

## Quiet Night In: Longing

### Chapter 5

Christmas music played on the television, festive and upbeat.

The four of them – Rosie and Amber and their parents – sat around the living room, opening small piles of presents.

Beside Rosie was a pile of clothes. New socks and sweaters and a handbag. She'd gotten a little notepad too, and a leatherbound journal. Her biggest Christmas present by far was the laptop Mom and Dad had gotten her.

Sitting on the floor by the Christmas tree, Amber was eyeing a pair of riding gloves she'd just unwrapped. Another item to add to her pile of 'motorcycle safety' gear. Everything from elbow guards and kneepads, to a high-visibility jacket – not dissimilar to the type construction workers tended to wear.

They still hadn't come around *completely* to the crotch rocket. But they *had* accepted Amber wasn't going to get rid of it. They were even starting to let her store it in their garage – if only to keep Amber from 'being a bother' to their neighbour.

Amber set the new gloves aside, noticed Rosie watching and gave a theatrical eyeroll.

Gone was her big sister's trademark worn-and-torn leather jacket. Right now, she was clad in the ugliest of seasonal sweaters. Green and red and white, with depictions of Christmas trees and reindeers and candy canes. As if Kris Kringle himself had vomited all over the sweater.

Rosie's wasn't much better. The sweater she'd been given – far too tight around her chest – was at least a *little* less garish.

"What'da think?" Dad said, a goofy grin on his face. He nodded to the laptop eagerly. "The guy in the store said it was top of the line. You can detach the screen 'n' everything!"

"It's great," Rosie smiled, tried to match her father's overenthusiasm. "Can't wait to try it out."

"Later," her mother said, a neat pile of unwrapped presents stacked beside her. "It's Christmas. I don't want to see you with your face buried in a screen all day..."

Rosie couldn't help notice her mother's eyes flicking to Amber, who in turn pulled out her phone and pretended to scroll through it.

Mom huffed.

"What time's dinner?" Rosie said quickly, shooting daggers at Amber. "Do you need help with anything?"

"Not at all," Mom beamed, checked her phone. "But than you, honey. Food should be ready in three hours, give or take."

Rosie barely listened to her mother.

Amber's tiny smirk drew her attention like moth to flame.

No make-up, hair a morning mess, wearing the ugliest sweater in the world. And yet still the most beautiful woman Rosie had ever seen. Could possibly imagine.

Her chest ached, staring at Amber.

With how much Mom and Dad had been home since Rosie got back from her college exams, she and Amber had barely had any time alone together. Save for stolen moments – holding hands under the dinner table, brief kisses when no-one was around, whispered words when their parents were out of the room – they'd had barely any time to themselves.

To be so close to her love, yet so impossibly far...

She forced herself to look away. Fought down the frustration and longing before it brought tears to her eyes.

Rosie watched her parents out of the corners of her eyes.

Cuddling together, Mom's head on Dad's shoulder, hands held, a shared blanket between them. A simple, innocent, tender moment. Their love for each other obvious in their relaxed, easy comfort.

What she wouldn't have given to share that same embrace with Amber. Spend the rest of the night resting her head on her sister's shoulder, watching television together, content in her company. Her proximity.

For now, she had to settle with dreaming it.

Her chest throbbed.

Finally, after an eternity of tormenting her, Rosie's parents got up. Announced they were going to bed.

A wave of guilt washed over her at the joy she felt.

But she couldn't help it.

As a pair of footsteps made their way upstairs, Rosie stood. Stalked towards the armchair Amber was seated on. Sat herself down on one of the armrests, legs draped over Amber's lap.

"No time wasted, ey?" Amber smiled.

Rosie shook her head, shifted closer 'til they were shoulder to shoulder.

Amber slid an arm around Rosie's waist, pulled her closer still. Squeezed her reassuringly as she planted a soft, small kiss on Rosie's cheek. In moments, Rosie's head was on her sister's shoulder, both of them staring at a television neither was interested in.

"Sleepy?" Amber hummed.

"Mm'hm," Rosie mumbled.

More than tired. She was *exhausted*.

After all the stress of the exams, school, *everything*, Rosie felt drained. Like she was running on fumes, ready to conk out any moment.

"It's okay," Amber whispered. "You're home now."

Rosie nuzzled into Amber's shoulder, closed her eyes.

She couldn't sleep. She knew that. Not here, like this. Not with Amber. Not while their parents were near.

