

Quiet Night In: Longing

Chapter 3

Her parents took things surprisingly well.

They'd been confused, certainly. What was their good, well-behaved daughter doing back home? Why was she ditching university? It was the type of thing they'd have expected from Amber, not Rosie.

But, after she'd 'explained' things, the pair of them relaxed and accepted her manufactured excuse.

She already knew everything coming up in her exams – that, at least, was true. This time, the weeks leading up to her exams, was for revision and reviewing everything. Not *quite* true. There were plenty of things being taught in lectures that professors hadn't addressed yet – but Rosie was well ahead of her peers in that regard, what with all the extra studying she'd been doing these last few months.

Once she'd told her parents how 'noisy' and 'distracting' dorm life was, her parents had been totally understanding of her wanting to come home, study somewhere quiet and relaxing.

All she had to do was return to college in time for the exams.

She'd cross *that* bridge when she came to it.

Until then, Rosie allowed herself to forget. Put all those thoughts in the back of her mind.

She let Amber sweep her up, steal her away.

Into town they went, shopping for Christmas presents as a pretext for hanging out and spending time together.

They bounced from store to store, collecting bags with every stop. Clothes and gifts; a foot massager for their mother, several boxes of matchsticks for their father – he'd apparently obtained a new hobby while Rosie'd been away involving building sculptures out of matchsticks.

"You should see his matchstick eagle sculpture," Amber said with a wide grin. "It's hideous!"

"Show me later!" Rosie laughed.

Everything else evaporated away. The dark cloud that'd been hanging over her split apart under the brightness that was Amber.

"C'mon," Amber smiled. "This way."

As her sister led the way, Rosie couldn't help but admire her from behind. Denim hugging Amber's legs and butt; faded jeans that were frayed at the heels where they met Amber's combat boots. A long, loose rocker t-shirt that peaked out under a patched and worn leather jacket. A halo of wild, messy hair around her head that bobbed and bounced with every confident step.

When Amber looked back at her, Rosie half-swooned at the sight of her sister's beautiful face. Thick eyeliner, black eyeshadow contrasting with pale irises. Plump red lips curved into a half-cocked smile.

Her chest swelled, heat rushing through her.

Rosie realised where they were going only when she stepped through the entrance and had to drag her eyes away from Amber.

A little, family-run bakery.

The scent hit her immediately. Warm bread and cakes, sweet and savoury and delicious. And... Above it all, the unmistakable aroma of sizzling bacon.

Rosie's mouth began to water, her stomach growling.

A few minutes later, they were sitting on a park bench. Digging into the most deliciously fresh bacon sandwiches Rosie had ever tasted. Each bite giving her tastebuds their own

tiny orgasms.

She groaned and moaned as she ate, devouring the toasted sandwich with total glee.

As soon as she was done, she slumped on the bench, slid half-way down it. Beside her, Amber chuckled around her own divine breakfast.

That sound was to Rosie's soul what the sandwich had been to her tastebuds. A gentle heat spread through her, banishing the chilly air and filling her with warm serenity. It was a perfect little moment. The kind that, after being away for so long, Rosie embraced and appreciated for all it was worth.

"Told you it was good," Amber said, eyes twinkling.

"You're beautiful," Rosie whispered.

Her sister's eyes widened in surprise, but Rosie didn't give Amber the chance to react to what she'd said. She pushed herself off the bench, took her sister by the hand and tugged her to her feet. Before Amber could even guess as to what Rosie was doing, their bodies were pressed together and Rosie's tongue was in her mouth.

Amber tensed for a moment, and for that single moment, Rosie panicked. Had she gone too far?

Then her sister relaxed, met Rosie's kiss with gentle vigour.

It didn't last long. Only a few seconds. But those seconds were *delicious*. Rosie bit her lip as her sister pulled away, considered leaping on her and pulling her to the ground. Tearing her clothes off right there and then, in the middle of the park.

"We shouldn't," Amber whispered, quickly glancing around. "Someone might see."

Us having sex? It'd be hard to miss-

But no, that wasn't what Amber was talking about.

The kiss. Someone might see them kissing.

Rosie's cheeks flushed.

In a public place like this, it wasn't impossible that someone they knew would show up and witness them making out. Unlikely, for sure – there weren't a whole lot of people outside family that knew both Amber and Rosie – but still plausible.

"Let's go somewhere quiet," Amber said, placing gentle hands on Rosie's shoulders. "A drive. Been too long since I've sat behind the wheel of a nice car."

Rosie nodded her head, unable to meet her sister's gaze.

