

## Night Time Nudging

### Chapter 13

School was painful.

As I'd predicted and planned, the pictures and videos of Kylie had become public knowledge – a source of gossip for everyone at school. My own friends, not the most popular guys around, had somehow gotten hold of the links. Everyone had.

I saw Kylie once during the day. Just once.

When she'd been leaving the school grounds with her mother.

Her face had been a deep crimson, make-up marred and distorted with tear-trails running down her cheeks. And the look in her eyes...

Like I said. Painful.

For once, I actually paid attention in classes. Worked hard and took detailed notes. Partly to distract myself from the whispering and gossip, mostly for the next step in my grand plan.

Sammy, of course, was no-where to be seen.

She was at home, had called in sick this morning – as per my instructions.

Everything was going exactly as planned.

When the long school day was over, I gathered up all my detailed notes, sent a text to my sister and let her know I'd be a little late home today and why, and made my way to the address Sammy provided me with.

Kylie's home address.

As I walked there, I went over the plan in my head. Repeated each step back to myself mentally. Silently repeated the words I'd decided on – etching them in my memory. This next part was the most important, where I'd either succeed or fail. I needed to be flawless here.

When I reached the house, I double-checked the address, took a deep, calming breath. Then, resolute, I raised my finger to the door-bell and pressed.

The wait was agony, words repeating over and over in my head.

Then the door opened, a middle-aged woman stood in the doorway.

Kylie's mother.

"Hi," I said, voice cracking ever so slightly. "I'm a friend of Kylie's. Sammy's brother. I brought notes and stuff from school. Can I see her, please?"

The woman looked me up and down, eyes hard.

"Wait here," was all she said before closing the door in my face.

My heart pounded in my chest.

I stood unmoving, waiting. Hoping and praying.

Finally, the door creaked open again, the same middle-aged woman standing in the doorway. This time, there was less open hostility in her eyes.

"Come on," she said, voice softer now, "This way."

Kylie's bedroom door closed shut behind me.

My eyes took in my surroundings with a mixture of surprise and analytical interest.

Pink wallpaper, cuddly toys stacked like a mountain on her huge bed, boyband posters on the walls, a make-up desk in one corner, a huge wooden wardrobe in another. Everything seemed so bright and girly, completely alien compared to Sammy's mostly plain bedroom.

Kylie sat knees-to-chest on her bed, a small teddy-bear clutched in her arms. Her eyes were bloodshot and baggy, downcast. She'd changed out of her school uniform, now wore plain pyjamas. Her make-up was gone, though she still looked as beautiful as ever – even with the wet cheeks and pained eyes.

"Hey," I spoke, the words I'd spent a day rehearsing nowhere to be found. "I, uh... I

have notes and schoolwork and stuff. I... Are you okay?"

*Are you okay?*

Had I really just asked *that*?

Dumbass.

Kylie looked up at me, a tiny, wavering smile appearing on her lips for a brief moment. Then, before my eyes, it was like something cracked inside her. The smile broke, a strained choke escaping her lips as her eyes watered up.

"No," Kylie spoke, voice strained.

And then she closed her eyes, began sobbing.

I stood frozen for a moment, mind reeling.

What was I meant to do? What could I say to make this situation better? What would Sammy do if she were here?

That last question, at least, I knew the answer to.

I knew my sister.

Stepping forward, knowing the huge risk I was about to take, I let my school bag fall from my shoulders. When I sat down on the bed next to her, Kylie didn't react. When I placed a gentle hand on her shoulder, she flinched but didn't shy away.

"It's going to be okay," I told Kylie softly.

After a heartbeat or two, Kylie's body seemed to relax slightly. She cried freely, almost seeming to lean towards me, into my hand, as I sat there silently.

How long she cried for, I'm not sure. A little while. A few minutes maybe.

As she began to calm down, her sobs dying away, I spoke again.

"It's going to be okay," I repeated, this time more confidently.

"Thank you," Kylie whispered in response.

I reached for my bag, pulled out the detailed notes I'd taken for Kylie. Apologised for my handwriting, and for the fact that Sammy was 'ill' and couldn't be here herself. Making myself look like a good guy, knowing that I was the reason Kylie was hurting so much, wasn't easy. I felt genuine pain at having to do this to her. But it was the only way.

She didn't think she needed my help. I had to change that.

"You know," I said eventually, as I was getting ready to leave. "If you want, I can still show you my meditation trick. It won't make everything better or anything, but it'll help. Let you escape everything and not have to worry or anything for a little while, at least."

The faint smile that'd been growing on Kylie's face melted away.

She looked down at her bed, was silent for a long moment.

"I'll think about it," she said softly. "Thank you."

It wasn't a yes, but it wasn't a no either.

Progress, then.

It'd come at a cost, but the end would justify the means. When she agreed to my 'meditation' sessions, I'd take away all the hurt and pain she felt. Replace it with happiness. She would be, in the end, better off because of my actions.

