

Quiet Night In: Longing

Chapter 4

Rosie sighed, looked up from the mess of information.

Strewn about her bed were pages – some printed, others hand-written notes, some torn straight from one textbook or another. Her phone was there, open to a photo of a whiteboard covered in text. A borrowed tablet next to it, similarly displaying revision material.

The only part of her bed that wasn't covered in information overload was the spot Rosie herself occupied.

She frowned, shifted, plucked yet *another* sheet of paper out from under her butt. One she hadn't been able to find an hour or two ago. One she'd all but pulled her hair out searching for.

She tilted her head back, closed her eyes. Wished to be anywhere else but there.

When she opened her eyes, though, she found herself staring up at the same ceiling. In the exact same spot she'd been for the last six hours. Having made next to no progress.

How was that even *possible*?!

Why did she feel like she was even more lost now than when she'd began?

Once again, she looked around. Took in everything.

And despaired.

It was all too much. How was she supposed to...

She shook her head, flopped onto her back. Paper crinkled beneath her, some sheets flying right off the bed.

"This is hell," Rosie groaned.

And then a familiar sound rumbled past.

The engine of an old, well-kept motorbike.

Rosie perked up, shot into a sitting position, listened intently. Her heart drummed in her ears.

The motorbike drove into a neighbour's driveway. Stilled as a garage door opened. Rumbled as it rolled inside. Then silence. A few seconds of agonising *nothing*, followed by the faint noise of a garage door closing.

A wide grin split Rosie's lips.

She hopped off her bed, paced in her room, waited.

As soon as she heard the house's front door open, she burst out of her bedroom, raced downstairs – leaping the last few steps in her excitement.

Amber!

Finally back from work!

She skidded to a stop in front of her big sister just as the front door closed shut, Amber's eyebrows raising in surprise.

"Welcome home!"

"Hey," Amber said, her surprise quickly morphing into a half-cocked, eye-twinkling smile. "Miss me?"

Rosie blushed, looked away. "A little."

"You," Amber said, taking a step closer, "are way too cute."

"Am not!"

Rosie looked at Amber.

It was a mistake.

Bright blue eyes – surrounded in thick, black eyeliner – drew Rosie in, promised her wonderfully wicked things. Red, glossy lips that curved up confidently, made Rosie want to spend the rest of the day – the rest of her life – kissing them. Wild, yet soft, blonde hair that she wanted nothing more than to nestle her face in as they both fell asleep together.

And that *scent*. Dirt and oil and sweat, as intoxicating to Rosie as any drink.

She trembled, lost herself in her sister's presence.

"I got you something," Amber said, a faint purr to her voice.

"You," Rosie gulped. "You did?"

"Come on," Amber winked. "I'll show you."

Rosie nodded, knees trembling as Amber walked past her and she got a strong whiff of that addictive aroma. She followed after her sister, feeling as if she were being carried along like a leaf in the wind.

Her eyes found themselves on Amber's butt.

She didn't have the strength to look away. Not from those buns.

Amber strutted into the kitchen, unslung the pack from her shoulder. A large, worn-out leather messenger bag that was the closest thing to a purse that Amber owned. She pushed it onto a kitchen counter, opened it up, fished around inside.

When her hand reemerged, it was holding a simple white bakery box. The kind that'd hold a half-dozen doughnuts or cupcakes or other such treat.

"Stopped by on my way back from work," Amber said, holding the box out to Rosie and opening it. "They reminded me so much of you, I couldn't resist. Plus, I figure you deserve a little treat after all that studying..."

Inside the box were an assortment of tall, icing-coated cookies. On each, a little cartoonish picture. A dog on one, a cat on another, a duck, a reindeer, a rabbit.

They looked deliciously sweet and sugary.

"Out of curiosity," Rosie said, eyes roaming over the confectioneries. "Which one reminded you of me the most?"

"Hmm..." Amber's smile widened, eyes twinkling mischievously. "Actually, it was something else they had that *really* reminded me of you. I didn't buy any though. Wouldn't have been able to resist eating 'em."

