

Night Time Nudging Happy Endings

I checked the time, nodded my head, continued pacing.

The apartment was small. Cosy. I didn't exactly have a lot of room to pace with. But, with all the furniture pushed against the walls, the coffee table and footrest stowed away inside the apartment's bedroom, there was enough.

Enough space to pace in. And enough for today's plans.

My eyes roamed over the apartment's main room – at the open space I'd made in the middle of it. Four small mats were laid out there. Exercise, meditation mats. Not the most expensive or comfortable ones around – I'd been working on a budget. But they looked the part. And that was all that mattered.

Looking the part.

It was why I was wearing a bright tracksuit, complete with a little whistle around my neck. Why I'd swept my hair back, and why I'd put 'zen' posters up on the walls and set incense burning.

Even if it wasn't 'real', it had to *look* real.

On each of the four mats, there was a wireless headset. All four assigned to different signal frequencies, so they'd all be able to play their separate audio recordings at the same time.

The first two to arrive were Sammy and Kylie.

My sister and girlfriend, both looking as sexy as ever.

Sammy's brilliant eyes; golden irises, flecked with greens and blues. Dazzlingly beautiful, just like the rest of her. Full, pink lips and a wide, happy smile. Huge, bouncy breasts, an athletic, tanned body. Chocolate hair tied back in a neat ponytail, with several strands falling over her face.

Kylie; taller than Sammy, and paler. Her breasts smaller, but still plenty big. Her hair darker, flowing down her shoulders in voluminous waves. And her eyes – smoulderingly hot. She was a girl who had natural 'come fuck me' eyes, so intense and hott that I almost gulped when she looked at me.

They were carrying bags filled with energy drinks and snacks. A last-minute addition to the plan.

Neither of them knew what I was up to, of course. They knew as much as the other two women did. Which was to say, they knew nothing at all about what this was all *really* about.

"Babe," the girls said in unison when they saw me.

I grinned at them.

"Go put the drinks in the fridge," I asked them. "They'll be here soon."

"Saw Mom parking outside when we were on our way up," Sammy nodded her head. "Where should we put the snacks?"

"Kitchen," I said. "They're for later."

The girls hopped to my command, putting the drinks and snacks where I wanted them – then heading into our shared bedroom to change into the clothes I'd set out for them.

When they emerged a few minutes later, both babes were clad in yoga pants and athletic crop tops.

If I wasn't so used to the sight of them in even skimpier clothing, I'd have probably started salivating. Their bodies were, to put it in a single word, perfect. Huge breasts and round asses, tight muscles and not an ounce of unwanted fat.

Truly stunning.

I was about to say so – tell them how great they looked – when there was a knock on the apartment door.

Mom.

I went over, opened it, let her in.

She was wearing a tracksuit. More modest than my other girls, but still skin-tight and delicious in its own way.

A couple of minutes later, the fourth woman arrived.

Kylie's mother. Wearing a smile and the most modest, conservative exercise clothes of the lot. A beautiful woman that had a lot in common with her fit daughter; looks and body shape and the very same smouldering eyes.

The true definition of a MILF.

"Great," I grinned, assembling the four women. "Now that everyone's here, let's begin."

The idea had been brilliant. Enlightened.

How did I get multiple women – one of which didn't even know me, save for that I was the guy dating her daughter – under my control? Sure, I already had three of the four in the bag. Sammy, Mom, and Kylie. All three of them were mine to begin with. But that was beside the point.

This? It was a test-run for a much bigger, grander scheme.

Regina – Kylie's mother – was the test subject.

How did I get women who were practically strangers under my control? How did I get them to listen to my recordings? How did I get them to trust me? And how did I do that without the people in their lives – husbands and fathers and sons and friends – suspecting anything? And how could I accomplish all those things while still making enough money to continue renting my little apartment?

If I wanted to expand my collection of women, and I did, those were the challenges I'd have to overcome.

The answer I'd come up with for these questions?

Fitness.

Few sexy women were that way on genetics alone. Even those that *did* have good genes needed more. Exercise, workouts, diets, motivation. It took effort for beautiful women to stay beautiful. Sammy was an athlete to her core. Kylie worked out, too. Mom was more of a dieter, but she had evening jogs and the like. And Regina was, from what I'd been told, very into yoga and spiritual exercises.

So, why shouldn't I use that to my advantage?

Create a small group of women, invite them over, have them exercising and training on some regime I'd found online. And then, when they were exhausted from it, have them put on those headsets so they could listen to 'calming instructions' while they 'meditated'.

They'd be hypnotised without knowing, and I'd be given the power to alter their thoughts.

Regina was the trail run. If it worked on her – if I could get her to open her mind, make alterations, take control over her – then it would work on *anyone*.

A couple of months from now, I could have a studio rented, a dozen women or more in the palm of my hand.

It all hinged on today, on the next few weeks.

The first trance would be innocuous. No changes made, just a proof of concept. To see if I could hypnotise her this way.

After that, I'd start small. Make her want daily 'exercise' sessions like this. Make her think of them as bonding with her daughter, making a new friend in my mother. These get-togethers wouldn't be about staying fit in her mind, but would be something social and nice – working out and having fun, with some nice down-time meditation at the end.

