

Quiet Night In

Chapter 5

I could taste the energy in the air. The excited, anticipation-filled atmosphere. It was so potent, so thick, that I couldn't help but be pulled into it.

A crowd of people on a hilltop, lit by a hundred different phone screens and torches and streetlamps. Children and adults, men and women, people of every shape and size and colour. Neighbours and strangers, familiar faces and ones I'd never seen before.

And, standing there next to me, holding my hand, was Amber. Wearing her leather jacket, her hair a glorious mess, her red lips and dark-circled eyes. She stood out over the countless other faces around us. A beacon of beauty and confidence.

When she looked over at me, flashed me a smirk, I felt my knees go weak. I didn't collapse or swoon - I think I'd die of embarrassment if I had - but I did tremble a little.

I looked up at the sky. Waited.

My heart thumped loudly in my chest.

"Five!" A dozen voices shouted over each other.

I squeezed my sister's hand, stared up at the starry night.

"Four!" A hundred people called out - more people adding their voices to the countdown.

Amber brushed the back of my hand with her thumb.

"Three!" A thousand voices shouted in unison.

She was looking at me. Staring at my face.

"Two!"

Why was she looking at me? She was supposed to be staring at the sky, like everyone else. Her unwavering gaze was turning my cheeks pink.

"One!"

I turned my head away from the sky, locked eyes with Amber.

Those pretty, blue irises that always seemed to suck me in, swallow me whole. I gasped, lost in her gaze.

All around us, the world went silent. A thousand people all holding their breaths as the wind and sky whistled softly. Every instinct I had, every single fibre of my being, wanted me to lean forward and pull my sister's face down to mine.

The sky exploded.

Dozens of fireworks all blazing alive at once, reds and blues and oranges and greens. Countless, distant *pops* and *bangs* and a cacophony of cheers and screams and jubilation. The entire world erupted, energy spilling over.

And all I cared about was the girl standing beside me - the girl staring into my eyes with the same love and desire I felt.

I wanted to pull her face down, press my lips to hers, spend New Years making out with her. I wanted it so badly, so desperately, that my body tensed in anticipation of it. I could imagine the warmth of her against me, the taste of her lips, the sound of her happy giggles...

But I didn't. Couldn't.

Not here, where we might be seen.

She smiled at me, brushed my hand with her thumb.

We both looked away from each other - stared up at the sky and all the exploding, brilliant lights.

I was the first to wake up.

Not surprising, really. Mom and Dad had stayed up after getting home, drinking and flirting and being all gross with each other. And Amber, as far as I was aware, was still out enjoying the New Year celebrations with friends. She'd headed off in her own direction

when me and our parents were heading home.

As soon as I'd gotten home, I'd headed straight for bed.

Now, at eight in the morning, I was the only one up. Walking around the house, feeling like I was in some post-apocalypse where the rest of humanity had vanished.

The house - the whole world - was silent.

After brushing my teeth, washing my face, and taking care of 'other' morning bathroom business, I went downstairs to grab some breakfast.

I ended up with a bowl full of leftover Christmas candy.

That counted as food, right? Might not be the *healthiest* thing around, but it'd do the job. Wasn't like Mom was awake to scold me and demand I eat something 'proper' for breakfast.

I sat down in the living room, didn't bother to turn the TV on. Didn't feel like it. So I just sat there; cross-legged on an armchair, a bowl of candy on my lap.

"Happy New Year," I whispered to myself.

Even *that* felt off. Too loud in the eerie silence.

I looked down at the bowl, frowned.

Not hungry.

I looked at a clock hanging on one of the living room walls, let out a soft sigh.

When would Amber be home?

I'd checked her room before coming downstairs; had wanted to maybe slip into bed with her while our parents slept. But she wasn't there. Hadn't come home.

She'd spent the night with her friends.

I fought down a sudden wave of emotion.

No, I was not *jealous*. I was not *worried*. Amber was a grown woman. She could do what she wanted. She knew how to look after herself. I was *not* jealous.

It wasn't like we were dating. Not really.

I mean, we were sister. *Sisters*. We could never be a thing. We couldn't be... Of course Amber wouldn't see us as an exclusive couple. And that was fine! She was free to do whatever she wanted. Probably, she just saw me and her 'doing things' as some kinky fun. Nothing special... Just meaningless sex...

When the clock struck nine, I glared at it.

Where *was* she?

Was she okay? Had something happened to her?

Part of me wanted to call her, message her, do *something* to find out. But what if she was asleep? What if I woke her? Who wanted to be woken up on New Years Day like that? Especially after spending the night with their friends. Their pretty, sexy, mature friends.

She should be home by now, though. Right? It was nine! Well past the time for sneaking back home after partying all night.

Unless she was at someone *else's* home.

Not my business...

I pushed down the thoughts and fears, ignoring the stinging pain in my chest. Glared at the clock, watching the hands move around mockingly slow.

Where the *heck* was Amber?

I got my answer a couple of minutes later when the house's front door creaked open and slammed shut.

Heavy boot footsteps approached the living room.

Then the living room door opened, and there she stood.

Amber.

