too exhausted to think, too tired and worn out to concentrate on what my sister was saying.

"Before the accident," Sarah clarified. "Was it always like this back then? Us having sex non-stop, spending all this time together. Was it the same?"

I nodded my head slowly.

"I can't imagine it," Sarah said softly, voice sounding somehow distant. "I mean, I'm *living* it right now. But I *still* can't imagine what it must have been like. Us sneaking around constantly. All the sex and intimacy, hidden away from the world. I wish I could remember."

She was rambling. From her dairies and journals, I knew my sister liked to think a lot. Spend hours contemplating crap. Maybe the afterglow of a nice orgasm - the calm, relaxed state - brought that aspect of Sarah's personality out. Made her thoughtful. I shrugged, wrapped my arm around her exposed shoulder and gave her a little squeeze.

"Was it always this good?" She asked me.

I nodded my head again, closed my eyes. Sleep beckoned and I was too worn out and happy to resist the call.

"I wish..." Sarah cuddled into my chest. I could feel the smile on her lips and the roundness of her cheek as she rested her head on me. "I wish I could remember. But... I think it's okay if I don't. It wouldn't be too bad if I never remembered, right? It wouldn't be the end of the world."

Her voice sounded far away now, barely audible as my mind drifted off to sleep.

"I mean," my sister's voice said, "we still have each other, don't we?"

When I woke up, Sarah was gone.

Nothing new there. She always awoke earlier from our post-sex naps than I did. And, more often than not, she managed to get up and leave my room without waking me.

How could Mom and Dad not notice their kids were fucking?

The repetitive thumping of bed-frames against walls, the squeaking and moaning and other sounds, it wasn't like me and Sarah were being overly careful about our activities. Yet neither Mom or Dad seemed to notice. Dad at least had an excuse, he was barely ever home. But Mom? How could she *not* know her children were constantly fucking each other under her roof?

Maybe she did know, as was in denial about the fact.

Or maybe she just thought it was obnoxiously loud masturbation.

With how wilfully oblivious Mom was being, Sarah really didn't need to leave my room after we did the do. With how little interest Mom was giving to the whole state of affairs, my sister might as well move into my room full-time. Now *that* would be amazing.

When we moved out, maybe. We could both get jobs, rent a small apartment together, live like a real couple. Ideas for the future.

For now, though, I was comfortable with how things were.

My sister was obsessed with fucking me. Nothing else in the world mattered but that one, impossible fact. Sarah was my girlfriend and, more than that, she was a girlfriend who absolutely *loved* being fucked.

Life was *good*.

The streets were dark, illuminated only by lampposts and house lights. We were alone in the night, me and Sarah. As it should be.

"Where are we going today?" She asked me as we strode through the empty streets. "Another secret place?"

"I don't know," I told her truthfully. "I don't really have a destination in mind. Just an idea."

Sarah glanced at me, blushed.

She might not know what my little 'idea' was, but she certainly knew it'd be a kinky one. She didn't ask, didn't shy away. If anything, I could sense her excitement grow.

"Does your *idea* have anything to do with why you told me to wear a skirt?" My sister asked, a twinkle in her eye.

I grinned at her, nodded my head.

We held hands as we walked the deserted streets, Sarah huddling close to me while my eyes roamed the darkness – searching for the ideal opportunity. So far, we'd encountered no-one. And, when I did find someone, I had to make sure they were the right type of someone.

My sister liked being loud. She enjoyed the risk of being caught.

So why not do just that? Have us be caught in the act?

Not by anyone we knew, but by a random stranger. Find some lucky bastard and have my way with Sarah in front of him, see how much she enjoyed being fucked in front of a real audience.

I'd have to find the right person, though. Someone who wouldn't want to take a turn, who would watch in shock and not attempt to participate while I had my fun. Someone older, perhaps. A lonely drunk wandering the streets, or a working man just getting home from a long day on the job.

The suburbs. That's where I took Sarah.

We wandered around for a long while before I found exactly the thing I was searching for.

A woman, not a man. Sitting down on her front porch smoking a cigarette, minding

her own business. Middle-aged, middle-class, probably a mother whose kids were sleeping and whose husband was sleeping around. Judging from the wistful, distant gaze, she was lost in her thoughts – hadn't noticed me and Sarah yet.

I led my sister right up to the woman's white picket fence, told her to grip onto it and bend over. Sarah froze for a moment, eyes shooting towards her audience of one. But, being a good sister, she obeyed her brother – did exactly what I'd told her to.

Sarah leaned forward, braced herself against the fence as she bent over and spread.

Very quickly, the woman noticed our presence.

"Hey!" she called from her little porch. "What are you-"

I lowered my trousers, whipped out my cock.

The woman's mouth dropped open, eyes widening in dumb shock.

I stepped towards my sister, slid my hands under her skirt and tugged down her panties. Even from the slightest touch, I felt how wet Sarah was. How excited. She might've been tense, maybe a little uncomfortable, but she was undeniably aroused.

The woman watching made no move to leave, she didn't try to stop us, didn't threaten to call the police. She just sat there transfixed, cigarette forgotten in her fingers.

"Are you ready sis?" I asked, loud enough for the woman to hear. "Do you want your brother's cock?"

Sarah shuddered, head turned to look at our voyeur.

"Yes," my sister panted. "Please Bran- big brother. Fuck me."

I needed no more encouragement than that.

