

## Night Time Nudging

### Chapter 15

A warm sun shone down on us. Bright, but not too hot. A blue sky with the occasional white cloud. A lovely, relaxing day.

I sat in the middle, a beautiful girl on either side of me.

Silence.

None of us spoke.

We just sat there on a park bench, basking in the warmth. Enjoying the quiet moment together. Me, and my two girls.

Sure, Kylie wasn't fully mine just yet. I hadn't gotten into her pants or anything. But she was still *mine*. Her heart, broken into tiny pieces, was slowly being put back together again – ready for her to give to me. With our private 'meditation' sessions, it wouldn't be long now.

Kylie would become my official girlfriend. Sammy would be my secret girlfriend. And both would be my partners.

I wanted it. And, thanks to my nudgings, Sammy wanted it too.

She wanted her best friend.

All that remained was to make Kylie want it too. Want both me and Sammy, and be okay with sharing – not caring that we were related. *That* part might take some time. Eroding away Kylie's sense of moralities and taboos. But I could wait.

Until then, I'd continue my nudging. Poking and prodding at her mind until she was ready. Ready to date me, to give me her heart and affection, ready to spread her legs for me.

"It's a beautiful day," I said, breaking the silence. Both girls turned their heads to look at me.

What thoughts were running through their minds right now?

I couldn't help but wonder.

"Yeah," Kylie spoke, sounding carefree and happy. She let out a little, contented sigh.

In the corner of my eye, I could see my sister's smirk.

Kylie was falling for me, and Sammy could see it.

If she knew the real reason why her friend was developing an attraction towards me, would she still be so happy about it?

"Love is a strange thing," I said, watching Kylie's face intently. "You never know when or where it's going to happen, or with who. In films, it's always obvious who's going to fall in love by the end. But, in real life, love is a lot more surprising. You can end up falling in love with someone totally unexpected. Someone you never thought about before, even someone you might've rejected in the past. Love is strange. And wonderful."

We were in her bedroom, as always. She was on her bed, assuming a typical 'meditation' pose with her legs crossed and her eyes closed.

It really was that simple. Having her sit like that, talking her into a hypnotic trance. Simplicity itself.

"Love, when it's for the right person, is a beautiful thing. An amazing, inspiring, perfect thing. When you love a person, and they love you back, nothing else in the world matters. All you need is love."

I'd decided on tackling Kylie from the 'love' angle for multiple reasons. Mostly, it was because she was a young woman who'd grown up on films and television shows that'd taught her how important and 'powerful' love was. If she loved me, and believed I loved her, then it'd made seducing her the easiest thing in the world.

If I could make her love me – and I very much could – then my goal of making her

mine would be half-completed right there and then.

And, from that point, I'd do exactly as I'd done with Sammy.

I'd convince Kylie that twins were essentially the same person. That me and Sammy were, for all intents and purposes, one person with two bodies. Fucking Sammy would be the same thing in her mind as having sex with me. And sex with both of us at once? Nothing strange about that at all...

"Love," I continued. "Is all you'll ever need. And, deep down, you know who it is that you're beginning to fall in love with, don't you Kylie?"

The girl pursed her lips, eyelids twitching. She blushed softly.

"Yes," Kylie answered numbly.

I leaned in, pressed my lips to hers.

At first, she was too surprised to reciprocate. But, after a moment of hesitation, she began to kiss me back. Softly. Lovingly.

An intimate moment. Our first.

It'd been weeks since Kylie's nudes had been leaked. A month or two of near-daily trances. All the time I'd needed to get to this moment – making out with the second hottest girl at school. A blissful, victorious moment.

Interrupted, of course, by a knocking on Kylie's bedroom door.

We broke apart instantly as Kylie's mother opened her bedroom door and let herself in.

"Hey, I was-" Kylie's mother began to say, then noticed the two red faces she'd just walked in on. "Oh... You know what," she blushed, a faint smile tugging at the corner of her lips. "It can wait until later."

Slowly, the older woman slipped unsubtly back through the doorway of Kylie's bedroom, closed the door behind herself.

And left behind the most awkward silence of my life.

