

Quiet Night In

Chapter 6

Fingers brushed through my long hair, twisting and twirling it. Her other hand, I couldn't help but notice, was on my leg. Lightly squeezing and stroking it.

We were in bed. Her bed. Naked and sweaty and panting. She was on her back, and I was on my side next to her. One leg over hers, one hand under her back.

"Mom will be back from the shops soon," I said, gazing at Amber. "We should get up, put some clothes on..."

She wasn't looking at me. Her eyes were up on the ceiling, her red lips curled into a content smile.

"How come," she said, ignoring my words completely, "you never became a cheerleader?"

I raised an eyebrow. Odd question to ask right after we'd gotten down and dirty. I stared at her lips. Those full, bright-red pillows that'd been between my legs just minutes ago. My legs quivered at the thought, lady-parts twitching.

"Wasn't for me," I shrugged, pushing the thought of Amber's lips from my mind. "The idea of dressing up like that, dancing around and encouraging guys to win at sports, I wasn't really keen on it. I wanted to be the one being cheered on. The one competing."

Amber's smile widened, but she didn't say anything.

"Plus," I added, "I didn't like the idea of being sexualised like that. Those skirts and tops..."

My sister let out a bright, beautiful laugh.

She finally turned her head, looked at me. Her eyes shining magnificently. A picture of beauty.

"Shame," she said, staring into my soul, "you've have looked so hott in a cheerleader outfit. A tight top with plenty of cleavage, a short skirt that'd fan out whenever you jumped about. You'd have doubled the number of people going to watch games, easily."

I blushed, glanced down from her hungry gaze. "If you want," I said in a whisper, "I could wear one for you."

"That," Amber grinned, "sounds like fun."

Warm butterflies exploded inside me. Tickling with their excited energy. I smiled to myself, eager to make my beautiful sister happy. If that meant wearing a slutty, over-sexualised outfit, I was more than happy to oblige.

"Plus, it'd go well with something I've ordered," Amber added, her hand sliding up along my leg. She rolled onto her side, directly facing me – just inches apart. "You'll wear something nice for me, and I'll wear something naughty for you."

I raised my eyebrow again, was about to ask her what she meant. But her hand gliding between my legs silenced that thought.

"We can't," I gasped, opening my legs for her. "Mom will be home any minutes..."

"Guess we'll have to make this quick then, won't we?"

I'd never felt so caged before. The moment Mom arrived home, we'd had to stop mid-act. I'd put my clothes on in a rush, body still craving the sweet release that Amber's mouth and tongue and fingers promised. She'd put her clothes on much more slowly, had watched my body as I'd rushed to hide my indecency.

When I stepped out of her bedroom, my face was bright red. I was panting, heart racing, mind reeling.

Mom hadn't even called up or come looking for us. She'd headed back and forth between the car and the kitchen, carrying groceries and other bags. Then she'd stayed in the kitchen for a few minutes, packing everything away.

I could've stayed in Amber's room and she'd have never known.

Despite how difficult it was to keep quiet when Amber was having her way with me – the moans and gasps liked to come out even when I tried holding myself back – it *was* possible for me to be near-silent.

Failing that, Amber could always gag me.

I could've stayed in her room, could've continued doing the nasty with her. *Should* have.

Even right then, sitting in my room and trying to calm my hormones and desires, I could have gotten up – gone to Amber's room to continue what we'd started.

I could've... But I couldn't.

I *wanted* to. But I couldn't.

It was too risky.

If a single moan escaped my lips, a single loud gasp, it might let Mom in on what we were doing. And us being discovered like that, sisters in an incestuous, lesbian relationship – there was no way it'd end well.

Mom couldn't find out.

But what if she did? So what?

It was the hungry, lusty part of my brain that asked the question. 'Who cared if Mom found out?' It was a dangerous, treacherous line of thinking. One fuelled by the desperation I felt, the *need* for release. The hunger to have Amber, to be with her always. The part of me that wanted to ignore consequences and fears, stride into Amber's bedroom and climb onto her face again.