"Oh?" Rosie hummed, picking up a cookie with a cute frog face on it.

"Belgian buns. They had some extra big ones on the shelves. Not quite as huge as..." Amber's eyes flicked down to Rosie's chest and back up, "Some other places. But still, very yummy looking. Next time, I'll have to get some of those instead..."

Rosie nibbled her cookie, as if that'd hide her blush.

Without really thinking, she found herself pushing her chest out a little. A tiny thrill of pleasure tickled through her.

"We should go upstairs," Rosie whispered. "Before Mom and Dad get home."

At the look her sister gave her, Rosie turned away – face glowing red-hot. The tickling pleasure became a gentle tingle.

"If Dad sees those cookies," Rosie added quickly, "they won't last long."

"Uh-huh," Amber said, and Rosie could *hear* the grin. "Of course. Don't want Dad to get home and catch *us*..." She paused, let the sentence hang for a few seconds. "With cookies. Be much safer to *eat* up in your room, wouldn't it?"

All Rosie could do was mumble agreement.

Rosie was taking a bite out of her cookie when Amber stepped up behind her, wrapped her hands around Rosie's waist, pulled her close.

"There was a nice car in the shop today," Amber whispered, lips dangerously close to Rosie's ear. "Firebird. Classic. Beautiful, sexy car."

"Oh?" Rosie mumbled, heart pounding.

"All I could think about when I saw it," Amber said, breath hot on Rosie's skin, "was how much I wanted to have you up on the hood, legs spread wide..."

Rosie shivered with delight.

She let out the tiniest of whimpers, hid it by taking another bite from her cookie.

"You," she gulped, agonisingly aware of how close her sister's glossy lips were.

"You should try these. They're really good..."

"Maybe later," Amber smirked, hands rising from Rosie's waist and tummy, reaching under her breasts and gently squeezing them. "I'm more of a 'cake' kinda girl..."

"I think there's some cake downstairs," Rosie breathed.

She leaned backwards, into Amber's chest. When warm lips touched Rosie's jaw, electrical shockwaves rippled out from the spot. Heat and excitement and anticipation.

"It's..." Her mind was fogging, thoughts evaporating. "A lemon sponge... I..."

"That's not what I'm going to be eating tonight," Amber said, kissing Rosie's jaw again.

The dam broke.

Before Rosie could catch her bearings, she was face to face with her sister. Their lips pressed together, tongues wrestling for control. The world spun around her and paper went flying, bedsprings creaking.

"Baby," Amber cooed, lips still pressed to hers. "I couldn't stop thinking about you all day."

I know the feeling, Rosie tried to say.

All that came out was a moaned 'mmhm'.

Hands at her hips slid under Rosie's sweater. In that moment, she couldn't tell if they were Amber's hands or her own. But she felt them, cool against skin that felt afire. Dragging her sweater up her body.

Another pair of hands – those *must* have been hers – reached behind Rosie's back, unhooked her bra.

Amber broke the kiss, panting heavily, face hovering above Rosie's. A feral wildness filled those beautiful blue eyes. A hunger Rosie knew all too well, was more than willing to give herself to.

"I want you," Amber breathed.

"Have me," Rosie begged.

Amber gripped her arms, pinned them to the bed – wrists either side of Rosie's head. She towered over Rosie, a blonde goddess with a devil's smile.

She leaned down, kissed Rosie's jaw. A little peck of a kiss that *tingled* as her lips moved away; lower. To Rosie's neck, her throat, her chest – right where skin gave way to sweater.

Then Amber moved lower, face sinking into the tiny sliver of cleavage between bunched sweater and lacy bra. Planting kisses on every spec of pale, soft skin her lips could reach.

Rosie arched her back, pushed her tits out for Amber.

The bra was slack. And, when Amber released her grip on Rosie's wrists, that was where Rosie expected her sister's hands to go. Straight for that bra, to grip it, pull it down, remove it. Free Rosie's breasts to play with and enjoy.

But no. Amber's hands slid past the bra, glided down Rosie's bare sides until they reached her jeans.

