

Quiet Night In

Chapter 4

Hearing their laughter felt like being poked and prodded over and over again. Amusing at first, then annoying, then downright unbearable. Having to listen to it - their joy, so openly and drunkenly displayed - was paramount to torture.

When Dad pulled Mom in close, whispered something in her ear, she erupted into a fit of giggles - playfully slapped his chest.

For the first time in my life, I got a violent urge.

A quiet, itching desire to get up and slap Dad in the face. Not playfully, like Mom. But a real, open-palmed *whack*.

I didn't, obviously. I could *never*.

But that fleeting urge had sprung up all the same, leaving me more annoyed and irritated than ever.

Get a room, for Pete's sake.

As if hearing my thought, Mom stood.

Wearing a Christmas sweater, cheeks pink from drinking and play-flirting with Dad, she pushed herself to her feet. To her credit, her knees only wobbled a *little* before she gained her balance. She grasped Dad's hands, tugged him up with her.

He chuckled, she giggled, and I wanted to throw something at them both.

They'd been like this *all day*.

Not drunk. That'd only started a few hours ago, when evening had come around and we'd all sat down together as a family. A couple films - and glasses of wine - later, and here they were. Acting more like dumb, love-struck teens than I ever had.

I couldn't blame them.

It was Christmas, after all. The twenty-fifth of December, with all the festivities and fun and family time they could've hoped for. A perfect day, filled with laughter and happiness and merriment. One to remember.

No work for either of them, no plans for tomorrow except to sleep and relax and be together.

I couldn't blame them for being so giddy and happy.

But *God* was it annoying to watch.

I wasn't even able to *pretend* I wasn't jealous. Envious.

My eyes flicked to Amber involuntarily.

She sat off to one side, on the floor with her back to the wall. Wearing her worn-out leather jacket over a Christmas jumper Mom had all but forced her to put on. Her hair wild and intense, lips red and inviting, eyes beautiful. She looked... *amazing*.

She caught my stare, flashed me a half-cocked smile that turned my face hot and forced me to glance away.

"We're going to bed," Mom said, trying not to giggle as Dad nuzzled her neck. "Don't stay up too late, you two. Remember, we've got that... got that thingy to do tomorrow..."

Mom let out a sound that was somewhere between a giggle, a gasp, and a moan. Her eyes fluttered, knees wobbling once again.

"Goodnight," Dad said with a boyish grin.

As they walked hand-in-hand out of the room, they paused at the doorway. Dad glanced up at the mistletoe hanging from the door frame, smirked, leaned down and took the opportunity to spend the next minute making out with Mom right there and then.

Finally - *thankfully* - they left. Headed upstairs, their footfalls sounding clumsy and drunk as they climbed the staircase together.

"You've got the remote right?" Amber asked, voice snapping up all of my attention in an instant. "You should turn the volume up."

I looked at her, felt my heart stutter in my chest, my breath catching in my throat. It

should be illegal to be so beautiful. So wonderfully, amazingly, incredibly, unbelievably-

"Unless," Amber said, eyebrow raised in amusement. "You *want* to overhear them boning. Can't say I'd recommend it."

My face was red-hot in a heartbeat.

I fumbled for the TV remote, turned the volume up like Amber had said. And all the while, she watched me. Smiling. Eyes bearing into me. Stripping me.

My body shuddered, reacted to my sister's warm gaze.

"Ya know," she purred hungrily, "with how much they've had to drink, I doubt they'll be waking up any time soon. As soon as Dad is done slipping Mom the sausage, they'll be out cold 'til morning."

I think my brain stopped working for a few seconds.

It was like my thoughts were completely overwhelmed for a moment. Amber talking about Mom and Dad doing the do, calling his 'thing' a *sausage*. Then having the shock from those words being blasted away by what she'd insinuated next. That we could... That her and I... While Mom and Dad were home... Me and her...

Time seemed to stop for the several seconds it took for my brain process Amber's words and restart itself.