Neither me or Kylie said anything. We didn't even so much as look at each other. I could practically feel the embarrassment radiating off her.

Finally though, the awkward embarrassment washed over into giggles and laughter.

I turned to Kylie, saw the blush in her cheeks and genuine joy and happiness in her eyes. And, in that moment, I knew I'd done it. Kylie was, at last, mine. Heart and soul and – soon – body.

Kylie's mother was thrilled when Kylie told her we were dating. Apparently, for whatever reason, the woman seemed to like me. Probably something to do with saving her daughter from depression and bringing constant smiles to her face. Kylie's father gave me the whole 'you break her heart, I'll break your legs' talk. A little over-protective of his 'little princess', but I could hardly blame him – what with Kylie's previous dating experience.

My friends were shocked when they found out. Most of them didn't believe it at first. But, a few public make-out sessions later, and everyone knew we were a thing. I'd never been the centre of gossip before, and I didn't much enjoy it. But the fact that I had Kylie as my arm-candy certainly made up for the annoying whispers and gossips.

Just a few weeks into us dating, Kylie made the suggestion I'd been patiently waiting for.

Instead of going to her place after school, we should go to my and Sammy's house. After all, *my* parents wouldn't be home.

We stopped by at a store on the way home, bought some condoms.

Sammy, my angel of a sister, 'decided' that she wanted to go for her evening jog a little earlier than usual – left me and her best friend home alone. And, just like that, we had total privacy.

I led my girlfriend into my bedroom, shut the door.

Kylie looked around my room nervously, eyes lingering momentarily on the large ASMR microphone. Finally, she turned to me – a girlish blush on her cheeks. Seeing her standing there was a dream come true. One of the hottest girls I'd ever seen, in my room, wearing her school uniform, ready and willing to fuck.

I smiled at her, took a step forward.

"You're beautiful," I said, placing my hands on her hips.

She blushed brighter, whispered a quiet 'thank you'.

As I guided her to my bed, she wrapped her hands around my shoulders, began kissing me. Her breath was warm, body hot against mine even through the several layers of clothing.

Clothing that, very soon, was discarded and forgotten.

"So," Sammy said, grinning, "how was it?"

We were sitting on her bed, Kylie having just left to go home.

"How was what?" I asked.

"Fucking Kylie," Sammy grinned wider. "Tell me all about it!"

Of course, my sister was attracted to Kylie now. She wanted to fuck her best friend too, only she didn't have the option to actually do it like I did. She'd have to settle for my telling her about it, experiencing it vicariously through me.

For now, at least.

Soon enough, Kylie and Sammy would take their friendship to a whole new level.

"It was great," I told my sister honestly, smiling at the very recent memory. "So good. The way she moans is just amazing. So soft and sweet. When she cums, her eyes roll back in their sockets and her back curves and her feet curl. Her whole body started shaking and trembling, and he held onto me the whole time."

Sammy nodded her head enthusiastically, a hand reaching between her legs to touch herself as I spoke.

"Go on," she urged. "Tell me more."

"She shaves," I continued. "And she has a spot on one of her thighs. A mole or a freckle or something. Right up next to her pussy, And she *really* liked it when I played with her clit. Like, she was losing her mind over it..."

I went on, describing the scene to my sister. And Sammy listened intently, eyes closed as she slowly rubbed and fingered herself.

I watched her, the growing tightness in my pants evidence that Kylie hadn't *completely* milked me dry with her sweet cunt.

"If you'd like," I told my sister, placing my hand on her knee. "I could show you *exactly* what me and Kylie did."

Sammy's eyes shot open, gazed at me with lust-filled abandon.

Slowly, Sammy nodded her head.

"Twins are practically the same person," I said – repeating words and sentiments I'd spoken countless times before in recordings. "When it comes to identical twins, they are – genetically speaking – exactly the same. Identical. The same person. And, even when twins aren't strictly identical, they still have that special bond. They are, in a manner of speaking, the same individual. One whole person with two bodies, each one an extension of the other."

I'd said the same thing countless times before. Only, all of those times it'd be for Sammy to hear. Now I was speaking to Kylie's tranced mind. My girlfriend took the information in silently, that same serene, relaxed expression on her face as usual.

