

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 1

"What, like hypnosis?" I asked, feeling a flare of hope swelling inside me.

"No," my sister laughed. "Not anything like that. Not creepy or weird. It's just auditory stimulation."

Creepy or weird. That stung.

My interest in hypnosis – particularly the potential uses it had when it came to sex – wasn't *creepy* or *weird*. Or, well, I guess it was. But *you* try being a hormone-addled teenage guy with no outlet for his desires. Sure, I might have browsed some websites, read a few instructional guides, looked into studies and experiments. But what guy *hasn't* done strange things in the hope it'll get them laid somehow?

I chuckled along with Sam for a moment, feeling my hope disintegrate. So much for that dream – hypnotising my beautiful twin sister into having sex with me.

"Auditory stimulation?" I said, pretending like her words hadn't stabbed me right through the heart. "Sounds like some weird kink to me."

Sammy rolled her eyes.

"It's not sexual. ASMR. Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response. It's scientific and biological. The sounds you listen to give you these pleasant sensations along your spine or something. I don't know, I just listen to it 'cause it helps me sleep."

"Riiight," I smiled mischievously. "It helps you sleep. That's *totally* why you listen to it at night. Alone. In your bedroom."

Honestly, I believed her. I doubted she jilted herself off to some silly ASMR stuff. But, as her two-minute older brother, it was my job – practically my responsibility in life – to tease Sam at every opportunity.

She rolled her eyes at me again.

"Do you want to try it or not?" She asked, crossing her arms over her chest. In one of her hands was an old, beat-up mp3 player. A relic from years ago that somehow still worked. "I just thought you might like it, but if not-"

"Sure," I interrupted. "I'll give it a try. But if I get some weird kink because of this..."

Sam swung for me, tried hitting my arm playfully.

I dodged aside, grinning. Sam grinned too, held out her ancient mp3 player for me to take.

As I sat back in bed, earbuds in, listening to the audio files my sister had prepared for me, I couldn't help but feel I was wasting my time.

There was a woman's voice talking in my ears, low and soft and sorta sultry. But it wasn't helping me sleep. If anything, the annoying voice was keeping me awake when I'd usually have knocked out ages ago.

Before climbing into bed, I'd read up a little on what ASMR was meant to feel like. Mostly, I figured it was supposed to feel like tingles or goosebumps on my scalp and neck. But I felt nothing, not even a flicker of sensation.

The only thing I *could* feel was annoyance.

That voice was really getting on my nerves.

How long were these files again?

I grabbed the mp3 player off my side-table, looked at how long the audio file was, did a double take.

An hour?!

Surely not. That *must* be some kind of mistake. The archaic technology acting up. Sam couldn't possibly listen to an *hour* of ASMR at night – every night – in order to fall asleep, could she?

I fast-forwarded the audio, paused a few minutes ahead of where I was and pressed

the 'play' button. A different voice was talking now. Same audio file, different voices. Had Sam smashed together several files into one for this?

This new voice was even more annoying than the first. A deep male voice, talking about supposedly soothing things.

All I got out of it was a headache.

I sighed, pulled the ear-plugs out and turned the mp3 player off, setting it aside. I climbed under the covers of my bed, closed my eyes and imagined Sam laying in bed – listening to that crap every night.

In my mind, she was wearing a sexy, almost transparent nightie. White with little pink bows. Sweet and girly, just like Sammy was. But also naughty, adult. Showing off the curves my sister had developed so recently.

The image I had of my sister, laying there in bed, consumed all my thoughts. I imagined her chocolate brown hair flowing down her shoulders to her collarbone – it wasn't very long, not like some girls. It reached just past her shoulders, though most of the time she had it up in a pony-tail. In my imagination, her hazel eyes were shut tight, her lips parted slightly as one of her hands reached down her body – between her legs.

She might not touch herself listening to that ASMR crap, but that didn't mean I couldn't *pretend* she did.

My own hand reached down my body as I continued to picture Sammy – picture her nipples hardening under thin fabric, her large, perky breasts held snugly together by her naughty nightie.

Why did she have to be my sister?

