

## Quiet Night In

### Chapter 7

The huge cock slid between my thighs, rubbing against my clit with every slow thrust. In moments, the toy's underside was lubricated as much as it'd ever be.

My eyes never left Amber's face. My lips parted in whimpers and moans, my back arched and twitched, but my eyes never left hers.

"You're so cute," Amber breathed, thrusting her hips in a slow, torturous rhythm. "Cutest cutie I've ever seen."

My legs were held together over one of Amber's shoulders, as bare as the rest of my body. Butt-naked with my sister towering over me. Her smile sent shivers of pleasure down my spine. Her breathy words tickling my insides.

"I wanna just *gobble* you up," she said with a smile. "Guess I've already done that, haven't I?"

I whimpered, nodded my head.

She licked her lips. "You taste *wonderful*. You're gonna go and get me addicted to you."

Like me, Amber was naked. The only thing she had on was the strap-on, massive dildo attached. Her messy blonde hair fell over part of her face, red lips curled into a hungry smirk. Her eyes, surrounded by thick eyeliner, twinkled as she stared down at me - taking in my body and face.

I squeezed my arms to my sides, pushed my breasts together.

She liked my boobs. She liked them a *lot*.

So, I gave her a nice view of them. Massive tits squeezed together, ready to start bouncing and jiggling the moment Amber penetrated me, started fucking me.

I shuddered in anticipation, let out a sharp gasp.

"You're beautiful," my sister said. "Fuck, you're beautiful."

"Yours," I moaned. "I'm yours."

"Yes," Amber grinned. "You are."

She stopped moving. Stopped sliding her fake cock between my thighs, stopped rubbing my clit with it.

"Mine," Amber stated, staring down at her. "All mine."

"Mmm'hmm," I moaned between closed lips.

"First to taste you," Amber smiled. "First to make you cum. First to finger-blast you. First to ride your face. Now, I'm going to be the first to fuck your lil' pussy. You're mine, Rosie. All mine. Forever."

"And ever," I smiled sweetly. "And ever..."

"Too cute," Amber groaned.

"Fuck me," I whispered. "Please."

Amber lifted my legs, spread them apart - one on either shoulder now. She looked down at where our bodies met, where the strap-on dildo rested on my tummy.

It was big. Huge. Bigger than any cock I'd ever seen before, that was for sure. And I'd see an *lot* of cocks while up late at night, on the internet with my hand between my legs. Dreaming of what those cocks would feel like.

I trembled in anticipation.

Looked like I was about to find out.

"You want it?" Amber asked, hesitation shining in her pretty irises. She was worried, didn't think I could handle it. "Are you sure? Totally, one-hundred percent certain?"

I shook my head, smiled up at her. "I don't want *it*. I want *you*. Fuck me Amber. *Destroy* me."

Amber bit her lip, nodded her head.

She reached down, gripped the monster between her legs. My heart jumped when

she placed the tip of the dildo on my pussy, pressed it to my opening.

It felt *massive*. There was no way that could fit. Right?

For the briefest moment, doubt filled me. The urge to stop Amber, to have her switch the dildo out to one of the smaller ones. I smothered the feeling quickly, pushed the doubt way down.

They wouldn't make dildos that big if girls couldn't handle it.

And, if other girls could take it, then so could I.

Amber pushed forward.

I felt it - the pressure against my opening. The too-huge toy shoving against me, not even close to slipping inside.

"More lube," Amber whispered. "Hold still..."

She reached around, hand coming back holding a little bottle. In moments, she was smearing the contents all over the toy - slathering the tip, making sure every spec was coated. Whenever the lubricant touched my skin, I twitched at the cold sensation.

"Okay," my sister said when she was done. "Ready?"

"Yes," I answered, sounding a lot more confident than I felt.

Again, she lined us up, pushed forward.

And again, there was resistance. My little hole resisting the beast that wanted to invade it. But, after a few moments of careful struggle, a minute of teasing and pushing and holding the toy in place so it wouldn't slide away from that sweet spot, it happened.