"Thanks for the present, by the way," Amber said with a smile. "I'll be sure 'n' put it to good use."

Rosie snorted.

The bakery recipe book. She'd seen it and hadn't 'been able to resist'. She'd even made sure to mark a page in particular. A little something to remind Amber of her when she was away at college.

"That wasn't your only present," Rosie said, heat rising in her cheeks. "I got you something else. Kinda."

"Oh? Now you've got me all curious."

"It's..." She blushed. "A surprise. I... I can only give it to you when we're alone..."

"We're alone right now," Amber smirked.

"You know what I mean!"

Amber let out a chuckle, the sound of it sending a thrill of joy through Rosie.

She still wasn't sure she could go through with it. Her 'present'. But... Well, she'd figure it out when the time came, shyness be damned. She *wanted* to do it. For Amber.

"I have something for you too," her sister said. "I can't give it to you yet, not for a few more days. But it's... something."

"Now you've got *me* curious."

"You'll see soon enough!" Amber chuckled. "Before you go back to college, for sure."

Rosie nodded her head, gazed at the television.

"Rosie?" Amber said, the smile bleeding from her voice. "Are you okay? Really, I

mean..."

"Yeah..."

"And college? Everything's fine there?" Amber nudged. "No one's giving you problems or anything?"

"No, it's not that..." Rosie shut her eyes, torn between talking and avoiding. Coming up with some excuse would be so easy, a little lie to settle Amber's worries. Set her at ease. "It's..."

Amber reached out, squeezed Rosie's hand encouragingly.

"I... I don't know what it is," Rosie admitted, eyes never leaving the television. "It's like... I don't belong there, I guess. Like... I don't fit in."

Amber didn't speak. Didn't urge her on. Just sat there in silence, listening. Waiting patiently for Rosie to continue.

"I want to be there," Rosie whispered. "I do. But... Part of me is hoping I flunk out. That I can just stop. Come home and be with you. And I want that too. But I don't want to throw away everything I have. And... And it's like I'm being pulled in two different directions, and I don't want to give up either. And college is so *hard*. There's no-one there I can talk to and... and..."

Amber held her firm, a silent promise of comfort.

And Rosie let her walls down. Let every fear and worry and pain come flooding out of her. For long minutes, she did nothing but talk. Open up. Share it all with the one person in the world she *didn't* want to burden.

And all the while, Amber listened.

New Years Eve rolled by faster than Rosie'd expected.

The entire two weeks she'd been back home – on *official* holiday – had felt quick. Come and gone in the blink of an eye. But the last few days especially.

Every moment alone with Amber, a rare blessing.

Every second with her parents – close enough to Amber to touch, yet so heart wrenchingly untouchable – a torture.

And now they were here.

Just today and tomorrow remaining before she left for college again. Two days with Amber before she'd have to go months without.

She pushed the thought aside. Refused to face it until the very last possible moment.

For now, she simply waited.

Waited for her parents to leave for their New Years party. Waited for her and Amber to be alone. Waited for the perfect opportunity to give Amber her *real* Christmas present.

Finally, her mother came downstairs. Hair and make-up done, clad in a dress that sparkled and shone.

She did her best to keep the impatience from her voice as she wished her parents a good night, listened to their short lecture about not 'staying up too late' and showing 'moderation' when it came to drinking and celebrating.

By the time they were out the door, Rosie was half-prepared to chase the pair off with a stick.

Finally, *finally*, some real alone time.

But first...

"Wait here," she told Amber. "I'm gonna go get your present ready. No sneaking peeks!"

"Scout's honour," Amber winked, holding a hand over her heart.

Rosie gave her a quick kiss, retreated upstairs.

She hadn't put a whole lot of thought into how she was going to make this work, but... how hard could it be?

She slipped into her bedroom, closed the door behind her, headed straight for the drawer she'd hidden it in. A red ribbon that was some twenty feet long. Silky to the touch. Soft and sturdy fabric. And the key to her 'present'.

The plan? Wrap *herself* up. A bow in her hair, all her naughty parts covered up for Amber to unwrap.

A bow, the long ribbon, a pair of red high heels, and matching red lipstick. The only things she'd be wearing when she headed downstairs to give Amber her 'present'.

Or so the plan went...

"Now," Rosie whispered to herself, "how am I going to do this?"

Wrapping oneself up in a ribbon to be a living Christmas present, it turned out, was not easy.