Of all the girls in the world, why did the hottest one have to be my twin?

In my imagination, I could hear the ASMR fake-Sammy was listening to. Gone was the annoying voice talking about nonsense, instead it was my voice she was touching herself to. My words that were driving her wild with arousal. It was my-

My hand froze mid-stroke.

An idea.

A mad, impossible, insane idea.

It couldn't possibly happen. That's not how hypnosis worked at all. I couldn't just record myself giving a hypnotic induction masked as ASMR and expect it to work on Sammy. It was a stupid, silly idea. It'd never work.

But...

What if it did?

I walked into the kitchen, stifling a yawn.

I'd spent half the night awake, searching and reading up on hypnotic recordings – plotting and planning and brainstorming ways to make it all actually happen. If I could convince my sister to listen to recordings that I'd made, I might just be able to hypnotise her without her ever realising.

It was a big 'if', but totally worth the risk.

Sammy was already in the kitchen, shadows under her eyes. She looked up as I entered, eyes flicking momentarily to the mp3 player in my hand.

I handed it back to her.

"So?" Sammy asked, a smile forming on her cute lips. "Did you like it?"

"Yeah," I lied. "Put me to right to sleep."

Sammy's smile widened. She opened her mouth, started talking all about how glad she was that it'd helped and why she liked ASMR so much and so on. I was only half paying attention. With the lack of sleep I'd gotten, my mind could only focus on one thing at a time and, in that moment, all I could focus on was my sister's beautiful face.

Her eyes. Breathtakingly amazing eyes. A ring of deep brown around the pupil, shifting to a golden yellow as it spread out closer to the white of her eyes. Sprinkled here

and there were flickers of green and blue – faint, tiny patches that you wouldn't notice unless you were looking for them, but which gave Sammy's eyes an almost magical beauty.

And her lips, so full and smooth. The way they curled up into a smile, the soft laughter that escaped from them. Every time I saw how perfect those lips were, I couldn't help but want to kiss them and feel them and-

"So, what do you think?" Sammy asked.

Instantly, my brain's attention snapped back to what she was saying, only too late. What was she asking about? What did I think about what? Shit, I had no idea. What did I say? How did I respond to the question?

I did as all men in my shoes would have done.

I improvised.

"How come the voices switched?" I asked. "I remember the voice changing last night. It was kinda jarring."

A frown appeared on Sammy's brow and, for a moment, I thought I'd fucked up. Had she realised I'd totally been ignoring her? A heartbeat later, she spoke.

"Most of the clips I've found are only a couple minutes long," Sammy said, a hint of disappointment in her tone. "There are some longer clips – up to an hour – but I don't like listening to the same ones a lot. So I stick the shorter ones together. That didn't bother you too much, did it?"

"No, no," I answered. Dodged a bullet there. "I mean, I fell asleep a little after the first voice changed. So not really something that bothered me. I was just curious."

Sammy smiled, continued excitedly talking about ASMR all through breakfast, right up until we left for school.

"Dude," one of my friends said. "Your sister is *hott*."

We were sat down on a hill overlooking the school's racetrack, watching the girls in our class run laps.

"Fuck off," was my only reply.

Not like I could agree with him or anything, not without outing myself as someone who thought his sister was sexy. No way was *that* gonna happen.

"Hey, what size bra does she wear?" The same friend asked.

"The fuck am I supposed to know?" I shot back indignantly. "Go ask her, if you wanna know so badly."

34F. That's what her bra had on it when I'd checked a few weeks ago. I'm not a creeper or anything, I just saw it in the clothes basket and got curious. Nothing wrong with that, right?

"Do you, uh," My friend began. "Do you think you could-"

"No," I answered firmly. I knew what he was going to ask. It wasn't exactly the first time he'd asked me to steal one of Sammy's bras for him. The prick had even offered to pay.

The friend grumbled, but I ignored him, kept my attention on the girls running laps. One large-chested girl in particular.

Sammy was, as expected, one of the better runners.

