

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 14

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Relaxed," Kylie said softly, quietly. "Nice."

Probably the first time in the last few days she'd been able to feel relaxed, I wagered. The pain and betrayal was still fresh, the public humiliation of having her nudes leaked. She hadn't returned to school, hadn't left her house. Likely, she'd barely even left her bedroom.

It was a lot of suffering I'd put her through. But, in the end, here I was – Kylie tranced before me. It'd all been worth it.

I'd take away Kylie's pain, remove her anxieties and worries.

And, in their place, I'd leave something special.

"I can't imagine how difficult the last few days must have been for you," I told the pretty girl. "It's no wonder you need to escape it all. And that's what I can do. Help you escape. Make you feel better, happier. All you have to do is relax. Relax and listen to my voice. And I'll take away all the bad stuff, all the pain and hurt. Just listen to my voice and relax..."

For this first trance, I wasn't going to push any kinky thoughts into Kylie's mind. Before I started rewiring her brain for sex and attraction towards me, I needed to ensure I got plenty more trances after this one.

In one hand, I'd give her the escape from her pain. In the other, I'd subtly remind her of her public humiliation. After she woke from a trance, she'd be fine – happy, even. But, as the effects of the carefree, hypnotic attitude wore off, I wanted Kylie to feel that pain and betrayal even more potently – need escape all the more.

Addiction was a two-fold thing. The physical satisfaction of consuming the addictive substance, and the emotional reliance upon the substance itself. And, while I wasn't exactly going to make Kylie addicted to our 'meditation' sessions, her feeling that she *needed* them as a coping mechanism would help me out greatly.

"Trust me," I told Kylie with a smile. "I know *exactly* what I'm doing."

"Thank you for helping Kylie," my sister said softly, cuddling into me.

We were naked, laying on Sammy's bed. Both our bodies covered in sweat, a tiny trail of white leaking out from between Sammy's legs.

"It's no problem," I smiled at her. "I like helping Kylie."

She cuddled me a little tighter, closing her eyes blissfully.

Warm. Her body was warm against my skin, her tits squeezed tightly into my chest. Every now and then, a cool breeze would flow over our bodies – a pleasurable tickling on my damp skin. Outside, the sun was shining brightly.

Bliss. Pure and utter bliss.

I could have lain there forever, my twin sister in my arms with my cum filling her insides. All I had to do, I knew, was close my eyes and I'd drift off to a pleasant sleep.

I couldn't, though.

As perfect as this moment was, it couldn't last.

Eventually, our parents would get home. And one of them walking in on this scene, no matter how majestic the sight of my sister's naked body was, wouldn't end well. There'd be shouting and shock and, honestly, I didn't know exactly *what* would happen.

Would our parents look the other way? Pretend nothing was happening?

To some degree, they must be doing that already. Surely, they must know that Sammy had a boyfriend that'd been fucking her in the house. How could they not, with the musky scents of sex? They must know their daughter was getting pounded regularly, even if they didn't know it was their son doing the pounding.

Part of me was tempted to leave used condoms lying around the house for Mom and Dad to find. I knew Sammy would love *that* idea, kinky slut that she was. But tempting fate might not be the best idea.

Besides, I hated wearing condoms.

"I love you," my sister whispered as she drifted off to sleep.

Amazing. My life was amazing.

And, when I added Kylie to the fun, it'd get even better.

The two most beautiful girls at school, both dedicated to me and my cock. A fantasy most guys at school had probably dreamt of at one point or another. And for me, it was quickly becoming a reality.

"Are you sure about this?" Sammy asked, blushing.

"Yes," I stated firmly.

Sammy sat on her bed, dressed up in casual clothes. A tight t-shirt and jeans, bra and panties underneath. She'd put on a light layer of make-up, though not enough to hide the very real flush in her cheeks.

Shy? Aroused? A mixture of both, probably.

"Whenever you're ready," I told her, pointing the newly unboxed camera in Sammy's direction.

She blushed brighter, smiled awkwardly and cleared her throat.

"Hello," Sammy said brightly, her natural enthusiasm kicking in and brushing her awkwardness aside. "My name is Samantha. My friends call me Sammy. I am eighteen years old. I like running and exercising and spending time with my friends. My favourite food is spaghetti and meatballs. My favourite desert is key lime pie. And my favourite thing in the whole world is being fucked by my twin brother."

The more she spoke, the more confident her tone got. And the more certain I became that the pink flush spreading across her skin was from arousal.

"It feels *sooo* good," Sammy smiled, closed her eyes at the thought of me fucking her. "The way his cock fills me up. Spreads me apart. How he fucks me non-stop, spans me and pulls my hair, makes me do it in public where anyone could see. It drives me wild just thinking about it. It's all I can think about all day. It's what I imagine as I fall asleep, and it's what I dream about – him fucking me. When I wake up in the morning, I always get disappointed because he's not already on top of me yet."

