

Quiet Night In

Chapter 2

The light made me wince. I shut my eyes tight against the sudden burst.

Going from near darkness to bright light in an instant was an assault on my eyesight, burning my irises and making my eyes water. It took me more than a few moments of squinting, shielding my eyes, before I adjusted to the brightness.

The first thing I did was check the time.

Four in the morning.

Six hours of sleep, then. Not the best. But enough for me to function on, at least.

Resisting the urge to go back to sleep, I sat up in bed.

Elsewhere in the house, I could hear motion. Clanking and clattering and footsteps. My parents preparing snacks and making sure everything was packed and ready.

Groaning, I forced myself out of bed.

It only took a few minutes before I was stepping out of my bedroom, fully clothed and ready for the day. A backpack full of clothes slung over my shoulder and a fully charged phone in my hand. Everything I'd need to survive the next week.

Or, well, *almost* everything.

One quick trip to the bathroom to take care of business, then I headed downstairs – found my mother plodding around the kitchen while Dad moved from one room to another, muttering about his 'checklist' and how he was certain he was 'forgetting something'.

"Morning," I said weakly, walking over to Mom.

She looked over her shoulder at me, gave me a smile. "You're up? Good. Everything packed and ready?"

I nodded my head. Watched as she turned back to the pile of sandwiches she was making, lettuce and ham and butter and bread piled on the kitchen counter in front of her.

"How long 'til they get here?" I asked.

"Ten minutes," she shrugged, not looking at me. "Is your sister up yet? Could you go check on her please?"

My heart skipped a beat, my cheeks flushing pink.

"Uh," I said, trying to sound nonchalant. "Sure."

I felt my heartbeat in my ears as I made my way back upstairs, my feet leading me right to Amber's bedroom door.

Thump, thump. Thump, thump.

I raised my hand, was about to knock on the door, hesitated.

Blood rushing. Heart pumping. Cheeks hot.

My hand lowered to the doorknob, turned it.

I pushed the door open, looked inside the dark room.

Odd. When Mom had come to wake me up, she'd turned my bedroom light on. She'd come into my room, turned the light on, shaken my shoulder until I was awake, then left the room with the light still on.

Had Amber turned her bedroom light off after Mom left? Gotten right back into bed and passed out again?

That sounded very much like something my sister would do.

I stepped into the bedroom, eyes roaming the shadowed walls. The posters of rock bands, the scratched and torn wallpaper, the 'Amber' aesthetic.

At some point, years ago, her bedroom walls had been pink. Pretty pink wallpaper all around. Then, Amber had hit her punk phase. She'd torn the wallpaper off one wall, exposed the brick underneath, used spray-paint and stencils to give that wall a whole new vibe. Less pretty pink princess and more skull and bone punk rocker.

When Mom and Dad had found out, they'd flipped. Grounded Amber for months. Of course, she'd just climbed out of her window whenever she'd wanted to leave.

Nowadays, what remained of the pink wallpaper was faded, hidden behind posters and furniture – the little section above her bed hidden behind a cluster of photos and polaroids pinned to the wall.

My eyes found their way to that bed. The pile of blankets and the back of Amber's head.

Slowly, I walked towards her.

"Amber?" I said, voice barely more than a whisper. "Are you awake? Everyone's going to be here soon... You need to get up..."

She didn't move or react to my words.

I stared at the back of her head. The mess of bleach-blonde hair.

"Amber..." I repeated, leaning over the bed. "Time to get up..."

I reached down, put my hand on her blanket-covered shoulder.

"Amb-"

The word was cut off by a yelp. My yelp.

My sister's hand had shot out from under the blankets, gripped my wrist pulled me down onto the bed. Before I knew what was happening, I was on the bed with her – her lips pressed to mine as she rolled me over. Tangled in the blanket, her hair in my face, her tongue pushing its way into my mouth. I gasped, tasted my sister's breath.