Once I had daily sessions with her, it was only a matter of time before I could make her do anything I wanted – think anything I wanted her to think, feel whatever I wanted her

to feel.

And that day came, things would get fun indeed.

Four women on one, massive bed. Two mothers and their daughters.

Mom and Regina were laying on their backs, butt-naked and beautiful in their mature ways. Heavy breasts rising and falling as they made out with each other. I could hear the intensity of their kissing from the other side of the room, where I stood watching the scene unfold.

Between their spread legs, the mothers had a mouth lapping away at their exposed cunts. Sammy with Mom, Kylie with Regina.

Mothers and daughters bonding in a very special way.

It wasn't long before loud moans sounded from multiple mouths. Groans and sighs of pleasure, loud panting and breathing. And sloppy, wet sounds. Tongues sliding into mouths and other holes, hungry and lusty and lacking all hesitation or doubt.

Mothers humped their daughters' faces. Daughters fucked their mothers' hole with their tongues and fingers.

It was beautiful.

When I'd been a younger and much more naïve, I'd often wondered about girl-on-girl sex. How boring it must be for the women involved. How could fingers or tongues ever compare or raging, hard cocks? What pleasures could women give each other than men couldn't show them tenfold? And orgies – how could one guy with multiple girls ever compare to the intensity of one girl with multiple guys? There were only so many holes, and so many body parts to insert into them.

Back then, I'd been a fool.

This – what I was witnessing – was far more intense, more *arousing* than some multi-penetration, porn fuck-fest I could've watched online.

Mothers embracing their daughters, kissing them in a way that no parent was supposed to kiss their children. Hands exploring bodies, lips dancing over smooth skin, gasps and moans and soft, erotic giggles filling the air.

At one point, Sammy and Kylie ended up on their bags, legs intertwined as they scissored each other – humped each other's pussies. And, above them, straddling their faces, were their own mothers. The girls rode each other and their mothers rode them.

By the time I pulled my clothes off, joined the four women on the bed, the sheets were wet with their juices.

It was a dizzying haze, hot and confusing and wonderful.

Someone was riding my dick, though I had no idea which one of them it was. Someone else had their face pressed to mine, their tongue exploring the inside of my mouth. I was pretty sure *that* one was Regina. In one hand, I had a huge, deliciously soft tit. And, in the other, I had two fingers knuckle-deep inside a too-tight pussy. A pair of lips were kissing my abdomen as another pair of lips whispered into my ear.

"I want you," a sultry voice whispered – which could've belonged to any of the four women, I was being so overloaded with sensations and sensory input that my brain couldn't distinguish one voice from another. "I need you. Fuck me, baby. Please. We need it."

I groaned into a woman's mouth, felt the pussy I was fucking tighten – crushing my cock, milking it.

Fingers digging into my thigh. A hand on my chest. A tongue on my balls. Hair falling over my face.

It was too much. Too many things to contemplate all at once.

I lost myself in the sensations. The many, amazing, wonderful sensations. I gave in to the four women that were doing everything they could to please me, pleasure me,

satisfy me. Their moans filled my ears, the heat from their bodies were like an oven around me.

“Cum in her,” a voice whispered in my ear. “Fill her up.”

“Yes!” Another woman’s voice cried out in pleasure. “Fuck! Yes!”

Heavy tits on my arm. Lips sucking on my pussy-wet fingers.

Bliss. Pure, unadulterated, incomparable bliss.

And it was mine whenever I wanted it.

Twenty mats were spread out on the floor in four neat rows.

Twenty women, all ranging from pretty to beautiful to downright sexy. Flat-chested to busty to absolutely humungous tits. There were blondes, brunettes, a redhead or two.

Most of them were relatives. Aunts and cousins and the like. A few were friends of Sammy and Kylie, or attractive women I’d picked up from mother’s and father’s friend group. One of them was a former teacher Sammy had come across in day-to-day life and ‘recruited’ to my fledgling workout business.

My first full class.

And all of them were wearing headsets, sitting with crossed legs on their mats. Faces serene, lost in trances that I’d become a master of inducing.

Not only was I increasing the size of my harem, my litter of sexy women. But I was now being *paid* to do it.

There had been something oddly satisfying about taking a woman’s money – sometimes given to them by that woman’s husband or father – and then doing *this* to them. Being paid to turn them into my personal sluts.

And the closer I got to fulfilling one goal, the more entirely new plans sprouted in my mind.

There were plenty of apartments around mine that were available for rent. And plenty of these women had the money to rent those apartments. Why limit myself to only seeing them at these daily sessions? What if I woke up one night, felt a craving for Mrs Nicholson over there? It’d certainly be nice to have her – all of them – close by.

And why settle for one class of twenty, when I could have two or three? More even than that?

As I gazed over these twenty women - *my* women – I let my mind wander. Let fantasies sprout and blossom. Fantasies that I knew I could make a reality.

After all, nothing was impossible for me.

Not now. Not any more. Not since I’d claimed first Sammy as mine.

I could do anything – have anyone – I wanted.

All I had to do was make it happen.