It took real, physical effort to hold myself back. To keep myself from standing up and doing it.

Because there *would* be consequences. Mom *would* react badly to it. Because the world at large would never accept Amber and me being together. Because we *had* to keep us a secret.

My bedroom walls were a cage. The entire house was a cage, keeping me from being with her.

The whole world was.

I wanted to scream. To throw caution to the wind, go to Amber and be with her.

Instead, I sat there on my bed. Silent. Eyes closed. Pushing down the lust and arousal and hunger. Burying it as best I could, until me and Amber were alone again.

"Take a left here," Amber said from the passenger seat. "And relax. You're too tense."

"Tense is bad?" I asked, focusing on the road.

"Generally speaking," Amber smiled. "Yes. Driving should be relaxing. If you spend the entire time worrying about making mistakes or getting into accidents, that's exactly what's gonna happen."

I tried to sit back, relax into the seat.

"Just a few streets away," Amber told me. "You're doing great. Gonna blitz your driving test first try."

"Where are we going, anyway?"

Half an hour ago, I'd been in my bedroom studying for finals. Amber had burst into the room, grinning like a crazy person; she'd told me to grab some spare clothes and my toothbrush, that we were going to be spending a week 'somewhere private'.

I'd been expecting a cheap motel or something. It was too cold out for camping, and neither of us had the money for a week-long holiday anywhere nice. But the area we were driving through right now was suburban. Houses and small stores. Not the kind of place you'd usually find a cheap motel or week-long getaway.

"Somewhere private," Amber grinned.

I shot her a look. She winked at me, tutted.

"Keep your eyes on the road, sis. Gonna have to deduct points for that. Right on the next turn."

"Seriously," I grumbled. "Where are we going?"

"A friend's place. Or, technically, their parents' place."

"Huh?"

"The parents are going on holiday today, and they're super paranoid about leaving the house empty. Think someone will break in while they're gone and steal all their shit. Since their daughter moved away, she can't house-sit for them. So they asked me."

"We're going to be house-sitting for a week?" I asked, then shook my head quickly. "Wait, they asked *you*? Do your friends' parents always ask you for favours?"

"Not usually," Amber laughed. "But Mr and Mrs McCallum know me. They know I'd never steal from them or throw any parties or anything."

When we arrived at the house, an older couple were waiting outside it. They were standing next to a stationary car, seemed to perk up when they saw us.

"Wait in the car," Amber told me as I parked. "They don't know you'll be staying with me yet. Try to look as cute and innocent and you can."

She was out the car door a second later, smiling as she walked over to the older couple. The man and woman grinned right back at Amber, greeting her with waving arms and welcoming words. From where I sat, I couldn't hear anything that was being said as Amber and the couple had a short conversation.

Once or twice, the couple looked over at me, smiled and nodded their heads at whatever Amber was saying.

A minute later, they were handing my sister the key to their home. The couple waved their goodbyes, got into their car, and drove off.

Amber waved to me, gesturing for me to come.

I got out of the mustang, walked over to her.

"They said it's fine for you to stay over too," Amber said, turning on her heels and walking towards the house. "Told 'em you're going to college this year and that you don't have any experience living away from home. Convinced them that this house-sitting thing would be good practice for you living independently before you actually move away."

She opened the small house's front door, led the way inside.

It wasn't a large home. More of a cottage than a full house, really. There were two bedrooms – the master bedroom where Mr and Mrs McCallum slept, and the 'spare bedroom' that'd belonged to their daughter before she'd gone off to college. A small kitchen, a cramped living room, a single bathroom. There was a basement too, and an attic – both filled with two lifetime's worth of junk and old furniture and dust and cobwebs.

I stashed my bag – the one I'd hastily packed – in the house's spare bedroom, made sure to double-check it before returning to Amber.

When she'd told me to pack some clothes, that we'd be spending a week somewhere private, I'd stowed away something special in my bag along with the rest of the clothes I'd shoved in there. A little treat for my big sister.