It was then I realised Amber was standing.

A warmth blossomed inside me. Thrummed out from my core. Tingles of excitement filled me, my skin prickling in anticipation.

Maybe I'd had more wine than I'd thought. I could've sworn I only had a glass or two...

She took a step towards me. Paused.

My heart thumped.

Her lusty smile widened, eyes flashing.

My heart hiccupped.

The next step she took wasn't towards me, but to the living room door. Another step - moving further away from me, back to me.

I felt my heart drop. Felt the wave of pain, the rejection and anguish and-

She stopped in the doorway, reached up, snatched up a bit of the mistletoe hanging there.

When she turned back to me, a predatory grin on her face, I melted. Felt my every instinct give itself over to her. With that grin, she could tell me to do anything. And I would. I was hers, utterly and completely.

She stalked towards me, brandishing the mistletoe like a delicious treat for a pet.

When she climbed onto my chair, planted her knees either side of me, I didn't resist. And when she held the mistletoe above our heads, I didn't deny her. She leaned in, pressed her wonderful, amazing lips to mine.

And for the next few minutes, I lost myself in blissful oblivion.

Amber was still holding the mistletoe when the kiss broke. Both of us panting, breathing heavily. Chests rising and falling, pressed against each other.

Somehow, my shirt was missing.

I was sitting there with only a bra on above the waist.

When in the world had *that* happened?

Not only that, but my jeans were undone. Still on, but removable at a moment's notice.

Amber smiled at me, eyes sliding down my bra-clad body. Taking in every inch of me. She bit her lower lip, seemed almost enthralled by what she saw.

Then she raised the tiny branch of mistletoe again.

She still had that?

It wasn't above my head that she moved it this time, though. Instead, she held it over my shoulder.

She leaned down, kissed my neck.

The mistletoe moved again, this time over my collar. And, again, it was followed by Amber's lips. She brushed it lightly over the curve of my breast, kissing along the imaginary trail it left behind.

As it moved lower, so did she. Sliding lower along my lap, down onto the floor. The mistletoe on my tummy, tickling the skin there. Followed by my sister's red lips.

Then lower.

And lower still.

A pile of pillows and blankets and cushions on the floor, all the soft and comfortable things we could find at a moment's notice. Illuminated only by the TV and whatever movie it was playing, fairy lights around the room, an angry-red glow from the space heater pointed at us on our little blanket pile.

Amber had a thin, woolly blanket around otherwise bare shoulders. It draped over her torso, hiding her nipples from view but doing nothing to hide the rest of her pale, smooth body.

My heart thumped heavily.

When she reached out a hand, I felt my body tense up. The anticipation was killing me.

She didn't reach for my body, though. Didn't touch me or pull me close or push me down onto our soft, makeshift love-den. With delicate fingers, she brushed a stray strand of hair from my face. Smiled as she stared into my eyes.

"You're beautiful," Amber breathed.

Warmth blossomed inside me, my chest. A heat that had nothing to do with the space heater pointed at us. It was a gentle, comforting warmth that swelled up inside me - filled me completely.

"You too," I managed to squeak out through my tight throat. "You're..."

I couldn't think of the right word.

There were a dozen different things I could say. A hundred different words I could use. But none of them were right. None of them were even close to being enough. Amber was... Amber was...

"Special," I found myself saying, "to me. You're special to me. You're-"

She silenced me with a kiss.

A lingering, sweet embrace.

When she broke away, Amber looked at me. Stared at my lips.

"Lay down," she whispered. "Get comfortable."

I didn't hesitate.

Heart pounding away in my chest, I laid myself down. Back to the pile of blankets and pillows, naked body illuminated by the dozens of tiny lights around us. It was dark in the room, but not so dark that I couldn't see myself - my body.

A sheen of sweat, reflecting fairy lights that looked like a thousand little stars twinkling on my skin.