She was wearing track pants, a t-shirt that held snugly to her chest. I knew she had to be wearing a sports bra, knew that it was meant to stop her breasts from bouncing as she ran. Either she'd forgotten to bring one, or the sports bra she'd brought to school was failing to do its job properly. Her tits jiggled as she jogged around the track – visible, just about, from where me and my friends sat.

I could see the calm, relaxed expression on Sammy's face, even as she began lapping some of the slower girls. They were panting and flustered, out of breath. Sammy was barely done warming up.

"Hey," one of my friends said – a different one this time. "You went to Spain on holiday last year, right? Do you have any pictures of your sis in a bikini?"

Some of the other guys perked up.

"No," I answered. The truth this time. "Even if I did, I wouldn't give them to you dipshits."

I ignored the complaining that followed.

They had the hots for Sammy. Every guy in school did, myself included. I didn't need to be reminded how attractive my sister was – I could see that with my own eyes. What I *could* do without was every human being with a dick wanting to put it in my sister.

As far as I knew, she didn't have a boyfriend. Unless she had a very well-kept secret, she was a virgin.

Just like me.

I frowned. How long until that changed? How long until Sammy started dating guys, bringing them home with her?

The thought made me bitter.

Of all the girls in the world, why did the hottest one have to be my own sister?

Again, my thoughts turned to the ASMR clips – to my dumb idea of switching them out with something hypnotic.

Even if the stupid plan worked, what could I possibly achieve with it? In my research, I'd learned that hypnosis could be induced through recordings – that a hypnotist being there wasn't strictly necessary for the process. But I'd also learned it was vastly inferior to a direct person-to-person hypnotic induction.

With a recording, for example, a hypnotist couldn't ask questions. Or, well, they could – they just wouldn't be there to hear the answers. Nor would they be able to adjust the trance to the subject – everyone reacted differently under hypnosis, each mind worked in a slightly different way. Without being there to guide the trance, there was no telling how effective suggestions would be – or if they'd even work at all. And, of course, with a recording there was no chance for damage control. If the subject reacted badly to something the recording said, a suggestion they didn't like or whatever, the hypnotist wouldn't be there to 'fix' the problem.

Still, it *was* possible.

I'd just have to be very, very careful.

If I decided to go through with it.

Which I still wasn't sure I was going to.

Jesus holy shitting Christ. ASMR microphones were fucking expensive.

Even the cheaper ones I could find would put a huge dent in my savings. Unless I went for some crappy piece of junk that probably wouldn't even work.

That was a *lot* of money to spend on my dumb idea.

My dumb idea that almost certainly would fail, and out me to my sister as someone who liked hypnosis and mind control stuff.

My dumb idea that, if it worked, could lead to a whole world of new possibilities.

I glanced at my computer's tower, felt a lurch in my gut.

I'd been saving up to buy a new computer. A powerful gaming PC to replace the worn-out old junker I was using right now. Looked like I'd have to shelve *that* plan.

Fuck it.

I added the microphone to my basket, typed in my bank details, bought it while I ignored the sinking feeling in my stomach at the loss of so much money.

It'd be okay, I told myself.

If this all worked out, I wouldn't need a new computer to entertain me any more.

A week later, my package arrived.

As soon as I got out of school, I grabbed the thing and rushed up to my bedroom. Ever since buying it, I'd been writing scripts – hypnotic inductions masked as ASMR nonsense. I had everything I needed to get started.

After a bit of practice, a few changed settings here, some acoustic positioning there, I was ready.

I began the recording with a dumb joke.

“What do you call a brother who records his voice for his sister?” I asked in a slow, soft voice, my mouth close to the overpriced microphone. “An ASMRtass.”

That was literally the best joke I could come up with.

“I'm sorry,” I said, smiling as I pictured my sister's wince at the joke. “Couldn't help myself. Weren't expecting my voice though, were you? You seemed upset that not many ASMR clips are long enough, so I decided to make a long one for you myself. In the morning, let me know if I did a good job or if I sucked, alright?”

From there, I went with regular ASMR talking for a few minutes. I'd read up a lot on the stuff in the last week, listened to several recommendation Sammy had enthusiastically given me.