I returned home smiling, planning my next move.

Likely, Kylie would ask Sammy about my 'meditation' offer at some point. So it'd make sure my sister gave her friend a glowing recommendation. And, in order to make sure she did just that, I'd have Sammy undergo some 'meditation' personally.

I went to my sister's bedroom, let myself in without needing to knock.

Twins, after all, were basically the same person. Sammy's bedroom was, in her mind, my bedroom also. We shared everything.

"Hey sis," I smiled, allowing my eyes to roam over her perfect body. "I have a favour to ask."

She was wearing a white t-shirt and denim shorts. No bra – she'd been wearing them less

and less lately. Sat cross-legged in a stereotypical meditation pose, eyes closed and face serene.

The way she was sitting wasn't really necessary to the hypnotism, nor for real meditation in general. But it did help with making my trick *feel* authentic. In reality, hypnosis and general meditation have a lot in common – they're all about relaxing and emptying one's mind. Hypnosis just takes things a little further than meditation.

"Sammy," I said, staring at my sister's face. "What do you think about Kylie's nudes being shared around school?"

Her face twitched, eyebrows narrowing slightly.

"I think," she said, paused slightly, "it's hott."

Not the reply I'd been expecting, but it made me smile all the same.

"Does it make you jealous, knowing everyone at school has seen your best friend's tits?"

"A little," Sammy mumbled.

"Do you want everyone to watch you sucking cock too?"

"I don't know," Sammy breathed, face flushed. "It's hott."

My amazing sister. Had she always been a kinky slut, or was it a result of my recordings? A mixture of both, probably.

I smirked, an idea coming to mind.

"I find Kylie very attractive," I told my hypnotised sister. "I think she has an amazing, sexy body. Those pictures and videos of her are extremely arousing to me."

And, in Sammy's mind, what I liked mattered. In her mind, we were the same person. What I liked, she should also like. If I found Kylie attractive, Sammy's mind and beliefs should trick her into finding her best friend attractive and arousing too.

"Seeing her perky tits bouncing around in the clips where she's dancing naked, and watching her touch herself in some of the other videos, that makes me want to jerk off. Pleasure myself while thinking about her."

Sammy's body trembled, legs quivering and eyelids fluttering.

"I want to masturbate to pictures and videos of Kylie," I stated. "I think that'd be hott."

Sammy's lips parted. A soft, erotic sigh escaped her lips.

"Do *you* want to touch yourself to Kylie?" I asked my sister.

From her reaction, I wasn't a hundred percent sure she was still in the trance. She bit down on her lower lip, body shuddering. Her cheeks were flushed, nipples hard under her t-shirt. Her hands, I noticed, had started inching closer and closer to her crotch.

"Yes," my sister breathed.

"I want to fuck your best friend. I want to fuck Kylie."

"Yes," my sister repeated, despite the fact I hadn't actually asked her a question.

"Do *you* want to fuck Kylie?" I asked my sister.

"Yes!" Sammy half-gasped, half-moaned.

Perfect.

I made Sammy pose for me. Had her dance in the exact same way Kylie did in those videos, told her to position herself and her body in ways that identically replicated the leaked pictures of her best friend.

If Sammy realised that's what I was doing, knew I was making her imitate her friend, she didn't let on. She simply followed my instructions with a smile on her lips and a flush in her cheeks.

Snapping pictures and recording videos of my naked sister. A year ago, this would've been an impossibility. A fantasy. Yet here I was, living the dream.

When it was time for her to start sucking cock for the camera, I couldn't help but smirk at my sister's eagerness.

"Good girl," I gasped as she bobbed her head back and forth.

Mouse brown hair, up in a ponytail. A lovely handle for me to hold on to, a leash for me to guide my sister's movements with. When she could, Sammy stared up into my eyes – hers open wide. And, when she was too close to look up, when her chin and my balls were pressed together and all I could see was the top of her head, I closed my eyes and leaned back – enjoying the blissful sensation. Lovely warmth and slurping, chocked moans.

What more could a brother ask for?

In the video I was recreating with Sammy, Kylie swallowed her boyfriend's load – guzzled it down like a true slut. But, for Sammy, that felt like a waste. My perfect sister with her perfect lips and amazing eyes, her pretty face and loving gazes.

No, while I was recording her, that wouldn't do. I couldn't just blow my load down her throat when I could do something far more photogenic.

When the time came, I yanked on Sammy's hair, dragged her head backwards and away from my cock. It sprang from her lips with an audible, wet 'pop'. She stared up at me, wincing in pain slightly.

"Smile for the camera," I told her as I came, one hand reaching down to hold and aim my cock.

A string of white shot up into the air, dropping down onto Sammy's chest as another spurt of cum followed after it. A little landed on her torso, a few jets in her hair. Most, however, landed on target. My sister's beautiful face, pasted white and wet.

Spurt after spurt, a continuous eruption of white.