I was attractive. I knew that. I had a pretty face, and the kind of body that guys drooled over. Large, gravity-defying breasts and a bubble-butt. Wide hips and a slender waist. Cute little nipples, pink and puffy. I *knew* I had a sexy body.

But, in that moment, I actually *saw* it.

Saw the sleek and voluminous curves; the soft, smooth skin.

For the first time in my life, I saw myself through unbiased eyes. Saw myself as I really was, not through tints of uncertainty and shyness.

I saw myself how Amber saw me.

And I saw *her* too.

A slender, perky figure. Breasts smaller than mine, but with a lively bounce and

springiness that mine lacked. Pretty nipples coated in sweat, harder than ice and oh-so inviting.

Her lips... I wanted nothing more in that moment than to taste them. To feel them against my body.

"Stay," Amber cooed. "Don't move."

I nodded my head, hot and horny.

"Good girl."

The blanket that was draped around her shoulders fell away as Amber stood, revealing her naked form in its entirety. She stepped away from me and the blanket den we'd made, turned on her heels and walked - hips swaying seductively - over to the living room sofa. She leaned down, ass pushed out for my benefit, and searched through a big bowl of Christmas treats.

When she stood up straight again, she was holding a big, red and white candy cane.

Over half a foot long, much thicker than my thumb.

I shuddered at the sight of it. At the implication.

"This'll do," Amber smiled, tapping the candy cane against the palm of her hand. She stepped slowly towards me. "You've always had a lil' bit of a sweet tooth, haven't you Rosie?"

"I... Yes..."

"Don't worry," she chuckled softly. "There'll be plenty for you to eat tonight. More than enough."

When she reached me, Amber smiled. She twirled the candy cane around a finger, eyes exploring every curve of my body. In her eyes, I could see the lust and desire. The heat. The hunger.

She knelt down beside me, pointed the tip of the candy cane at my face.

"That loser ex of yours," she said, voice low. "The jackass who dumped you so he could date that one tramp. You didn't let him fuck you, did you?"

I shook my head quickly, eyes wide.

"No!" I gasped, a little too loudly. "Never!"

"Uh-huh," Amber clicked her tongue, eyes trailing over my body once again. "Makes sense. Why would anyone ever break up with you if they had all *this* to play with?"

The tip of the candy cane pressed to my cheek, slid across my jaw, down my neck. Amber moved it all the way down my body, pressing it firmly into my breasts as she passed them. When it reached my crotch, she stopped.

"Obviously, you didn't let the dumb-fuck bone you," Amber continued. "I can believe that. But what about *other* stuff..."

She raised the cane so that it was barely touching skin. Moved it further down my body, hovering it over my peach.

My legs twitched, widening by themselves. A quiet moan escaped through my parted lips. I'd never been penetrated before, not by anything but fingers and Amber's tongue. What would it feel like?

"But did you ever," Amber said quickly, snatching the cane away from my crotch, pointing it at my face instead. My lips. "Suck his cock?"

I moaned, tried shaking my head. Before I could, though, Amber pressed the candy cane firmly to my lips. Pushed it between them. My body responded before I could think, mouth opening to receive it. Tongue sliding along the underside as Amber slipped an inch past my lips.

"Hmm..." Amber hummed. "Interesting reaction for a girl claiming innocence. If I didn't know better, I'd say you know *exactly* how to suck dick..."

I wanted to speak, to deny it. But Amber's tone stopped me. Not accusing, but possessive. Not annoyed or hurt, but firm.

"That's it," Amber smiled. "Suck it for me. Show me how much of a slut you really are, sis."

I did it.

I'd never sucked a dick before, though I had fantasised about it every now and then. I didn't know what to do exactly, but I tried my best. Licking the candy cane, pressing my lips around it, sucking lightly. The sugary taste filled my mouth, made what I was doing feel less awkward and more natural to me. More normal. I was just eating some hard candy. Nothing difficult or weird about *that*.

