

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 10

I never understood it before. Why millionaires still bother to work when they already have more money than they'll ever be able to spend. What's the point? Why keep working for more when you've already made it?

Now I understood.

It's never enough. Nothing is ever enough.

Sammy was mine. My beautiful, amazing sister was my lover. I'd achieved everything I'd set out to do when I started making the recordings for her.

I had everything I wanted.

Except now, I wanted *more*.

I wanted to push Sammy further, have her try things out that she'd never dare to without hypnotic nudging. I wanted to fuck her at school, parade her around in public, I wanted to show the world who this beautiful, amazing girl truly belonged to. I wanted to push my sister beyond her limits, open her mind in new, erotic ways.

She was a secret exhibitionist. That was hott.

Sammy liked to be seen by strangers, liked to take safe risks and tempt fate. She liked walking around without a bra on. Hott, yes. But also tame.

Why settle for only being seen by strangers? What was the point in safe risks when the dangerous ones were so much more titillating? Sammy liked going around without a bra or panties on, excited at the prospect of some stranger noticing. But what was that compared to having her walk around totally naked, exposed to all the world?

We'd only scratched the surface of the klnk. There was still so much to experience and, more importantly, so much that I wanted to see my sister doing.

And, thanks to her nightly doses of hypnotic ASMR, convincing Sammy to do exactly what I wanted to her couldn't have been easier.

"So..."

Silence followed the word. I had no idea what to say.

Kylie smiled awkwardly, glanced around the restaurant I'd selected for our 'date'. A small, family-style establishment. Not a fancy, upper-class kinda place – no way I could afford *that*. But it wasn't a fast-food joint either. Surely that earned my *some* points.

She didn't look upset or annoyed. But she didn't exactly look happy or thrilled, either. Just awkward, maybe a little uncomfortable?

The look on her face, in other words, matched exactly how I felt.

My first date with a girl. Ever. And it was with the second best looking girl at our school.

Kylie was beautiful. Stunning. Outwardly sexy in a way that not even Sammy was. Sure, my sister had bigger breasts and was prettier than Kylie, yet something about my sister's best friend seemed to scream 'sex appeal'.

Luscious dark hair, smouldering eyes, full lips. Slightly taller than Sammy, with paler skin. Dark make-up. She was wearing a simple black dress, wore high heels.

I'd never seen Sammy wearing heels. Didn't think she even owned any.

Kylie, evidently, did.

"Schools sucks, huh?" I said when the silence started to stretch on a little too long.

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I regretted them. I blushed, looked down at the small table we sat on either side of. School sucks? Was that really the best my brain could come up with? I wanted to hit myself, bash my head against a wall.

How could I be so awkward?

I'd already fucked a girl. My own *sister*, no less.

Why was *talking* to one so difficult?

"Yeah," Kylie said softly, not looking at me.

Why had Sammy done this to me? Why'd she have to go out of her way to get me a date with her best friend? This was torture. Agonising, gut-twisting torture. And worse, it was a torture that I shouldn't have to deal with. I already had Sammy, I was practically fuck-buddies with the perfect girl already. Why was I even here?

I inhaled a deep breath, forced myself to stop thinking.

"What's it like being friends with my sister?" I found myself asking.

For the first time, an expression other than awkwardness or boredom crossed the girl's face. Her eyebrows raised, a hint of curiosity entered her eyes.

"I mean," I added, "me and my sister get along fine and all." That was one way of putting it. "But I have no idea what she's like when she's not at home."

Why was I talking about Sammy? Why was that the first place my brain went to?

Because Sammy was everything I wanted.

How could I *not* have her in the back of my mind constantly?

At first, I expected Kylie to shrug off the question, dismiss it and return to her silent discomfort. Instead, she actually pondered it. Kylie sat there for a long moment, thoughtful. Then she answered.

"Energetic," Kylie said simply. "Smiley. Always happy."

Yup. That sounded like Sammy alright.

I held back on asking for more detail. Much as I wanted to know about how Sammy acted around her friends, interrogating her best friend about it didn't feel like a good idea. Resisting my desire to know anything and everything about Sammy, I tried to focus my attention solely on Kylie.

"Sorry about this," I sighed. I really was. "Sammy trying to hook us up. I had no idea she wanted us to..."

To what? Date? Fuck?

Was that what Sammy wanted?

"Just," with difficulty, I pushed thoughts of Sammy aside, "I'm sorry you got dragged into this."

Kylie gazed at me for a moment. Then, for the first time since I'd picked her up earlier, she smiled.

"It's fine," she told me, her lips curled into a cute, reassuring smile. "It's not your fault, it's mine. Sam was just trying to cheer me-"

She paused, didn't finish her sentence. Her smile wavered for a moment.

"I'm just not looking to date anyone right now," Kylie confessed quietly. "Sorry."

Was it odd that I felt down about Kylie's rejection?

I mean, I already had Sammy – the girl I actually wanted. I was living my dream life; sharing a bed with my beautiful sister, hypnotising her nightly with recordings and bringing her closer and closer to being mine utterly. Why was I so upset and annoyed that Kylie had turned me down?