Would someone seeing them together be so bad?

Yes. She reprimanded herself immediately.

It *would* be bad. Worse than 'bad'. It'd be catastrophic. Apocalyptic. If it ever got out, if their parents ever learned about their relationship...

We'd have to run away together.

Abandon everything, flee into the night. Go someplace nobody knew them and start a new life together; one where they wouldn't have to hide their feelings for each other. Where they could kiss in public parks without fear of being seen and outed.

An alluring fantasy.

Not one that'd ever come true.

Rosie did her best to banish the thought as she and Amber collected their shopping bags, began the walk back to the mustang.

Stop thinking, she told herself. *Enjoy the now.*

Still, though, the allure of running away – not having to worry about anything but embracing Amber – tempted and taunted her as she walked. An ever-dangling carrot in front of her, always out of reach.

Amber drove without direction or destination. Cruising random streets, taking random turns. More than once, they ended up in a dead end or narrow alley. But that was fine. It wasn't what was *ahead* that mattered. Just that they were together when they arrived

there.

"Mom 'n' Dad will expect you to study lots," Amber said, eyes flicking between Rosie and the road ahead. "Won't want me to 'bother' you."

"You're not a bother," Rosie frowned.

"Try telling them that."

The bad, rebellious daughter corrupting the good, well-behaved one. Rosie already knew how those arguments would play out; their parents scolding and reprimanding Amber for wasting Rosie's precious study time, Rosie trying to defend her but their parents only seeing their 'good' child not wanting to get the 'bad' one in trouble.

Rosie sighed, tilted her head back.

"Worried about your exams?" Amber asked.

"No," Rosie said with a shake of her head. "Not really."

With all the studying she'd done in her free time, all those hours spent reading ahead and learning everything before her professors' lectures, she didn't doubt her ability to pass with flying colours.

"You ever want to run away?" She asked softly.

"Sometimes," Amber answered after a few seconds of silence.

"Everything feels so..." She struggled to put the sensation into words. "Stale. The same day, repeating over and over again. It's monotonous. Draining. When I think about how long I have to keep doing it all again and again and again..."

"That's growing up for you," Amber said, smile unwavering.

"I hate it," Rosie whispered.

"Welcome to the club," Amber chuckled.

Rosie looked over at her sister, saw the half-cocked smile, the easy joy. She wished she could pull out her phone, snap a quick picture of the sight and store it forever. But she couldn't do that. Not without ruining the simple beauty of the moment.

Instead, she gazed at her sister, tried to memorise every little detail. The fluttering strands of hair over Amber's eye, the dimple in her cheek.

"How do you do that?" She asked. "Smile so easily."

"Got lots to smile about," Amber grinned as the car came to a stop. She turned her head, gazed at Rosie with total confidence. "Being alone with you for one thing," she added, eyes roaming up and down Rosie. "With no risk of anyone stumbling in on us..."

Rosie blushed, glanced around at where they'd parked.

An empty, overgrown parking lot outside a factory that'd been abandoned and left to crumble away long before either of them had been born. On the outskirts of town, away from any populated areas.

Her cheeks flushed hotter.

"I wouldn't say there's *no risk* of someone passing by," Rosie said as Amber undid her seatbelt. "It's still-"

"Rosie," Amber purred, cutting her off.

Rosie looked to her sister with big, round eyes.

"Take your sweater off and show me your tits."

She wished she'd put on a nicer bra. Something cute or sexy. Not the bland, beige, full-cup support bra she'd thrown on that morning. It was about as ugly and unappealing as any she owned, and decidedly *not* what she wanted Amber to see her in.

Not that it seemed to phase her sister. Amber ogled Rosie's chest like the bra held gold and treasure, staring at her bust with undisguised desire.

"Fuck," Amber breathed, reaching forward with trembling hands. "Look at these puppies! I swear, they've gotten bigger..."

The way she was staring, Rosie wouldn't have been surprised if Amber started drooling.

She blushed, found herself puffing her chest out a little more. Giving Amber a better view and basking in the attention.

A warm fingertip touched Rosie's collarbone, drew a slow line to the middle of her chest. When it reached a deep valley of cleavage, that finger pushed into the groove – continued down Rosie's bust until the front of the bra stopped it.

"Sheesh," Amber said, wiggling her finger around in Rosie's cleavage. "These things are *huge*."

Face hot, Rosie looked away. Her heart flared.

When Amber pulled her finger back, away from her chest, Rosie tensed. Uncertain what'd happen next.