She stared up at me, a cum-covered mess. And, cheeks full and lips spread wide, she gave me a huge, beautiful smile.

Then, staring into the camera lens, she licked her cummy lips.

The next day, after school, I had fun plans for Sammy.

Unfortunately, she wasn't home. Instead of heading straight back here after school, she'd gone to Kylie's place. Kylie, unsurprisingly, hadn't been at school. Likely wouldn't show herself there for a long while. Sammy, the kind and caring soul, had decided to comfort her friend in person.

Annoying, but not the end of the world.

My kinky little idea could wait for another day.

Instead, I used the time alone to do some online shopping: A pair of wide sunglasses, a long-haired wig, some toys from an online sex-store – hopefully they were discreet in their packaging. Just a few bits and bobs, items that me and Sammy could use to enhance our fun and explore her exhibitionism further.

That done, I turned on my mic and began recording.

"Your best friend is hurting," I said into the microphone after the usual ASMR-into-hypnosis setup. "Kylie needs help. She needs escape from her pain and her problems. She needs comforting. You can give her some, be moral support for her and be a shoulder for her to cry on, but you can't do it all yourself. You can't help her meditate, you can't record relaxing ASMR audio clips for her. Some things, you can't do – no matter how much you want to."

Technically, Sammy *could* do those things. It wasn't exactly hard to talk into a microphone for a little while, or to learn how to meditate and share that information with someone else.

"I can. Your twin brother, your other half, *can* do those things. He – I – can help Kylie. But only if she lets me. As things are right now, she doesn't know or trust me enough. But, with your help, you can show Kylie just who your brother is – why she can trust me as much as you do. And you do trust me, don't you Sammy? You trust me completely."

Was that trust misplaced? Some might say so.

But, on the other hand, my sister was living a happier, more fulfilling life thanks to the trust she'd place in me and what I'd been able to do thanks to that trust. In the end, wasn't that what really mattered?

"I know how to get Kylie to believe in me - trust me. But I need your help, Sammy. I need you to do something very important for me."

When Sammy got back from Kylie's place later that evening, she caught me up on everything going on over there.

Apparently, the police had caught up with Kylie's ex and were charging him with distributing revenge porn – or, to be slightly more technical, 'image-based sexual abuse'. There was a court date set and everything, with potentially months – or even years – in prison at stake.

I couldn't find it in me to care, though.

The idiot had threatened Kylie countless times, attempted to blackmail her into having sex with him, sent ugly and harassing messages to her phone on a daily basis. So what if he hadn't actually shared the images with anyone? The fact that he'd uploaded them at all, had left heaps of undeniable evidence in his wake, was more than enough to convict him.

He'd threatened to leak the pictures and videos to Kylie's friends. That exact thing, them being leak, had happened. As far as the rest of the world had been concerned, no-one else even knew those files existed.

Really, the idiot had dug his own grave. He was the perfect fall-guy.

When she was done filling me in on the details, and after she'd told me how Kylie was doing, Sammy went for a quick jog around the neighbourhood. And, upon her return, I handed her the recording I'd made for her.

"I think I'm gonna call it a night," I said, feigning a weary yawn. "Everything that's been going on with Kylie has really been stressing me out. I couldn't sleep last night."

Sammy nodded her head sympathetically.

My poor, gullible sister.

The next day, I waited patiently.

Sammy was, once again, at Kylie's place. Only this time, it was actually a part of the plan. My grand scheme, coming ever closer to fruition.

I'd never much liked chess. Boring game with no real entertainment value. No risk or reward.

Yet, playing with people like I was – moving them where I wanted, manipulating them into doing my bidding – somehow felt like a chess game. I was up against an invisible opponent that didn't want me to succeed, yet here I was on the verge of winning. Instead of little black and white pieces I was moving, it was Sammy and Kylie and everyone else. Positioning them all where they needed to be, with the right words and motivations and desires to make my will a reality.

I felt powerful, godlike.

It was exhilarating. A rush.

Made me want to bend my slut sister over, spank her and make her call me Master. Have her worship me.

Maybe I'd do just that.

But not tonight. Not before I got the phone-call or text I wanted.

I could feel it. All the pieces were in place.

When Sammy arrived home, I didn't go to greet her. She went for her run, took her shower, went into her bedroom to do her homework or talk with friends or whatever it was she did when I wasn't there to have my fun with her.

All the while, I waited – counted the minutes.

Any moment now. Any mome-

My phone buzzed, vibrated.

A new message, from a number that wasn't registered on my phone but one I recognised all the same.

A single message.

'How does this meditation thing work exactly?'

No more than a second or two later, another message appeared.

'It's Kylie, by the way.'

A smiled spread my lips as I typed a quick response.

'A little hard to explain. Easier to show you. Can I come over tomorrow after school?'

Seconds ticked by. A minute. Two.

Finally, my phone buzzed again. Only a single word this time.

'Sure.'