

Quiet Night In

Chapter 3

Her hand slid under my top, fingertips gliding over the curve of my breast. Cold fingers that sent shivers tingling down my spine. My gasp was caught by her red lips, my breath stolen away by her hungry mouth and wandering tongue.

The car seats were tilted back as far as they'd go, music playing on the radio. I felt cramped in, with no space to move around. But that didn't matter. Nothing did.

Amber's lips moved away from mine, leaving me panting heavily. They touched my cheek, my jaw. Leaving little kisses as they moved to my neck. Her hand unbuttoning my shirt while she left a trail of red lipstick on my neck and shoulder and collarbone.

She was leaning over me, on top of me. Eyes hungry, warm.

"Amber," I moaned softly as my shirt's last button came undone and she pushed it open.

Underneath, I was wearing a plain, white bra.

One that, seconds later, my sister was peeling down, pushing aside – revealing my breasts and nipples fully.

Like Amber, my skin was milky white. Pale as snow, especially my chest and breasts. Small, pink nipples surrounded by slightly puffy areola. And veins. Faint, blue lines under the skin – barely visible in the dark, but there all the same.

"Shh," Amber purred. "Look at me."

My eyes flicked to hers, were drawn in by the intensity of that gaze. The unwavering desire.

When she leaned down to kiss me again, my entire body melted. Surrendered itself to her. Molten lips pressed to mine, her breath hot and erotic.

Her hand slid under the waistband of my jeans.

I trembled, shuddered in pure anticipation. Tongue dancing with Amber's while her fingertips slid lower and lower.

Without thinking, I opened my legs wider for her. My instincts taking over – knowing exactly what they wanted and where. I felt my heart pounding in my chest, felt the musky heat filling the car. Goosebumps prickled all over my skin. My nipples felt like glass.

Amber broke our kiss again, lips curled into a cocky smile.

I let out a little whine of disappointment, followed almost immediately by a gasp of surprise.

My sister's lips pressed down on my nipple, began suckling on it and fondling it with one hand. The other hand was still between my legs, fingertips drawing slow circles around my pussy but refusing to touch it directly.

I writhed in place. Torn between the pleasure and desire for more.

My kitty quivered and twitched, wanting – needing – to be opened up and penetrated. My hips swayed, trying to draw Amber's fingers closer to the wet slit and my hungry hole.

She giggled, breath tickling my nipple.

"You're too cute," Amber said, voice muffled against my tit. "I just wanna eat you up."

"Yes," I moaned, unable to restrain myself. "Please."

It was awkward repositioning ourselves. Lots of blushing and nervous laughter and barely contained excitement. My back ended up against a car door, my legs on Amber's shoulders. She'd slipped off my jeans, dropped them somewhere. The car's windows were blurred with moisture, steamed up from our activities.

Amber kissed my knee.

I shut my eyes, bit my lip to keep from moaning out.

She kissed higher.

I felt my legs tensing in anticipation. Spine tingling.

Another kiss, this one on my inner thigh.

A whimper escaped my lips, the anticipation and excitement boiling over. My heart thumped a rapid rhythm, my entire body felt like it was on the brink.

Then she pushed my legs wider apart, leaned in between them, planted a soft kiss on my slit.

My entire body shuddered. Electric tingles shooting through me.

All thoughts vanished. I forgot where I was, what time it was. Everything else in the world vanished save that wonderous sensation. The heat radiating off Amber's body, the feel of her breath on my wetness; tickling and teasing. In that moment, nothing else mattered. Nothing but the feel of her.

Her tongue slid between my lips, pushed them open. With the practised ease of someone who'd done this a lot, she toyed with my most intimate of places.

Hands on my thighs, keeping my legs wide open.

Hot breath. Soft lips.

A tongue pushing its way inside me.

I stopped holding back. Began moaning freely and loudly. My hands found their way to Amber's head, gripping her blonde hair as she had her way with me. One of my feet ended up on the mustang's steering wheel. A hand braced against a misty window, leaving a clear print.

"What if they know?" I asked, looking out the car's windscreen at the house. "They've gotta suspect something's up..."

"They don't," Amber smiled.

"How do you know?"

