

# **Reconnecting**

**Alexis Alexandra**

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It had been nearly three years since the last time Celeste spoke to her older sister Brianna so when she called looking for a house sitter she was more than a little surprised. The black sheep of the family, Celeste had a history of stealing to feed an ever-increasing drug addiction. Friends, family, she did not care who she stole from or hurt to satisfy her craving. When the last bridge was burned she turned to prostitution – turning twenty or more tricks a day just to spend it all on drugs. While no longer on drugs thanks to an overdose that nearly killed her, she was still working the streets to make ends meet. So, when she pulled into the long driveway leading to the huge ranch-style house her sister called home, she was immediately overcome with jealousy.

As she approached the driveway widened to allow parking on either side. Pulling into the space closest to the house on the right, she got out of her car and walked up to the front door. It opened a moment later and she saw her sister for the first time in three years. “Brianna.”

“Come on in, sis.”

Stepping into her sister’s house for the first time, Celeste’s eyes instinctively darted from one object to another in search of the most valuable. Passing over the archway leading to the kitchen, her head snapped back just as the largest dog she had ever seen stepped into view. “Holy shit! You said you have a dog, not a horse.”

“That’s Duke and he’s a giant teddy bear,” Brianna replied. “You no doubt have a million questions, but let me start off by saying it’s really good to see you again. You’re looking much better.”

“I haven’t been on drugs in over a year. But let’s be real. I’m your last resort. The only reason I’m here is because no one else could.”

“You’re right, you are my last resort, and that’s sad. You’re my sister, you should’ve been the first one I called but...”

“But the last time we talked I was a drug addicted whore,” Celeste cut her sister off. “And let’s not forget thief. Are you sure you want me staying here alone?”

“Sister or not, if you steal anything I won’t hesitate to press charges. The rest of the rules are just as simple. Make sure you follow the directions I left on the fridge for feeding and walking Duke. Don’t and he’ll get sick and you’ll have a mess to clean up. No parties whatsoever. If you want to have a friend over that’s fine, but you are not to use it to turn tricks. And finally, you are not to attempt to open the locked door in the basement. Obey the rules to the letter and I’ll pay you three thousand dollars when I get back.”

“What am I supposed to do about food?”

“The fridge, freezer and cupboards are fully stocked with enough food to last you at least a month. I’ll only be gone for three weeks so it shouldn’t be a problem. If you have to buy things like bread and milk keep the receipts and I’ll reimburse you when I get back.”

“So, basically, you’re not leaving me a penny?” Celeste huffed even as she stared around the living room.”

“I’m sorry, sis, but I can’t risk you spending it on drugs. I know, you said you’ve been off them for over a year, but we haven’t talked in over three. Think of this as a trust exercise. If everything goes smoothly then there may be more such jobs in the future. And who knows, maybe one of these days you can stop working the streets.”

“Must be nice to have so much money you don’t have a care in the world.”

“I have plenty of cares, Celeste, and this house, Duke and everything in it are just a few of them. I also have a reputation and career to think of so please don’t do anything to make me regret reconnecting with you.”

“Over eighteen thousand,” Celeste stated.

“Over eighteen thousand what?”

“That’s how many men and women I’ve had sex with in the last three years to pay for my drug habit and to keep a roof over my head. I’ve done as few as one a day and as many as forty but I’ve been averaging around twenty tricks every day since mom and dad booted me out of the house. You care about reputation and a career? I worry about whether or not the next man I have sex with is going to pay me, rob me or leave my lifeless body in a ditch. Do you think I *want* to have sex with every person that offers? Do you think I enjoy it? Don’t bother answering. I don’t. I don’t like it even a little bit, but what other choice is there? I ruined every chance I had at a normal life, Brianna. My body is the only thing I have left that will pay the bills so I’ll use it whether I like it or not.”

Brianna really wanted to feel sorry for her younger sister, but Celeste had pulled this very same pity party too many times to count so she took her words with a massive grain of salt.

“Like I said before, follow the rules and take care of things around here while I’m gone and if you really do want off the streets then I’ll do everything in my power to make it happen. But sis, if this is just another one of your bullshit stories, it’ll be the last time you ever get help from me. Now, why don’t I show you around so you know where you’ll be sleeping?”

“Sure.” Old habits hard to break, Celeste’s eyes went from furnishings to Duke and to her sister as Brianna led the way out of the living room and into the kitchen.