Greed. Denial. Control.

I'd made Sammy mine. My own sister was now my plaything. I'd twisted her into being my fucktoy. If I could do that to her, my twin sister, I could do it to anyone. If I could make Sammy mine, I could make Kylie mine too.

Only, I couldn't.

As nicely as she'd put it, that she 'didn't want to date anyone', the truth was she just didn't want to date her friend's plain, boring brother. She didn't think I was worthy of her, or she had someone else in mind she wanted to be with, or *something*.

If I could hypnotise Kylie, I could change that.

With access to her mind, I could make her mine – just like I'd done with Sammy.

Except, unlike with Sammy, I wasn't able to hypnotise Kylie.

That, more than anything else, was what annoyed me.

I had the power to warp anyone to my will – to alter their minds in any way I saw fit. But I couldn't *use* that power on anyone except my loving, gullible sister.

How was it possible to feel so powerful and yet so powerless at the same time?

I let out a deep sigh.

Ultimate power over the mind, and I could only use it on one person.

Still, of all the people in the world, that 'one' was by far the most desirable. I may not be able to warp Kylie into wanting to date me, but who needed her anyway? I had Sammy, and Sammy was all I'd ever need.

And, I reminded myself, my manipulation of my sister's mind were far from complete just yet.

"Dating is silly," I told my microphone. "At our age, dating isn't very wise. We have the rest of our lives to do that stuff – have relationships and find life partners and all that. Doing it right now isn't just pointless, it's self-destructive. Dating takes up valuable time. Time that could be better used studying. The next few years of our lives will determine our future. How well we do in exams will decide if we're successes or failures for the rest of our lives. Sabotaging that – wasting time that could be spent studying on boys and dating – is silly."

For all that I'd opened Sammy's mind to the idea of fucking her brother, I'd done little to dissuade her from going out and hooking up with other guys. In fact, a lot of my suggestions until now had been under the pretext of her 'practising' for when she one day has a boyfriend.

It was time to change that.

Sammy was mine. No-one else's. Her pussy existed for my cock alone.

Now that Sammy's sexuality had been awakened, now that she'd begun experimenting with her kinks and interests, it was time to make sure she didn't start getting curious about other guys. I'd nip that in the bud before anything had a chance to grow.

First, I'd remove her desire to date in the short term. Give her mind a score of excuses as to why dating and fucking other guys could wait until later.

Then I'd make sure 'later' never came.

"The next few years of your life are the most important. Going on dates with guys, developing romantic feelings, searching for your soul mate – they can all wait until this crucial time in your life has passed. Once you're done with education, you can do all that stuff. But, until then, it makes more sense to avoid any possible romantic entanglements."

I leaned back in my chair, closed my eyes and smirked.

"Besides, who really needs any of that stuff? You don't need to worry about your hormones and sex. Your twin will help you take care of all *that*. The only thing you need to worry about is school."

Sammy's body dripped with sweat.

Little beads of it trailed down her brow, a droplet forming on the tip of her nose. Her neck was wet with it, her bare chest quickly rising and falling. Two huge tits, damp with sweat, swayed as she stepped forward. Her entire body was drenched. No place more so than between her legs.

Fluid ran freely down her thighs, pearlescent droplets.

I couldn't help but admire her body as she stood there on the street in broad daylight. Muscular legs and toned stomach, bouncy round ass. The only part of her body that wasn't on display was her feet – clad in socks and running shoes.

With a smile on my face and my sister's clothes in my arms, I jerked my head.

Sammy blushed as we resumed our run.

She kept pace ahead of me, tits jiggling and bouncing as she went.

This particular neighbourhood wasn't too far from home. We passed through it every

day on our runs. While it wasn't likely anyone here would know or recognise us, it wasn't impossible either.

My sister panted as she ran, breathing ragged.

For the first time ever, I was the one who wasn't out of breath.

When we reached the end of the street, Sammy stopped, turned to face me. Her face was bright red, nipples rock hard. Breathing heavily, she glanced around at the houses we'd passed, searching the windows for would-be voyeurs. Was it my imagination, or did my sister look *disappointed* that no-one was watching?

For a moment, I considered making her remained unclothed – force her to stand there in the nude until someone walked by and actually saw her perfect body.

But, somehow, that felt wrong. Like I was taking the risk away.

Sammy wanted to be seen...

I glanced around, eyes searching.

There!

"Sit down on the hood of that car," I commanded my sister, pointing to a random vehicle. "Open your legs and spread your pussy."

Shock crossed Sammy's face, followed by a sensual moan.

She thought I was going to fuck her on top of some stranger's car. Not a half bad idea, in all honesty. But that wasn't what I was planning.

As my sister did as I'd ordered, I held my breath.

If the car's alarm went off, Sammy would certainly get all the attention she wanted. Whoever the car belonged to would look out their window and see the most beautiful girl in the world spread eagled and totally naked on it's hood.