Especially not when one had a pair of huge breasts that seemed intent on making the whole affair ten-times more difficult with their swaying and jiggling.

"Should've gotten her a pair of boots," Rosie muttered, trying to wrap the ribbon around her chest to cover her nipples. Only for the length of fabric to go slack and fall right off her. "Just *work* dammit!"

*No costumes next year*, she promised herself.

Finally, after much struggling and swearing, she found herself standing before her mirror. Admiring her handiwork.

Not as elegant as she'd envisioned – the ribbon dug deep grooves in her titflesh, rather than flowing over them gracefully. And the bow that'd been intended for her head was a little lopsided. But, otherwise, it was nice.

Hott, even.

Rosie turned left, right. Blushed at just how much of her body was on clear display. And how much was only *slightly* covered.

She nodded her head, strode – carefully – out of her bedroom and down the flight of stairs. All too aware what a single bounce would do to her many minutes of hard work.

*Better be grateful for this...*

She stepped into the living room, ignoring the cool air on her *very* exposed skin.

Amber's head turned to look at her.

Her jaw dropped, hung open.

Rosie struck a pose – one she *hoped* looked sexy.

"Merry Christmas!" She said, heat flushing through her face, spreading down her neck. "And, uh, Happy New Years?"

"I'm fucked," Amber breathed, shaking her head slowly. "So, so fucked."

"And here I thought that was gonna be me," Rosie said, flashing a wide smile at her big sister. "Do you like?"

"Rosie," Amber said, eyes roaming hungrily over her body. "You are the hottest, most beautiful girl I've ever..."

"Yes?" Rosie purred.

"*You're* my present?"

"Yup!" Rosie beamed, hands behind her back and chest out. Leaning forward slightly, presenting herself.

"Turn around," Amber said, eyes flaring. "Show me that sexy, slutty body."

Rosie obeyed, slowly spinning on the spot. She pushed her butt out as she turned her back to Amber, gave it a little shimmy for emphasis. A little wiggle of her hips as she came full circle, letting her breasts bounce just a little.

Even that tiny motion caused the ribbon squeezing one of her breasts to fall slightly, reveal the tiniest hints of a pink areola.

Amber bit her lip, eyes sliding over Rosie's body in pure appreciation.

"God *damn*," her big sister breathed.

"You like?" Rosie smiled, blushed. She put her hands behind her back, pushed out

her chest. "I know you're fond of these..."

"Naughty," Amber purred, taking a step towards her.

"I can be," Rosie flushed. "For you."

"Show me," Amber told her. "I wanna see how naughty you can be."

"Unwrap your present first," Rosie said, eyes flicking to the hasty knot she'd tied over one shoulder – the only thing keeping her costume together.

Amber smirked. Ignored the knot.

She raised a finger with faded black nail polish, pressed it between Rosie's breasts, dragged it down. She kept going when her finger met ribbon, dragging it down and out of the way.

Pink nipples poked free as, in one go, almost all of the red ribbon fell away. Dropped to the floor around Rosie's heels.

"Fuck," Rosie breathed, practically salivating at the sight of Rosie's bare bust. "I've missed these tits..."

Rosie rolled her eyes, smiled.

What was it with her sister's obsession with boobs?

"They're all yours," she told Amber. "The rest of me, too."

Amber's gaze drifted up, eyes locking with Rosie's.

"You're so beautiful," Amber whispered.

"You're-" Rosie's face heated, she shifted on the spot, melting under her sister's attention. "You're not half bad yourself."

Amber took another step forward, putting herself face-to-face with Rosie. Their bodies touching. Naked breasts against worn rocker shirt. A pair of firm, gentle hands on Rosie's sides, thumbs caressing her skin.

"Do you think about me much?" Amber asked, thumbs and hands inching higher up Rosie's sides. "When you're away at college..."

"All the time," Rosie breathed, lips an inch away from her sister's. "Always."

"Do you dream of me?" Amber smiled, eyes blazing.

"Mm'hm," Rosie murmured.

"Naughty dreams?" Amber cooed.

Rosie nodded her head, nose brushing Amber's.

"Good girl."

Her big sister's hands were on her ribs now, thumbs sliding underneath Rosie's breasts. Drawing tiny, teasing circles.