I had no idea if I was doing it well or not. No clue if Sammy would like this, if it'd have the same effect on her as her usual ASMR crap did. But there was nothing I could do but continue and hope. Twenty minutes later, I turned to the script I'd written for this first recording.

“Sleepy,” I said, voice calm and smooth. “You're feeling sleepy. Your body relaxed and comfortable. Listen to my voice, my words. No need to think or worry, just let go. Listen to my voice and let go...”

Another twenty minutes later, the 'induction' part of my script was complete.

At this point in the recording, Sammy should be in a trance.

Hopefully.

I continued reading the script, my voice a little louder and firmer now.

“Picture a beach,” I told the microphone. “A warm, exotic beach. Empty, no people around but you. You're sunbathing, relaxing in the sunlight. Its rays tickling your skin, the sound of the sea swishing in your ears. Comfortable, perfect. Picture that beach, you laying on a towel. Feel it. Whenever your skin begins to get warm, a cool breeze brushes over you – a pleasant and perfect place. Picture it for me, Sammy.”

I went on, painting the scene for her. The sound of seagulls above, the gentle towel she'd picture resting on. None of it explicitly sexual – I didn't bring up anything she might be wearing, any erotic aspects at all.

This was a test. A trail to determine if I could actually hypnotise Sammy with recordings.

If it worked, she'd wake up tomorrow believing the beach had been a dream. An amazing, relaxing dream.

If the hypnotic recording didn't work, then at least there wouldn't anything sexual on the recording – no proof of my true intentions.

When all was said and done, the recording was almost an hour long. My voice was sore, throat parched.

I edited the recording, saved the it onto an empty USB drive, picked it up and went in search of my sister.

Turns out, between setting everything up, recording the actual audio, and editing it afterwards, I'd spent most of the afternoon in my bedroom. It was evening already, and Sammy was out on her daily jog around the block.

I waited at the door for her, USB drive in my hand, sweat on my brow.

For the first time, the possible consequences of my idea were really hitting me. If Sammy realised what I was doing – trying to hypnotise her – how would she react? How

would our parents react?

If they found out I was planning on hypnotising Sammy into doing kinky things with me, what would happen?

I'd get kicked out, probably.

Maybe they'd call the police, try to get me thrown in prison.

What if Sammy never talked to me again?

What if it made her hate me?

A part of me itched to return to my room, destroy the USB stick and forget this whole stupid idea. Sammy was my sister, for god's sake. Was I really going to go *this* far?

Before I could second-guess myself into giving up on the plan, my sister arrived home.

The key turned in the lock and the door swung open, revealing Sammy in all her amazing, alluring glory. She wore a full black tracksuit with plain white stripes. Her face was red, coated in sweat. She was panting, a bottle of water half-raised to her open lips. Her hair, as always, was tied back in a pony tail, a few wild strands falling over her face.

When she saw me standing there, she smiled.

"What's up?" She panted, stepping inside the house. "Were you just about to go out?"

"No," I answered, pushing aside my doubts. "I was waiting for you. I found an ASMR recording you might like." I raised the USB drive, handed it to her. "Listen to it tonight, not before."

Sammy raised a curious eyebrow, nodded her head.

Before she could ask about the USB or the recording, or get into one of her detailed one-way discussions about ASMR in general, I asked a question to distract her.

"Why do you go out running every night?" I asked.

It was actually something I was curious about. Why *did* Sammy spend so much time running and exercising? Did she want to become a professional runner or something? For some reason, I doubted that was it.

Sammy shrugged.

"Nice views," she answered. "Especially as the sun is setting. It's a nice atmosphere."

"But you went jogging every night before, too," I pointed out. "Before we moved here, I mean."

Sammy shrugged again, didn't answer.

I watched her go to the kitchen, her ass looking fantastic in those tight track-pants.

Then I turned, walked back to my bedroom.

Now the wait.

Tomorrow morning, I'd know if my plan could work. If Sammy mentioned her 'dream' of sunbathing on a beach, I'd have all the evidence I'd need.

Then, I could begin with the *real* hypnotic recordings.