"Because they'd never believe their *perfect* daughter was in some incestuous, lesbian relationship with her big sister. If they knew, they'd probably have heart attacks."

My cheeks heated.

"Mom will probably try convincing you to spend less time with me, though. Seeing as I'm a 'bad influence' and all that. She won't want her favourite daughter being 'corrupted' by the drop-out."

"I won't," I said quickly.

"I know," Amber smirked. "I've already corrupted you."

I turned my head, looked at her. She stared right back, eyes twinkling in the night. Before I knew what I was doing, I was leaning forward.

The kiss was short. Too short. But oh, so sweet.

"Come on," Amber said with a grin. "Let's head in."

I walked ahead of her, enjoying the chilly air on my warm face. As I fumbled with the house key, tried to grip it through my woolly mittens, Amber reached out - gave my butt a soft pinch.

Seconds later - my face hotter than ever - we entered the house.

Mom was waiting, of course. Amber ignored her, headed up to her room. Me? I had to stay and listen to a half-baked lecture on why I shouldn't be out so late, questions about where I was and what my sister was 'introducing' me to. At one point, she even mentioned something about 'drug tests'.

By the time I finally walked into my bedroom and flopped down on the bed, I was exhausted.

I didn't go to sleep right away though.

Laying there, eyes closed, my mind wandered from one thing to another. School and studies, to Amber's red lips, to the future and my plans, to Amber's cocky smile, to Christmas and presents I could buy, to what I should get for Amber.

Every time my sister crossed my mind, I felt tingles. The rush of heat and excitement.

Before I even realised it was happening, my hand was between my legs - exploring the folds and spots Amber's tongue had toyed with earlier. My hand in my panties, eyes closed, images of Amber filling my mind. Her messy blonde hair between my legs, that confident smirk curling her full lips, her hungry gaze that always felt like it was stripping me bare. Her voice, the things she'd said to me, her musical laughter.

I had to bite my pillow to keep from moaning out.

Fantasies poured into my mind. Thoughts of creeping into her bedroom, climbing into her bed. Thoughts of pleasuring her the same way she'd done for me - my mouth between her legs. Licking her. Tasting her. Hearing her moans and pleas for more.

I quivered, shuddered, gasped into my pillow.

If not for our parents being home, I'd have done it. Gotten up, gone to Amber's room, dedicated myself to her pleasure.

Even *with* our parents home, the temptation almost drove me to it. The risk of being caught was terrifying and titillating in equal measures. But my caution and fear won out over my horny desires. Barely.

Slowly, I pulled the finger I had inside me out. Raised it to my lips. Tasted it.

Sweet. Sweeter than I'd expected.

A little tangy, a little salty.

I'd been expecting something worse. A foul taste. But this was almost *good*. Pleasant.

No wonder Amber liked going down there so much.

Would... Would she taste the same?

My heart thrummed at the thought.

I couldn't wait to find out.

Snow all around. Everywhere that used to be green - grass and tree leaves and bushes - were coated in bright white. Rooftops were painted in it, benches and lampposts and public trashcans. The only areas that weren't covered in a layer of snow were the roads and sidewalks; those places that were dotted with grit and snow sludge.

I was clad in the warmest clothes I owned. A thick jumper with a coat on top, wool mittens and a matching winter hat. Snow boots on my feet and two layers of pants - baggy jeans over comfy loungers.

And, even with all that, my cheeks were still pink from the chill.

At least Amber wasn't around to turn the rest of my face red too. Not that I'd have minded spending more time with her. It felt kinda lonely and empty, not having her with me - teasing me and kissing me and-

Focus!

I shook my head, tried to push thoughts of her from my mind.

There was a lot of me to do today. Couldn't let my head get lost in the clouds again. Not until I was done shopping.

Christmas was just around the corner, and I needed to buy things for friends and family. Little gifts, for the most part. A paintbrush set for one friend, some celebrity perfume for another. I'd get Dad something for his office at work, a novelty 'dad' mug and a stress ball to put in it or something. As for Mom, I had no idea what I'd get her - a book or some scented candles, maybe. And Amber...

Thanks to my hard work a few months back - raking neighbourhood laws for cash - and shovelling snow from driveways over the last week or two, I had plenty of money saved.