Looking almost identical to how she'd been last night.

Blonde hair a beautiful mess, unkempt and straggly and somehow still full of volume and life. Red lips, lipstick faded and somehow all the sexier because of it. Bright blue eyes

surrounded by thick, black eyeliner. Tired, baggy eyes that lit up when she saw me sitting there. She was still wearing her favourite leather jacket, still had the same worn and torn jeans.

The only difference was her posture. Her usual laid back, too-cool for school, chill posture was gone - replaced by a tired bubbiness that could only be caused by one thing.

"Rosie!" Amber called too-loudly, slurring her words a little as she perked up. "You're here!"

"Shhh! You'll wake up Mom and Dad."

"What're you doin' up so early?" She said as she swayed into the room, cheeks flushed and eyes twinkling. "Shouldn't you be in bed like a good girl?"

"The only one of us that should be in bed," I said, unable to keep myself from smiling, "is you."

"You're so..." Amber grinned, stepped up to the armchair I was sitting on. "Beautiful." I felt my cheeks warming.

"I got you something," she slurred, looking down at herself and frowning slightly. "It's not here. It's..."

She reached into a pocket, pulled out her car keys.

They fell from her fingertips, clattered down to the ground. And, when Amber tried crouching to pick them up, she stumbled - fell backwards.

I was on my feet an instant later, helping my sister to stand and snatching up the car keys.

Whatever she wanted to show me, it could wait.

Slipping under her arm, my hand on her back, I led her out of the living room. Getting up the stairs was difficult, made all the more awkward by Amber's slurred complements. Calling me pretty and sexy and cute, and a whole lot of lewder comments that I hoped our parents weren't awake to hear.

After much effort, I managed to get her to her into her bedroom.

She collapsed onto the bed happily, letting out a content hum as she rolled onto her side, curled up. Her eyes drooped shut.

"Goodnight," I whispered to her. "I'll leave your car keys here, on the-"

"No," Amber complained, eyes shooting open. She shook her head vigorously. "You keep."

I blinked at her.

"Your present," Amber murmured, eyes closing again, her words dragged out as she drifted off to sleep. "Keep it."

"Keep the keys?" I asked.

A gentle shake of her head was all my sister gave me before she passed out completely.

"Amber?"

But she was gone. Off to dreamland.

I looked down at my hand - the keys to Amber's mustang.

What was *that* about.

"You're gonna be moving away," Amber said, wincing slightly at the sound of her own voice. She raised a hand to her head, shook it. "When you go to uni. You're gonna need some way of getting around."

"But..." I couldn't believe it. There was no way Amber was serious about this. "It's your mustang. It's your car. You can't just give it to me. I don't even have a licence!"

"Not so loud," Amber groaned. "Headache."

"I think you mean 'hangover'," I grunted. "How wasted were you, exactly, when you decided it'd be a good idea to give your car away? Did you knock your head at all? Should I be worried about a concussion or brain damage? Want me to call a doctor for you?"

"I'm serious," Amber said. "I want you to have it."

"I don't know how to drive!"

"That's fine." Despite the hangover, Amber managed a weak smile. "I'll teach you. It's easy, really."

"What about *you*? How are you supposed to get around – go to work – if you give your car away?"

"Talked to a friend last night," Amber shrugged. "Agreed to sell me their old crotch-rocket for cheap."

"Crotch-rocket?"

"Motorcycle," Amber smiled. "Always wanted one."

My mouth opened, but no words came out. What was I supposed to say to *that*? Amber wanting to give me her car, not taking 'no' for an answer. It was beyond insane; the action of someone drunk out of their mind.

There had to be alcohol in her system still. When she sobered up, she'd change her mind - take it all back.

But... She didn't look drunk.

Save for the obvious hangover aches, she was her usual self.

"I mean it," Amber said. "I want you to have it."

"But... Why?"

"Because it's freedom," my sister smiled. "The ability to go wherever you want, whenever you want. You won't have to rely on anyone else to get around. If you have an argument with your roommates, you can sleep in the mustang for the night. You'll need it if you want to get a job."

"But..."

Amber pushed herself off my bed, stretched. She let out a little, soft groan. Then she straightened herself, reached her hand out to me.

"Come on," Amber said. "Let's go get your car."

I took her hand, let her pull me to my feet.

"But first," she murmured, "I'm gonna need some painkillers."

It was a short walk. Twenty minutes to a small, out of the way parking lot. Amber's - *my* - mustang was there, along with a few other cars. Though, save for us, the place was deserted.

The sun was just touching the horizon - beginning to set - as we climbed into the mustang together.

Amber in the driver's seat, me in the passenger side.

"Tired?" Amber asked, slotting the key in the ignition.

I shook my head. Save for cold cheeks from the walk here, I felt completely fine. Not tired in the slightest.

"Good," Amber grinned. "Then we can start your first lesson."

I looked over at her.

She looked at me.

"Knowing when it's time to drive," she purred, "and when *not* to drive. Take right now, for example. Why drive, when we could-"

I was pushing my lips to hers before she was even done talking.