Rosie gasped.

Amber sat up, scooted lower down the bed, looked up into Rosie's eyes and smiled. Bit her lip.

Her hands moved to the front of Rosie's jeans, undid the single button there. Tugged down the zipper. Then she gripped the jeans, began pulling them down Rosie's legs. Exposing the thong she'd put on that morning, hoping this opportunity might come.

She tensed as Amber lowered her head, took the waistband of the thong in her teeth, started dragging it down too.

Slam!

The house's front door crashing shut.

"Girls!" Their father called from downstairs. "Dinner's here!"

Rosie loved her parents.

They were good, kind people. Stern, for sure. But far from the worst mother and father in the world.

And yet...

"If they ever blue-ball me like that again," Rosie promised her empty bedroom. "They're going into the cheapest retirement home I can find."

She thumped her mattress with clenched fists, rolled onto her side, closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

A couple seconds later, she was rolling onto her other side, muttering under her breath.

"Couldn't have waited ten stinking minutes? Ugh!"

And what was up with her *body*?

How could she feel blue-balled? She didn't *have* balls!

Rosie groaned, the memory – how close they'd come – hot in her mind. Burned there by the desperate *need* she had for release.

Try as she might, she couldn't sleep.

It was the dead of night, she was cranky and annoyed and frustrated. Worse – she was *horny*. And her lover, the only one she wanted, was *so close*.

"I can't," she whined to herself.

But she *needed* to.

It's too risky.

But she couldn't find it in herself to care.

Slowly, making the decision, she inhaled a breath.

"Fuck it."

She climbed out of bed, wearing a plain nightie and nothing else. Crept towards her bedroom door.

Heart pounding, legs trembling, she opened it.

She glanced left, then right. Nothing.

No lights on. No noise.

Slowly, cautiously, she snuck to her sister's room.

Every tiptoe nearer she took made her more certain, more *sure*.

Turning a door handle, slipping inside, inching closer to her sister's bed and the blanketed, blonde-haired body resting atop it.

Amber stirred as Rosie climbed onto her bed, didn't wake up fully until Rosie was practically sitting atop her – knees either side of Amber's shoulders. She shifted under the blanket, eyes flicking open – two sapphires in the moonlight, surrounded by pools of white.

"Hmm?" Amber mumbled, blinking. "Rosie?"

"Hi," Rosie breathed.

"Mmm..." Amber hummed happily. "Am I dreaming again?"

"Only one way to find out," Rosie whispered.

"Huh," Amber closed her eyes. "What's that?"

"Eat me," Rosie said, surprising herself.

Amber's eyebrows narrowed in a flicker of a frown. Her eyes opened again, the sleepiness quickly fading from them.

"Rosie?" She said, glancing about. "What're you?"

"Shh," Rosie whispered. "Mom 'n' Dad are sleeping."

"Why are you in my room?" Amber asked after a moment, her eyes wide. Looking up at Rosie in utter confusion. "Are you okay?"

"Eat me," Rosie said simply. "I want you to eat me."

"Here?" Amber asked, incredulous. "Now?"

"Yup," Rosie smiled, lifting her nightie's skirt.

"I..." Amber breathed, eyes drifting from Rosie's face, past the swell of her chest, down to the glistening area between Rosie's legs – the place Rosie was flashing her. "...Okay."

Excitement blossomed in Rosie's chest. A matching thrill trembled between her legs.

"We'll have to be quiet," Amber warned. "If they catch us-"

"They won't," Rosie promised, already shifting forward, moving her body above Amber's face.

"You're gonna be the death of me," Amber groaned, eyes locked onto the wet pussy hovering above her.

"Possibly," Rosie grinned.

Then she lowered her body. Slowly, carefully.

Until she felt a hot tongue on her.

Jolts of pleasure rocked through her. Not just from the contact, but from the *situation*. The risk! The danger!

It was *exhilarating*.

Rosie let out a soft gasp, one of her hands darting to her mouth to cover it. The other – the one holding her nightie – bawled, tightened around the fabric.

