

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 2

Waiting for Sammy to wake up was agonising. I'd set my alarm to go off earlier than usual – earlier than Sammy would be up. I shouldn't have bothered. I hadn't slept at all during the night. I'd spent the entire time tossing and turning, mind wandering constantly to the room next to mine.

Had it worked? Was my sister in a trance, her mind being filled with thoughts of sunbathing? Had she fallen fully asleep before the induction had even begun? Was she laying there, awake and aware of my attempt to hypnotise her?

Even hours after the recording would have finished, I couldn't relax, couldn't sleep. All I could do was wait, my mind running through a thousand different scenarios.

If Sammy knew I'd tried to hypnotise her, how would she react?

She was nice; friendly and understanding. Would she keep it a secret, maybe even let me hypnotise her for real? Doubtful. She said it herself - hypnosis was *weird* and *creepy*.

Would she tell our parents, get me into trouble? I didn't think so.

No, she'd just start avoiding me. Looking at me differently.

When my phone alarm finally started to buzz, I was almost glad for the excuse to get out of bed and stop thinking about it. I quickly slipped on my school uniform, went to brush my teeth and wash my face.

And then I waited some more.

My eyelids felt heavy, my mind sluggish.

Time seemed to stretch for an eternity. I stood stationary in the kitchen, my eyes on the clock. Waiting.

Finally, the sound of motion drew my attention. Someone walking down the stairs. Since both our parents had already left for work, there was only one person it could be.

My body went rigid as Sammy entered the kitchen. My heart felt like it stopped dead in my chest.

Sammy froze when she saw me, a brief instant of surprise.

Then she ran forward, arms wide.

I flinched, half-expecting her to hit me. As athletic and fit as my sister was, her fists could hit *hard*.

Instead, her hands wrapped tightly around my back.

"Thank you," my sister said softly, pulling me into a tight hug. "It was perfect. Thank you!"

Her voice was in my ear, loud even with her soft tone. Her head was over my shoulder, arms holding me close to her body. My brain went into overdrive, suddenly wide awake.

Her chest was squeezing against mine. Big, soft pillows pressed into me.

Before I had a chance to fully appreciate the feeling of Sammy's body pressed up to mine, she pulled away.

"Uh," I said, words abandoning me. "No problem."

Her tits. They'd been right there! Against my chest!

Sammy smiled at me, eyes warm. Holy fuck, she was beautiful. It wasn't fair how good-looking she was, how pretty and cute and amazing. Why did I have to be her brother?

"I slept like a log," Sammy went on, almost seeming to glow in the kitchen's fluorescent light. "I feel amazing!"

She looked amazing.

I was so tired and dazed, I almost said it out loud.

"I'm glad," I found myself saying, my mind finally starting to work again. The

recording. She didn't know I'd tried to hypnotise her. That was a relief. But had it *worked*? "I'll have to record some more audio-clips for you."

Somehow, my sister's eyes brightened even further. How was it possible for her to be so beautiful?

"Really?"

The excitement in her voice made me grin. So eager.

She had no idea at all, did she?

"Sure," I shrugged, grinning. "It was kinda fun to record anyway. What'd you think? It was my first try 'n' all, so if you have any tips..."

As we walked to school together, Sammy told me all about what I'd done right with the recording – my voice, apparently, worked really well for ASMR. She gave plenty of advice, all her criticism masked with kindness and compliments.

She seemed utterly lost in her own little world. Talking about ASMR brought something out in Sammy, an enthusiastically eager excitement.

Likely, she didn't have anyone she could talk to about ASMR but me.

Don't get me wrong, Sammy had a ton of friends. Just none that she was comfortable talking about her little hobby with.

All while she was chatting, my sister was smiling wide.

Question was, had she dreamed of sunbathing on the beach?

If she had, I'd know for sure that I could use the recordings to hypnotise her.

I placed a hand over my mouth, yawned.

"Fuck, I'm tired," I said. That much was true. "Kept having really weird dreams last night."

Sammy raised an eyebrow, a look of concern crossing her face.

"Nightmares," I lied. "All night."

"I'm sorry," Sammy smiled sympathetically. "Did you listen to any ASMR? Might help you with nightmares."

My heart sank a little. No mention of the sunbathing beach.

Had it not worked? Had she fallen asleep before the induction?

"I had a lovely dream," Sammy said absently, looking forward into the distance. "I can still remember it clearly."

I perked up, warm hope blossoming.

"Yes?" I urged.

"There was a beach and..." Sammy shook her head, turned and smiled at me. "Not important. Tell me about your nightmares. Maybe I can help!"

Turns out, Sammy knew a lot about nightmares and what could cause them, how to treat them. Everything from diets to exercise to meditation to sleeping in odd positions. How or why she knew all of this, I had no idea. I simply nodded my head, half-listening while watching her pretty lips move, and waved her goodbye when we split up for different classes.

A single thought filled my mind, laced with victory and joy.

It worked. She'd had the dream.

