

## Quiet Night In: Longing

### Chapter 2

As she headed downstairs, Amber had to pinch her arm to make sure she was awake. The little pinprick of pain made her heart sing and her mind whirr.

Rosie was back? She was *here*?

Every sweet dream Amber'd had in the last year coming true at once.

*Rosie was back!*

The last few stairs, she leaped over. A wide grin splitting her face. She landed light on her bare feet, continued her swift walk to the kitchen. Already, her brain was throwing up recipes and successful tests, searching for the perfect one.

But, she was getting ahead of herself...

As soon as she was in the kitchen, she turned on a stove and slapped a small saucepan on it. Got her favourite large mug out of a cupboard. Collected the few ingredients she'd need.

Milk, chocolate, marshmallows. The essentials.

She could've gone for something more interesting; adding cinnamon or honey or even her surprisingly good spicy chilli variety. But, for now, simplicity was best. Couldn't go wrong with the basics!

Into the mug, she dropped broken chunks of chocolate. On top of that, she poured the milk. And, when the mug was full, she poured its contents – milk and chocolate both – into the saucepan.

Homemade hot chocolate. The perfect thing for Rosie right now.

Amber kept a close eye on the concoction. Stirring constantly and watching as the white milk slowly browned.

After a whole year spent making hot chocolate nearly every day, she knew *exactly* what she was doing. When it'd be ready, how to avoid burning the chocolate before it had a chance to melt, the perfect ratio between milk and chocolate. While Rosie had been off at her university studying, *this* was the single most important skill *Amber* had been developing.

It'd started off being something small. Wanting to learn how to make a nice hot chocolate for when Rosie got back. A little something to put a smile on her sister's face.

But that wouldn't have justified the amount of hot chocolate Amber had brewed over the last year. The many, many, *many* gallons of milk and chocolate she'd used over that time. Even after she'd learned the basic formula, she'd kept brewing it. Had started experimenting, trying things out.

Because, whenever she'd sat down to drink it afterwards, thoughts of Rosie always followed. An invisible warmth wrapping around her body as a very real one tickled her throat and insides.

It'd become a ritual for her.

A quiet few minutes alone to remind her of Rosie.

"Be careful," she said, setting the mug down for Rosie to take. "It's hot. Give it a minute or two, and it'll be perfect."

"It smells amazing," Rosie said with a wide smile.

That smile alone was more than worth all the spilled milk.

Not that she'd spilled any today, or any time recently. But those first few attempts at making it...

"So," Amber said, sitting down on her bed next to Rosie. "How was the drive here? Any car problems or anything?"

Rosie shook her head, cheeks pink.

A stranger might've thought the girl was blushing out of shyness or embarrassment,

but Amber saw beneath it. The shadows under Rosie's eyes, the distant look, the way she sat hunched and tight, the obvious tension.

Amber's chest ached.

Had something happened? Certainly, something must have. Rosie wasn't the type to just ditch school for no reason, go on a road trip home.

"Mom and Dad have been going out more together," Amber said, sitting back on the bed and closing her eyes. "I think you going off to college made them realise something. They've been going on dates, acting all lovey-dovey. Guess they figured we're all grown up now and that they don't have to be full-time parents anymore."

Rosie would talk to her when she was ready, Amber told herself. Until then, she'd just have to distract her lil' sister. Do what she could to blow apart the dark cloud that seemed to be hanging over Rosie's head.

"They were even talking about going on holiday together," Amber added. "Just them. Like a second honeymoon or something."

"Really?" Rosie asked, perking up a little. "So we might have the place to ourselves for a while?"

"Maybe."

*Hopefully*, she added internally.

"Depends how they react to you being here a few weeks early. Figured out what you're gonna tell them yet?"

Rosie didn't answer.

Amber flicked an eye open, glanced at her sister.

"Wow," Rosie breathed, mug to her lips. "This is amazing!"

Amber couldn't keep herself from grinning.

"Really?" She asked, feigning cool indifference. "I just threw some milk and chocolate in a pan."

"Yeah!" Rosie said, taking another sip and shuddering. She let out a contented sigh, shoulders relaxing. "It's delicious."

"Told ya," Amber beamed. "Exactly what you needed!"

"Well..." Rosie hummed, tilting her head to one side. "There is something else I could do with right now..."

She placed firm hands on Rosie's hips, leaned in close behind her.

Rosie set her half-full mug down on the bedside table, placed her hands on the bed either side of herself instead. Her breathing soft, hitching slightly when Amber pulled her backwards.

They rolled on the bed together; Amber holding onto Rosie, planting soft kisses on her neck and cheek. Murmuring sweet nothings to Rosie's pale, flawless skin.

"I've missed you," she whispered into Rosie's jaw. "So much."

Rosie gasped, tilted her head to give Amber better access.