Amber's tongue flicked Rosie's lower lips, teasing her with just the tip of the tongue. Her hands slid out from under the blanket, wrapped snugly around Rosie's thighs and pulled her body – her pussy – lower.

Warm lips kissed her, a series of short pecks ending in a longer smooch; all of them on Rosie's inner thighs.

Teasing, Rosie's brain whispered. *She's teasing me.*

A smirk pulled at Rosie's cheeks.

She lowered her body, pressed herself onto her sister's mouth.

"I'll ride your face if I have to," Rosie said, chest tingling at her own words. "I want your-"

A long tongue pushed inside her.

Rosie gasped, slapped her hand over her mouth again.

The grip on her thighs hardened, dragging Rosie's whole body onto her sister's face. Hot breath was the least of the myriad sensations that suddenly assaulted Rosie's pussy. Tongue probing, plump lips pressing and kissing and sucking. A nose pressed roughly into her skin.

Her entire body lurched forward, and Rosie was forced to let go of her nightie's skirt – brace herself against the wall behind the bed instead. The skirt fell over Amber's head, hiding her from view.

The struggle to remain silent turned out to be far more of a challenge than Rosie expected.

Rosie watched forlorn as Amber crossed the street outside.

Chin on her hands, leaning on the windowsill, she let out a sad sigh. Felt a knot tighten in her chest.

Amber didn't look back. Didn't know Rosie was looking at her.

Across the street, her big sister strode up a neighbour's driveway, slipped inside the garage as it opened up. A few moments later, a motorcycle engine roared to life. A couple seconds after that, Amber drove out on her crotch rocket.

With that black helmet on, Rosie couldn't see her sister's pretty face. But, it appeared, Amber could see *her*.

Her big sister's hand rose in a wave, head turning up to look at Rosie's bedroom window.

Rosie waved back, smiled. Felt her insides crumbling.

Amber was gone a minute later. Off to work. Where she'd be for the rest of the day. Away. Leaving Rosie alone.

Rosie sighed again. Pushed away from the windowsill.

When she turned back to her bed, saw the neat stacks of revision material piled up, she felt the sudden urge to turn right back around and leap out of her window.

I have to study, Rosie told herself. How was it her own thoughts sounded tired? *Exams are coming and I can't afford to fail...*

Still... So much to go over...

She sighed. Got to work.

Sat down on her bed, started reading. Following references to specific lectures and datasheets, refreshing her memory and reminding herself of everything – piece by boring piece.

An eternity later, she groaned, checked the time.

Surely she'd gotten through-

Ten minutes.

Ten minutes since she'd sat down to study.

How was that even *possible?!*

"It's gotta be broken," Rosie said, shaking her head. "There's no way it's only been..."

She groaned, flopped back.

So *bored*.

And *tired!*

She stared at her ceiling for a good twenty minutes – which'd felt more like three. It wasn't her clock that was broken, it was *time* itself. Then, unable to stand it anymore, she shot up and launched herself off her bed.

Breakfast. That's what she needed.

A quick shower.

A couple minutes watching cat videos on her phone wouldn't hurt...

And yet none of it filled the emptiness.

A full hour later, she stood at a junction. On one side, her bedroom and all the studying she had to do. On the other, Amber's bedroom door.

Her brain told her to grow up, stop being selfish, go and study for her exams.

But it was something stronger that compelled her on.

She stepped to her sister's bedroom door, opened it, let herself inside.

Dimly lit – the curtains were still closed – and comfortable in a way that made Rosie feel at home. Safe. Her sister's aroma filling the space, a siren's call tugging Rosie onward.

She closed the door behind herself, stepped over to Amber's bed and sat on the edge.

When she closed her eyes, an image of Amber filled her thoughts.

Rosie leaned back, curled up on her sister's bed.

And fell asleep right away.

Rosie woke with a jolt, practically flying off the bed.

A loud noise. A door slamming?

It took her a few seconds to still her suddenly racing heart and realise where she was, remember what she'd been doing before falling asleep.

