

Night Time Nudging Sharing Is Caring

I ran a finger down my sister's spine, marvelling at the smooth curve of her back and the lovely roundness of her bottom. Firm and bare, the perfect pillow for my hand to rest on. My sister's ass made for the ideal stress-ball – not that I had much to be stressed about. I was living my best life.

Sammy stirred as I fondled her firm butt, blinked awake and smiled at me. Her hazel eyes held the purest, most absolute kind of love a person could feel.

"Mornin' beautiful," I whispered to her. "Time to get up."

Sammy scowled, shook her head quickly from side to side. "No!" She grumbled softly. "I don't wanna."

"Don't you have classes today? If you don't get out of bed now, you're gonna be late for 'em."

"Not going today," Sammy mumbled, scrunching her face.

"Oh?" I couldn't help but smile. "And why's that?"

"Don't wanna."

"How come?" I asked, amused.

She turned away from me in a huff, pouted silently for a moment. Her body, as always, was amazing. Slender and busty and sexy in all the right ways. She had the face of an angel and the smile of a succubus.

"I miss spending time with you," Sammy whispered. "Ever since... Ever since *that*, there's been no time for us to hang out any more. You're always studying or spending time with Kylie or Mom or you're sleeping. I don't like it. Not one bit!"

I rolled my eyes, slid my hand back up her body – guided my fingertips to Sammy's perky tits and her delicious nipples.

"You didn't seem too upset last night," I said softly, trailing my fingers over her smooth skin. "We spent *plenty* of time together then, didn't we?"

"Hmph."

"I certainly don't remember any complaining. In fact, I seem to remember the total opposite of you complaining. You sure you don't just want a quick tumble before you head out?"

"Hmph!"

"Alright, alright," I chuckled. When I leaned in to kiss her cheek, Sammy spun her head so that my lips met hers. And, for the next minute or two, nothing else mattered but that sweet kiss.

By the time we pulled away from it, Sammy's hands were already between my legs, urging my cock awake.

"I think," I groaned, "I might have an- an idea to help us spend more time together. It's-"

I grunted as Sammy tugged on my cock, squeezed it.

"It's..."

But she wasn't listening. Her attention was focused solely on my rapidly hardening dick. All I could do was lay there and accept it, let this sex-crazed fiend have her wicked way with me.

To be fair, there were worse ways to wake up in the morning.

Three lovely ladies to spend my time with. Sammy, Kylie, and Mom.

Problem was, there was only *one* of me.

Mom didn't seem to mind so much. I could probably set her aside and never fuck her again, and she'd be okay with it. Kylie was a little more demanding, wanting to spend lots of time with her 'boyfriend'. And then there was Sammy. My sister. Who seemed upset

any time we spent more than a few minutes apart.

I wasn't willing to give up any of the three.

But, there was only so much of *me* to give.

In the end, it all came down to time management. Between school and studying, sleeping and eating and bathing and shitting, I had barely enough free time for one of my girls. Let alone all three. So, if I wanted to keep my three lovelies happy, I'd have to adjust some things in my daily schedule.

I couldn't drop out of school. Nor were not eating or sleeping or studying viable options.

It was a puzzle. But, as with all puzzles, the moment you have the answer, you realise how *simple* it was all along. The answer to my conundrum was painfully obvious. Laughably simple.

If I couldn't increase the amount of time I spent with each of my women, why not increase the number of women I enjoy at any one time?

Me and Mom and Sammy. A night alone, just the three of us.

Hypnosis tapes would take a few days to set up. I'd need to record them, then wait as Mom and Dad and Sammy listened to them over the course of a week or so. And, I'd need to figure out a way to satisfy Kylie's thirst for me. But, all in all, a solid plan.

I got to work right away – recording the first batch of audio files.

There was something pleasing about laying in the master bedroom's bed.

King-sized and beyond comfortable, sure. But it was more than that. It was like... I was usurping the position. Conquering the household and becoming its master. This wasn't *Dad's* bed any more. Just like the woman I was about to fuck wasn't *his* wife any more. She was mine. As was this bed, this room, this family.

Part of me felt sorry for the man. But not enough to stop.

I laid back on that king-sized bed, hands behind my head and cock standing to attention. Waiting for the inevitable.

When the door opened, and in stepped my mother and sister, I knew I was in for a treat. Both of them were gorgeous on their own, neither needing make-up to enhance their beauty. But here they were all the same, dolled up and wearing naughty lingerie for me.

Sammy was in red; the thin – almost transparent – fabric hugging her curves wonderfully. Mom, on the other hand, was in elegant black.

They stepped into the room, approached the bed.

"You look amazing," I said.

Both smiled.

They climbed onto the bed in unison; Sammy on my left, Mom on my right. Crawling on hands and knees, steamy eyes focused on me and my cock.

Mom's lips pressed themselves to my cock's tip.

Sammy continued to crawled up the bed, pressed her lips to mine.

And, just like that, my bliss had begun.

Mom teased my cock gently. Kissing and licking it slowly, fingertips gliding up and down its length. Sammy, meanwhile, put all her effort into our kiss, into squeezing her body and those perfect tits of hers against my chest.

Her hair fell over my face, her lips and tongue lulling me into wonderful oblivion.