When the alarm didn't go off, I let out the breath I'd been holding.

Sammy bit her lip as I approached, raised a questioning eyebrow when I pulled out my phone. She didn't resist or try to stop me as I snapped a full-frontal, close-up picture of her leaking cunt. No face in the shot, nor her chest. Just a pretty little pussy glistening in the sunlight.

I showed my sister the picture and, when she still seemed confused, I opened up my messages – began sending the picture I'd just taken to a group chat shared by every one of my friends.

Her eyes widened as I did, a gasp escaping her lips. Though, again, she didn't do anything to try and stop me.

As I typed the message, my sister let out a loud moan.

'Guys,' it read. 'You won't believe what just happened! Some random slut let me take a picture of her pussy.'

Within a few seconds, one of my friends replied.

I pocketed my phone leaned forward and kissed my trembling, beautiful sister.

"Come on," I told her, handing Sammy her clothes. "Time to go home."

Sammy pushed herself up off the hood of the stranger's car, began putting her running clothes back on – minus the bra and panties, of course. As she slid into her gear, I noticed my sister's eyes kept flicking towards my pocket. My phone.

Later, I'd show her every reply my friends gave to it.

As we turned to leave, I couldn't help but glance back at the hood of the random car.

Moisture stained the otherwise immaculate surface. Two clearly defined ass-prints and the undersides of lean legs. And, far more interesting than that, a trail of pearly white running down the centre of the cars hood – a line of feminine fluid.

Would it leave a noticeable stain? I had no idea.

I hoped so.

The thought of some random person finding my sister's dried juices on the hood of their car was oddly amusing.

Smiling, I turned back to Sammy, began following behind her as she resumed our evening run.

My friends, or at least those who actually believed me, pushed me for details on the 'random slut' I'd happened across. What did she look like, where did it happen, was she hott, did I tried to fuck her while I had the chance. On and on, demanding to know *everything*.

I didn't tell them much – too many lies and I'd get caught out, too much truth and they might work out who the girl in the picture truly was. But I did let slip that the 'girl' gave me her number after I snapped the picture.

From there, every single friend had the same demand.

Prove it.

Those who didn't believe me wanted evidence that I was telling the truth. Those who did believe me wanted to see more pictures.

That was fine by me.

Sammy was more than willing to spread her legs for another photo. A note in her hand with my name written on, held up right next to her hungry cunt. The photo, unsurprisingly, was a keeper.

I made sure my sister was there with me when I added the new picture to the group chat.

Her eyes widened as replies came in.

'Holy shit' and 'Fuck' and 'Bro, you gotta give me this whore's number' and more. Sammy read every comment, shuddered in arousal as my friends went on to talk about her perfect pussy.

"Every single one of them wants to date you, ya know," I told Sammy.

It was true. Hell, probably most of the guys at school wanted to date and fuck my twin sister. Would trade an arm or a leg for the privilege. A girl like Sammy was one of a kind. The type of girl you *know* you'll never come across again. Special.

Sammy blushed, glanced quickly at my face and then away.

"They all want me to hook you up with them," I added. "Like you tried doing with me and Kylie. Most of them have asked me about you. They wanna know how to ask you out and convince you to be their girlfriend."

"I don't..." Sammy blushed brighter.

"Now they know what your pussy looks like."

Sammy trembled, lips parting.

Beautiful. Truly, there was nothing that compared to how amazingly beautiful my sister was. Body shuddering with arousal, eyes filled with heat, my sister was the most amazing sight in the world.

"It's almost time for bed," I told my sister. My hand reached between her legs, thumb reaching for Sammy's clit as my fingers probed her opening. I leaned in, whispered into her ear. "I think I'll sleep in your room tonight."

My sister nuzzled into me; her back pressed into my chest, my lips on the back of her neck. My hands roamed her body leisurely, sliding across her delicate skin. She gave a little moan of satisfaction, wiggling her hips ever so slightly.

Inside her, my cock was slowly shrinking to it's usual, flaccid length.

The blissful afterglow of my orgasm spread through me. A relaxed, contented joy. A simple, wonderful feeling. Warmth radiated around my cock, my sister's impossibly tight pussy squeezing down on it.

This. This was everything I'd ever wanted. To share a bed with Sammy.

And yet, for as blissful as I felt, something inside me stirred.

More. I wanted more.

I wanted Sammy. Wanted her to be mine, a sex-obsessed slut that lived and breathed for the sole purpose of satisfying me. A loving slave to my cock and its needs. I wanted to drive her crazy with lust, spread the doors of her desires wide open. Unleash every deep, dark fantasy she had – make them all a reality.

I wanted Sammy. And I wanted her best friend. The girl who'd rejected me.

Opening Sammy's mind would be easy, with enough time. But making Kylie mine? That'd take some work.

But, fortunately for me, I had the perfect ally.

I gave one of Sammy's tits a soft squeeze, kissed the back of her neck.

I'd managed to gain everything I'd ever wanted.

Now I wanted *more*.