All the while, I locked eyes with Amber.

She watched me, expression unreadable. Sliding the candy cane back and forth, twisting and twirling it in my mouth.

"There you go again," she said softly. "Making me wish I had a cock for you to suck."

When her fingers touched my thigh, I flinched.

One hand slowly fucking my mouth with a candy cane, the other snaking its way between my legs.

I let out a moan - muffled and distorted by the object in my mouth. I shuddered and trembled when Amber's fingertips glided along my slit - barely touching the skin.

"How many guys have dreamed about you sucking them off? How many have jacked off imagining it?" Amber's voice was deeper than usual, sultry and teasing as she toyed with me. "A lot. Most of them, I'd bet. How could they not? Just look at you. Too bad for them. You belong to me..."

Her fingers spread me open, one pushing its way inside.

I gasped, felt myself tighten around it, pulling it in.

More. I wanted *more*.

"Look at how wet you are," Amber giggled. "Practically drenched. Does thinking about all those guys jerking off to you turn you on, hmm?"

I moaned, nodded my head. Though that wasn't completely true. More than anything else, it was Amber that turned me on. Aroused me. Made my knees weak and my body surrender.

"Slut," Amber purred, a smile tugging at her lips. "Naughty, little slut. *My* slut."

Again, I nodded my head. More vigorously this time.

"No-one else can have you," she said, moving her finger slowly. "You're all mine. My slutty little sister."

When she pulled the finger out of me, I let out an involuntary whine. The sound, muffled by candy cane, was filled with arousal and desire and disappointment.

More. Please.

I'd have said the words, if not for my mouth already being occupied. Moaned them, pleaded with Amber for sweet release.

She raised her hand - the one with a wet middle finger - so I could look at it, held it above my head. It shone in the dim light, reflective and accusing. Glistening with my arousal.

Amber slid the candy cane from my mouth.

I was about to speak - beg her for more - when she lowered the hand with the shiny middle finger. A moment later, I had something new in my mouth. Something different to suck on.

"Like it?" Amber purred. "You taste good, don't you?"

I nodded my head, whole body flushed and hot.

"Do you remember what I taught you a lil' while ago? About how to eat a girl out and make her cream and scream?"

Tingles. A tremor of anticipation.

I nodded again, sucking her finger dry.

"Show me."

She moved then. Repositioned herself. The candy cane was set aside and forgotten, her finger slipping out of my mouth so she could balance herself with her hands. Her knees planted themselves just above my shoulders, her feet above my head.

I stared up at her. Up past her wet mound and between her perky breasts. Up at her lusty smile and twinkling eyes.

"Do a good job," she promised, looking down at me, "and I'll join in. There's a reason sixty-nine is my favourite number."

Then she lowered herself - crotch aimed directly at my face.

Neither of us wanted to get up.

We'd have to at some point. Put clothes on, pick up the pillows and blankets and cushions we were laying on, clean ourselves up, head to bed. We couldn't stay where we were. Naked, smelling of sweat and salt and sweet, sensual sin. It'd be dawn soon. And, while Mom and Dad weren't likely to get up right away, they *would* come down here eventually.

We couldn't stay like this. Not forever.

But, for now at least, we didn't move. Didn't try getting up. Didn't do anything but lay there in each other's arms.

As hot as the space heater was, it was the warmth of Amber's body cuddled against mine that sank into me. Filled me. Made my insides feel like they were glowing.

My eyelids drooped, the urge to drift off pulling on me.

My body ached in the best possible ways, pleading softly for me to close my eyes and let sleep take me away.

My heart thrummed, told me to stop caring, stop thinking.

Every part of me but my dumb, stupid, logical brain wanted me to stay and sleep and lose myself in my sister's arms.

But I couldn't.

I had to get up. Had to clean up.

But...

Not yet.

A few more minutes. That's all I needed. Just a few more minutes of Amber holding me. That's all I wanted in the whole wide world.

Just a few...

More...