

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 12

I'd struck gold.

First, I'd searched through the duplicated files. Pictures and videos. Looking for nudes or lewds or otherwise revealing images of Kylie. When I'd found nothing, I instead began searching through her private messages.

Kylie used her phone to talk to people a lot, it seemed. Even just the last few days of her chat logs would have taken forever to read through. I didn't have time for that. So, instead of reading every single message she'd either sent or received, I narrowed my focus onto one particularly interesting contact Kylie had.

A guy named Brent.

Every day, he sent her a message or two. Messages that Kylie never replied to. Threats, mocking, insults. Whoever this 'Brent' was, he certainly liked using the word 'whore'. And, with the threats he made almost daily, there was only one person Brent could be.

Sure enough, as I scrolled back in the logs to a few weeks ago, there it was.

A link to a webpage.

Pictures of Kylie greeted me when I followed that link. Pictures and videos. Some were tame; her just posing seductively, blowing kisses at the camera. Others were less so. There were short clips of her on her knees, a not-particularly-large cock in her mouth as she bobbed her head up and down. The full-body pictures were my personal favourites.

While lacking the solid, lean figure that my sister had, Kylie's body certainly wasn't *bad*. She was skinny, pale. Her tits were oranges compared to Sammy's melons, but appealing all the same – firm and perky. In any other place, Kylie would've been the hottest girl I'd ever seen, with a sexy lil' body to match her model-worthy face.

Unfortunately for her, she'd chosen to become friends with the most beautiful, hottest girl in the world. Would always be second best because of it.

Still, I wanted her.

And I knew exactly how to make her mine.

But should I?

This plan I had in my head, my 'plan b', it wasn't kind. No, that was an understatement. It was cruel. Dark. Evil, even.

Brent, the douche Kylie'd been dating, had posted these intimate pictures and videos of her online for the world to see. He'd told her he'd remove them if she agreed to continue dating him and, when that failed, had begun threatening to share the link with her friends and family if she didn't have sex with him whenever he wanted. Kylie hadn't replied, and his threats never materialised into actions. He'd just continued sending a message or two every day calling her a whore, a slut, any 'bad' things he could think of. He sent her more hollow threats, more insults, even a few apologies and pleas for her to forgive him.

He was, in short, a prick. A pathetic loser.

But what did my thoughts and plans make me?

A *winner*, I found myself thinking. *Someone who gets what they want.*

I shook my head quickly, pushed the thoughts aside.

Plan b. That's all it was. An idea, something I *could* do. Not necessarily something I *would* do. I still had my first plan, after all. If 'plan a' worked, there wouldn't be a need for me to go through with the other one.

When I woke up Saturday morning, I shot out of bed as quickly as my sleepy body would allow me. It was early. Not so early that I'd catch my parents before they went to work, but early enough that I'd be up before Sammy and our guest.

Today was all about making Kylie comfortable being around me.

I left my bedroom, took a short stroll through the house in search of a clean towel and, once I had one, headed to the bathroom and waited.

My eyes never left my phone as the minutes ticked by.

Finally, when it was time, I stripped and climbed into the shower. If I timed everything correctly, if it all went according to plan, Sammy's alarm clock would be going off any moment now...

Sure enough, when I climbed out of the shower, wrapped the towel around my waist and left the bathroom almost completely naked, there she was. Kylie, standing outside the bathroom with her hand reaching for the door handle.

Hair messy, no make-up on, wearing a pink teddy-bear onesie.

The moment she saw me, my dripping-wet naked torso, Kylie blushed, looked away and stammered a quick apology. Not the reaction I'd been expecting, but that was fine. The whole point of this wasn't for her to see me almost naked – as much as I'd been running with Sammy recently, I wasn't exactly *fit* yet.

No, I'd simply wanted Kylie to catch me in a 'moment of vulnerability'.

It was psychological. You see someone exposed, vulnerable and awkward, and it eases any possible tension you have towards that person. On the surface, it was just Kylie seeing my bare torso. I wasn't any more exposed now that I'd be at a swimming pool. But the intimacy of the moment, the privacy of it, would leave tiny little subconscious leanings.

Small, sure, but not insignificant.

"Oh," I said, feigning shyness. "Sorry, I didn't know you were up. I..."

Awkwardly as I could manage, I sidestepped around Kylie as she moved aside to let me pass. A bright red blush appeared on her cheeks as she pointedly stared away from me. In the onesie she was wearing, she looked more than adorable in her embarrassment.

She rushed into the bathroom as quickly as she could, shut the door tight behind herself.

I couldn't help but smirk at the closed door.

I tapped on my sister's bedroom door, spoke loud and clear.

"What do you two want for breakfast?"

I never cooked. Barely knew how to. But making breakfast for the girls, delivering it into Sammy's room for them, was another chance for Kylie to become more comfortable and familiar with my presence while also painting myself as a 'good guy'.