Amber was waiting for me in the kitchen, going through drawers and cupboards.

"Plenty of food here," she said over her shoulder as I entered. "They said we could help ourselves, as long as we clean up after."

"A week huh?" I said softly. "Just me and you..."

"Uh-huh," Amber said, turning to face me. "Just us."

"Almost like..." Like we were married? Like we'd moved in together? Like we were free?

"Come here," Amber said.

I blinked at her.

She raised her hand, urged me forward with a finger. "Come on. Here. Now."

Curious, I did as she wanted. I walked towards her.

As soon as I was within arm's reach, Amber pulled me into a tight hug. Squeezing me against her and resting her head on my shoulder. She didn't say anything right away, just held me.

I relaxed into the embrace, felt myself wobble as she squeezed me. The scent of lavender filled my nostrils, the warmth of her cheek against my skin. Without thinking, I reached my arms around her too – returned the hug.

We stood there for a silent eternity before Amber finally spoke.

"Stop worrying," she whispered into my ear. "I know you've got that big brain 'n' all, but sometimes you gotta turn it off and stop thinking. No future, no tomorrow, no plans at all. Just me and you. Nothing else. Got it?"

I nodded my head.

"Good," she said a little louder. "Now... What do you want for dinner? I can't cook much, but I'm sure I can fry up some sausages and-"

"I'll cook," I smiled. "You'd just burn the house down."

I stared at the full-body mirror, couldn't help but blush at my scantily clad reflection. My face was bright red, cheeks hot from the embarrassment.

The cheerleader uniform I'd bought online. My treat for Amber.

It was *tight*. My butt felt squeezed in by a skirt that was *way* too small and slutty to be worn out in public, and my chest was being *crushed* under the constricting pressure of the cheerleader top – a t-shirt that was missing the midriff and an impressive amount of neckline. It felt more like a bra with sleeves than a top.

The uniform's colours were white and sky-blue – same as my high school. And, along with the questionable top and the slutty skirt, I'd ordered some matching pompoms to go with them.

I looked myself up and down, tried to push down the awkward embarrassment I felt. With a nod at my reflection, I straightened my back.

A few moments later, I was out of the bedroom and heading for the house's small living room – where my big sister was waiting. My heart pounded a rapid beat against my ribs, face glowing hot, trembling hands causing the pompoms I was carrying to shuffle.

I stopped outside the living room door, inhaled a deep breath.

Then, before I could stop myself, I grabbed the door handle and turned it – pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Amber was lounging on the sofa, legs spread wide.

She was wearing black jeans, an old rocker t-shirt that'd faded with age. She'd taken her jacket off, tossed it to one side. Her boots were gone too.

My breath caught at the exact same moment Amber's eyes widened. Both of us stunned speechless at seeing each other.

She wasn't wearing anything special. Didn't look any different from how he always looked. Yet, somehow, she *still* managed to take my breath away. Make me feel giddy and excited just by looking at her.

Messy blonde hair, faded red lipstick, deep eyeliner. There was a dirt smudge on one of her cheeks, a faint bruise on her chin.

"Holy shit," Amber breathed, eyes roaming up and down my body. "Wow. You look..."

She shook her head, flashed me her trademark smirk.

"I always did want to fuck a cheerleader."

My cheeks pulled up in a wide, shy smile. I looked down at the floor, pushed my chest out to emphasise my bust.

Amber liked my breasts. She liked them a *lot*.

"Gonna give me a lil' dance, sexy? Cheerleaders are supposed to bounce around a

lot, right?"

I shook my head quickly, eyes wide.

"No!" I squeaked. "Me dancing? Not a *chance*. I don't... I can't..."

I'd die of embarrassment if I even tried.

Amber burst out laughing, pushed herself off the sofa.

As she strode over to me, I felt my body tense. A flood of anticipation and desire overflowing inside me. Too much to take in all at once. My lips parted, ready for the kiss I knew was coming. My legs wobbled, barely able to keep me upright – but that was fine. Amber would grab me, hold me in place, explore my body with her hands and lips and-

She walked right past me.