Knowing her sister all too well, Celeste’s wondering eyes did not escape Brianna’s notice. “I see you looking at every knick-knack. Am I making a mistake in trusting you, sis?” she asked without stopping. That mistrust was also the reason she hid cameras all over her house – a fact she was not about to tell her sister about.

“I’m just looking, geez. Or do you expect me to stare at the floor for the next three weeks?”

“Sorry, I really do want to believe you, but I only have your word that you’re no longer on drugs and as you can see I have a lot of very expensive things sitting out in the open.”

“Then maybe I should just leave,” Celeste snapped back. “Find someone else to watch your precious junk.” Even though she had been subjected to nearly every perversion under the sun, nothing humiliated her more than her sister’s cutting words. Spinning on her heels, she walked towards the front door to leave.

“WAIT!” Brianna called out.

“Why should I? I get it, I’ve done a lot of fucked up shit in the past but I’m better now. I’ve changed. I don’t need to steal to buy drugs anymore because I’ve been clean for over a year. But I guess once an addict, always an addict in your eyes.”

“If you’ve been clean for over a year why haven’t you tried reaching out to anyone? Did you know dad had a heart attack three months ago? Do you even care?”

THWAP! Swinging hard and fast, Celeste’s right hand connected with her sister’s left cheek in a brutal slap. I did try reaching out! I stopped by their house last summer but instead of giving me another chance they accused me of lying to get in and steal from them. And yes, I knew dad had a heart attack. I tried visiting him in the hospital but guess who was put on the restricted list? I wasn’t allowed anywhere near them. So, excuse me if I’m having a hard time

feeling sorry for them. But that's besides the point. They want nothing to do with me and it's becoming quite evident you feel the same so I'm leaving now. Please don't contact me again."

"God damn it, Celeste! I'm sorry. But you have to see things from our point of view. How many times over the years have you used the 'I've changed' story only to turn right around and steal from someone to buy drugs? Trust is a two-way street. If you want to earn my trust, if you want me to believe you've actually changed, then prove it by watching my house for the next three weeks. No drugs, no parties, no turning tricks here or elsewhere. Take a break from the streets and just relax for once in your life. Anyways, your room is this way," Brianna said as she resumed the tour. "The locked door at the end of the hall is my room. Like the one in the basement, it is off limits."

"Got something to hide?"

"Yeah, my privacy. Now just stay out and we'll be fine. Your room is here on the right. I was going to put you up in one of the regular bedrooms, but figured you'd prefer something with a private bathroom," Brianna said as she pushed a door open and then waved her sister inside.

"Good lord!" Celeste exclaimed despite herself. "This is as big as my whole damn apartment! Speaking of which, just how much room does one person need anyways Why do you even need more than one or two bedrooms?"

"Need? I don't *need* them, sis. I want them. And I want them because I like to invite friends over for parties and, well, with lots of alcohol involved I'd rather they not get behind the wheel. The double doors there on your left lead into the walk-in closet. And the bathroom is through the door on your right." Walking over to the closet, Brianna slid the doors into the walls. You'll find clean towels and bedding on the shelves immediately to your left," she explained. "And as you can see there's plenty of room for as much clothing as you wish to bring."

"I prefer to be nude at home so I won't be bringing much," Celeste replied. "I hope that isn't going to be a problem?"

"As long as you bathe every day I don't care what you wear." *But Duke certainly will*, she thought as she stepped out of the closet. "Honestly, I prefer to be nude as well."

"Then why are you wearing clothes?"

"Because I didn't want to freak you out the first time we met in over three years."

Testing her sister's claim, Celeste pulled her tee shirt off and let it drop to the floor. Reaching back, she unhooked her bra and slowly slid it down her arms. "Am I the only one getting naked?"

Shrugging, Brianna began stripping as well. "What, you thought I wouldn't do it?" she smirked at the look of surprise on her sister's face.

"Honestly, no," Celeste said as she pulled her pants and panties down. Especially with a huge dog running around."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Seriously? You run around butt naked and he's never tried sniffing, licking or mounting?"

"He tries but I don't let him," Brianna lied.

"You should," Celeste grinned. "They're actually quite good lovers."

"Um, what?"

"I've had sex with over eighteen thousand men and women, sis. I've been subjected to every perversion under the sun including having sex with various animals."

"Are you saying you're going to have sex with my dog while I'm away? That you're going to train him to have sex with women so that he tries screwing me when I get home?"