"I dream too," Amber smiled, leaned in for a kiss. When Rosie tilted her head to receive it, Amber drew her head back before their lips could touch. Rosie's ensuing whine only made Amber smile wider. "Naughty, naughty dreams."

Gently, she pushed Rosie backwards, guided her to an armchair. With the heels on, Rosie almost stumbled and fell at one point. But, as she dropped onto the armchair, her boobs bouncing high, Amber's chuckle made it all worth it.

Easy laughter filled with so much joy and eagerness that it filled Rosie's chest with a bright glowing heat.

"How you walk around with those heavy things on you every day, I'll never know. But you definitely look good doing it..."

She hopped onto the armchair, straddling Rosie's legs.

Her hands were on Rosie's chest in an instant, hefting her breasts and squeezing them, juggling their weight. Her fingers sank into the soft flesh, kneaded them.

"Having fun?" Rosie smirked. "You know, if you-"

She cut off when Amber leaned down, took one of Rosie's pink nipples into her mouth and gave it a little nibble.

"Oh!" She squeaked, the sudden sensation taking her unawares.

Amber grinned around her nipple, began sucking.

"And you call *me* baby," Rosie muttered playfully.

Amber rewarded her with another nibble, a flick of her tongue.

And, Rosie couldn't help notice, a hand on her tummy.

Slowly, as Amber snacked on her nipple, that hand inched lower. Pushing aside what little of the ribbon remained, sliding ever closer to that place of shared dreams.

"Amber," Rosie gasped, wrapping her arms around her sister's head. "Keep going."

Amber chuckled, hand pausing for a moment – caressing Rosie's pelvis – before continuing lower. Lower. Until a fingertip brushed over Rosie's clit.

Rosie jerked, tensed, let out a soft moan.

"I love that sound," Amber purred, moving from one nipple to the other. "Keep moaning for me, baby..."

Rosie blushed, opened her legs a little wider. Heartbeat pounding in her ear, hot tingles flooding through her, she said the only thing that came to mind – words that came out a lot more pleading and needy than she'd intended.

"Make me," Rosie said.

"Gladly," her sister purred.

She held on tight. Perhaps a little *too* tight.

With the helmet on, and Amber's back blocking out everything ahead of them, Rosie didn't have the faintest idea where they were going. Only that they might *die* getting there!

Still, she couldn't deny she enjoyed the excuse to have her arms around her sister. Out in public, no less.

The crotch rocket rumbled beneath her as the world moved by.

Until, *thankfully*, they came to a stop.

*No wonder Mom and Dad are so worried about the thing.*

Still, for as utterly terrifying as riding on Amber's motorcycle was, it *was* also exhilarating.

"We're here," her sister's said brightly. "You can stop crushing my insides now."

Rosie held on for a few moments longer, not wanting to let go.

But embarrassment got the better of her, compelled her to release her sister and climb off the motorcycle. She took off the helmet, set it aside.

They'd parked inside... what looked like a garage. Only the walls were lined with cardboard boxes. A *lot* of them. And the labels on them... Meat? Potatoes? Drinks? And there was a security camera with a big, obvious red light on it.

"Where are we?"

"Fast food place," Amber said happily. "This is where they unload their deliveries. Come on."

"Uh," Rosie followed her sister out into the alleyway beyond, watched as Amber lowered – by hand – the rolling garage door. "Okay, let me rephrase. *Why* are we parked in a fast food place's garage?"

"You'll see," Amber winked, locking the garage door.

Rosie followed her as she walked to a metal door near the garage, opened it and stepped in.

Beyond was a simple staircase. Concrete and undecorated, leading all the way up to another door. Which Amber strode up to, a skip in her step, and unlocked with another key.

Rosie followed her into an empty apartment.

"Dirt cheap," Amber said, arms spread wide. "Thanks to the smell from downstairs. I don't mind it, personally. And the owners are really solid, let me keep the bike off the street – it won't last a night out there without getting stolen."

"This is yours?" Rosie asked, eyes wide.

She glanced around at the space, small as it was, and shook her head in wonder.

Of all the 'surprises' Rosie guessed Amber might've planned, this wasn't one of them.

"Sort of," Amber said. "I'll be the one paying for it, for sure. But I do plan to share it."

"Huh," Rosie said, stepping to one of two doors and opening it, revealing the tiny bathroom behind it. "Who with?"

When she turned around, Amber was holding her hand out.

A key in her palm, ready for Rosie to take.

"Happy late Christmas," Amber grinned.