"I've missed hearing your voice," Amber confessed, planting another gentle kiss on Rosie's neck. "I've missed your laugh, your smile. The way you blush..."

Heat radiated off Rosie's skin. Without needing to look, Amber knew her sister's face was rose-red.

"I've missed your moans," Amber told her, sliding her hands under Rosie's shirt. "Your whimpers..."

Rosie let out a little moan right then. A tiny prize for Amber to savour, like a droplet of water to a parched throat. A promise of things to come.

"I've missed *these*," Amber purred, moving her hands up under Rosie's top 'til they reached a well-filled bra.

"Amber," Rosie gasped.

"God, I've missed these," she whispered into Rosie's ear.

She emphasised the statement by reaching up over Rosie's voluminous chest, groping the more-than-handfuls of tit she could. Squeezing and kneading them through thick bra cups.

"You have no idea how much I've wanted this," Amber told her. "How much I've *needed* this..."

"I do," Rosie moaned, placing her hands on Amber's arms.

When her sister pried her arms out from under her top, Amber hesitated – worried she'd gone too far, too fast. But then Rosie rolled over so they were face to face. And what Amber saw in her sister's eyes tickled something deep inside her.

Smouldering, hungry eyes. Filled with lust and desire.

Before Amber could react, Rosie's hands were on her shoulders, pinning her to the bed as Rosie climbed atop her.

"You like my boobs that much?" Rosie purred, towering over Amber.

*When did she get so assertive?*

Amber stared up at her sister, flashed a half-cocked smile.

"I do," she said, eyes lingering on her sister's mountains.

Rosie's tits were something... Far from her best trait, obviously. But spectacular all the same. The kind of massive watermelons that Amber could spend all day appreciating; with her eyes, and in some other ways.

Rosie grinned down at her.

Then she reached for the bottom of her shirt, wiggled her hips as she dragged it up and off her body. She tossed it away, though Amber didn't see where it landed – could've been another dimension, for all she cared. Her eyes were glued to Rosie's pale mountains and the very deep, very dark valley between them.

The bra, it seemed, had been pulled up by the shirt. Was currently hunched around Rosie's collarbone. Beyond that, Amber couldn't make out any details of the garment. She could barely register what *colour* it was. Blue. Or was it Green?

Rosie's nipples, on the other hand, were clear as day. A pretty shade of pink. Cute as buttons.

Little pink nipples that stood out like peaks on a pair of heavy, round mountains. Faint blue veins visible just under the pale skin around them, with an odd freckle here and there.

They were beautiful.

Enough so to make Amber's mouth water at the sight of them.

Rosie shifted some more, pulling the bra up and over her head, sending it to the shadow realm just like she'd done with the shirt. All the motion made those massive tits sway and dangle and dance. The perfect amount of perkiness to give a wonderful bounce to the heavy mammaries.

Amber only managed to drag her eyes away from the gargantuan tits when she caught two glittering, gleeful eyes staring down at her.

"Like what you see?" Rosie teased, shaking her chest.

*Lord have mercy.*

"Yes," Amber gulped.

"Good!" Rosie beamed.

Then she leaned down, took Amber's face in her hands, kissed her.

Amber kissed her sister's thigh.

Rosie moaned, spread her legs further apart. All but begging Amber to give attention to that special, needy place.

Smiling, Amber kissed Rosie's thigh again. And again.

She slid a finger up from Rosie's knee – drew a looping, swirling line along Rosie's other thigh. Teasing her sister by refusing to go any higher.

Rosie whined, thrashed lightly on the bed.

Amber punished her by blowing air towards Rosie's crotch.

The effect was immediate. Warm air tickling Rosie's exposed pussy, sending jolts of pleasure rocking through her. The lack of anything else, no more contact or touch, just the cool air, an agony in itself.

As Rosie moaned and whimpered her sister's name, Amber continued to tease her. Slowly moving closer and closer to the prize. Inching her way towards what they both wanted.

Amber giggled when she finally reached it. Saw just how much Rosie had leaked onto the bed.

*Should've put a towel down first.*

But worrying about the mess was something for later. Right now, she had a job to do.

"Long time, no see," she whispered to Rosie's quivering pussy. The breath from her words alone was enough to rock Rosie's body with pleasure. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes!" Rosie practically shouted, voice trembling.

"Careful," Amber chuckled. "Don't want the neighbours to hear."

"I don't care!" Rosie whined. "Amber, *please*. I can't-"

Her voice cut off into a loud moan, Amber's tongue pushing its way into her.

It'd been a long time since she'd done this. Not since Rosie had gone off to university. But, rusty as she might've been, it wasn't difficult to resume. Like riding a bike, Amber knew *exactly* what to do. And, if anything, she had *lust* on her side. Months and months without, all that pent up frustration and desire, all unleashed in one go.