It was my body. My horny, hungry body. Leaning in by itself, pulling Amber into the embrace - shocking her with how lusty I was. Our tongues danced as our hands ravished each other, stripping away jacket and coat, her unbuttoning my blouse as I pulled up her t-shirt.

I tasted the alcohol on her breath, faint and distant.

She gasped when I slid my hand between her legs, pushed her back up against her car door. One of her hands slapped the glass, bracing herself against my sudden advance.

But she didn't stop me. Surprised as she was, she didn't fight it. Why would she?

Her jeans came off, then her panties came sliding down her legs.

"Rosie," Amber moaned into my mouth. "Wait."

I paused, felt Amber's hand on my shoulder - gently pushing me away from her. I bit my lip, nodded my head, let her adjust herself on the driver's seat.

She reached around the seat, yanked on a small lever there.

"This," she grunted, lowering the seat back, "will make things a lot more comfortable."

When she was half-way between sitting and laying, she smirked at me.

"Well?" She said, voice filled with warmth and amusement. "What're you waiting for? Come get on top of me, lil' sis. Or, not so little in *some* areas anymore, are you?"

I looked down at myself, at my bra-clad breasts.

Huge, heavy watermelons that'd been drawing gazes and stares for as long as I'd had them.

Without a second thought, I reached around my back, unhooked my bra. A few brief moments later, I was tossing it onto the back seat. I lowered my hands, brushed them along my skin - flaunting myself for my sister's benefit.

"Shit, Rosie," Amber breathed. "You look... Wow."

I blushed, felt a thrill shoot through me.

"You like them?" I asked.

"I do," Amber nodded, smiled. "A lot."

"Sure you're not secretly a guy?" I teased. "Usually, it's men who can't stop drooling over them."

"Oh?" Amber said, raising an eyebrow.

"Talking about how much they wanna watch them bounce, how they wanna grab them and play with them. One guy even said something about wanting to 'oil them up' so he could fuck them. You're the only girl who's ever seemed interested..."

"That one guy," Amber said, an edge in her tone, "who wanted to titty-fuck you. Your ex?"

I nodded, tried not to smile at how jealous and possessive Amber looked. Served her right for going off on her own on New Years Eve, leaving me all by myself.

"Doesn't sound like much fun for you," Amber said, looking sideways at me. "Some clumsy, ugly dick humping your tits. Not fun at all..."

"I dunno," I whispered. "I kinda like the idea."

"Is that so?"

A tiny nod, a teasing smile. Everything I could do to drive Amber crazy. Make her want to ravish me. Punish me.

I trembled at the thought.

"In that case," she said, "maybe we should try it."

"We?" I asked, confusion slipping into my voice.

"I might not have a cock," Amber smirked. "But I could always *wear* one. If my big-titty, cock-hungry slut of a sister wants to have her jugs fucked, I might be willing to help her with that..."

My eyes widened in surprise. I hid it well, smiling wider, letting out a little giggle.

That was unexpected.

I'd only meant to tease her a little. I didn't *actually* want to be titty-fucked, as Amber called it. But... If *she* wanted to...

"Question is," Amber smirked - a cocky, self-confident smile that made me want to melt. "What kind of a cock does my slutty sister want to be fucked by?"

"I don't care," I moaned, resolve crumbling. "Just as long as it's you."

"Come here," Amber purred. "This seat's big enough for two."

I was on top of her in a heartbeat.

Her hand between my legs, my nipple in her mouth. I braced myself as best I could - one hand on the seat's headrest, the other pressed to the car roof.
When my moans got too loud, she gagged me with my own panties.
And when it was her moaning and panting, I returned the favour.

"We could go," I said, gripping the steering wheel. "Drive off into the night. Never come back."

"Can't drive off into the night if you don't know how to drive."

I stared out the car windscreen.

Before us was an empty road. In the dead of night, with no-one around. Just a long stretch of asphalt, lit by old streetlamps and moonlight. Trees on either side, flanking a road that led *somewhere*. I had no idea where, but we could find out. Me and Amber, we could go...

"We could start a new life together," I whispered. "Where no-one knows who we are. Just me and you."

"Uh-huh," Amber said.

"I mean it."

I didn't dare look at her. Kept my eyes locked on the road ahead of us, heart thumping loud in my chest. The silence - Amber's lack of comment - was deafening.

"I could go to college somewhere else," I said. "Or skip it entirely. Both of us would get jobs, split the rent on some small apartment or something. Live together, just us. We wouldn't have to hide or pretend..."

She put her hand on mine. Pale white skin seeming to glow in the darkness. I felt my grip on the steering wheel slacken.

"We could..." I said. "There's nothing to stop us..."

"Tell you what," Amber said, voice impossibly soft. "When you're done with college, however long away that is, if you still want to run away with me, we can."

That was so far in the future. Some impossible, unforeseeable distance that I didn't even want to think about. And yet...

"Promise?" I whispered.

"I promise."

I turned to look at her, saw her staring at me - blue eyes twinkling in the darkness.

"I love you," I said.

She smiled at me. A confident, happy grin.

"Good," Amber said. "Now, you ready to learn how to drive?"