The toy won. Spread me open.

I saw stars.

My entire body shifted; spine arching, head lolling backwards, feet curling, hands grabbing the bedsheets. A sharp gasp forced itself out of me, a cry of pain-pleasure that I felt right down to my core.

For a moment, I was certain I'd blacked out.

When I opened my eyes, saw Amber looking down at me with concern, my lips parted.

"*More*," I half-growled at her.

She raised an eyebrow, smirked.

A moment later, she was pushing forward again, spreading my insides apart as the toy sank deeper into me.

I'd had fingers inside me before. I'd had Amber's tongue. I'd even tried my electric toothbrush one dark, desperate night.

*This* was different.

The pressure, that orgasmic rubbing, was *everywhere*.

It was almost too much. Too much to focus on. Too much to *feel*. And it kept going *deeper*. Filling me up in a way I'd never imagined before.

There was pain, discomfort. But they felt distant, not important. Like I wasn't the one experiencing them at all. Over those echoes of pain and discomfort, the waves and tsunamis of pleasure rocked me to my core. Made my lips part in loud, primal moans and gasps.

All thoughts vanished. Lost in the haze of arousal and the tingling, electrical pleasure.

Without even being aware of it, my hips started bucking.

Above me, Amber was thrusting away - her small tits dancing with every jerk forward. My tits were moving too. Bouncing heavily. Swaying with every thrust.

"Amber," I moaned loudly. "Amber!"

Everything ached.

Muscles I hadn't even know existed were aching. My arms and legs were numb, skin bearing the marks of last night's activities. Little bruises here and there, redness

where Amber's hands had been. And my thighs... My thighs felt like they'd been through a warzone.

I tried getting up, groaned as I flopped limply back onto the mattress.

Yup. Trying to move was *not* a good idea.

I sighed, laid back, closed my eyes.

If I couldn't get up, might as well try to sleep the aches and pains off. Maybe put on some music to fall asleep to...

Elsewhere in the house, I heard footsteps.

Amber.

She was already gone when I'd woken up. Downstairs, doing who-knew what. Probably cleaning up. We'd spent a lot of time playing down there before we'd moved up to the bedroom.

Images flashed through my mind. Last night's events.

The strap-on.

My eyes shot open, head swivelling around to look for it. But - from where I lay, at least - I couldn't see it.

I'd really had it inside me.

My mind swam back to it. The penetration. Amber fucking me. But it was all so hazy... Like trying to remember through a thick fog. All I could really remember was the heat. The feeling of being completely filled. Amber's face, filled with lust and love. Biting her lip, smiling down at me, leaning down to kiss me.

My body reacted to the memory.

I flushed, felt the all too familiar tingles. The heat that spread through me like a wildfire. The aching throb between my legs began to tickle, an itch that needed scratching. Thoughts and images rushed through my mind, dragging me deeper into the depths of lust and desire. Amber kissing me. Amber holding me. Amber sliding her hand down-

The bedroom door swung open.

I jerked in bed, flinched as Amber entered carrying a tray.

"Good," my sister smiled. "You're awake."

My face blazed. Bright red and blisteringly hot.

"Nice dream?" Amber winked.

"Uh," Somehow, I blushed even brighter. "Y-yeah."

"Sit up," Amber said, hefting the tray. "I made us breakfast in bed. Figured you'd be too sore to make anything yourself."

I tried sitting up, let out a little groan. "You figured right."

Amber's bright laughter filled the bedroom. It was all the motivation I needed to power through the aches and pains. I sat up in bed, back to the headboard. Amber walked around the bed, stopped next to me, gently placed the tray down on my lap.

It was a proper breakfast tray, with the little legs on either side to stop it from slipping. Atop it, there was a small stack of toasted sandwiches and a glass of orange juice.

"Sorry it's not more," Amber shrugged. "Toasties are about all I can make without starting a fire."

"It's perfect!"

