

Friends and Family

Chapter 6

The women hugged, all smiles and laughter.

They'd both changed a lot these last few months, their bodies adjusting to pregnancy as one would expect. Big, bulging bellies and firm, swelling breasts. Laura, who'd already been particularly busty, now had the kind of massive tits usually reserved for comic book characters. And Jen – as perfect as she'd been already – somehow looked more amazing than ever.

"It's been too long," Jen said as she embraced Laura.

Yes. Yes, *it has*.

Besides me, Andy grunted theatrically; hefting his and his wife's bags. He carried them to the car as the women chatted softly.

The air was cool, crisp.

Predawn light painted the sky a deep, dark purple. Early enough that most of the world around us was still asleep. The air still and silent. And, though the others were undoubtedly tired, I was wide awake. Alert. Ready.

In less than two months, the ladies would be giving birth.

By then, the world would be a very different place for us all.

Assuming everything went to plan.

"Is that everything?" I asked, dumping a suitcase in the trunk of my car. "Not forgetting anything?"

"Nah," Andy grinned. "That's it."

"Good," I smiled back. "Then let's get going. It's a long drive."

"You sure you don't want me to take the wheel?" Andy asked as I circled the car, opened the driver-seat door. "It doesn't seem fair that you're always the one who drives us everywhere."

"I'm sure," I said, not looking at my 'friend'. "I prefer it this way."

Jen, as always, took her place in the front passenger seat. The siblings climbed in back – Laura carrying a tupperware tub filled with sandwiches. No-one would be eating those snacks. The three of them would be too busy listening to my recording, and I'd be too busy driving and resisting my own soft-spoken voice.

"Everyone strapped in?" I asked, starting the car's engine.

"Yep," Jen answered, pulling out a paper map.

"Yes," Laura answered softly.

"Aye," Andy said with a grin.

"Great," I smiled, turning on my recording. Music started playing; a soft rhythmic melody designed to calm and soothe, to prepare the mind for hypnotic suggestion. "Then let's get going."

It'd taken a lot of convincing this time around. Weekend trips here and there were fine, reasonable. But one that lasted a month long? When all four of us had full-time jobs, that was hardly a fair request to make.

I'd had to use every weapon at my disposal. Reminding them that this'd be the last chance we'd have to go on these trips; that once the babies were born we'd be unable to do this again for a long time – if ever. I'd had to point out that the women needed rest and relaxation, what with them being pregnant 'n' all. I'd even gone so far as to take Andy aside one night to have a 'heart to heart' conversation with him, confessing that I wanted this one last hurrah before life and fatherhood locked us down.

In the end, they'd agreed.

A month long vacation in a 'rented', two-bedroom cottage.

For the three of them, Jen and Laura and Andy, it'd be a holiday and a chance for

the four of us to bond and be friends while we still could. For me, it was my ultimate gambit. My last and only chance to make my vision a permanent reality.

Keeping my eyes on to road ahead of me, ignoring my own voice on repeat, I went over the plan in my head. An insane, impossible plan.

But then, so long ago now it felt like a lifetime, I'd had another insane, impossible idea. Using hypnosis to finally be with the woman I loved, if only for a single weekend. A little camping trip with my wife and our friends. And, for being impossible and insane, *that'd* worked.

Why shouldn't this new plan work too?

Me and Jen, together forever. Raising our child together. Married. It was everything I'd ever dreamed of.

"Your room," I said, opening the door and leading Laura and Andy inside. "A little smaller than mine and Jen's, but it does have better air circulation – or so I'm told."

"What's with the speakers in the walls?" Andy asked, eyebrows furrowed. "I saw them in the kitchen too. And the bathroom."

"It's some modern thing," I shrugged. "Something about being able to play music in every room of the house at the same time, and how it sounds amazing reverberating from all angles. I don't know, honestly. Just ignore them, we probably won't be using them anyway."

It was the best I could come up with. I could hardly say 'they're for hypnotising you daily so I can warp your brain long-term'. Installing those speakers and wiring everything up had taken so fucking long. But it'd be worth it.

"I'll leave you two to unpack," I smiled. "I ordered some pizza, so no need to worry about cooking and cleaning today."

I slipped out of their room, strode across the hall to mine and Jen's. The master bedroom.

More speakers in the walls here. They were in every room.

"Hey babe," I said, walking over to my beautiful Jen. "How're you feeling? Still tired?"

She beamed at me, and in that smile I felt myself falling in love with her all over again. A radiant, beautiful thing. So filled with happiness and love and affection.

"I'm fine," Jen said, wrapping her arms around my neck. Her bulging belly pressed against my body first, then her breasts, then her lips touched mine for just the briefest of moments. "I think I slept plenty on the drive here, don't you?"

"I don't know," I grinned, kissing her again. "I just want an excuse to get you in bed."

Her eyes met mine, cheeks flushing pink.

"In that case," Jen said softly, "I might just be a little bit tired after all..."

With a smile, she led me to our bed.