No-doubt, Sammy would tell her best friend that I never cooked breakfast – let her know I was doing it to impress her.

I'd told Sammy that I had a crush on Kylie and I had not a doubt in my mind that Kylie was aware of that 'crush'. Even if Sammy hadn't outright said it at one point, my sister's actions were more than enough for her best friend to work it out.

So I'd lean into that, let Kylie believe I had a harmless schoolboy crush on her. Let her see me as cute and innocent. A kind virgin boy with an infatuation. Nothing more.

Even if she wasn't into that – judging from the information I'd stolen from her phone, Kylie seemed to be into the meatball, brainless jock types – even if she wasn't interested in dating or fucking me, she'd at least see me as harmless – nice.

All I needed was for her to trust me.

The hypnosis would do all the rest.

"Your sister talks about you a lot," Kylie said when we were alone together.

Sammy, at a nod from me, had made an excuse to disappear for a while. Run to the shop to buy something. It was painfully obvious that she was lying, to both me and Kylie – making up some excuse to leave us alone together. But that didn't much matter, really.

I turned my gaze away from the TV, the shitty movie Sammy'd invited me to watch with the two of them.

When I met Kylie's eyes, she smiled. Not wearing her adorable onesie any more, instead she had on a t-shirt and shorts. Her hair was no longer messy, though neither was it done up. And still no make-up.

"Only good things, I hope," I replied softly.

Meek, soft, harmless, trustworthy.

The four words circled in my mind, a constant reminder of how to act.

"Mostly," Kylie smirked.

A moment of silence followed.

"I'm sorry," I said, glancing downwards. "About Sammy. She wants to hook us up for some reason. That's why she's always talking about me, probably. She's trying to convince you to give me a chance or something."

I could feel Kylie's eyes on me, gaze unwavering.

"It's not that," she said softly. "The way she talks about you sometimes, like you two are the same person. You and Sammy must be really close."

That was one way of putting it.

"Kinda makes me wish I had a brother or sister," Kylie continued. "The way Sammy talks about it, it sounds nice."

She wasn't wrong there. 'Nice' it most certainly was.

"Maybe that's why she's so eager to get us together," I grinned, looked up at Kylie. "If we got hitched, you and Sammy would be sisters-in-law."

I could feel it. This was it. The moment was coming up. If I could get Kylie to open up about herself a little, tell me that she'd been stressed out lately, I could make my move. Offer to take all her anxiety and worries away.

"She talks about you too," I added, watching as the smile melted from Kylie's face. "She's worried about you. I don't know why, but Sammy tells me that you're stressed and anxious all the time."

When Kylie didn't say anything, turned her gaze away from me, I inhaled a deep breath and continued.

"If you'd like," I said, tone soft and comforting. "I know a way to help with stress. If it's what you want, I could help you meditate and feel better."

Meditate. Not hypnosis, meditation.

Asking Kylie if she wanted to be hypnotised seemed like a bad idea. Even if it didn't exactly work that way, most people assumed 'hypnosis' meant 'control' and, no matter how nice and kind Kylie saw me as, she probably wouldn't want any guy 'controlling' her after her experiences with her ex.

Meditation, though? That was *harmless*.

Just like ASMR.

Kylie gave me a forced smile.

"Thanks," she said stiffly, "but I'm fine. Sammy is worrying over nothing. I'm fine."

The sound of choked slurping filled my bedroom as I considered my options.

Sammy knelt before me, head bobbing up and down over my crotch – her mouth sending shivers of pleasure through my body. Warm wetness engulfed my cock as my sister sank her lips lower and lower down my shaft.

The problematic one – Kylie – was taking a shower. Probably wouldn't take long. I only had a few minutes to enjoy my sister's amazing mouth. And, even with just that scant amount of time, I was unable to fully enjoy Sammy's efforts.

She'd denied me.

Kylie had turned down my offer of help.

Not unexpected, but still annoying.

Worse, she was unlikely to change her mind overnight, allow me to 'meditate' with her and trick her mind into a hypnotic trance. By midday tomorrow – Sunday – she'd be

back at her own home, out of reach. My plan, at least my 'plan a', had failed.

I didn't want to go through with 'plan b', truly. If there was another way, any way of getting what I wanted, I'd do that instead.

But there wasn't. My hands were tied.

Sammy gagged, my cock in the back of her throat.

She began moving backwards, pulling away from my cock. Before even half my cock left her lips, I planted my hand on her head – began pushing her face back down onto it. Her mouth and throat filled with cock, inch after inch.

When she looked up at me, eyes wide and watering, I smiled at her.

So beautiful. Amazingly beautiful.

I could stare into those wide, hazel eyes forever. Lose myself in the hint of panic, the silent plea for air.

"Kylie will be done soon," I reminded my sister. "You better finish quickly, or she might walk in on us."

Sammy shuddered, her mouth quivering around my cock.

