

Night Time Nudging The New Apartment

I grabbed the sides of the box, heaved, lifted it up out of the car. Whatever was in *this* one, it was certainly heavy. I turned, began walking towards the apartment complex – not looking forward one bit to climbing the stairs yet again.

Sammy walked past me on my way inside the building, giving me a bright smile as she went to go get another box from the car herself.

She, of course, would pick a lighter one. Same as Mom.

The heavy boxes? They were all for me.

As I ascended flight after flight of stairs, I began regretting not bringing Dad along. Some help with all this heavy lifting would've been nice.

But no. Dumb as I was, I'd hold him I could handle it.

It took a few minutes. Walking back and forth between the car and the small, two-bedroom apartment. A few minutes that felt like so much longer. But, eventually, it was done. The last box thumped and rattled as I dumped it on the apartment floor.

Letting out a long sigh, I turned to the two women.

"Last one?" Sammy asked brightly.

"Last one," I grunted.

"Now all we've gotta do is unpack!"

My eyes flicked to Mom, saw her hiding a smile behind her hand.

"How about," I said, turning back to Sammy, "instead of doing that, we order some food and relax instead?"

"Nope!" Sammy beamed. "Unpacking first."

I sighed. Got to work opening boxes.

"I'd better head back," Mom said. "It's getting late. Remember, if you two need anything, we're just a phone call away!"

"Yeah," Sammy grinned. "Thanks Mom."

In the end, we didn't unpack all that much before calling it a night. We'd spent so much of today waiting for keys and organising things with Mom that it'd been almost night by the time Mom left. Less than an hour later, me and Sammy were laying on a blanket on the floor, eating pizza and watching videos on her phone. My arms around her shoulder, her head resting against my chest.

"What time's the furniture stuff arriving tomorrow?" I asked absently.

"Should be pretty early," Sammy hummed. "Ten or eleven. We'll have plenty of time to put everything together."

"Bed first?" I asked, a smile tugging at my lips.

"Uh-huh," Sammy rolled her eyes. "How much did you spend on that thing, anyway? I know you went over-budget."

"Not too much," I lied.

When we'd been looking at furniture, deciding what to order, I'd insisted on buying our bed myself. It hadn't taken much arguing, but Sammy had given me a budget all the same. A budget that I'd ignored and ended up spending several times over.

Well over a grand on one bed. Most of it on the mattress.

To be fair to myself, I *did* want one that was huge. Enough room for three people with space to spare. And, when I was looking up different kinds of mattresses and memory foam and all that kinda stuff, I did read a comment or two about how one type of mattress was really great for sex – and so I just *had* to get one of those.

Sammy didn't need to know how much I spent. Not really.

"If we put the bed together first," Sammy said, eyes flicking to me, "we'll end up spending all day 'breaking it in' and won't get anything else done."

"That's fine by me," I grinned. "Who needs tables or wardrobes or bookshelves anyway?"

"We do."

"Do we though? Do we *really*?"

"Yes."

I gave her shoulder a little squeeze.

"You know," I said. "It's traditional for a couple to do the do when they move into a new place together. It's not really a home until we've banged in it."

"I'll be sure to let Kaley know," Sammy hummed.

"And what if I want you instead?"

"Then you'll have to wait until we have a bed," Sammy said with a quick nod of her head. "Sex on the floor is uncomfortable."

"What about sex up against the wall?"

Sammy pinched me.

"Tomorrow."

I brushed my hands, took a step back, admired my handiwork.

Before me, a king-sized bed. A sturdy, metal bed-frame. Clean white bedsheets. A mountain of pillows. Quilt and blanket. Even a few of Sammy's favourite teddy bears. All neat and tidy and perfect.

I made sure to ignore the cardboard boxes and tools and crap on the floor around it, the same way I ignored the lack of dresser or wardrobe or side table. All *that* stuff could wait.

"Hey Sam!" I called. "It's ready!"

"Don't care!" She called back from one of the apartment's other rooms. "No sex until we're unpacked and everything's ready."

I rolled my eyes, turned to the bedroom door and walked out of it. Finding my sister was as simple as entering the second bedroom. She was kneeling on the floor, looking over a set of instructions on how to put together a set of drawers.

"I think I'm gonna need the screwdriver," she told me as I walked over to her. "Not the cross one, the line one. This- Hey! Stop! No!"

She flailed as I picked her up, tossed her over my shoulder.

"No!" She half-complained, half laughed. "We've gotta get this done- We can't-"

I said nothing, just turned and began walking back to the main bedroom with its ridiculously expensive bed. Sammy flailed weakly, arms gently tapping my back while her legs dangled and kicked air. It wasn't *real* resistance, that much was obvious. She giggled as I carried her into the bedroom, gasped when I tossed her onto the bed, raised her head to narrow her eyes at me – unable to hide her smile.

"Sorry sis," I grinned. "It's tradition."

She gave a theatrical sigh, flopped down onto the bed and went limp, eyes on the ceiling.

"Fine," she said. "Get it over with."

I chuckled, began stripping. Sammy's eyes flicked to me as I kicked my clothes aside, pink creeping into her cheeks as she bit her lip. Her legs parted for me as I climbed into the bed, skirt hiking up.

