

## Quiet Night In

I stopped, stood up straight, inhaled a deep breath.

Crisp, cool air. Cold, really. But I was warm enough from the work I was doing that the cold air was nothing but refreshing. That chilly breeze? It was a pleasant brush over my face – tickling the sweat and flushed skin.

I glanced up, gloved hand on my brow.

A bright blue sky with the odd, fluffy cloud. Clear white on a vibrant blue. The sun shining – not hot, but bright all the same.

I was outside. Standing on a neighbour's front lawn. Beside me, on the corner of the property, was a big pile of orange and brown leaves. Crisp, crinkled tree leaves that had – just a little while ago – had covered the lawn almost completely.

One of the few downsides of living in an idyllic suburbia, I supposed. Trees lined the streets – neatly spaced out, with two or three next to the sidewalk in front of every house. Lots of trees and lots of leaves to be cleaned up.

I'd gotten through half the houses in our little cul-de-sac over the last few days. At this rate, I'd hit my target with a few days to spare.

Thinking of that – my target – I returned to my task.

I picked up the garden rake, glanced around for a patch of lawn with leaves still on it, and got to work.

The next time I stopped raking was when I heard the rumble of a car engine. An old, loud, beat-up mustang. Rusted and dented and ancient, the only thing in sight that looked dirty and out of place. The car drove past me, its driver flashing me a smile, and parked in the driveway a few houses down. Even from that far away, I could hear the rumbling, choking engine – right up until the driver turned it off.

With a roll of my eyes, I returned to raking.

Almost done. Just a few more minutes. Then I could go collect my pay from Mr Henderson and add it to my piggy bank.

That section at the other end of the lawn, right beneath one of the suburb's trees. A few minutes was all it'd take, then I could dump the rake back home and put my feet up for the rest of the evening. Maybe look into some options for my-

"You're taking your sweet time," a confident voice said from the same direction as the parked car. "You started that, what, an hour ago now?"

I looked up at the girl who's been driving the rusty mustang – my sister – Amber.

At twenty, she was older than me by a year. Taller too, by almost a whole foot. Her hair was shoulder-length, wild and frazzled. Skin pale white, a smudge of dirt on one cheek. Thick black eyeliner around bright blue eyes, and bright red lipstick on full lips. She was wearing a rugged leather jacket over a black, rocker t-shirt. Her faded jeans had a natural tear over one knee, were tucked in under big, black boots.

She grinned at me, arms crossed over her chest.

"Your back must be killing you," Amber said, eyes flicking to my chest. "Lugging around *those* all day."

I glanced down at the floor, cheeks growing hot.

My back *was* aching. Partly from being hunched over with a rake in hand for the past hour. And partly from... well...

"Still," Amber continued in amusement, "at least you're giving Mr Henderson plenty to gawk at."

I looked up and caught Amber waving at the house.

Eyes wide, I spun just in time to see movement in Mr Henderson's house. One of the ground floor curtains swinging closed. Behind me, Amber let out a bright, loud laugh.

"Bet the ol' perv's been standing there watching you for the last hour. Can't blame him. If I was a lonely old man and some pretty girl with a nice ass and massive tits was

constantly bending over on my lawn, I'd probably do the same."

"Amber!" I squeaked, hiding my red face behind my hands.

"Yeah, you're right," my sister laughed. "I'd do more than watch."

She hovered nearby as I finished up with Mr Henderson's garden, smirking whenever I glanced up at the house to see if he was in one of the windows. Thankfully, it didn't take much longer until every leaf on the property was in one big, neat pile.

"He's not worth it," my sister cooed. "Guy's a total jackass anyway. It's better off this way."

My head was on her lap. Her hand gently stroking my hair as she spoke. My eyes brimming with tears as I fought down the urge to cry.

"Gotta look at the bright side, Rosie," she said softly, soothingly. "All that money you got clearing lawns? You don't have to waste it on some silly costume any more. You can treat yourself with it, get yourself something nice."

The last thing on my mind was money.

All that work I'd done, all the hopes I'd had and all the plans. All of it was meaningless now.

"He's an idiot," Amber said, fingers gliding through my long hair. "What guy in his right mind would ever dump a hottie like you? And for *Jodie* of all people? That dumbass better be wearing a crab costume for Halloween, 'cause that's what Jodie Fuller's gonna be giving him."

Being dumped by my boyfriend so he could date a girl who'd be willing to 'put out' for him. And when I was planning on 'going the distance' with him for Halloween – was going to wear a sexy costume for him and everything. How fucked up was *that*?

"You deserve better," Amber whispered, brushing my cheek with her hand. "Much better."

I had no idea how long I'd been there, resting my head on my sister's lap as she spoke to me and stroked my hair. Longer than a few minutes, certainly. It was nice. And... it helped.

Little by little, the sharp pain in my chest began to numb. The pang of loss faded and anger towards my now ex-boyfriend grew.

Fuck him. Amber was right. He *didn't* deserve me.

With everything I was planning to do for him? All that hard work I'd put in to earn some money, just to I could dress up as some slutty video game character for him? He didn't deserve me. He didn't deserve *anything* I'd had planned.

