

Night Time Nudging Family Matters

My fingertips glided across her body, caressing her curves and exploring her smooth, flawless skin. Warm to the touch, soft and welcoming. Her breath was hot against my neck, her hands tight around my back.

"Sammy," I whispered, breath ragged.

She moaned, shuddered under my touch – bedsprings creaking.

I slid my hand lower down her naked body; sent it over her smooth, firm belly, down to her bald crotch.

Her hold on me strengthened as my fingertips brushed over her mound. She panted, not trusting herself to speak. Her thighs spread open by themselves, allowed me free access to that most intimate of places.

"Yes," my sister panted, pleaded. "Please..."

With one hand, I fondled a massive breast. With the other, I teased her down below. Her body, my plaything.

"I want you," Sammy purred.

"I want you too," I told her right back.

The arms around my back relaxed, began to move. My sister's hands trailing around my torso, down to my crotch. They encircled my cock, began gently stroking it – pleasuring it. Preparing it for what we both knew would come next.

"Do it," Sammy said, kissing my neck. "Fuck me."

She guided my cock, tugged it towards her opening.

The tip touched her wetness, felt her heat. She urged me on, pulling it close. A hot tightness wrapped around my tip, squeezing me as I spread my sister open and-

A door slammed shut.

I jumped. Sammy flinched.

"Food's here," our mother shouted happily from downstairs.

What?

What?!

They weren't meant to be home for hours. What the fuck was *this* bullshit? Why the fuck were they back so soon? And 'food'? What?!

I rolled off my sister, eyes wide.

My balls ached as I quickly rushed to put some clothes on. Next to me, Sammy did the same – put back on the clothes I'd so carefully and joyously stripped her from. She glanced at me, red-faced, and gave me an apologetic shrug.

As if it were *her* fault our parents had gotten in the way *again*.

God fucking dammit.

Could I not get a few hours alone with Sammy to screw her brains out? Could we not get some privacy in our own home?

Part of me wished the fuckers would just walk in on me and Sammy fucking like rabbits already. Let the cat out of the bag, so we wouldn't have to be so secretive about it all the time. But it was wishful thinking. Who knew *how* Mom and Dad would react to catching us in the act? They wouldn't be happy about it, I was sure of that.

As me and Sammy made our way downstairs, both blushing, I couldn't help but resent our parents.

They were meant to be out having a day together. A day-time date, followed by grocery shopping. They shouldn't be here. Not for a long while yet.

Walking into the kitchen, where Mom and Dad were waiting, I noted the lack of grocery bags. The only bags Mom was sifting through and pulling boxes out of were from a local take-away joint. A Chinese place that we ordered food from sometimes.

"We couldn't be bothered to go shopping today," Dad grinned, nodding to the meal

Mom was laying out for us. "So we got this instead."

I did my best to hide the annoyance from my face.

"You guys doing okay?" Dad asked, eyebrow raised. "You're both red. Been working out or something?"

Something had to be done.

Mom and Dad were getting in the way. Constantly. To the point that I almost suspected it was intentional. It wasn't, of course. They had no clue about me and Sammy. Not the faintest idea what we got up to when they weren't around. But the problem remained. Mom and Dad were severely limiting the amount of time I got to spend with my sister.

And I'd had enough of it.

My first thought, my initial idea to end the problem, was to do the very same thing I'd done with Sammy and Kylie. Have them listen to recordings of my voice at night, using that to put them into hypnotic trances, and rewiring their brains to be accepting of incest.

But, unlike with Sammy and Kylie, I didn't have an easy 'in'.

With Sammy, it'd been her interest in ASMR. With Kylie, I'd just needed Sammy to convince her friend to give her hobby a try.

For Mom and Dad, I'd need a new strategy.

It was a conundrum.

Not only would I have to get both of them on board, but I'd need to do it simultaneously. And I'd have to do it without making either of them suspicious of my motives.

I pondered it long and hard.

And, eventually, I came up with my solution.

Girls are more trustworthy than guys. A girl like Sammy, especially so. Maybe that's sexist to say, but I doubt anyone would've disagreed with me. Unfair or not, it was much easier to trust a girl than it was to trust a guy. Guys are dumb. Girls are mature. If I, their son, was to offer to help Mom and Dad relax by means of hypnosis, there'd be more than a few questions. But if *Sammy* was the one who offered, I knew our parents would be so much more willing to accept. Goody two-shoes Sammy would never do anything wrong.

So, I'd teach Sammy how to hypnotise them, then have her make the offer. I'd make sure she framed it in a way that our parents would be willing to accept; make it about 'bonding' or Sammy's 'education' or something. And then, when they were both under, I'd enter the room and get to work.

I'd have them looking the other way as I fucked my sister in no time.

Sammy giggled as I led her into our parents' bedroom.

I switched the light on as she sat down on the edge of the bed, hands already tugging up her t-shirt and bra.

"Huh?" Dad blinked awake. "What's-"

"Only us, Dad," I said. "We won't be long, promise."

"Oh," he groaned, nodded his head.

Beside him, Mom stirred awake too.

I stepped over to Sammy as she tossed her t-shirt and bra aside, leaned down and kissed her lips.

"God, you're sexy," I told her.

