

## We Were Lovers

### Chapter 8

My phone bounced on the bed, landed with its screen facing downwards. Silence hung in the air, neither me or my sister saying a word. Neither of us *needed* to. The accusation in Sarah's eyes said it all. The betrayal and hurt and anger.

She knew. Of that, I had no doubt. I could see it in her eyes.

Sarah knew about my lies.

Why had she been on my phone? How had she unlocked it? Did she know my pin number?

Of all the possible questions my mind could have focussed on, it was that one that I couldn't get past. How did Sarah know what my pin number was? Not questions about what my sister had learned, not quick thoughts on what lies I could tell to fix the situation I was in. I couldn't focus on anything other than my pin number.

It was like my brain had stopped working.

I shook me head, pushed all thoughts about pin numbers from my mind. *How* Sarah had gotten access to my phone, to the list of lies I kept on it, wasn't important. Damage control. *That's* what I needed to focus on. Not my stupid fucking pin number.

"Sarah," I said, eyes flicking from my down-facing phone to her too-beautiful face. "I can-"

"Shut up," Sarah snarled. Her eyes were narrowed, tears forming at their corners. "I don't want to hear it."

My mouth hung open, heart pounding in my chest.

"Not a *fucking* word," Sarah growled harshly.

That word – my sister's cuss – was like a dagger being plunged into my chest. Sarah never cursed. The only time I'd ever heard her cuss at all was during sex. For her to spit profanity, laced with such anger and venom, directed at me – it was heartbreaking.

I closed my mouth. My face was flushed red, chest aching and throbbing painfully.

How much did she know?

Surely she couldn't have read *all* of it.

Maybe, I thought to myself, I could save this situation somehow. Convince Sarah there was a reasonable, rational explanation to whatever she'd read. Trick her into believing me somehow, use her trust and love for me to make this better.

Only there was no love in Sarah's eyes at that moment. No trust.

She glared at me for a long while, silent and accusing.

When she finally spoke again, her words were harsh - unforgiving.

"Was it *all* a lie? Was *any* of it true?"

The relationship I'd fabricated. All the falsehoods I'd told my amnesiac sister to make her believe me. Yes, I'd told plenty of lies and untruths. But, it wasn't *all* untrue.

"I love you," I told Sarah pleadingly. "*That's* true."

I was hoping for something; maybe Sarah would overlook all the lies and deception for the sake of 'love', or maybe it'd confuse her emotions just enough for me to be able to manipulate her in some way.

All I got was a bitter, joyless laugh.

"All those lies," Sarah said in a low voice. "All of it just so you could fuck me. Was it worth it, Brandon? Was plowing your *sister* worth all that effort?"

Yes. Without a doubt in my mind, it'd been worth it.

I held back from saying that, however. Something told me that particular admission wouldn't go down well.

"I *trusted* you," Sarah growled. "You were all that I had. Dad's never here and Mom doesn't give a shit. You were the only one I could..."

She choked, coughed. Whatever Sarah had been about to say, I'd never know. All I

could do was watch as she fought back sobs, glared at me with more anger and loathing than I'd ever imagined her being capable of.

"You *asshole*," she spat – voice shaky now.

And still I remained silent, not knowing what to do. I couldn't exactly comfort her, nor could I leave. If I tried to talk, she'd just shut me down – probably get even angrier in the process. All I could do was stand there awkwardly, wait for an opening to speak.

Sarah didn't say anything more for a while. The anger in her eyes waned, a dull pain growing to replace it. She turned her gaze from me to the bed she sat on, stared down at it silently.

I was mustering up the courage to speak – with no idea what-so-ever about what I'd actually say – when Sarah lifted her gaze to me again.

"The truth," Sarah said, voice cold – lacking all the angry passion it'd had before. "Tell me the truth about everything. All of it. I want to hear you say it. No more lies, no secrets, nothing. Just the truth."

My heart stuttered in my chest. A faint spark of hope.

"I-" I said, thinking fast. "Before the accident, we weren't lovers. We weren't in a secret relationship and we'd never had sex. Really, we barely ever spoke to each other at all. You were always locked away in your room and..."

How much to tell her? She wanted the truth, wanted to know everything. In a way, she was choosing to trust me right then. Trust me to tell her what she wanted to know. I could use that. But should I *really* tell her everything, or would it be better for me to spin a few more little lies?

"Well," I continued, my voice growing in confidence with each word I spoke. "When you had your accident, I saw an opportunity. I didn't think it'd work, but I figured it was worth trying. You were worth trying for."

Should I tell her? Would it make things worse if I did? They were my trump cards, after all.

"So I snuck into your bedroom while you were stuck in the hospital and stole your diaries and journals."