Before I could even think, my body melted. Limbs turned to jelly, relaxing next to her as Amber smothered me with a deep, warm embrace.

Time seemed to stop. The rest of the world evaporating away to nothing. In that moment, it was just me and her.

My tongue danced with hers, her breath hot in my mouth.

It was only when she broke the kiss, purred my name and left me breathless, that I remembered why I was in her room in the first place.

"Gotta get up..." I panted softly, mind blank. "They'll be here soon... Mom and Dad and-"

A soft peck on the lips shut me up.

A little whine escaped my lips as Amber pulled away from me, gave me a half-cocked smile.

Even without makeup, she was beautiful.

Usually, she wore blood red lipstick and had thick eyeliner on. Makeup that painted a deep contrast with her pale skin and blue eyes. Now, though, there was none of that. Instead of blood-red, her lips were faint pink. Full and beautiful and alluring. And where her eyes were missing the usual black lining, they now had simple dark circles – naturally baggy eyes that, if anything, made her all the more beautiful.

"Hey sweet cheeks," Amber hummed. "About time you came knockin'."

"We've gotta leave in ten minutes," I whispered, heart stuttering at Amber's smile. How long had we spent making out? A minute or two? More? What if Mom wondered what was taking so long and came to check on us? "We have to-"

"*They* leave in ten minutes," Amber smirked, raised her hand and gently touched my lips. "We can leave whenever we want to. What's to say we didn't forget to pack something? No one would question us being a lil' behind."

I shuddered, let out a tiny moan as Amber's fingertip trailed slowly around my lower lip.

She let out a little laugh, leaned in and kissed the tip of my nose.

The next thing I knew, she was climbing out of bed – butt naked, without a care in the world. I blushed at the sight of her, couldn't pull my eyes away from the lean, slender frame. The well-defined muscle and her perfectly round bottom.

"Lazing about in bed when you should be getting ready," Amber tutted, looked back over her shoulder at me with a smile on her lips and a twinkle in her eye. "Time to get up, beautiful. We've got a long day ahead of us."

Two cars sat in the driveway. One fit in with the suburban surroundings as well as any vehicle could hope to, the other did not. A blue minivan packed with people and luggage, so much so that an onlooker might think the entire family was going on a month-long vacation. And, next to it, a beat-up old mustang that would've looked more at home in a scrap yard.

"Are you sure you don't want to ride with us?" Mom asked, glancing distastefully at Amber's mustang. "We can still make room for you."

I shook my head quickly.

"Do you have earplugs at least?" She asked with concern. "You know the kind of music your sister listens to..."

"I'll be fine," I told her, holding back from rolling my eyes.

"Okay... Well, if you're sure..."

As Mom climbed into the minivan, strapped herself in next to a sleeping cousin, I smiled reassuringly at her. In moments, the minivan was driving away – me waving goodbye while my heart pounded away in my chest.

When the minivan disappeared from view, I turned to look at the mustang – at my sister in the driver's seat.

Her words bounced around inside my skull.

We can leave whenever we want. No one would question us being a lil' behind.

My face warmed.

As if she could read my mind, Amber winked at me. She nodded back to the house, eyebrow raised in the obvious question. 'Wanna head inside?'

I shook my head quickly, walked to the passenger side door and opened it up.

The smile on Amber's lips as I buckled my seatbelt only made my face all the hotter. She didn't say a word – didn't need to. Instead, she started up the mustang's loud engine.

"Ready for a road-trip sis?" She asked, relaxing back in her seat with one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the gearshift.

"It's a sixteen-hour drive," I said quietly, face red. "Hardly a road-trip. We'll probably be there by midnight."

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure about that," Amber smirked.

I raised a questioning eyebrow at her, though she was too busy looking in the rear-view mirror to see it.

"By the way," Amber said, smirk morphing into a full-on grin. "Your tits look great in that top. Especially with the seatbelt between 'em."