She listened to her sister's wild moans, her voice breaking and her words becoming more and more incoherent. She flicked her tongue, revelling in Rosie's high-pitched response. She squeezed her sister's plump ass, used it as leverage to push herself – her tongue – deeper. As deep as Rosie's tight hole would allow.

Rosie thrashed and moaned; toes curling, muscles clenching and relaxing, twitching and convulsing as orgasm after orgasm exploded inside her, through her.

By the time Amber was done, Rosie was left twitching and gasping. Limp on the bed to the point of paralysis.

Amber wiped her mouth with her own discarded t-shirt. Then realised it was her whole face that needed wiping clean. She barked out a laugh, shook her head and grinned at her handiwork.

Rosie was staring up at the ceiling, a dumb grin on her face. Breathing heavily. Twitching occasionally.

"Welcome home, sis," Amber chuckled.

On the bed, Rosie giggled.

A musical sound, free of stress and worry.

It made Amber's chest glow in a way they hadn't in far too long. She glanced at her alarm clock to check the time, saw the mug – half full and cold and forgotten.

"I need to make you hot chocolate more often."

In the time it took Rosie to clean herself up and take a quick shower, Amber had swapped her bedsheets out for a clean set and had brewed up another mugful of hot chocolate – this one a little more experimental than the last. A bit of cayenne sauce mixed in to give it a bit of a kick, with whipped cream instead of marshmallows.

Rosie came down to the kitchen to drink it. Wearing a fluffy pink bathrobe that had Amber torn between smothering her with kisses and cuddles and wanting to tear the robe open and ravish the goodies underneath.

She restrained herself from doing the former, lest temptation lead her to the latter.

Instead, she stood aside and admired from afar.

"How long 'til Mom and Dad get back?" Rosie asked, holding a steaming mug to her lips. "It's getting pretty late."

"I'm not sure," Amber shrugged. "Sometimes they're back by now, sometimes they don't come back at all. Might be renting a motel room for the night."

Rosie made a face. "Gross."

"No," Amber smiled. "What's 'gross' is when they're flirting with each other when you're in the room, and they make some excuse or reason to get you out of the house for a couple of minutes. The number of times I've been asked to go 'buy some milk' when I know there's plenty here already..."

"That bad?" Rosie winced.

"Worse," Amber groaned. "I hope you packed some earbuds or headphones."

Rosie let out a chuckle, took a sip of her hot chocolate.

The smile on her sister's face brought more warmth to Amber's chest than any hot chocolate could ever hope to.

"So," Amber said, leaning against a wall. "How's university?"

Rosie stiffened.

Amber waited. She wouldn't force Rosie to talk, but...

"It's okay," Rosie said softly, averting her eyes. "Exhausting."

"I can imagine," Amber hummed. "Made many friends?"

Rosie shook her head quickly. "Too busy," she murmured.

"What about your roommate?"

"Jade?" Rosie pursed her lips. "She's... nice."

The pause made Amber doubt that.

She pushed off the wall, stood straight and narrowed her eyes.

"Is she hassling you?" Amber asked, crossing her arms. "If she's been making things difficult for you-"

"No," Rosie squeaked, a tiny smile curling her lips. "No, it's nothing like that! She's just... *charismatic*. That's all."

"Charismatic?"

Rosie winced. "You'd have to meet her. She's very friendly. But, like, a little *too* friendly, I guess? If that makes sense..."

"It doesn't," Amber huffed, pushing down the sudden urge to 'talk to' this *charismatic* roommate. "But go on. You've gotta have more friends than her, right?"

Rosie pursed her lips, slowly shook her head.

*None at all?*

Amber didn't speak the words, but couldn't help thinking them. Even as studious as Rosie was, *surely* she could make time to socialise and unwind. A girl as pleasant and nice as Rosie shouldn't have any trouble making friends.

So why hadn't she?

Rosie sipped her hot chocolate, shoulders stiff once more.

Curling in on herself.

"Alright," Amber said firmly, coming to a decision.

"Hmm?"

"We should go Christmas shopping tomorrow!" Amber said brightly, striding over to Rosie and hooking a hand under her arm. "I've got a bit of spare change saved. We can make a day out of it! Maybe catch that new movie while we're there."

Rosie let out a confused squeak as Amber tugged her along. Out of the kitchen and towards the living room.

Whatever was up with her sister, Amber wasn't going to pry.

But that didn't mean she couldn't help in her own way.

For however long Rosie was here, Amber would make sure that time was spent smiling. If her sister wanted an escape, Amber was happy to be that for her. If Rosie just

needed some tender care and affection – well, that was something Amber could provide in spades.

She gave Rosie a little peck on the cheek, grinned wide as her sister blushed bright.