

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 11

"Sleepovers," I said, reading from the script in front of me. "It's been a while since you've had a sleepover. A very long time, in fact. You've stayed over at your friends' houses, but it's been years since any of them have slept at our place."

Kylie would be mine.

I'd made Sammy mine, altered her mind and made her my lover. I could do the same with her best friend. All I needed was an opportunity to put Kylie into a trance.

If I could do that, find a way to hypnotise her, I could make Kylie mine.

So, that's exactly what I'd create.

Opportunity.

"Mom and Dad spend all day at work, wake up early for it and go to bed early because of it. That's why you never have sleepovers. You don't want to inconvenience them, keep them awake at night when they have to work the next day. Having a bunch of friends over for the night is bound to be noisy, after all."

At least, that was what I *assumed* the reason was.

I could be wrong. Maybe Sammy just didn't like hosting sleepovers for whatever reason. But, if I knew my sister, her kind and caring nature would be a part of it. Not wanting to disturb or annoy our parents made total sense as to why she never had friends over.

"But, if you think about it, you can still have sleepovers if you want. They just have to be smaller. If you had just one person over, there wouldn't be much noise at all."

Opportunity. All I needed was a single opportunity.

"Kylie," I spoke into my microphone. "Your best friend. If you invited her over – just her – then you'd be able to have a small, little sleepover. You could watch movies, play games, chat. And, best of all, you wouldn't have to worry about Mom and Dad not being able to sleep."

What did girls even do during sleepovers? I had no idea.

"And, even better than that," I added softly. "It'll be a chance for you to nudge Kylie closer to your brother. Their date didn't work out, but that's just because they don't know each other well enough you. You can help them along with that..."

Was it arrogant for me to see myself as a puppet-master?

I'd hardly call Sammy a puppet, after all. I'd manipulated her mind into believing certain things, sure. But it wasn't like I fully controlled her. She wasn't a mindless drone who followed my every command. She just had a new mindset, a different way of thinking than before.

Even so, that's what I felt like. A puppet-master.

A man pulling strings, making his will into reality. Tweaking and nudging, leading my puppets where I wanted them to be – all without them ever being aware of it.

Puppets. Plural.

Sammy and Kylie.

I saw them both as mine. Even though I'd never hypnotised the latter, barely knew her at all. In my mind she was already mine.

Already, I was pulling strings – leading her to me. First, she would come to the 'sleepover' I'd arranged. I'd make sure Sammy left us alone for a while – give myself a chance to talk to Kylie alone, figure out what made her tick.

The more I knew about my sister's best friend, the more comfortable she was around me, the easier it'd be to get her into that first, vital trance.

From there, it should be easy sailing.

Information was what I needed, and I knew the perfect person to gain that

information from.

"Tell me about Kylie," I said, watching my sister's face intently.

If she was hurt or annoyed by my interest in her best friend, Sammy didn't show it. No hint of jealousy or betrayal. If anything, she seemed *happy*. Smiling that wide, familiar smile I'd grown so used to lately.

"What do you wanna know?" Sammy grinned.

I paused before answering, considered my options.

Kylie – the sexiest girl at school, second only to Sammy in looks and appeal – what made her tick? What could I use to manipulate her into that first trance?

"Everything," I stated firmly. "Tell me everything."

And Sammy, loving and loyal as she was, did just that. She told me everything there was to know about her best friend; answered every question I had to ask, shared secrets that no-one else knew – things that Kylie had shared with Sammy in private.

At first, my sister's complete honesty – her total lack of guilt or sympathy when sharing her best friend's deepest secrets – was surprising to me. I hadn't been expecting her to betray her friend's trust like that. But then, in Sammy's eyes, this wasn't a betrayal of trust. In her eyes, me and her were twins – were practically the same person. She wasn't sharing her best friend's secrets with anyone but herself.

She told me everything.

Everything I wanted or needed to know. Everything and more.

Kylie hadn't been lying when she'd told me she wasn't interested in dating anyone. The rumours at school about her breaking up with her boyfriend weren't wrong, either. They just didn't tell the full story.

Apparently, the douchebag she'd been dating hadn't taken the whole break-up thing very well – interesting, considering the reason Kylie'd broken up with him was because she'd caught him cheating on her. Rather than accept that he'd been dumped and move on with his life, he'd gone out of his way to get 'revenge' on Kylie for rejecting him.

Namely, he'd posted private photos and videos of her online.

Nude selfies, clips of her performing 'sexual acts', you name it.

"No one at school knows," Sammy told me, no longer smiling. "I don't think so, anyway. Just me."

And now me, too.

"It's really been stressing Kylie out," my sister went on. "She's terrified that people will find out and post the pictures and videos everywhere. She thinks it'll ruin her life if anyone she knows ever accidentally finds them on the internet."

Stressed out, anxious, scared.

I could use those.

"Why did you try to set us up if you knew?" I asked my sister, raising an eyebrow at her. I was genuinely curious. "I can see why she wouldn't want to date anyone right now, after all that. So why'd you try and get me and her together anyway?"