The angrier I got at him, the better I felt.

And still, I stayed in place. Head on Amber's lap.

I didn't want to get up. Didn't want to go.

I was comfortable. Content.

"What a total dipshit," Amber said. She shook her head, let out a little laugh. I couldn't help but smile at the sound. "Only a braindead moron would choose sex with some tramp over being with you. You're beautiful, and clever, and funny. You have an amazing smile, and the prettiest eyes. And don't get me started on how sexy your body is."

She leaned over me, whispered softly.

"If you weren't my sister..."

Her words hung in the air, tantalising.

"I don't..." I said weakly, face flushing. "I'm not... Girls aren't my thing."

"You don't know 'til you've tried," Amber said with a smile. Her hand moved from my head, brushed over my shoulder, slowly glided over my chest. "Maybe girls are *exactly* your 'thing'. They're a lot more fun to kiss, I can promise you that."

My lips parted, cheeks burning hot.

"Besides," Amber continued, hand rubbing over my jumper, over my breasts, "these would be wasted on a clumsy, ham-fisted guy. Wanting to grope and squeeze them, slide

their ugly dicks between them. No idea how to tease or toy with them properly. No finesse or grace or skill. No, you'd be much better off having fun with a girl instead, don't you think?"

"I..." I breathed. "I don't know..."

Amber let out a soft giggle, pulled her hand away.

Oddly enough, I found myself feeling a hint of disappointment. A deep, tingling warmth.

"Since your original plan for Halloween is off getting herpes from Jodie Fuller, I think it's time for a new plan!"

I blinked at Amber from across the table, spoon full of cereal half-way to my mouth.

"Isn't Halloween today?" I asked, lifting an eyebrow.

"Is it?" Amber shrugged, grinned. "Works for me. So, what d'ya say? Wanna hang out later?"

"I don't know," I mumbled as I put my spoon in my mouth. "I was thinking I'd just stay home. Watch some movies or something."

"Great!" Amber said. "That's exactly what I was thinking we should do! Grab some popcorn, sit back, watch some horror flicks. Just me 'n' you. It'll be fun!"

"Uh," I shrugged. "Sure."

"You don't have a costume to wear or anything, do you?" My sister asked. "Even one from last year?"

I shook my head. "Last year's Halloween costume wouldn't even fit me now anyway."

"True," Amber smirked. "Your tits really have exploded over the last few months, haven't they? Those babies are *massive* now."

I felt my cheeks warm, knew I was blushing.

"Okay," Amber nodded. "No costumes then. Instead, we'll make it pjs only. But they've gotta be sexy pjs. If some serial killer or monster breaks in while we're watching movies, we've gotta look presentable 'n' all."

"Sexy pyjamas?" I said, eyes wide. "I don't have any-"

"Sure you do!" Amber said quickly, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Those pink plaid pjs you always used to wear. I know you still have them. You can wear those."

"But they're too small for-" I stopped myself, narrowed my eyes at Amber. "Wait, how do you know I still have them?"

"Wear them tonight," Amber winked at me. "And no bra. Maximum comfort only!"

I stared at myself in the mirror, face bright red.

Everything above the neck – blushing aside – was fine. A little bit of make-up left over from earlier in the day, hair tied back in a comfortable ponytail, heart-shaped face with plump lips. I looked fine. Better than fine.

It was when I looked down past my throat that things got 'interesting'. I could see why Amber had wanted me to wear *this*.

The pyjama top was from around two years ago. And, up until about eight months ago, I'd been able to wear it just fine – provided I didn't mind a little tightness around the chest. Nowadays, though? I couldn't even button it up all the way. The bottom buttons were fine. I hadn't put on any weight there – I was, if anything, even thinner now than I'd been a year ago. It was when the buttons went too far past my navel that things became an issue.

I had large breasts. I knew that. It was kind of a hard thing to *not* be aware of. Between the stares and the lower back pains and the difficulty with clothes, I was *perfectly* aware just how busty I was.

And those big boobs of mine? They refused to be contained by the too-small,

button-up pyjama shirt I had on.

When the buttons reached the underside of my breasts, I was forced to keep them undone – giving me a plunging neckline that left little to the imagination. The only thing keeping the shirt on me at all was how small and tight it was – clinging to my shoulders and arms with just enough force to keep everything from falling off. And, even with the massive amount of breast and cleavage I was showing, the shirt was crushingly tight on my chest, visibly digging in to the marshmallow-soft flesh.

As I looked at my reflection, I couldn't help but think that I didn't look like a girl about to go watch movies with her sister. If anything, I looked like an actress about to star in a bedtime porno. Innocent girl with slutty pyjamas and monster tits.

Just thinking it made my face heat up even more.

But this was what Amber wanted...

And that thought brought even more blistering heat to my cheeks.

I shook my head, turned away from the mirror, refused to think about how tight and exposed my chest felt. Head held high, I left my bedroom, headed downstairs to where my sister sat waiting with a bowl of popcorn.