More than enough to treat Amber to something special.

When I'd asked her what she wanted for Christmas, she'd given me a one-word

reply.

You.

My cheeks pulled up as a smile forced itself onto my face. The cold air tickling my face was no match for the heat radiating off it.

I knew *exactly* what to give my sister for Christmas.

It'd be more expensive than every other present combined. I'd be blowing all the money I'd saved up. But it'd be worth it. More than worth it.

First things first, I went hunting for the cheaper presents. Get those out of the way first, so I'd know exactly how much I had left to spend on Amber. An hour and a half later, I had a large canvas bag in each hand - the presents for everyone except Amber packed inside.

I checked the time, pursed my lips.

Amber's present required items from multiple shops, one of which was a little more 'out of the way' than the others. Not ideal, but to be expected. I didn't imagine many sex shops set up on the high-street.

With a bit of luck, I *should* be able to get everything today.

"Don't stay up too late," Mom said, eyes flicking to Amber for an instant before returning to me. "Just because you don't have school for a few weeks, doesn't mean you should ruin your sleep schedule. You have my credit card, so you can order food if you get hungry. If anything happens, call us."

I nodded my head quickly.

"No parties," Mom said, head snapping to Amber and voice hardening. "No guests over. No alcohol. No loud music. No touching the credit card. I've asked Mr Jackson next door to keep an eye on things, so don't think you can lie your way out of trouble again."

"Uh-huh," Amber smirked. "Got it."

Mom glared at her for a long moment. Amber continued smirking, which only seemed to anger Mom all the more. Finally, though, Dad's voice sounded from the car outside - followed by a honk of his car's horn.

"If anything happens," Mom said quickly, looking at me, "anything at all, call me."

"Yes, Mom," I said.

She was out of the front door a moment later.

I stood in the doorway, waving at her and Dad.

"Quickly," Amber whispered from behind me. "Hand me the credit card so I can order some booze for the party. Invited a bunch of guests over 'n' all. Oh, and take that top off. Gotta give *Mr Jackson* something to keep his eyes on."

She stepped up behind me, started waving at Mom and Dad.

If they noticed me jumping, my face going red, our parents didn't show it. Mom smiled, gave a little wave. Dad pulled out of the driveway, attention focused on the road.

Amber gave my butt another pinch. Began groping it.

Then the car - Mom and Dad - were gone. The front door slammed shut and the next thing I knew, my back was up against a wall and my sister's tongue was inside my mouth. Her hands were pawing my chest before I could even react.

A lovely, wobbly sensation washed over me. My body melting under her touch, giving itself up to her - allowing her to do anything she wanted. No resistance or hesitation.

It took more willpower than I was willing to admit to push her away. My own body wanted to betray me; wanted to pull Amber closer even as I pushed her off me.

"Wait," I panted, breathless.

She smiled at me. Eyes filled with love and affection, lips curled suggestively. Seductively.

I felt my knees tremble. My will eroding away.

"I..." I said, tongue fumbling over itself. "Living... Wait... The room, not... I need to..."

You..."

"So flustered," Amber smiled, leaning in for more kissing. "Here, let me help with that."

"Stop!" I squeaked, pushing her back again. "Please!"

Amber leaned back, raised an eyebrow. Her confident smile never wavered. She planted a hand on the wall over my shoulder, gaze flicking to my lips.

"What is it, beautiful?" Amber purred. "Want to take this somewhere more private?"

I shook my head quickly, heart racing.

"I..." I gulped. "I want you to... to wait in the living room. For me. Wait for me. In the..."

"Oh?" Amber chuckled. "Why's that?"

"Christmas present," I whispered, looking down at my feet, my face on fire.

Christmas was still a week away. A little early for Christmas presents, but... But today was probably the last time we'd be home alone, me and Amber. Mom and Dad were off at some corporate Christmas party tonight, had booked a hotel for the night so they wouldn't have to drive after the party. After tonight, me and Amber wouldn't get the chance to be home alone together for a long while.

Now was the best time for my Christmas present for her.

"Hmm..." Amber hummed. "Okay, I'll wait."

I breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Just don't keep me waiting too long," she winked. "Or I'll have to come lookin' for you."