When she checked the time, Rosie gasped.

It was late. *Late* late.

The time, and that door slamming shut, could only mean one thing.

She burst out of Amber's room in a sprint, all but flew down the staircase. Came to a stop in the kitchen doorway.

Inside, Amber was pulling a bakery box out of her bag.

"You know," her sister chuckled, not looking back at her. "You *can* have snacks anytime you want. You don't *have* to wait for me to get home every day."

Rosie opened her mouth to speak, found she was too busy panting to form words.

"Here," Amber said, holding two boxes – one of which she pushed out for Rosie. "This one's yours."

Rosie's eyes immediately flicked to the other.

"This one," Amber smiled, "is for me. Couldn't resist."

Rosie nodded, gulped down the breathlessness, took the offered box and finally found her voice. "Thank you."

When Rosie opened her box, saw the array of cupcakes lined up inside, her tummy rumbled. Each one had its own cute, festive design; Christmas trees and candy canes and Santa hats. And all of them looked very sugary and delicious.

"I can't eat all of these myself," she complained, glancing up at Amber. "It's too much!"

"Don't worry," Amber's eyes twinkled with amusement. "Mom 'n' Dad will be home soon. You can share with them."

"What about you?"

Amber raised her own box, flipped it open to reveal the two big Belgian buns inside. Large, sweet buns covered in white icing, each with a single red cherry at its peak. With a pair of them tilted towards her, Rosie couldn't deny the resemblance the treats had to *certain* parts of a woman's body.

Rosie rolled her eyes, poked her tongue out at Amber.

Who smirked, leaned down, picked up one of the cherries with her teeth, then flashed a wink at her.

The action left Amber with a spec of white icing on her chin.

It took all of Rosie's willpower and restraint to not step up to her sister and lick 'n' kiss her chin clean, take that cherry right out of Amber's mouth with nothing but her own lips and tongue.

"Delicious," Amber grinned, biting down on the cherry.

"You're an idiot," Rosie huffed.

"An idiot who likes big buns," Amber said, eyes drifting down to Rosie's chest, lingering there. "Very big buns."

"Uh-huh," Rosie rolled her eyes, face heating.

As Amber ate the rest of that Belgian bun, she made sure to do so while ogling Rosie.

"You look great, Mom," Rosie said. "That's such a pretty dress!"

"Thank you, dear," her mother beamed. "Now remember; don't stay up too long, you don't want to ruin your sleep schedule. If you need us for anything, we're just a phone call away."

"Got it," Rosie smiled, doing her utmost to hide the excitement from her face. "Have a good time!"

A few goodbyes and a little mothering later, and their parents were gone. Off on one of their date nights. Specifically one in which they'd be out *all* night.

As soon as Rosie heard the car leave the driveway, she leapt to her feet and took a running dive at Amber.

They were in the living room, watching some movie that neither had been paying much attention to. Acting the part of two normal, well-behaved sisters. Waiting for Mom and Dad to go on their date and leave them alone together.

"You don't waste any time, do you?" Amber smirked as Rosie straddled her. "And here I was enjoying-"

Rosie shut her up with a kiss.

As their tongues tangoed, Rosie made hasty with her hands and tugged at her big sister's clothes.

The leather jacket came off easily enough. The rocker t-shirt underneath took a little bit more effort. The black bra, Rosie practically *tore* off.

"Easy," Amber chuckled, hands on Rosie's still-clothed chest. "We've got all night..."

"Exactly," Rosie purred. "I want you *all* night."

When it came time to remove Amber's jeans – faded and torn with age – Rosie slid off her sister's lap, came to a stop on the floor, on her knees, between her sister's lean legs.

"Still hungry after all those cupcakes?" Amber teased. "I could always order us a pizza, if you're that desperate for something to eat."

Amber wasn't wearing her combat boots. That was good. It'd make it easier to strip her jeans off completely.

As soon as the jeans were tossed aside and forgotten, leaving Amber sitting there in just a pair of white panties, Rosie planted her hands on her sister's bare knees. Pushed them apart. Held them firm.