She blushed, reached down and began stripping off her jeans and panties. I watched her, removing my own clothes too. Mom sat up in bed, reached for her phone and began playing some mobile game. Dad remained laying down, waiting for us to leave so he could go back to sleep.

"Suck it," I told Sammy, pointing my cock at her face.

Sammy nodded her head, smiled, reached for it.

The moment her lips wrapped around its head, I let out a satisfied groan. I planted my hand on her head, listened to the sound of her slurping and sucking and, before long, the gagging and choking as she rode my dick with her face.

I notice Mom glancing our way more than once.

An attractive woman, my mother. Busty like Sammy, with the same hazel eyes. Black hair, instead of Sammy's chocolate brown. But beautiful, in a more mature and refined kind of way.

"That's it," I said – more for Mom than for Sammy. "Keep sucking. There's a good sister-slut. Swallow my cock."

It'd been months since the first hypnosis session. Months of Sammy trancing Mom and Dad, months of me twisting their minds. A lot of work to get us where we were now. A lot of time. But it was worth it. More than worth it. I could fuck Sammy whenever I wanted, wherever I wanted. Not a care in the world.

And all it'd take to be able to do the same to our mother was a few more hypnosis sessions.

Sammy, Kylie, and soon Mom.

"You love sucking cock, don't you Sammy?"

"Mm'hm," my sister hummed around my dick.

"But I'm good and hard enough now, don't you think?"

She looked up at me, nodded her head.

I took a step back, cock popping out of her mouth.

"You know what to do," I said, nodding to Dad. "Go ahead."

Sammy was on hands and knees in a heartbeat, crawling up the bed and panting her hands either side of Dad's head. His eyes widened, glanced down at the massive jugs pressed against his blanket-covered chest.

I climbed onto the bed behind her, knees planted either side of Dad's body – cock pointed towards my sister's dripping cunt.

"It's nice," I said, eyeing Sammy's round backside, "spending time together like this. Family time. Isn't it?"

"I... I suppose," Dad choked out, unable to look away from his daughter's giant tits.

"I love it," Sammy grinned, looking down at Dad's face as she wiggled her ass at me. "We should do it more often!"

Mom said nothing, pretended she was focused on her phone screen.

I pressed my cock to Sammy's opening.

"Oooh," she moaned. Her fingers clenched Dad's pillow, gripped tight to it.

"Want it?" I asked, teasing her hole with my cock-head.

"Yes..." Sammy cooed. "I want it..."

"How much?" I chuckled.

Sammy swayed her hips back, tried to urge the tip of my cock inside herself. She groaned. "So much. I need it. I-"

I slammed forward.

The sound Sammy made was somewhere between a scream and a howl, a screech of pure, animal pleasure. Her entire body shook with the impact, ass jiggling and back arching.

Before she had a chance to balance herself, I pulled back and slammed forward again, knocking the wind right out of her. She gasped, arms collapsing. She buried her face against Dad's neck for a moment, her entire body resting atop him as I pulled back and thrust forward again and again.

"Oh fuck," my sister breathed. "Oh shit! Fuck!"

"Language," Mom chided beside us.

I chuckled, eased up on my poor sister and got us into a nice, slow rhythm.

Sammy pushed herself back onto her hands, face hovering just inches above Dad's.

"Sorry," she breathed, panted.

Every warm breath, I knew, would be brushing over Dad's face.

No way he wasn't hard under the blanket.

"Don't worry," I grunted between thrusts. "This won't take long. I'll have Sammy screaming and cumming on my cock in no time."

"Uh," Dad said, voice higher-pitched than usual. "Sure, son. Take as long as you need."

I brought my hand down on Sammy's ass, gave her a nice spank.

"Go ahead," I commanded her, "thank Dad for being so reasonable."

"Thank you Daddy," Sammy moaned as she bounced back on my cock. "Thank you for- Ahh!"

I walked up behind Mom as she was doing dishes, planted firm hands on her hips.

"Not now, dear," she said, not halting in her plate-scrubbing. "Maybe tonight when the kids have-"

"It's me," I whispered into her ear.

She froze, body tensing.

"Oh," Mom said, plate slipping from wet fingers and splashing down into the soapy water below.

"And," I smiled, hands sliding down her dress skirt, "unlike Dad," I told her, gripping the fabric and tugging it up, "I'm not going to wait until tonight."

"I... I see."

I stepped closer, made sure Mom felt my bulge against the small of her back.

She was on the shorter side, my mother. The top of her head peaked just below my chin. Rather than bending her over, it'd be far easier for the both of us if I just picked her up and lowered her onto my cock. Fucked her standing up, her a doll in my arms – a full-body fleshlight for me to get myself off with.

"Just give me a moment to dry my hands," Mom said as I tugged the panties down her legs, "and I'll be right-"

She let out a surprised yelp as I lifted her off her feet.

"Or," she gasped, "we could do it right away, I suppose. That works too..."

A lovely lady, my mother.

Quick to adapt to new situations.

She moaned loud and free when I impaled her with my cock, filled her surprisingly tight hole with my meat. No complains, no hesitation. She reached behind my head, wrapped her hands around my neck.

As I fucked her, a line of soapy water slid off Mom's fingers and down my spine.

Cold water, as opposed to the warm fluid that'd soon be tricking its way down Mommy's legs.