I tiptoed downstairs, trying not to stumble in these heels.

I'd never really been that big on wearing high heels, but sometimes they were the only choice. Slutty stilettos, with this outfit, were a must.

Just like heels, I'd never worn anything like *this* before either.

Oddly enough, I felt more obscene and naughty in this costume than I did straight-up naked. Somehow, the hints of my body and the attention it drew to my 'assets' felt naughtier and sluttier than if I'd been wearing nothing at all.

Above the whore-heels were a stockings and garter belt combo. Black and thin, perfectly sized to stretch over my skin just right. With a lacy, black thong to match.

Not that the thong or garter were visible. Or, at least, not *fully* visible.

The red and white skirt hid *most* of the thong and garter belt from view. Red cloth with a fluffy white hem. A slutty Santa dress, complete with fake black belt and buckle. It hugged my body so tightly, I felt like it'd tear open with every movement I made. The dress ended right above my nipples, held in place by some tight elastic - and my hopes and prayers.

My cleavage - of which there was a lot - was totally visible. Breasts squeezed tight, spilling out top of the slutty dress.

On my hands were fingerless lingerie gloves, part of a matching set with the garter belt and stockings. Thin and lacy, like the thong, and the bra that I wasn't wearing - I'd had to leave that out of the costume.

To top everything off, I had a Santa hat on my head and some strawberry-flavoured lip gloss over plump lips.

After somehow descending the staircase without tripping and breaking my neck, I crept - not easy in *these* heels - to the living room, stopped outside the door.

A single deep breath, back straightened.

I pushed the door open, stepped inside.

My eyes found Amber instantly. Saw her raising a piece of candy to her open mouth. She froze, eyes widening. The candy slipped from her fingers, her jaw dropping even wider.

"Hey Amber," I said, trying to sound as seductive as possible. "I hear you've been a naughty girl this year."

It was, without a doubt, the cringiest and silliest thing I'd ever said. Even to my own ears, it sounded more comical than arousing. My cheeks burned hot, tongue turning to lead in my mouth. I tried to salvage the moment, strike a sexy pose, but even *that* felt awkward and clumsy.

Then Amber smiled, eyes twinkling.

My knees almost gave out from the look she gave me. The lip-biting hunger, the gaze that devoured.

"Naughty," she said, beginning to get up - pushing herself off the sofa. "And then some."

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head and raising my hands. "Don't get up! I haven't given you your present yet!"

She raised an eyebrow at me.

"*This* isn't the present?"

I shook my head again, smiled. "This is just the wrappings."

Amber sat back down, curiosity written all over her beautiful face. She leaned back and waited.

Heart pounding, I walked towards her. Swaying my hips and shaking my chest with each step. Arms at my sides, hands fanned out. Walking as sexily as I could.

Amber's eyes slid up and down my body appreciatively.

When I reached to sofa, I climbed onto it - straddled my sister's waist, pressed my chest to hers. Our lips met, soft and slow and sweet - a brief kiss, just enough for her to catch a taste of strawberry.

She licked her lips as I leaned back.

"I want you," I breathed, "to guide me."

Her eyebrow quirked up.

"I've never done it before. I... I want you to walk me through it. Tell me what to do, what feels good. I want it to be good for you. I want to know how to... how to make *you* feel good."

It took a moment for her to realise. Amber's eyes widened, just a single moment before I slid off her lap and onto the floor. On my knees. Looking up at her.

"Are you-" Her breath caught as I undid the first button of her jeans. "Are you sure?"

I smiled up at her, nodded my head. Undid the next button.

After I'd tugged her jeans and panties down, Amber leaned forward. She brushed my cheek with her thumb, held the side of my face for a long moment. I pressed my cheek to her hand, closed my eyes and smiled.

"You're amazing," Amber breathed.

I opened my eyes when her hand came away, looked up at her.

"Ready?" She asked.

"Mm'hm," I hummed with a nod.

Slowly, Amber's legs opened for me. A glistening pussy waiting between them. Oddly enough, I felt myself salivating at the sight of it. My body, it seemed, wanted this as much as I did.

"Okay," my sister began, gazing down at me. "The first thing you want to do is..."