Being pregnant 'n' all, we were somewhat limited with how kinky we could get. She laid herself down missionary-style, beckoned me closer. I climbed onto the bed after her, gazed down at her. My heart thumped loud in my chest as I slowly stripped her, our eyes locked together.

"I love you," Jen whispered.

The three words I'd spent years dreaming of hearing.

Music thrummed through the cottage. A slow, soft melody.

Jen and Laura and Andy sat back, relaxed to the sound of it. Enjoying my suggestion that we should test the speakers out, see what all the fuss was about.

And, as they were lulled into a far more open state of consciousness, my voice began to speak through the walls.

It began simply enough. Easing them further and further into sweet, senseless

oblivion. Urging them to hand over control, to allow themselves to be led somewhere wonderful, somewhere peaceful. Then, once they were deep, the real programming began.

This was a nice house. A lovely little cottage. Living here was so serene, so amazing. Wouldn't it be great if we could all live here together? Wasn't this the perfect place to raise our children? We belonged here. We belonged together. The four of us under one roof. The way it was always meant to be.

The idea was simple; have the four of us move in together. A new home for all of us where no-one knew who we were. New jobs, new friends, new lives. Me and Jen, Andy and Laura. Two happily married couples raising their beautiful children. No longer would Jen belong to Andy, and no longer would I have to settle for Laura. We could, at last, all be happy. Here, under this roof.

Laura had no idea I'd spent our life savings buying this place. Nor that I'd quit my job and sold our old house. She trusted me with all our finances, thankfully.

If she'd learned what I'd done, how would my former wife have reacted?

It didn't matter now.

Soon, all four of us would be in agreement.

Quitting our jobs, selling our homes, moving in here together, living happily ever after.

Now that I had them here, had them sitting down listening to my recording with hollow, empty eyes, I was finally willing to believe it could work. My heart soared, joy flooding through my veins at the very real prospect.

Me and Jen, together forever.

Raising our child together. Starting a little family.

The dream. And soon, it'd be my future.

I took Jen's hand as the moving men carried boxes and furniture into the cottage. She giggled like a schoolgirl as I closed the master bedroom behind us, nodded to the bed.

"We have guests over," Jen smiled, already pulling down her panties.

One of the great things about pregnant women; they tend not to wear pants. It's all dresses and skirts. Easy access clothing.

"Good," I grinned right back at her.

She laid herself down on the bed, spread her legs wide.

I didn't fuck her right away, even dripping wet as she was. Instead, I straddled her, leaned down and kissed her sexy lips, tugged down the straps of her dress and bra. With her firm, swollen tits exposed, Jen blushed brightly.

She tried to hold back her moans as my lips grazed a puffy nipple. She bit her lip to stop from crying out when I started suckling.

"Andy and Laura move in tomorrow," Jen gasped, as if talking about our 'friends' would distract her from her pleasure. "Which means we- Ooh!"

I bit her nipple gently, nibbled on it. Moved to the other.

"We have the place to ourselves tonight."

I pulled back, her nipple still in my mouth until I moved too far away and it *popped* out.

"If you're about to tell me," I said with a smile, "that we can be as loud as we want, that ship has already sailed, my love. Laura and Andy have heard your screaming plenty of times already. The time for modesty is *long* gone."

She blushed brighter. "No," she said through pursed lips. "Actually, I was going to suggest that we do it on their bed tonight. Or anywhere we want, really. But if you're gonna be a buttcake about it-"

"Their bed, huh?" I laughed. "That sounds like it could be fun."

"Nu-uh," Jen shook her head playfully. "You blew your chance. I don't even know if

"I'll let you put your thing in me at—"

She gasped loudly, eyes shooting wide open.

I slid my finger deeper inside her, leaned down to kiss her neck.

"I'm going to enjoy fucking you on their bed, honey," I whispered in her ear as I toyed with her insides. "And on their bedroom floor," I slid my finger almost entirely out of her. "Against their wardrobe," I pushed it right back inside her. "Your back to the wall, my cock deep inside you..."

"Yes!" Jen breathed. "Inside me, please."

"What do you want inside you, my love?"

"Cock," she gasped. "Your cock."

"Say it."

"I want your cock inside me, Cole," Jen moaned. "Right now, baby. Please."

How could I say no to that?

"Now this," Andy said, taking a sip of beer, standing on the chilly porch, "is the life."

"I'll toast to that," I laughed, raising my own beer before downing a mouthful.

"How in the fuck did it take us this long?" Andy sighed, shaking his head. "We grew up together, went to school together, basically lived with each other right up 'til adulthood. How did it take *this* long to realise the four of us are meant to stick together like this?"

The hypnosis taking root there.

"Why did we ever even try living separately?"

"Who knows," I said, shaking my head. "Who cares? We're together now. That's all that matters. Together and happy."

I glanced back at the cottage.

Inside, Jen would be sleeping by now. Resting before her big day tomorrow. The day she became a mother.

I gulped down another mouthful of beer.

"Finally," I sighed, smiled.