"Damn," she said appreciatively, tossing a popcorn kernel into her mouth. "Sis, if I had a dick, it'd be rock hard right now."

Ignoring the heat in my face, I walked over to the sofa, sat down next to her.

"Come to think of it," Amber said thoughtfully, "I do have a dick. Several, in fact. And they're all hard. I can show you later, if you want."

Between the bland storyline, the uninteresting characters, the outdated effects, and the fact my sister was gently kneading my tit, it was safe to say I was barely paying attention to the movie.

It'd started off slow and innocent. Amber claiming she wanted to be nearer to me because of the 'cold'. Then she'd put her arm around my shoulder, pulled me in close. My head on her shoulder, her arm draped over mine; it'd only been a matter of time before her hand had casually ended up on my breast. Resting on the strained cloth of my pyjama shirt.

Now, her fingers were under that cloth, thumb circling my nipple while her fingers massaged the soft flesh of my breast.

I could barely hear what the movie actors were saying over the loud thumping in my ear; my pounding, racing heart. Something about figuring out who the killer was. I didn't know. I'd stopped caring a long time ago.

All my thoughts were on the warm hand on my chest, the fingers delicately touching me. How pleasant that sensation felt.

Amber plucked a kernel of popcorn out of the bowl beside her, eyes on the television screen, and lifted it to her smiling lips. Just before it reached her mouth, she flicked the little treat – sent it flying directly into my exposed cleavage.

"Whoops," Amber smirked. "Here, let me get that for you."

Before I could react, my sister leaned over, face going straight for my chest. She licked up the popcorn kernel, grinned as she swallowed it down, muttered something about 'cleaning the sticky stuff' off me.

The next thing I knew, Amber was kissing my breasts, her warm breath filling the massive valley of cleavage.

"Amber..." I breathed, eyes wide.

My sister paused, didn't move away.

"Do you want me to stop?" Amber asked in a quiet voice. "There's still some sticky stuff left. I could lick it up for you..."

"I..." A thousand worries and warnings sounded in the back of my skull, voices telling me that this was wrong and I should stop it. I shut my eyes, let out a breath. "Keep

going.”

For the briefest of moments, nothing happened.

Both me and Amber were surprised by the words that's come out of my mouth.

Then the moment was over.

My sister's lips pressed to my chest, began kissing more sensually. Lingering pecks along my collarbone, her hand peeling away my shirt as she went. Exposing my breasts fully.

Her lips moved lower, leaving a trail of wet skin as they went. Moving closer and closer to my rock-hard nipple.

I kept my eyes shut. Basked in the sensations.

When the arm around my shoulder guided me, bade me lay down on the sofa, I didn't fight it. When Amber climbed on top of me, her tongue drawing circles around my areola, I didn't resist. The bowl of popcorn clattered to the floor, the movie still playing, thought quieter now.

A hand slid under my pyjama pants.

My soft gasp was all the encouragement Amber needed.

I heard her giggle. Felt her hair on my chest, her lips moving from one nipple to another.

“Rosie,” she whispered between kisses, “my beautiful, sweet sister. You,” kiss, “have,” kiss, “no *idea*,” kiss, “how happy I am right now. Open your eyes, beautiful.”

I did. Looked down my body to where my sister's face hovered between my breasts. Lips wet, eyes molten.

“Remember what I said about kissing girls?” She smiled, bit her lip. “About how it's more fun than kissing boys? Well, wanna find out just how much more fun it really is?”

Slowly, face hot, I nodded my head.

Amber flashed me a cocky grin.

She lifted herself up on one hand, pulled her other hand out from between my legs. Eyes twinkling, she showed me that hand – the two glossy and wet fingers. Then she moved those fingers – the ones that'd been inside me just seconds ago – to her mouth, slid them between her lips, sucked them dry.

Before I could react, she crawled up the bed towards me until our faces were level. She lowered her head, pressed her lips to mine, pried my mouth open with her tongue.

I moaned into her mouth, gave myself over to the hands caressing my body.

When I woke, it was with my sister's arms around me.

My back to her chest. One of her arms under me - around my waist - the other arm squeezed in between my breasts.

I felt her breath tickling the back of my neck, slow and steady and calm. I knew instantly that she was still asleep. Her gentle yet comforting hold on me wasn't one I could escape without Amber waking up – and the last thing I wanted to do was disturb my sister's rest.

So I stayed there, motionless. Under the blankets with Amber, the memories of last night swirling around in my mind.

Everything clear, yet hazy at the same time. Hot and steamy and wonderful. The only thing I couldn't remember at all was the movie we'd put on to watch. Some generic horror flick. Background noise that'd been drowned out by my moans.

My throat felt a little sore and dry, even waking up so many hours later.

But, for as uncomfortable as my throat might've been, how worn out I felt, I couldn't help but smile. Unconsciously, I relaxed into my sister's hold, snuggled up against her. She stirred for a moment, arms tightening around me protectively.

In seconds, she was deep asleep once more.

And, content beyond words, I followed her. Felt myself drifting off to sweet oblivion,

happier in that moment than I'd been in a long, long time.