Sarah's eyes widened at that. It was her first time learning that the old Sarah used to write in journals. I saw a fresh bout of anger flaring in her irises and continued to speak before she could interrupt me.

"You – old Sarah – had a lot of them. Like, I had to make multiple trips to your room in order to carry them all here. They're inside the chest at the foot of my bed."

Sarah's eyes flickered to the chest. She'd seen it countless times since her accident. Several times, she'd bumped into it while sneaking in or out of my room at night.

"That's how I knew about your secret places and how you spend a lot of time thinking about random stuff. And, uh, it's how I learned that the old you was miserable."

Was that a lie? The truth? Somewhere in between? I wasn't quite sure. The journals and diaries didn't paint old Sarah as depressed or anything, but neither did it seem like my sister had been all that happy back before her accident. From all I'd seen in those journals – and I'd read them all – Sarah had been a very much a loner. A lonely, solitary girl.

I told the new Sarah as much. Told her all about how sad and lonely and miserable she'd been before the accident. I dug as deep as I could, improvised where I didn't know things for sure, over-exaggerated and pointed out some truths while ignoring others. Not quite lying, but not totally honest either. A dangerous middle-ground that I hoped and prayed would be enough to trick my sister one last time.

"You didn't have any real friends," I told her softly. "No dreams or goals or anything. You just kind of existed. Gloomy and alone, locked away in your room all day, every day. Really, if I'm totally honest, you've probably smiled more with me in the last few weeks than the old you did in *years*."

Sarah's eyebrows narrowed at that, though the uncertainty in her eyes stoked the

embers of hope brewing inside me.

"Which isn't to say what I did was right or justified – it wasn't. I fucked up. I lied and deceived you, and I'm more sorry about that than I could ever say. I'm a piece of shit. You deserved better, and I took advantage of you. I'm so, so sorry, Sarah. I-"

Sarah stood, the motion cutting me off. She stared into my eyes for a long moment, seemed to be weighing me with her gaze. Then, wordlessly, she stepped past me – walked out of my room.

I turned, watched her go – my heart clenching.

Likely, I knew, she'd never forgive me. And, even if she did, the chances of her ever being willing to spread her legs for me ever again were slim at best. By leaving my phone in my room, by not considering this as a consequence, I'd fucked up the best thing going in my life. A sexual, romantic relationship with the most beautiful girl I knew.

All I could do was sigh, close my bedroom door and slump down on my bed – berating myself for my own stupidity.

"My journals and diaries," my sister said, standing in my room's doorway. "Bring them downstairs."

Those were the first words she'd spoken to me in three weeks – ever since she'd found out about my lies. Her face was a mask, I couldn't read any emotions in her eyes. She didn't look angry or upset, didn't stare at me in disgust, but nor did she look in any way forgiving.

"Uh," I blinked at her. "Sure."

Without another word, she turned and walked away.

Swiftly, I moved to obey her request. I unlocked my chest, grabbed as many books as I could hold and carried them downstairs to where Sarah sat waiting. It took three trips to transport the whole collection. And, just when I thought I was done carrying books, Sarah stood and had me carry them all out into the back yard instead.

High fence walls surrounded the back yard, offering some small privacy as I carted a big pile of books to the centre of the back lawn. Sarah had set down a circle of rocks, filled it with random twigs and branches. Any of our neighbours in the upper sections of their houses would, if they looked out their windows, see a very unusual sight indeed.

Before my eyes, Sarah lit a match – started a small fire right there in our back yard. I blinked at her, confused.

I watched as the flames licked up the twigs and branches, heat and warmth began to radiate out from the little bonfire. And, all the while, Sarah remained motionless – eyes on the flickering flames.

"I should remember," Sarah spoke softly, voice barely audible over the crackling of the fire. "This type of amnesia is meant to be temporary. I should have started regaining my memories a long time ago. But I haven't. It's all blank. A black hole. I don't remember any of it."

My eyes moved between the small fire and the pile of journals and diaries – none of which Sarah had read yet. I said nothing, waited and listened.

"What if," Sarah said, "I don't *want* to remember? What if you're right and I *was* miserable before? What if *that's* why I can't remember anything? Because, in the back of my brain, I don't *want* to remember what it was like."

"I don't know," was all I could think to say.

Sarah sighed, turned her gaze to the pile of books. The thoughts and feelings she'd written down and recorded before a freak accident had landed her in hospital with memory loss. It'd been three weeks since she'd found out about them, and not once had she demanded to see the books – not until now.

"That," she said simply, "is not me. It used to be, but not any more. I'm not *her*. And I don't want to *be* her."

And then my sister did the unthinkable. She plucked the first book up off the pile and, sparing it only a single glance, she tossed it onto the fire. Sparks flew. Before my eyes, the journal began to burn. Sarah reached for a second one.