I glanced down at myself – at the plain, striped jumper I was wearing. True enough, the seatbelt was cutting down between my breasts – revealing their full roundness to anyone who might be looking, which apparently included Amber. Ogling me in the rear-view mirror.

Blushing, I looked away – turned my head to face the passenger side window. Though it wasn't shame or embarrassment I felt in that moment. More like... giddy happiness.

A loud, heavy heartbeat later, the mustang lurched into motion.

"You know," Amber said, breaking the silence. I looked up from my book, gaze turning to her. "This is probably the last big thanksgiving family get-together we'll be part of for a few years."

The sun was up now. Still early morning, sky lit up in hues of orange and blue. Ahead of us, a highway stretched on for eternity. Farms and open fields on either side.

"You'll be off in college, too busy studying and partying to visit for thanksgiving," Amber continued. "And without you there, why would I bother going? This'll probably be the last time in a long while we'll get to see a lot of the family."

I opened my mouth, found I had no idea what to say. My lips closed, eyes moving to look at the road ahead.

"If I'm honest about it," Amber said. "I really don't care."

My heart thumped.

"I never really cared about any of that. Family. Bunch'a bullshit, really. Why should I give a shit about uncle what's-his-name and auntie sleeps-around? Mom and Dad? Sure, I care about *them*. But everyone else? Nah. This whole 'get the entire extended family together for one week so we can pretend we're all some big clan or some shit', it's cringe."

Thump, thump. Thump, thump.

My heart beating in my ears. Ears that were waiting, hoping for more. Hoping for...

"The only person I really care about," my sister said, voice loud in my ears. "The only person I want to spend thanksgiving with, is you."

My heart skipped a beat.

I felt my face flush hot, felt a blossom of joy and confusion and happiness erupting inside my chest. A thousand questions popped into my head, a million thoughts.

My mouth opened, but my brain had no idea where to even begin. What should I say to that? What *could* I say?

"Hey," Amanda said, that smile of hers tugging at her lips, "do you hear that?"

"H-hear what?" I asked, barely more than a whisper.

"The engine. Sounds kinda clunky to me. Might have to stop and pull over somewhere, have someone look at it. Might have to spend the day together, just me 'n' you. Might even have to spend the night in a motel or something. What do you think?"

I gulped, mouth feeling very dry all of a sudden. I couldn't look at her, kept my eyes on the road ahead.

"I think..." I said softly, face hot. "I think... It's better to be safe than sorry."

"Perfect," Amber chuckled. "We'll stop by at the next town we pass, then."

She didn't bother taking the car for a check-up or anything. The flimsy excuse for us to stop and spend the day together didn't extend quite that far. No, after finding a nice motel for us to spend the night at, Amber parked her mustang, took me by the hand, and led me into some unknown town.

We had breakfast at a local, small diner. Spent the rest of the morning exploring. We found an old arcade, stayed there for an hour or two – using barely functioning arcade machines and drawing more than a few stares from the locals. It must've been mid-afternoon when Mom finally called to check up on us.

"Uh," I said, glancing to Amber, our mother's voice in my ear. "Yeah, about that... We kinda had to pull over. Engine troubles. We're probably gonna be a bit late..."

The smile on Amber's face as I was on the phone with Mom made butterflies tickle my insides. The easy confidence, those intense eyes. I was in the process of convincing Mom that her turning the minivan around to come 'collect us' was a bad idea when Amber walked over to me.

She didn't utter a word as she put her hands on my hips, leaned in close, began kissing my neck.

"I- Uh... I gotta go. I'll text you later."

Whatever Mom said after that, I didn't hear. The blood rushing to my ears, the sudden burst of heat in my face, washed all sound away. All noise, save that of Amber's gentle kisses.

"It's getting cold," my sister said, breath hot on my neck. "Let's head back to the motel."

I didn't trust myself to speak. All I could do was let out a tiny gasp and nod my head.