Strawberry. Whatever lip-gloss Sammy was wearing, it tasted of strawberry and sweetness.

I groaned into her mouth when I felt Mom's lips engulf my cock, felt her sucking on it with decades worth of experience. My sister's hands slid over my chest, held me close.

My own hands reached around my sister's back, unhooked her bra.

Sammy pulled away with a giggle, planted a strawberry-flavoured kiss on my cheek. She sat up, straddled my chest, reached for the straps of her red lingerie bra. A moment

later, the red bra was sailing through the air.

Sammy smiled down at me, wiggled her hips.

Her big, perky tits swayed and jiggled hypnotically.

"What'd you have for lunch today?" Sammy asked with a sly smile.

I raised my eyebrow at her. "Cheeseburger. Why?"

"Just a cheeseburger?" Sammy giggled. She lifted herself up off my chest. "That doesn't seem like a lot. You must be so hungry, baby. But don't worry, I know the perfect thing for you to eat..."

She shimmied forward, positioned herself directly above my face.

Lower down the bed, Mom's weight shifted. My cock popped out of her mouth and, a moment later, her knees were either side of my waist – her tight, dripping pussy above my saliva-coated cock.

Both women lowered themselves as one.

There was something unimaginably erotic about hearing the muffled, desperate moans of two women at once.

I wasn't even involved in the act. I was merely a witness.

And yet, it was still easily one of the most erotic moments of my life. Sitting there, watching as my mother and sister ate each other out. Curled up on the bed, faces between each other's legs.

It was the sounds. The whimpering moans, the breathy sighs, the whines for more. They filled the room.

I sat back, watched the two of them go at it.

Mom's cunt had been pumped full of my cum just minutes ago. In my mind, I liked to think that's why Sammy was eating her so eagerly. She wanted to taste me inside our mother. And Mom's eagerness? She was *preparing* Sammy for me. Getting her daughter as wet and ready as she possibly could.

They were doing it for me. At my command.

But I hadn't expected them to enjoy it quite *this* much.

Sammy gripped Mom's thighs, spread them wider apart as she pushed her tongue deep inside our mother's snatch. She tightened her legs around Mom's head, squeezing her face closer to her cunt.

Their hands groped at and fondled the other's body – playing with breasts and teasing nipples.

It didn't take me long to get hard again.

And, as soon as I was, I joined the two of them – cock guided towards my sister's hungry cunt.

"I don't know about this, son," Dad rubbed his arms nervously. "It seems a little..."

"There's nothing wrong," I assured him. "Yes, I'm sure. It's only fair, isn't it? I fuck the shit out of your wife, it's only fair you get to do the same to my girlfriend. I know she's eager to try it."

Of all the things I'd done with hypnosis and recordings, this had to have been one of the easiest. Convincing a married, middle-age man to fuck a sexy, barely-legal teen? Especially after I'd already convinced his mind that he was in an 'open marriage'. And doing the same with Kylie – making her want to fuck her boyfriend's father – had been, if anything, worryingly easy. Kylie's inner slut was more than eager to do this.

"Even so..."

Why was he still resisting?

Was it the fact that I'd made it obvious I intended to watch?

Whatever the reason, Dad wasn't accepting this situation as readily as he should. Was he nervous? Anxious? Intimidated? Was it something I hadn't foreseen?

I knew he was ready. So why the hesitation?

With a sigh and a shake of my head, I turned to my girlfriend. The beautiful and wonderful Kylie, with her dark hair and seductive eyes and air of natural sexiness.

"Babe," I said, nodding at my father, "be a doll and convince him that this is something he wants."

"I don't think-" Dad stammered, no-doubt surprised by my boldness. "I'm sure that-" Kylie pounced on him.

She forced her lips over his mouth, her hand over his crotch.

"Relax, Dad. And give her a good tumble. Needy bitch has been thirsting over my dick way too much lately. Maybe you can fuck some sense into her for me."

Whatever resistance Dad had in him crumbled away as Kylie pressed her body against his, slid her tongue into his mouth, and started fondling his cock through his pants.

I walked to a corner of the bedroom, pulled out my phone and started recording.

Kylie wouldn't mind me capturing a new video of her, and Dad would soon be too preoccupied to notice. And that video? It'd be a great tool in helping to manipulate Mom in future. And, who knew, perhaps I'd even let *Kylie's* father see it – show him just how much of a 'Daddy-loving' slut his daughter was.

A plan for another day.

For now, I had a porno to record.

Masterful slut that she was, Kylie didn't remain clothed for long – nor did Dad. My girlfriend stripped both herself and him in a matter of moments, pushed him down onto the bed and fell down on top of him with a girlish giggle and a naughty smile.

"That's it, Daddy," Kylie purred as she straddled his waist. "Show junior how it's done."

She flashed me a quick smile, which I met with a raised eyebrow.

Someone was enjoying this a little too much.

I rolled my eyes, tried not to laugh.

Well, her enjoyment wasn't a bad thing. If anything, it was a benefit. I was, after all, hitting two birds with one stone here. Giving Dad a consolation prize after feeling bad for stealing his wife from him, and giving my girlfriend a cock to ride when I wasn't around – or was occupying myself with a different pussy.

In the end, everybody wins.