"No more lies," she said – voice firm and clear. "If you ever lie to me again, I'll tell Mom and Dad that you raped me."

I winced. Not just at my sister's choice of words, but at the serious sincerity of her tone. I'd never imagined my sister could sound so intimidating before, yet here she was – standing in front of a fire threatening me.

One by one, she tossed her old life onto the bonfire. It didn't take long. A few minutes at most. I watched the flames eat away at each book, ignored the scents and smells of burning.

Odd, how I felt the loss more than Sarah seemed to.

As the last of the journals was added to the fire, my sister turned to look at me.

"Take your pants off," she told me.

I gaped at her, sure I'd misheard what she'd said.

"Now, Brandon." She added, arms crossed.

Bewildered, I did as she wanted. Reached down to my waist and yanked down my both my trousers and boxers in one go.

Then, even more bizarrely, Sarah lowered herself to her knees in front of me and grabbed hold of my cock. Before I could say a word, my sister opened her mouth – wrapped her lips around it.

"Sarah," I gasped, the feel of her mouth on me sending shivers through my body. "What are you- What if someone sees?"

I glanced around. The garden fences would block out sight from most places, but there were still plenty of windows our neighbours could look out of and see us from. And, with the little fire my sister had started, someone was *bound* to look out their window to see what was happening.

Sarah didn't seem to care though. She ignored me, worked her lips and tongue around my cock with vigour.

Things were different. Not bad, not by a long shot. But still very, very *different*. In a way I'd never have expected.

I was laying in bed when my sister let herself into my room. It was evening, both of our parents were home and awake downstairs. And Sarah, my beautiful, amazing, goddess of a sister had just barged into my room completely naked – her body soaked wet, hair clinging to her skin.

From the look of it, she'd just gotten out of the shower.

I sat up in bed, surprised.

Sarah advanced without saying a word. Her tits swayed with each step she took, hypnotic and sexy. When she climbed onto my bed, my eyes were drawn to her face. She wasn't smiling, there was no affection in her eyes.

She pulled the blanket away from me, straddled my hips and pushed my chest back down onto the mattress.

"Sarah," I whispered as she whipped out my quickly hardening cock, "Mom and Dad are-"

She glared at me, her expression hard and intense.

I stopped talking, gulped.

And, a moment later, my sister lowered herself onto me. Impaled herself with my cock. She let out a long, happy sigh; basked in the sensation of being penetrated. Her eyes closed, a smile finally creeping onto her face. She rolled her hips, a slow circular motion that sent shivers of pleasure rushing through me.

Warm. Her pussy was so warm. So wet and tight and amazing.

When she started moving, slowly raising and lowering herself up and down, I placed my hands on her hips. Instantly, her eyes shot open in a glare. A silent warning. Quickly, eyes wide, I pulled my hands away.

I stared up at Sarah, not knowing what to do as she rode me. I lay unmoving, watching her tits bounce as she gradually increased her pace.

The sound of skin slapping skin began to fill my bedroom, soft squeaking bedsprings. Surely, our parents could hear. Surely they *knew*. How could they *not*?

Yet Sarah didn't seem to care. She rode me faster, harder. Moaning and gasping and panting.

When she came, her entire body trembled and shook. Her pussy clamped down on me, milked the cum right out of my cock. Sweat and water trickled down her erotic body.. None of the kindness or shyness I'd come to expect from her could be seen in her expression, only hot eroticism and cool confidence.

She collapsed onto me, rested her head on my chest for a few minutes. I felt her racing heart beat against my skin.

Then, once she could stand again, she pushed away from me, walked out of my room with cum trails running down between her legs.

Somehow, I'd become Sarah's personal dildo.

That both baffled and bewildered me. Why would, knowing what she knew, Sarah come to *me* for sex? She was aware that I'd lied to her for months about pretty much *everything*, just to get between her legs. I was her own brother, as she'd pointed out. Why was she so willing to have sex with me, knowing all that?

Honestly, I had no idea. Maybe more than her memories had broken during that accident all those months ago. Maybe her mind was cracked in an entirely different way. Or maybe, somehow, she saw fucking me whenever she felt like it as some kind of punishment for me – she certainly did like to take dangerous risks these days.

Whatever the reason, I tried not to think about or question it.

I could think of worse places to be than inside Sarah.

If she wanted to use me as her own personal fuck-toy, I was more than happy to accept the role. Anything to keep her coming to me whenever she wanted to get herself off – which was pretty much a daily occurrence.

It wasn't what I'd expected all those months ago when I'd told Sarah that first, important lie. Nor was it exactly what I'd been hoping for when I'd started my plans. But, all in all, I'd consider my scheme of seducing my sister a win.

She was bouncing on my cock and sucking me off almost every day at this point, after all.

We were lovers.

And I wouldn't have it any other way.