Too stunned to move, I listened as she stepped out of the living room, walked to the house's front door, opened it, and left.

I blinked. Slowly, I turned on the spot. Mouth open, chest aching, brain completely lost.

It took a minute before Amber reappeared again, holding a cardboard box the size of shoebox in her arms. She grinned at me, walked into the house, kicked the front door shut behind herself.

"You're not the only one with a surprise," she winked.

"It comes with three options," Amber said, raising the belt harness with one hand and poking inside the box with the other. "We have a long 'n' thin one, a regular-sized Andy, and a big ol' fuckin' thing. Probably best not to go with *that* one for your first time."

She set the strap-on belt harness down, pulled two of the dildos that came with it out of the box. Long 'n' thin, and regular penis sized.

"Which one do you wanna lose your virginity to?"

I stared at her, mouth agape.

"The thin one makes sense," Amber continued, ignoring my expression. "It's not thick, so it's not gonna hurt or anything unless it goes too deep – and I'll make sure it doesn't. It seems like the right choice, but I dunno. Do you want your first time to be with a stick? We don't want you to feel underwhelmed by it..."

My eyes flicked between the two dildos, mind trying to process what I was witnessing. My brain felt like it'd stopped working. All I could do was stare.

"So the normal size one, I guess? You should be able to handle it just fine, even with how tight you are. Just need to make sure it's lubed up and you're plenty wet and it'll be fine. What do you think?"

I had no idea. I *wasn't* thinking. So, when my mouth opened and I spoke, I was as surprised as Amber by what I'd said.

"Show me the third one."

Amber's eyebrows rose, eyes widening. She glanced into the box, looked back at me with uncertainty.

"It's big," she warned.

I nodded my head, waited.

Amber set the first two toys down on the floor between us, reached into the box with both hands and pulled out the third.

'Big' was one word to describe it.

In terms of length, it wasn't much bigger than either of the other two. Still long, for sure. But it wasn't some arm-length rod. What it *was*, was a girthy, blue monster. Thicker around than a soda can, with an even bigger helmet and bulging veins shaped along the shaft.

I couldn't pull my eyes away from it. A cold sweat broke out on the back of my neck, hairs standing on end. I forced myself to gulp back my hesitations and doubt, nodded my head despite my suddenly stiff shoulders.

"Rosie," Amber said, brandishing the big dildo, "if I fuck you with *this*, you'll break. Hell, I'd be scared to have this thing inside *me*. Trust me, you're better off going with-"

"I want that one," I said, still staring at the too-big toy. Some sane part of my brain screamed at me, told me to stop, that this was a bad idea. I ignored it. "The biggest one."

Amber looked down at it, pursed her lips.

For a long moment, neither of us spoke. We just sat there on the floor, legs crossed. Me still in a cheerleader costume, her looking as cool and sexy as ever.

"The first time is meant to be memorable, right?" I said, somehow managing to smile despite the racing heart and sudden dread. I could handle that toy. Probably. Maybe. Possibly. "No way I'm ever gonna forget you pounding me with that. I'll be fine. If it hurts, we can stop..."

She set the toy down gently, looked up at me.

"You sure?" She asked.

Not at all.

"Yeah," I said with a nod.

"Alright," Amber sighed. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

My heart thrummed.

"But," she added quickly, "before we try *that*, I'm gonna have to get you ready for it. What're you wearing underneath that skirt?"

"Nothing," I hummed, lips curling into a sly smile.

Amber's lips parted, rendered momentarily speechless.

"You're gonna be the death of me," she muttered finally. Then, sighing softly, she straightened and reached out a hand – spoke directly to me. "Come here, lemme help you get nice 'n' ready for the big boy."

"Not 'the big boy'," I said, moving towards her. "It's a cock. Your cock."

"Then," Amber groaned, voice laced with arousal, "let me help get you ready for my cock..."

"Yes please."