If the 'twins are the same person' angle worked for Sammy, there was no reason why it shouldn't work for Kylie.

"Twins are the same person. They share a bond that no-one who's not a twin can

truly understand. Being in a relationship with me, Kylie, is like being in a relationship with Sammy too. It's no coincidence that your best friend in the whole world also happens to be your boyfriend's twin. You love us both, me and Sammy. When it's just the three of us together, everything feels *right*. Things are nice when it's just us two, or just you and Sammy together. But when it's all three of us, it's amazing. Perfect. You feel it too, don't you?"

"Yes," Kylie answered softly.

"When the three of us are together," I continued, eyes roaming over my girlfriend's body, "everything is perfect."

When she woke from this trance, she wouldn't suddenly be okay with an incestuous threesome with me and Sammy. Not by a long shot. But, as far as laying groundwork, this would do just fine. I had no resistance, no doubt. For whatever reason, Kylie trusted me even more since we started dating – her mind opening up to me easier and giving me much more freedom and power over her. All I needed to do was plant the right seeds and, before long, Kylie wouldn't so much as bat an eyelash at the idea of me fucking Sammy.

Our parents, as always, were out. Working. They wouldn't be home for hours. And, when it was time for them to leave work, they'd send me and Sammy a text to let each us know.

Months into dating Kylie now, they knew for sure sexual things were happening under their roof. My father had taken me aside one day, given me 'the talk'. Suffice to say, neither of my parents wanted to walk in on one of their children having sex. Which was good, since if they *did* walk in on one of their kids fucking someone, that 'someone' was very likely to be their *other* child. And that *would* be an awkward situation for all of us to find ourselves in.

At home, then, I had total freedom to do whatever – and whoever – I wanted.

And today, I wanted both of them at once.

Kylie was ready. Sammy had been ready for a *very* long time.

It was time.

I had both girls stand next to each other, told them beforehand to wear regular clothes with their sexiest lingerie on underneath. We were in Sammy's bedroom, where it all began.

Sammy stood on the left. Her skin was a pleasant, golden shade. She'd spent enough time out in the sunlight, running her daily runs, to give herself a faint, natural tan. Her long, brown hair was tied back in a ponytail – as it usually was – with a little ribbon-like bow to hold it in place. Hazel eyes stared lovingly at me, filled with excitement and anticipation. Full lips spread in a wide grin, white teeth shining. And her body... Well, it was still as amazing as ever. Still worth all the effort and troubled I'd gone through to claim it. Lean and strong, athletic and toned. The only part of Sammy that wasn't solid and firm were her huge, gravity-defying tits.

And, on the right, was Kylie. Slightly taller than my sister, with pale white skin. Her dark hair fell in waves down her shoulders. Her eyes were filled with a heat and passion that sent shivers up my spine. Smouldering, hungry eyes. Neither as lean or as busty as Sammy, yet still somehow managing to radiate sexiness in a way that Sammy didn't. She wore a sundress, white and yellow and ever so slightly transparent. I could, if I stared hard, just about make out the bra and panties my girlfriend was wearing underneath it.

Both of them were stunningly beautiful.

And both of them were mine.

"Strip," I told them, eyes drifting over the pair of bodies in front of me.

One word. That was all it took.

The girls glanced at each other for a brief moment. Then, as one, they began shedding their clothes. Sammy's shirt and jeans, Kylie's sundress. In just a few heartbeats, the boring clothes had been discarded – leaving both girls standing there in the naughtiest

underwear they owned.

For Kylie, that meant a crimson lace bra and matching thong, thin and revealing. Fairly tame, compared to the piles of slutty lingerie Sammy owned, but that was fine. On Kylie's pale body, with her dark hair and hot eyes, the red looked great.

Sammy, on the other hand...

An under-breast corset tied tightly around Sammy's waist, pushing her huge, exposed breasts up and out nicely. Two straps from the corset wrapped over Sammy's shoulders but, other than that, there was no cloth above the undersides of Sammy's huge tits. She wore nothing at all to hide her melons. Nothing, that was, except two small stickers – one over each nipple. The two devil-face emoji stickers stared back at me, tantalising and tempting. It took considerable effort not to step forward and peel those stickers away, reveal the yummys underneath.