As I took my first bite, Amber left the bedroom. Heading downstairs to get her breakfast tray.

It was good. Melted cheese and sizzling bacon sandwiched between toasted bread. Simple, but nice. Made all the more delicious by the fact that it'd been Amber who'd made it.

A few bites and a sip of orange juice, and I was feeling a *lot* better. The aches fading back, replaced with contentment.

Amber reappeared a minute later, carrying her own tray. She climbed into bed next

to me, began eating. And, for the next few minutes, life was perfect. Us sitting next to each other, having breakfast like a cute married couple.

If I could've made those few minutes last forever, I would have.

Amber's lips pressed lightly to the bruise. A gentle, intimate kiss. Her golden hair brushed over my skin as she moved to the next bruise, gave that one a little peck too.

I gasped, legs opening for her exploring fingers.

"Look at you," Amber cooed between kisses. "All hot and bothered. Such a slutty body you've got."

"Amber..."

"Who knew my cute, innocent sister had such a naughty body?"

I opened my mouth in a silent plea.

"You're so *wet*. Does my horny little sister want me to go further? Does she want me inside her again?"

A moan burst from my lips, head nodding vigorously.

"To think," Amber kissed my breast, "I could've had this so long ago. I held back, you know. Didn't want to hit on my *pure* sister. Didn't want to *corrupt* you."

Her thumb brushed over my clit, fingertip trailing the line of my slit. Gentle touches. Teasing me.

"If I'd known you had such a slutty body, that you'd be *this* horny to be touched and fondled and groped, I'd have made a move on you so much sooner. Waking you up every morning before school with a kiss," she pecked my nipple. "A lick," she said before licking around my areola. "A *fuck*."

"Yes," I gasped, heat flushing through me, mind slugging even as my heart raced, "Please."

"You're sore and bruised and tired," Amber giggled. "And you *still* want to play. Sure you're not a nympho, sis?"

"Only for you," I breathed.

"Good."

She kissed another small bruise, a sensitive one. I flinched at the contact, shuddered slightly.

Amber pulled her head back, looked me in the eye.

"You're mine," she whispered, breath hot. "Doesn't matter where you are or who you're with, at college or wherever. You'll always be mine. My girl."

I nodded my head, blushed.

"Mine to tease," her fingers slid down along my slit, spreading it open as they went. "Mine to touch. Mine to play with. Mine. Better not forget that. Not ever. You're *mine*, Rosie. Forever."

"Forever," I repeated.

"Say it," Amber smiled, moving lower down my body, kissing my rib, then my tummy. "Tell me you're my girl."

"I am," I panted. "I'm your girl. I'm yours."

She moved lower, planting little kisses as she went, body slowing sliding between my spread legs.

"I'm yours," I repeated, her breath tickling my pussy.

She gripped my thighs, spread them further apart. A sharp, hot pain shot through me. Stiffness and soreness from last night rearing its head. But I ignored it, focused only on Amber and her fingers and lips and tongue.

"I'm yours," I moaned when she kissed my clit. "I'm yours."

Before long, my thighs were clamped around Amber's face, legs wrapped around her head. Ravishing me with her tongue, her hands gripping onto bruised skin, her blonde hair spilling between my fingers.

"I'm yours," I panted over and over again. "All yours!"

"This might be the last real chance we'll get to spend time together," Amber said, holding me close. "Between now and you leaving for college, I doubt we'll get this kind of alone time again."

She was right. I didn't want to think about it, but I knew she was right. Just knowing it was agony.

Tonight was our last night in this little house. Tomorrow, Mr and Mrs McCallum would return home from their holiday. No more housesitting, no more living alone with Amber. Tomorrow, we'd have to go back to pretending.

I nuzzled closer to Amber, shut my eyes tight.

"I was planning on making this an all-nighter for the both of us. Spend a full twenty-four hours messing around, playing. Take advantage of the time we have left, ya know?"

I nodded my head.

"But I wasn't expecting you to wear me out so much. I'm *exhausted*. Feel like I could fall asleep right here."