Slowly, firmly, I guided my cock to Sarah's dripping wet pussy. And, with a smile on my face, eyes locked onto the lucky lady watching us, I drove my cock into my sister.

Tight. Always so impossibly tight. Ramming my cock in, I'd found, was by far the easiest way to go about things. If I went gently, Sarah's cunt would put up too much resistance, her tightness gripping my shaft and making it difficult to thrust unless I put real weight into it. In order to *truly* fuck Sarah, I had to go all out – not hold anything back.

"Ah!" My sister let out a loud, high-pitched gasped. Her ass bouncing back on my cock, cunt swallowing it whole. Her body shuddered, tensing and relaxing and trembling in pleasure. Her back arched, knees wavered. "Fuck," she gasped, arousal lacing the word.

Slow, hard thrusts. Ramming my cock fully inside Sarah, tip hitting her deepest parts; then pulling almost entirely out of her – leaving only the head inside – before pushing hard forward again. Firm, strong thrusts. Each one rocking Sarah's body, making her tits bounce beneath her top. Each thrust matched by the sound of skin slapping skin.

"Do you like it when I fuck you?" I asked her, making sure my voice carried over to our audience. "Do you like the feel your brother's cock spreading you open?"

"Yes," Sarah moaned, hips swaying as she bounced backwards onto my cock to the rhythm of my thrusting. "Yes! I love it!"

I couldn't help but grin.

My sister, it seemed, enjoyed being watched quite a bit.

The woman, finally snapping out of her shock and daze, began to shift nervously where she sat. Her eyes moved from my to Sarah and back again, she was still surprised, had no idea what to do.

I picked up the pace.

Best not to overstay our welcome.

"Oh fuck," Sarah gasped, "oh God. Brandon!"

"Who's fucking you right now?" I asked, squeezing my sister's ass as I held it in place. "Who am I to you?"

"My brother!" Sarah cried aloud, head facing the woman on the porch. "My brother is fucking me! It feels so good. *So good*. I can't- I-"

Her body trembled, cunt clamping around my cock – twitching as she began her first

wave of orgasms. It was like her pussy was giving my cock a heavy massage, gripping onto it and milking it as Sarah let out a loud, erotic scream of pleasure. Usually, I'd have held back – kept going. But this time, not wanting to push my luck, I let myself cum along with her. I unleashed inside her.

The rest of the world - woman on the porch included - was forgotten for a long few moments. Nothing else mattered except for the sensation – the pressure and release, the chill in the air and the heat of my sister's insides. She trembled, shook, almost collapsed. I held onto her, held her close as I pumped her full of cum.

For the longest time, we remained motionless save for my final, tiny thrusts. Both of us lost in the ecstasy of the moment.

When I my mind finally began working again, I saw a woman staring at us through wide, horrified eyes. She'd likely come outside to smoke, calm her nerves and relax after a long day. Then me and Sarah had come along and put on our little show for her.

Probably a good idea to not to stick around.

I took Sarah's hand, dazed as she still was, and guided her away from the white picket fence and the wide-eyed woman. As she walked, Sarah clumsily tugged her panties back up, a bright blush on her cheeks. Even as the panties rose up her legs, little trails of white leaked down them.

I stared at myself in the mirror, couldn't hide a cocky smirk.

Life was good. Great. I had everything I could possibly want and more. My sister, not only my lover, but a cock-hungry fiend too.

For whatever reason, she seemed to get off on the idea that we were siblings. For me, that fact had always been a barrier – an inescapable wall that'd prevented me from being with Sarah. Her amnesia had been an opportunity, a ladder to scale the wall, but the fact that we were related had always been a sore-spot all the same. For me, I wanted Sarah because she was beautiful and hott and perfect. She just so happened to be my sister too. For Sarah, though, the fact that I was her brother seemed to be an endless source of arousal and kinkiness.

Interesting that. The same reason she hadn't wanted to have sex with me when I'd first started spinning my web of lies, had become the very thing that she found kinky and exciting when we finally *had* started fucking.

Sarah enjoyed the taboo of it all.

And, quite frankly, I was more than willing to give her that.

Chances were that the middle-aged woman we'd encountered didn't actually believe we were related. Likely, she thought we'd just been some random, kinky, role-playing couple. But, even if the woman didn't believe, Sarah and I knew the truth. And it was a truth I loved to tease Sarah with.

'That lady,' I'd whisper into her ear as I touched her, 'she saw us. She knows how much of a naughty, slutty sister you are.'

And Sarah would quiver and tremble and moan.

I winked at my reflection; the handsome, lucky devil. Then, grin still on my face, I left the bathroom, crept back to my bedroom with wicked thoughts and plans filling my mind. We hadn't done anal yet. I couldn't help but wonder how Sarah would feel about the idea – her brother defiling her, claiming her last hole for himself.

She'd love it, I knew.

I opened my bedroom door, the naughty suggestion on the tip of my tongue. And I froze, the words dying in my mouth.

Sarah was holding a phone.

My phone.

Her eyes were wide, shocked, pained. Her face held an expression I'd never seen on it before; betrayal. Her eyebrows were knit together, mouth twisted in a pained grimace.

The phone – on which I kept a list of every lie I'd told Sarah since she'd woken up with amnesia all those months ago – slipped from my sister's fingertips. Her eyes snapped to my face, beautiful irises filled with anguish and accusation.

Shit.