"Turn to each other," I commanded, pulling my eyes away from my sister's body. "Put on a nice show for me."

They knew why they were here. What was going to happen.

And, judging from the excitement in both of their faces, my girls were more than happy to entertain me with their first ever lesbian experience.

My girlfriend's hands roamed slowly over my sister's body, hips first, then up higher. Sammy stepped in closer to Kylie, wrapped her hands around her best friend's shoulders lovingly, gazed into her eyes before leaning in for the kiss.

Of the two, it was safe to say Sammy had more experience when it came to sex. But that wasn't the only reason my sister took the lead.

Twins were the same person. And I was dominant when it came to fucking Kylie. In Sammy's mind, that, by extension, meant she was supposed to be dominant with Kylie too.

Their kiss was deep, intimate. Hands trailed over curves, squeezed and touched and fondled. Soft gasps filled the air, gentle moans.

And, before long, Sammy tugged Kylie over onto the bed, mounted her.

With no cock to penetrate her lover with, my sister used what she did have available. Hands and fingers, mouth and tongue. First, kissing her best friend's body while gently teasing the sweet-spot between Kylie's legs. Then straddling Kylie's waist, leaning over and holding her friend's head to her chest. A sticker peeled away, replaced with Kylie's mouth.

An oddly intimate scene followed. Kylie suckling on her best friend's nipple, Sammy nursing her as if she were an infant. Only no milk came, no matter how hungrily Kylie licked and sucked and kissed. Hands reached between legs as Sammy nursed Kylie, rubbing clits and teasing openings.

When Sammy finally pulled away, her exposed nipple was bright red and swollen, saliva coating it. She smiled, repositioned herself.

The sight that unfolded next was too much for me.

My sister eating out her best friend, while I just sat back and watched? No, I couldn't do that. My plan of sitting back and just watching until much later on went out the window.

"Stop," I said, stepping towards the two girls.

Sammy stopped instantly, pulled her now wet face away from Kylie's crotch. Kylie's moans faded into a single, disappointed whine.

My sister looked at me questioningly, eyes wide. A drop of womanly fluid dripped down from her chin.

"Lay down," I ordered her. "And spread your legs. Kylie, it's your turn to lick. Use your mouth to get Sammy nice and ready for my cock."

I kissed Kylie goodbye, enjoying the taste of my sister on her lips. Then I waited patiently as my sister gave her best friend a lingering kiss goodbye too.

As my girlfriend disappeared down the street, I closed the front door and turned to Sammy.

I'd seen my sister run miles and last hours in bed, all while never a hint of fatigue. Yet, there she was, looking utterly exhausted and entirely satisfied. The wide smile on her lips refused to fade, even as tired as she obviously was.

I walked with her back to her bedroom, collapsed right beside her on her bed.

She cuddled into, eyes closed.

For a long few moments, silence filled the room. Relaxed and calm and serene. Until Sammy spoke, I fully believed she'd fallen asleep with her head rested on my shoulder.

"You know," my sister said softly. "You don't need to keep recording ASMR clips for me. I don't really need to listen to them any more. I haven't had trouble sleeping for a long time."

A good fuck before bed will do that to you, I suppose.

"Me too," I told her. "My insomnia is officially cured."

I paused, thought for a moment.

"Still," I continued. "I like making those recordings. I can't help but think that they bring us closer together."

That was one way of putting it.

"So I think I'll carry on making them. You might not need them to sleep any more, sure. But there's no harm in continuing to listen to them, right?"

As far as I was concerned, I'd never stop secretly hypnotising my sister – or my girlfriend. Not ever.

"Right?" I repeated when Sammy didn't reply.

Her only answer came a few seconds later in the form of a soft snore.

She'd fallen asleep. Of course she had.

I couldn't help but smile.

"Sleep tight, sis," I spoke softly. "Dream sweet dreams. And tomorrow, I'll have a brand new recording for you to listen to."