"Rosie," Amber said, voice soft. "Really, you don't have to-"

Rosie looked up at her sister, the softness in her eyes.

Not wanting Rosie to do something she wasn't completely comfortable with. More than happy to take things slow, at whatever pace Rosie wanted.

A kind, caring, cool big sister.

Rosie smiled up at her, leaned her head forward, planted a little kiss on Amber's panty-clad crotch.

Her sister shuddered, let out a tiny gasp.

That, more than anything else, spurred Rosie on.

She tilted her head to one side, kissed her sister's milky thigh. Tilted the other way, kissed the other one. Tender, loving kisses.

"Rosie," Amber purred. "Baby. I want you."

"I know," Rosie smiled.

She kissed the panties again. Innocent, good-girl panties. For a girl like Amber, they were an interesting choice. A stark contrast to her leather and dirt and oil, rough-chick aesthetic. And yet, somehow fitting.

Rosie licked over the fabric, catching the faintest taste of Amber through it. The rapidly moistening, darkening patch of cloth urged Rosie closer, teasing and tempting her.

She took the panty waistband in her mouth, taking a lesson from her sister, and dragged the garment lower. Peeling it off Amber's crotch and tugging it down her thighs. Her hands slid up Amber's legs, fingers latching around the panties, dragging them all the way down Amber's legs as Rosie kissed thigh and knee and shin and calf. Kissing down in the wake of the panties, then all the way back up again. Prying her sister's legs apart, pulling Amber closer to the edge of the sofa.

An image flashed in Rosie's mind.

Her sister eating a Belgian bun, plump red lips glazed with icing. So inviting that every ounce of Rosie's soul had been compelled to kiss her. Taste those sexy, delicious lips.

She felt the same pull, gazing at the glistening lips between Amber's legs.

Her body moved, compelled forward.

Lips pressing to lips. Tongue leading the way.

Taste assaulted her, and Rosie basked in it. Feasted on it.

There wasn't much to pack. She hadn't come here with a whole lot, it didn't make sense that she'd leave with a ton.

A change of clothes, some notes, a packed lunch and some drinks.

And yet, the bag felt impossibly heavy all the same.

She hefted it, tossed it over her shoulder, looked to her bedroom door. Felt the overwhelming urge to lock it, barricade it, hide under her bed 'til her parents were gone. Had to push the thought, the desire to stay, deep down.

It was exam week. If she didn't leave now, she wouldn't get back to campus in time.

Miss the exam. Get a failing grade. Future up in flames.

Would that be so bad?

Rosie sighed, shook her head.

"Grow up," she told herself.

She knew why she *really* wanted to stay. And, as much as her heart longed for it, she'd never forgive herself if she threw her future away for a few more days – and nights – spent with Amber. And, worse, *Amber* wouldn't forgive *herself* if Rosie threw everything away.

They'd have time together again. Soon, even.

As soon as exams were over, there'd be an *official* break. Rosie could come home for Christmas, spend two weeks with Amber.

All she had to do was go to college, sit her exams, and not die.

Easy.

Forcing herself to stand straight, she left her bedroom. Walked through the house. Stepped outside.

Her parents and sister were waiting for her by the mustang.

Rosie strode over to them, said her goodbyes.

Dad hugged her, told her to "knock 'em dead".

Mom hugged her for longer, whispered encouragement into her ear.

But it was Amber who held her the longest.

She didn't say anything. Let the silence speak the words for her. Just held Rosie tight. Firm.

I'll miss you, the hug seemed to say. *As soon as you're gone, until you come back, I'll be thinking of you.*

And Rosie mirrored it back.

It took everything she had in her not to kiss Amber goodbye.

But, alas, they couldn't. Not here. Not now.

The hug came to an end, and Rosie gave her sister a reassuring smile. Climbed into her car. Started the engine. Pulled out of the driveway. She gazed into her rearview as she drove down the street, staring at her beautiful sister.

Mom and Dad waved.

Amber just stood there, unmoving, watching as Rosie went away.