A small hint of a smile twitched at the corner of Sammy's lips.

"Because," she answered honestly, eyes twinkling. "I wanted to show her not all guys are assholes. Some guys are nice."

Oddly enough, I felt an ache at my sister's words.

The thoughts I was having in that very moment were anything but 'nice'.

With the sleepover scheduled for Friday through to Sunday, and with it currently being Thursday, I figured it'd be a good time to take my beautiful sister shopping. If she was going to be having her best friend over, after all, Sammy might as well have some new clothes to show off.

Or, that was the excuse I'd used, at least.

Walking arm-in-arm with my sister, browsing through aisle after aisle of women's clothes, was certainly an interesting experience for me. She'd point to dresses or tops or skirts, ask for my opinion. I'd smile, nod my head or shrug.

What did I know about girl's clothes?

Still, when I saw something I liked the look of, I added it to the small pile I was carrying.

A low-cut t-shirt here, a skin-tight top there. Anything that'd look good on my sister's amazing body, really. And, given just how amazing her body really was, just about *anything* would look good on it. Still, a number of items piqued my interest.

Once, at the beginning of our shopping trip, Sammy mentioned something about the size of the shirt I'd picked up being wrong – that it'd be too small, too tight, on her. I just smiled, added it to the pile regardless.

Tight clothes, paired with my sister's chest, would make for a wonderful sight indeed.

When we got to the underwear, things got *very* interesting.

I let my sister pick out whatever she wanted, provided that none of it was 'plain' or 'boring'. And, blushing profusely, my sister followed my simple rule. Picking out bras and panties and bodysuits that were certainly not meant for 'daily use'.

Lingerie; the intimate and the sexy and the downright slutty.

We bought it all.

Not cheap, clothes. In fact, very expensive. Very, *very* expensive.

But worth every penny.

Especially since, as intelligent consumers, me and my lovely sister agreed that we should try out everything we'd bought as soon as we got home. You know, to make sure it all fit and such.

A little fashion show, just for me.

I sat in the living room. Feet up, leaning back, relaxed.

Music was playing. Slow, sensual instrumentals. Faint, in the background. A nice, atmospheric soundtrack.

When my sister stepped into the room, I couldn't help but grin.

How could it be that a simple outfit made her look so much hotter?

The t-shirt she wore was obviously too small for her. Tight across her entire torso, though no place more so than her chest. The thin, white fabric strained to contain my sister's wonderful melons. And, beautifully, her bra was easy to see underneath it.

Mostly just an outline, the barest hint of a floral pattern poking out under the t-shirt. The bra was white. If it'd been any other colour, that colour would've been plainly visible under the shirt. Sammy being modest, no-doubt. While she loved exhibition and having her body shown off and seen, my twin sister usually needed me to order her to do it all the same.

When she wore that t-shirt outside, I'd make sure she had on a more fitting, colourful bra on.

For her lower body, Sammy'd decided to go with one of the skirts I'd picked out for her. A short, black skirt. Dangerously short, in fact. Just long enough to convince a stranger that Sammy might not be a total slut – ending above the knees, mid-thighs. The skirt was made from a light, thin fabric. The kind that'd flutter and flow in even the gentlest breeze – exposing the wearer's undies to the world.

Sammy blushed brightly as I stared at her body, gazed freely at those perfect curves.

"Give me a little twirl," I said, eyes on the thin, black skirt.

My dutiful sister didn't hesitate. As soon as she heard the words, she blushed a deeper shade of crimson, did as I commanded her while staring down at the floor with a

shy smile on her lips.

Her body spun on the spot, skirt flaring and flowing around her waist.

Sammy, as it turned out, was wearing a g-string.

Black like her skirt, barely more than a few thin strings holding a tint triangle of cloth in place.

When her full spin ended, her skirt falling down to once again hide her undies, I couldn't help but grin stupidly. My sister had the most amazing body around. Athletic but far from petite. A woman with massive curves and lean muscles.

Even now, with her private body parts mostly hidden, I had plenty to admire and appreciate. Her fine, toned legs – for example.

"You look amazing," I told Sammy.

The words made her beam brightly, rosy cheeks bulging out in a wide grin. She leaned forward a little, arched her back to push out her chest – putting her two monsters front and centre. Was that a hint of pride and self-confidence I was sensing from her?

"Thank you," Sammy smiled, eyes warm.

I gave her one last up-and-down before speaking again, enjoying the sight of her naughty choice in attire before the look was replaced with another.

"Alright," I said at last, nodding my head. "That outfit is great. Go get changed into another. Gotta make sure it *all* looks good."

In a heartbeat, Sammy's blush had returned.

She glanced out of the living room towards the front of the house, no-doubt worried about our parents coming home to find their daughter modelling skimpy clothes for their son. Which, to be fair to her, was a reasonable fear to have. Technically, they shouldn't be home for another hour or so. But them coming home early wasn't exactly unheard of. Making Sammy model for me in the living room of all places was a little risky.