It was the same for me. A cloud of pleasant fatigue hanging over me, urging me to sleep. Promising me sweet dreams after my amazing day. Relaxing to the fullest, letting go and just drifting off...

I had to shake my head to keep myself awake, had to force my eyes back open.

"I don't wanna sleep."

I winced at my own voice. I sounded like a child wanting to stay up past their bedtime.

Amber kissed my head, squeezed my arm.

"I don't wanna..." But then, I had to, didn't I? "I don't wanna go. Maybe I could go to a different college. One closer by. There's still time. I could contact-"

"No," Amber said. The word rocked me to my core. Made my heart drop. "Not a chance. I won't let you."

I knew she was right. I knew she wanted what was best for me. The best college meant the best opportunities for jobs, the best chance for a bright future. I knew she was looking out for me. But that didn't make it sting any less.

"I wish you could come with me," I whispered.

"If only," Amber smiled.

Sleep was like a weight pressing down on me, crushing me with its allure. My eyelids drooped, brain slogging through even the simplest thoughts. I was on the verge of passing out, no matter how much I didn't want to.

"I love you," I said.

My heart hiccupped. Eyes widening as the desire to sleep vanished for a moment. My brain, registering what I'd just said - the truth with which I'd said it - snapped awake.

"I love you too," Amber replied, voice a soft whisper.

"Will you..." My breath caught, cheeks flushing red. "When I go off to college, will you wait for me?"

Amber didn't say anything for a long few seconds. With my head resting on her the way it was, I could hear her heartbeat thumping away. A strong, calming beat.

"For you," Amber whispered. "I'll wait forever."

There was a sadness in her voice I hadn't expected. As if she knew she'd wait, but was afraid I might not. Was that something Amber was afraid of? Me falling for someone else at college, forgetting about her, forgetting about us?

That wasn't going to happen. No way. Not in a million years.

"I'll hold you to that," I told her, closing my eyes and welcoming the comforting embrace of sleep. "Goodnight, Amber."

"G'night, beautiful."

I watched the family car drive away with a sinking heart.

There she was. Amber. In the backseat.

It was, I realised, the first time in a very long time that I'd seen her riding in our parents' car. For years, whenever we went anywhere as a family, Amber insisted on driving in her mustang.

My mustang.

She'd ridden shotgun for the entire trip, taking every opportunity she could to 'test my driving skills' by touching and caressing my leg and arm and chest. When we'd stopped at a motel for the night, she and I had shared a room.

We'd had to be *real* quiet.

Thankfully, that was something we'd gotten pretty good at over the last few months. Having fun, but not making any noise while we did.

And now she was gone.

I raised my fingers to my lips, where Amber had kissed me while Mom and Dad were carting boxes up to my new dorm room.

It'd been one hell of a kiss.

But now it was over.

My chest ached. Every beat of my heart felt constricted, painful. But I didn't cry. Didn't even frown.

As my parents' car disappeared from view, I forced myself to nod my head. To accept it. I told myself the same thing I'd been telling myself ever since our housesitting paradise.

This wasn't the end.

It was the beginning of something else.

I'd get through college. I'd skip the parties and the sex and the loves and heartbreaks and all of it. I'd focus on studies, finish top of every class, get the best possible qualifications I could. And I'd use them to get a great job with great pay.

And, with that great pay, I'd get us a home.

Me and Amber. A place for us to be together forever.

No more sneaking around behind our parents' backs. No more making up excuses for why we were spending time together. There'd be no need to housesit or pay for motels just so we could be honest and open with our feelings.

When I'd said 'forever', I'd meant it.

I wouldn't get to be with Amber for a long while. And that sucked. But we could still talk, still enjoy each other. Me going to college wasn't the end of the world.

It was simply the beginning of a new chapter in my life.

And the chapter that came after it? I'd be spending that one in Amber's arms - staring up at her red lips and beautiful eyes.

All I had to do now was get there.

To my happily ever after.