I raised an eyebrow at her, couldn't help myself.

"You want to wake up to me fucking you?" I asked, eyes locked onto my sister's full lips.

"Yes, please," Sammy answered with an erotic gasp.

Well, I'd be setting my alarm early tonight, that was for sure.

"He's the one recording me now," Sammy continued, staring into the camera's lens. "My twin brother. This was his idea."

Her eyes flickered to me, warm and intense. Just as quickly, they returned to the camera.

"I am my brother's slut," Sammy smiled sweetly, happily. "I crave my brother's cock. I gave him my virginity. I'm glad it was him who took it. My friends are always talking about guys, who they like and who they fuck, how good this guy or that guy is in bed, or how bad they are – how big or small, if they're a quick-shooter or if they last for hours. I used to get annoyed when they'd talk about that kind of stuff."

One of Sammy's hands reached between her legs, started slowly caressing over her jeans.

"Now I feel sorry for them," Sammy admitted. "Because they'll never know just how truly *amazing* sex can feel. My brother and I are *so* compatible. It's like we were made for each other to fuck. It makes sense, if you think about it. We are, after all," the corner of

Sammy's lips curled slightly, "practically the same person. Sex with my brother is the best thing in the world."

Sammy bit her lower lip, hand sliding under her jeans now.

"He knows me so well. Knows exactly how to make me feel good. Make me scream and moan. I belong to him, to his cock. Whatever he wants me to do, I'll do it."

Whatever I want, eh? I looked forward to finding the limits on *that*.

"Only one of my friends has a brother," Sammy gasped, leaning her head back, closing her eyes. "Not a twin, like me and my brother, but still. When I told her she should try fucking him, she thought I was joking. Her loss."

The idea of Sammy trying to hook her friends up with their family members was in equal parts hott and scary. The last thing I needed was Sammy accidentally spilling the beans on our unique relationship. I'd have to address that in tomorrow's recording.

"Who do you belong to, Sammy?" I asked.

Head still tilted backwards, eyes still closed and lips parted, Sammy answered.

"You," she moaned.

"And who am I?"

"My twin brother."

"You and I are basically the same person, right?"

"Yes," my sister moaned again.

"You'll do whatever I tell you to, won't you?"

"Yes," she gasped, hand moving furiously now.

"No matter what it is, you'll obey. Right?"

"Yes!" Her body was shuddering now, shaking with the motions her hand and arm were making. Her tits were jiggling in their cloth prison, nipples visibly hard even through the two layers of clothing.

"Sammy, take your clothes off. Show the whole world your slutty body, and who it belongs to."

I uploaded the final video to a website. Sammy watched me do it with a red face and very wet lips. I didn't tell her that the website was mine, an imitation of a porn site and not the real deal. Nor did I tell her the site was unlisted. The only way someone would ever find the video was if they had a direct link to it, and the only way they'd ever have that is if me or Sammy gave it to them.

Still, it was up online now. Available for 'anyone' to watch.

After the upload was complete, Sammy pushed me down onto my bed, rode me like a woman possessed – eyes flicked over to my computer monitor every now and then, a wild smile on her face.

Over the next few days, I added several more videos to my fake site.

One of us fucking on our parents' bed, Sammy slipping on a pair of Mom's panties for the occasion. We found, in our nosy search of our parents bedroom, that Mom owned a small vibrator. And how could we possibly resist putting it to use? For the final 'scene' of that particular video, Sammy held up a fairly recent family photo as I came on her.

In another video, we made use of the kitchen. Ever noticed that a lot of things in a kitchen can be used as a makeshift dildo? Basically the handles of any saucepan or the like would do the trick. My favourite part in the kitchen video involved a cucumber in my sister's cunt, a carrot up her ass, as a cock in her mouth. I titled the video 'Sammy Salad' when I uploaded it.

Over the following week or two, many more videos ended up on my fake, hidden website. Each one, I could tell, drove my sister wild.

In the same period of time, I visited Kylie a few times. Not too regularly, not yet. But enough to help her 'meditate' away her troubles. Little by little, she was coming around to me. And, as I rid her of her pain, I also planted lots of little seeds in her mind.

"You don't want to go back to school, do you?" I asked.

"No," my pet-to-be answered numbly.

"You don't want to go there knowing everyone's seen those leaked pictures and videos of you. It makes sense. You're afraid of what they'll think, how they'll look at you. It makes sense that you want to avoid school."

My eyes roamed the girl's body. Clad in jeans and a hoodie, baggy clothes that hid her slender figure. A consequence of her nudes being made public – she was more self-conscious now, wanted to hide herself and her body out of sight.

That'd have to change.