Which, of course, was why I'd chosen it.

My eyes followed Sammy's bottom as it bounced out of the room.

I love my life.

Try as I might, and I certainly did try, I couldn't find the pictures or videos of Kylie anywhere. A dozen different porn sites dedicated to that particular brand of pornography – selfies and stolen images – and nothing to be found.

Not ideal, but neither was it the end of the world.

My plan – or at least the back-up, plan 'b' to my plan – was reliant upon me having access to those pictures and videos.

The thought, suffice to say, made me uneasy.

With a bit of luck and good fortune, my original plan – plan 'a' – would work just fine, and I wouldn't need to resort to the back-up plan at all. If everything went smoothly, I'd have Kylie agreeing to let me hypnotise her before the weekend was over.

No need to go with the nuclear option. Not yet.

When the girl arrived at our house for the sleepover Friday evening, I made sure it was me who answered the door and led her in – guided her to Sammy's room. Anything I could do that'd make her more familiar with me, more comfortable in my presence, was something worth doing.

At the end of the day, trust was key.

I needed her to trust me.

"How was the drive here?" I asked her as I showed her upstairs.

"It was fine," Kylie answered with a smile. "Made a few wrong turns on the way, the streets around here are a maze."

Something felt different about Kylie. Off. She felt care-free and relaxed, not like the last time we'd spoken. More comfortable being around me, for some reason.

Maybe because she wasn't worried now because this wasn't a date she'd been all

but forced to go on?

I set the thought aside. Something to ponder later.

"Well," I said, stopping outside my sister's bedroom. "This is it."

Kylie opened her mouth to speak. But, before any words could form, my sister's bedroom door swung open. Sammy dived, practically tackled her best friend in a tight-armed hug. In moments, both of them were laughing and chatting, Sammy leading Kylie into her bedroom and closing the door shut behind them.

I stood there dumbfounded for a moment.

With how meek Sammy was when it came to sex and exhibitionism, it was easy to forget how *energetic* she could be.

After staring at the door for a few moments longer, I turned away, headed inside my own bedroom.

Now, to wait.

When footsteps sounded outside my room, I froze.

Listening intently, paying attention to nothing else.

Four pattering feet, two muffled voices – one of which was extremely familiar to me. Sammy and Kylie, going out for a quick evening jog.

Just as I'd planned.

It'd been easy enough to convince Sammy not to go on her regular evening run until Kylie arrived for the sleepover. After all, what if Kylie arrived while Sammy was out? That wouldn't be a very nice situation for a host to put her best friend in.

And going out for a run alone while she had a guest over? Making her best friend sit alone in her room, twiddling her thumbs, while Sammy went out for a pleasant jog? Unthinkable.

So either Sammy couldn't go for a run at all, or else she could go for a shorter-than-usual run along *with* her best friend.

I waited until the girls were out of the house before I left my bedroom, made my way into my sister's room. I had to be quick, but also careful. Had to make sure I left it in the exact place and position I found it in...

There!

Set on a little side-table, two mobile phones.

I'd given Sammy a very particular set of instructions, masked as simple brotherly advice. If she was going to have a sleepover, and if Kylie was as stressed out and anxious as she was, why not make it a no-phones weekend? Both Sammy and Kylie setting their phones to silent, vibrate off, so that they could both spend the weekend relaxing to the fullest.

And, of course, that meant Sammy and Kylie leaving their phones behind for the short jog around the neighbourhood.

Quickly, I snatched up Kylie's phone and rushed back to my bedroom, plugged the phone into my computer. Instantly, a little sound echoed out from my computer's speakers, a matching pop-up appearing on my screen.

Would I like to save back-ups of all my phone's pictures to my computer?

Why yes. Yes, I would.

Luckily, there didn't seem to be any protections in place on Kylie's phone. It wasn't just her pictures I could save, it was everything. Literally every bit of data on her phone, I could copy over to my computer.

And I did exactly that.

The transfer bar filled up agonisingly slowly.

Sammy and Kylie could be back at any second, and all I could do was watch as a little green bar filled up.

Finally, however, the transfer was completed.

In a rush, I unplugged Kylie's phone, raced back to my sister's bedroom and set it down exactly where I'd found it.

As I was leaving my sister's room, I heard the front door slam shut downstairs – two girls entering the building with their echoing, musical laughter. Not a moment too soon.

Heart-racing, I closed my bedroom door behind me and turned to my computer's screen.

These days, everyone's entire lives are on their phones.

Messages, photos, videos, files, favourite websites, entire online histories. Everything.

And I now owned all that Kylie's phone had to offer.

I just needed to sift through it.

Somewhere in there, I'd find my 'in'. Ways and means to earn Kylie's trust. Information I could use to hypnotise her, nudge her in similar ways I'd done with Sammy. In those files, I had everything I needed to make my conquest of my sister's best friend as seamless as possible.

And maybe, just maybe, I'd find a few naughty pictures or videos along the way.