"That's a good girl," I smiled as Sammy resumed her bobbing, faster now. Resting my hand on her head, I leaned back, enjoyed the sensation. "Deeper. Take it all."

One of my friends once told me that fat girls give the best head. Something about how they're appreciative of attention or some other bullshit. Well, Sammy was anything but fat – save for her wonderfully huge tits – and the way she sucked cock... Well, I doubted *anyone*, fat or thin, would ever compare to how dedicated Sammy was to pleasuring my cock with her mouth.

Her lips trailed up and down its length, one hand holding it in place while the other cupped and squeezed my balls. Every now and then, she'd glance up at me, making sure she was doing a good job of keeping me satisfied. Her tongue swirled around in her mouth, massaging and toying with my cock. Her throat would bulge as she pushed herself harder, taking every inch of me right down to the hilt.

Only when floorboards creaked outside my room, the sound of Kylie walking by, did I allowed myself release.

Wave after wave of cum, a white flood, shot out of my cock and down my sister's tight throat. A day and a half's worth of pent-up arousal released, a gift for my loving sister to drink down and devour. And drink she did, gulping and gulping, throat constricting around the end of my cock, milking me dry.

By the time she allowed my cock to leave her lips, I was flaccid and drained.

Sammy wiped the corner of her mouth with her hand, gave me an energetic, satisfied smile, and skipped wordlessly out of my room. Off to go lie to her best friend about where she'd been and what she'd been doing.

One day soon, she wouldn't have to lie, not to Kylie.

Her best friend would be in on the secret and in on the fun.

"Listening to ASMR at night helps you sleep," I said to the microphone. Kylie would be going home today, that meant Sammy would be able to listen to a recording tonight. This recording. "It soothes away your worries, takes away your stress. That's why you listen to it as much as you do. That's why you're listening to my voice right now. Soothing you. Relaxing you."

My first plan had failed. Kylie had refused my offer to help her.

That left only my second plan, my 'plan b', on the table.

"When someone is suffering, you want to help them. You're a good person like that. And, especially if they're your friend, you want to help make them feel better."

Sammy, as far as I was aware, had never told any of her friends about her interest ASMR. None of them knew she listened to it every night.

"If your best friend was having trouble sleeping, or was majorly stressed out in other

ways, the right thing to do would be to talk to them about ASMR. To open up about your experiences with being unable to sleep at night, how you fixed the problem using recorded audio clips to relax you.”

If I could get Kylie listening to my clips the same way I had Sammy doing, that'd be great. Her agreeing to my 'meditation' sessions would be even better.

“It's your job as a friend to help Kylie out, to support her.”

I doubt I needed to say it, but there was no harm. Besides, Kylie would probably be needing a truly supportive friend soon.

“And, as your twin, it's my job to help you. To help support your friends when they need it. If you were unable, it'd fall on me to be there for them. That's what being a twin – two parts of a whole – means. Sharing each other's burdens. Doing what we can to help each other out.”

I'd thought long and hard about it. Rolled the problem over and over in my head, tried coming up with other solutions. Anything but this. But, ultimately, there was no other way. If I wanted to make Kylie mine, have her in the same way I had Sammy, there was only one thing I could do.

Kylie wouldn't agree to me outright hypnotising her, nor was she likely to accept ASMR recordings I'd made for her without question. If I even attempted either of those, I'd likely alienate her. I'd offered to help her with her stress, let her know I could assist her in 'meditating' her problems away. But she'd rejected that olive branch.

What other choice did I have?

She didn't think she needed my help. She believed she could cope with her issues herself. And maybe she could.

Her ex-boyfriend hadn't made good on his threats, had clearly made himself look like a limp-dicked idiot. The posting of her nudes online was a blow, but not a crippling one. It was something she'd be able to get over in time. The stress and anxiety and discomfort she felt from it all? Evidently, not enough for her to feel she needed help to cope with it.

That's why she'd rejected my offer.

She didn't need 'meditation' to comfort her. As shook as wary as she might be, she could manage it on her own. Without help.

To put it simply, her ex's empty threats weren't enough.

Kylie needed to *want* escape. If I was going to trick her into letting me help her, I had to make her *need* the sweet, hypnotic oblivion I was offering her.

Creating an anonymous messenger ID was easy enough. A VPN would mask my identity from anyone who might try finding out who the anonymous messages were from – not that it was likely, I already had the perfect scapegoat. And finding the right people to message was as simple as borrowing Sammy's phone and using her extensive contact list.

Kylie's friends, their boyfriends, the jocks and popular guys at school. Using the anonymous account I'd created, I sent them all just a single message.

A link. The same one Kylie's ex had sent to her.

A webpage filled with her nude pictures, sexual videos.

If she didn't feel like she needed help, if she thought she could handle the stress just fine on her own, that was okay. I'd just have to give her a whole lot more to be stressed about. A whole lot more reason to want to escape.

And then I'd make my offer again, when Kylie *needed* it.