Hands gripped her bra straps – firm, not rough – and pulled Rosie's chest a little closer. Rosie turned just in time to see Amber's face descending into her bosom. Nose and lips shoved their way into Rosie's cleavage, the grip on her bra keeping Rosie from drawing away in surprise.

Amber wiggled her face, shook it from side to side.

Rosie rolled her eyes.

Not the first time she'd been motorboarded by her sister, but it'd been a while...

"Having fun?"

"Yep!" Amber said, half-muffled by Rosie's tits.

As Amber smothered herself between her breasts, Rosie reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Immediately, it went slack. Amber must've noticed because her hands – still gripping bra straps – moved to pull it down completely.

The ugly bra slid down Rosie's arms and was quickly forgotten.

"Mmmm," Amber hummed, lathering Rosie's breasts with love and saliva. "Yummy yummy."

"You're impossible," Rosie said, grinning wide.

Amber looked up, chin buried in wet cleavage, and winked. Then she lunged, pushing Rosie back and kissing her chest and collar and neck, slathering her with kisses and smooches.

All Rosie could do was giggle.

In the cramped space, it was difficult to find a comfortable spot. Rosie ended up with the back of her head to the passenger side window, a leg up behind the steering wheel while the other was... Rosie had no idea. Curled against something hard. The driver seat?

All she knew for sure was that she was in heaven.

When Amber finally pulled away, planting a final kiss on Rosie's throat, she looked over her handiwork.

Rosie, sprawled awkwardly on the passenger seat, naked from the waist up, panting softly. Hard nipples poked out as tips of firm, perky mountains. A thin layer of sweat and saliva over flushed, prickled skin.

"I think," Amber said, red lips curled into a wicked smile, "I know what I'm gonna get you for Christmas."

"Oh?"

"Yep," Amber hummed. She reached down, caressed Rosie's cheek.

Amber's thumb massaged Rosie's chin for a few moments, before sliding up to her lips and prying them apart. The rest of her hand moved, index and middle fingers gliding to Rosie's open mouth.

Before she really knew what was happening, Rosie was fellating her sister's fingers. Sucking on them, licking. Which made Amber smile wider, in turn making Rosie try even harder.

"If I had a cock..." Amber shook her head and giggled. "Shame I didn't bring it along. Didn't think we'd need a strap-on for gift shopping. Next time, I'll be sure 'n' bring plenty of

toys for you..."

Rosie gave the fingers a little bite.

"Here," Amber laughed, sliding her fingers out of Rosie's mouth. "I know *exactly* what you need."

Warm, saliva-drenched fingers pressed to Rosie's collarbone. The sensation sent tingles down her spine, which doubled over when Amber started slowly dragging those lubricated fingers down her body. Between her breasts, over her flat tummy, right down to the waistband of her pants.

As cloth peeled away from skin, warm fingers exploring even warmer areas, Rosie shut her eyes and let out a gasp.

Her thighs parted further, body tensing in anticipation.

"This," Amber teased, "is what my baby needs."

The windows were too steamed to see through. A pale white cloudiness, like little walls hiding the outside world.

Rosie raised a trembling finger, drew a fuzzy circle in the moisture.

"Better get going soon," Amber was saying, checking herself in the car's rearview mirror. Adjusting her hair from sexed-up messy to her usual organised-chaotic flair. "Don't want the landlords to think I'm wasting your precious study time."

"Landlords?" Rosie asked, glancing at Amber before returning to her drawing. She added a wide curve to the top of it, another next to the first. Big petals for the fledgeling flower.

"I pay rent," Amber shrugged. "So they *are* technically my landlords."

"We should move out," Rosie whispered. She didn't look over at her sister. Didn't dare. "Rent a place together. Just me and you..."

"One day," Amber said after a long silence.

She tried to imagine it. A small apartment, just her and Amber. Waking up in the same bed in the morning, making breakfast, drinking hot chocolate – or coffee – and just... *living*. Watching films together. Washing dishes. Doing laundry. Side by side, all the while. Her studying while Amber worked, and massaging Amber's shoulders when she got home after a long day.

It was nice. A pleasant fantasy.

Why not a reality?

Why not the future?

When her condensation flower was complete, stem and leaf and all, Rosie looked to her sister.

Amber was watching her, head tilted to one side.

"And they think *I'm* the bad influence," Rosie's sister said, shaking her head. "Here you are, tempting me to do terrible, wicked things. Convincing me to run away and live with you."

"You saying you don't want to?"

"I want to," Amber confessed. "Too much."

"Come on," Rosie grinned. "The *landlords* are waiting."