"A gentleman would wait until everything was unpacked and built."

"I'm many things, my love," I said, sliding my hand up along my sister's leg. "Gentle is not one of them."

Sammy let out a laugh. One that quickly became a pleased moan.

Two women on the bed, with me between them. Sammy on my left, Mom on my right. Two pairs of hands on my body, two sets of lips. I made out with my sister while our mother

kissed my neck, then I kissed our mother as my sister nibbled on my earlobe.

A hand – I had no idea whose – slid between my legs, gently massaged and fondled my balls. Another hand stroked my shaft.

My own hand were occupied with my ladies' breasts. One hand for Sammy's lovely tits, another for Mom's massive jugs. Squeezing and teasing and exploring. I'd never get tired for it as long as I lived - playing with boobs. My fingers sinking in, feeling their weight, palms gliding over the smooth roundness. And their nipples. The cherries on top of the metaphorical, mountainous cakes.

At some point, I'd have to get both women to slather their breasts in cream or icing, have all four titties in my face at once as I feasted. Now *that* sounded like a dream come true.

"Good boy," Mom cooed as I pulled on her nipple, teasing it with my fingers. "Good boy."

"No," Sammy purred beside us. "He's a naughty boy."

I groaned as the hand around my balls tightened.

"A very *naughty* boy."

"In that case," Mom hummed, "maybe he deserves to be punished."

"He definitely deserves to be punished."

Two hands on my chest, one belonging to each of the women. Pushing me down and holding me on the mattress. Both women rose, tits hanging under them. Two eager faces, beautiful beyond compare.

"So," Mom smiled. "How do we go about punishing him?"

"I'm not sure," Sammy said, mirroring Mom's smile. "We could try taking away his toys, but he doesn't have any..."

"That's not *quite* true now, is it dear?" Mom said.

"No," Sammy grinned, catching on. "No it's not. He *does* have some toys, doesn't he?"

"A shame one of them is missing," Mom noted, hand sliding down my body. "It's just us two today."

"His toys," Sammy grinned. "You 'n' me."

"But how do we go about taking them away? Can't very well let a naughty boy play with his toys..."

"Unless," Sammy said, fingers trailing up from my chest, along my throat, all the way to my lips. "He apologises. Shows us that he's done being naughty. That he's going to be a good boy for us today."

She drew a slow circle around my lips with her finger, her other hand cupping my balls. Mom's hands both wrapped around my cock, began gently stroking it.

"But how could he show that?" Mom smiled. "What could he possibly do to prove he knows his place?"

"I have an idea," Sammy said, a twinkle in her eye.

I could've stopped this. Put an end to it all with a single word. 'Hypothalamus'. A trigger-word I'd implanted in both that'd cause them to be suddenly overwhelmed by the need to fuck. The moment either of them heard me say that one word, they'd be driven to take my cock on an almost primal level.

I could've stopped it. But I was too curious.

I wanted to see how this would play out.

The next thing I knew, my sister was straddling my face, juicy cunt pressed to my mouth. My mother's mouth was around my cock, sucking it dry.

It was pretty obvious what my sister wanted me to do, and so I got right down to it. Tongue darting inside her snatch, licking her hole as she moaned above me. Before long, my sister was riding my tongue while our mother rode my cock. The moans of two women filled my apartment.

I lifted my sister's ass up, gave it a good tap. She moaned into Mom's pussy, shuddered. And, when I started spreading her butt-cheeks apart, I heard her muffled gasp.

She began pulling her face away, tried to turn to look at me. But Mom stopped her – put her hands on her daughter's head and directed her right back to her pussy. Sammy, being the good girl she was, returned to eating our mother out.

“Relax,” I said softly, prodding Sammy's anus with my dick.

That only made her tense up even more.

I ran a finger down from her crack to her cunt, lubricated it with her juices. With my left hand, I held her ass in place. My right, I directed towards her back-door – lubricated finger ready.

As my fingertip brushed her entrance, Sammy shuddered.

Slowly, she forced her body to relax.

And, a moment later, my finger was inside her. Preparing the way for something much bigger.

“Don't suppose you've unpacked the sex toys yet?” Mom asked casually, as if 'sex toys' were as mundane as 'books' or 'cutlery'.

“No,” I told her. “We've been... *busy*.”

“A week in, and you're not even unpacked yet,” Mom shook her head, smiled. “I can only *imagine* how 'busy' you two must've been. No strap-on today, then...”

“Not today,” I chuckled. “Maybe next time.”

Slowly, I pulled my finger out of my sister's ass.

The moment of relief she must've felt didn't last long. In seconds, I was pressing my cock to that tight hole once again. Covered in lady-cum as it was, it needed no extra lubrication.

“Ready?” I asked.

Cautiously, with much trepidation, Sammy wiggled her hips.

“I'll take that as a yes. Here we go!”

I pushed forward, grunted at the sudden tightness compressing my cock. Sammy tensed, mouth and tongue freezing for a brief moment. She let out a groan, pushed back against my cock – driving it deeper inside herself. When it was hilt-deep, she relaxed again – resumed pleasuring our mother.

With a smile on my face, I began thrusting.