"You're so cute when you're flustered," Amber whispered to my neck. "Can't wait to see your cumming face again."

The walk back to the motel felt like a dream.

Holding hands with Amber, my insides warm and tingly. It was as if we were in our own little world. Nothing else mattered. There was no-one but us.

Almost in a daze, we entered the motel room.

Her hands were on me an instant later. Fingertips tugging up my jumper, lips pressed to my neck. Before I knew what was happening, Amber was pushing me backwards – hands warm on my exposed waist. The back of my legs hit the double bed, body falling backwards onto it.

Panting, I stared up at my sister. At those red lips curled into a hungry, eager smile.

Blonde hair wild, eyes even wilder. Her leather jacket slipped off her shoulders, the faded black t-shirt underneath joining it a moment later. She was wearing a black bra. A naughty, lacy piece of lingerie. Not the type of thing a woman wears unless she wants to be seen in it.

“Fuck,” Amber breathed, speaking the words I couldn’t. “You’re beautiful.”

My face flushed. And, this time, it felt like my entire body heated at Amber’s words. The way she was looking at me – like a Christmas present to be unwrapped – sent shivers down my spine. The excitement in her gaze, the lust and longing... It was almost too much for me to handle.

“Who needs some dry-ass turkey?” My sister said, eyes roaming over my body – not bothering to hide her desire. “All I want to eat right now is you.”

I felt my legs tremble, spread open by themselves.

“And your tits...” Amanda purred, leaned over the bed.

She planted her hands either side of my waist. Looked up at me over my bulging breasts.

“Take your top off,” she said, voice soft and sweet. “Your bra too. Let me see ‘em.”

My chest was heavy. Tight. I felt like I could barely breathe, let alone speak. Heart pounding, panting. My hands moved – clutched the jumper that was bunched up beneath my breasts.

I had to shimmy myself, push my upper body up off the bed, in order to get the jumper off me completely. I pulled it over my head, dropped it on the sheets beside me.

Amber’s fingers slid under the waistband of my jeans, her red lips parting as she bit on the zipper. She tugged the zipper down with her mouth, dragged my jeans and panties down my legs - my body instinctively lifting itself to allow her. My head flopped back, eyes on the ceiling and cheeks hot.

The first kiss was on my knee. The second slightly higher. The third on my thigh. The fourth was higher still.

I let out a breathy gasp, shut my eyes tight.

“Rosie, Rosie,” my sister’s voice cut through the silence. “What a pretty flower you are.”

Her lips brushed my slit.

A high-pitched moan escaped my lips.

Blushing, I covered my mouth, gripped onto the bedsheets beneath me. Anything to hold myself back.

Her fingertip glided slowly around my nipple, drawing lazy spirals and tickling the smooth, sensitive skin. Her other hand was on my cheek, holding it gently as she looked into my eyes. Both of us on our sides, naked save for the blanket at our waists.

“Mom and Dad and the rest of them,” I said, trying to think about something - anything - other than those bright blue eyes staring back at me. “They’re probably at Grandad’s place by now.”

“Don’t care,” Amber smiled.

“They’re gonna wonder where we are,” I whispered, transfixed by her lips and how

much I wanted to kiss them.

"Let them," Amber said, the corner of her lip curling up.

"We should get up soon. Get on the road again. We can't-"

Amber silenced me with a kiss. An intimate peck. Nothing too intense or wild. Just a loving, gentle kiss. The kind that left me wanting more. So much more.

"You're not going anywhere," Amber said, pulling back. My lips twitched, I had to resist the urge to lean forward and resume the kissing myself. "You're here, with me, where you belong."

I couldn't argue with that.

A small smile tugging at my lips, face and body warm, chest filled with tingling butterflies, I nodded my head.

Amber's finger moved - sliding between my breasts, over my chest. It stopped directly over my loud, thumping heart.

"Mine," Amber whispered.

I nodded my head again, cheeks and ears and face hot.

"Good," Amber smiled.