"But," I continued, "that's not the right way to deal with your problems. You're running away from them, not facing or resolving them. That's no way to live. You're scared of what people will say, what they'll think. You don't want them to look at you. But, if you do nothing, if you hide here in your room forever, you let them win. You let your ex-boyfriend win. You don't want *him* to win, do you?"

Kylie's eyebrows furrowed.

"No," she answered firmly.

"Who cares what everyone else thinks," I told her. "All that matters is what the people close to you think. The people you care about, and who care about you. You parents, Sammy, Me. We don't care about those nudes being leaked. That's not going to change how we treat you. Everyone else? They don't matter."

From what Sammy had told me, several members of their friend group had started bad-mouthing Kylie behind her back. Calling her a slut, spreading rumours about her. That kind of petty schoolgirl shit. Probably out of jealousy – knowing that their boyfriends were whacking it to Kylie's nudes at night. Regardless, Kylie had been, in a way, ostracised by her old friends.

I hadn't planned on that. But really, it was good news.

The more isolated and alone Kylie felt, the more she'd need my 'meditation' sessions to cope. And, if her friends were abandoning her, she'd need something to fill the void they left behind.

Me.

"Who cares what everyone else thinks," I said, watching her intently. "So what if they've seen those pictures and videos. At the end of the day, you're still you. Don't let them take that away from you. Don't let them win. Show them all that you don't care what they think. That they don't matter. You should only ever care about the people who care about you, right?"

"Yes," Kylie spoke softly, body seeming to relax a little more.

"There are only a handful of people that truly care about you. And that's fine. You don't need many. But those few that you do have, they're the only ones you should care about too, right?"

"Yes," Kylie repeated.

"Only the opinions of those select few people matter, yes?"

"Yes."

"And who are those select few people, Kylie?"

"My parents," Kylie answered slowly. She paused a moment, then spoke again. "Sammy."

I waited, crossed my fingers. Even with the girl's eyes closed I could see her mind chugging along, working slowly. Her eyebrows narrowed in uncertainty, lips quivering slightly. Finally, she opened her mouth and spoke one last word.

"You."

The next day, Kylie returned to school.

There were looks and stares and comments, as one would expect. My friends, who admittedly I'd been talking to less and less ever since I first started my grand Sammy-seduction plan, gossiped about the 'pornstar' that went to our school. Calling Kylie a slut, wondering out loud if she'd be willing to suck or fuck them for cash. What a bunch of idiots.

Teachers pretended like nothing was different, none even drawing attention to Kylie's absence. One or two of the female teachers asked her to stay behind after class, no-doubt to give Kylie 'moral support'.

The students, on the other hand, were vicious. All Kylie's old friends, save Sammy, were ignoring and avoiding her. Random guys cat-called her as she walked between classes and at lunch. Whispers and muttering could be heard loudly in the corridors, snide girls and douchebag guys.

As for me, I'd nod and smile at Kylie whenever I saw her. A little reassurance for her. She'd always smile in reply, nod her head in thanks.

None of my friends noticed the gestures, of course. They were too busy staring at Kylie's body – either her actual self, or the pictures and clips they all had saved on their phones. Ironically, I was probably the only guy at school who *didn't* have Kylie's nudes saved on their phone.

I couldn't help but watch Kylie throughout the day.

Even with my hypnotic nudging, I didn't expect her to look so in control of everything. She seemed totally indifferent to the gossiping around her, didn't seem to care that all but one of her friends had turned their backs on her. She walked with her chin up, striding through the hallways like she owned the place.

Truth be told, she looked more beautiful than ever.

Flowing dark hair, smouldering eyes filled with confidence, an upturned nose that made her almost seem to look down on everyone around her. Like they weren't worthy to be in her presence. That kind of expression on a less attractive girl would've been arrogant and grating. On Kylie, it was downright sexy.

'So what if you've all seen me naked?' Her eyes seemed to say. 'So what if you've seen me satisfying a cock? That's the best you're ever going to get. It's not like I'll ever satisfy yours. Have fun thinking and dreaming about what you'll never have.'

And, every time her gaze fell upon me, it relaxed. The confidence morphing into gratitude.

These other guys might not stand a chance, but I wasn't them.

I was the man who always got what he wanted, one way or another.

As the school day came to an end, just as I was about to walk off school grounds and head home, Sammy walked over to me with a wide smile on her face.

"Me and Kylie are gonna go for a walk before we head home," my sister told me. "After being locked away in her room so long, I think she wants to enjoy the sun and fresh air a little longer. Do you wanna come with us?"

"Sure," I said, glancing over at where Kylie stood waiting – watching us. "I mean, I don't want to intrude or anything. Is Kylie okay with me tagging along?"

My sister beamed at me.

"She's the one who wanted me to ask you."