I'd managed to hypnotise her, and without her even knowing.

If I could have, I'd have spent the rest of my time at school plotting and planning where to go from here. As it was, I could barely keep myself awake most of the day. I dozed off in more than one class and spent all of lunch passed out on a bench.

Thankfully, as school came to a close, I started to feel a little more awake. All that sleeping and dazing during classes might not have been good for my grades, but it certainly did give me the brain-power I needed after the school bell rang.

I headed home as fast as I could, raced up to my bedroom and searched through a

pile of scripts – words I'd written while waiting for my new microphone to arrive, trances and inductions masked as ASMR. I had stacks of the stuff. Hours of lust-fuelled hypnotic text. Most – if not all of it – was explicitly sexual.

I set one sheet of paper aside, written with the intent of making Sammy develop an exhibitionism kink. The one after it was meant to make her forget I was her brother and see me as her boyfriend instead. The next was one that, if it worked, would temporarily turn my sister into a 'living doll', limp and lifeless save for being in a state of constant arousal.

Finally, I found what I was looking for.

I set the paper down in front of me, started up my computer and began recording.

"We used to share a room," I told my microphone softly. "Before we moved here, the apartment we lived in was small, cosy. Me 'n' you had to share a bedroom. Those were nice times."

They really weren't. Hitting puberty, watching as Sammy started to develop, being trapped in the same room as her – only able to jack off when she was in the shower or out on one of her runs – was not fun at all. Until I'd bought her an mp3 player for Christmas one year, I'd had to deal with her music constantly. An argument every other night, living in a cramped space. I shuddered remembering it.

The only *good* thing about sharing a room – getting to sneak glances at her changing – was rendered moot by the fact that both of us had always changed clothes in the bathroom.

"Always having someone there to talk to and never feeling lonely. Back then, we were basically best friends. Sure, there were arguments now and then but, all in all, it was a good time."

To call what I was doing 'stretching the truth' would have been an understatement.

"Picture that," I went on, taking a quick sip of water. "I want you to remember the room we used to share together. Picture laying down on your bed, me sleeping on my bed. Relaxing. Having someone there is comforting. Having *me* there is comforting. It feels good, sharing a room with me. Being close to me..."

I knocked on Sammy's bedroom door, waited.

When no answer came, I did a quick check of the house. Both bathrooms were unoccupied, and she wasn't in the living room or kitchen, wasn't doing laundry. Likely, she was out on her evening run again.

I rolled my eyes, walked back to her room.

She still had my USB stick – which I needed to copy the newly recorded audio file to. I could have just waited for her to get back from her run, but curiosity and hormones drove me onwards.

I put my hand on the door handle and turned it, entered my sister's room.

Sammy's bedroom was bigger than mine, significantly so. Where I had a small one-person bed that took up a big chunk of the space in my room, Sammy had a queen-sized bed sat snugly against one wall. Wardrobes and bookshelves lined the other walls; a full-sized mirror here, a desk there. She didn't have a desktop computer like me, but a laptop instead.

She was undeniable our parents' favourite.

Understandable, honestly. I wasn't upset or annoyed by that fact. Sammy excelled at everything she did – good grades, athletic excellence, social butterfly, beautiful young woman. Next to her, I was painfully average - mediocre at best.

As soon as my eyes fell on Sammy's laptop, I saw my USB drive sitting comfortably on top of it.

Well that was easy.

Rather than walk over to it, my legs led me over to one of my sisters wardrobes. Hands trembling slightly, I reached out and opened it.

School blazers and sweatshirts hung in neat rows, white shirts were folded at the bottom next to jeans and tracksuit and yoga pants and skirts. A flowery fragrance seemed to radiate out from inside the wardrobe.

I closed it, opened a draw to find it filled with socks and underwear.

At first glance, all Sammy's undies looked plain – regular white panties, bulky, unappealing bras. But, on closer exception, I saw something I hadn't been expecting.

My fingers curled around the thin, almost see-through red-on-black fabric. I lifted it, stared wide-eyed.

The thong was light. But of course it was light. It was so *small*.

Why did Sammy own a *g-string*?

She didn't have a boyfriend. Had never dated anyone. At least not that I knew about.

Why did she have *this*?

Distantly, almost too quiet for me to make out, I heard the house's front door slam shut. Sammy, returned home from her evening run. I spun on the spot, instinctively slipping the g-string into my pocket – half expecting Sammy to be standing there in the doorway to her room.

My heart burst into action, racing in my chest.

Getting caught in Sammy's room, going through her underwear, would not be a fun experience.

Quickly, I closed her underwear drawer – in the heat of the moment, forgetting all about the thong in my pocket. I rushed over to her laptop, snatched up my USB stick, and left Sammy's room in a quick rush.

Luckily, my sister hadn't gone straight to her bedroom after getting home. Instead, she'd first gone to get a drink from the kitchen. I stood in my bedroom, ear to the wall, waiting and listening for her to walk by.

She'd know I'd been in her room, what with the USB drive missing. But, fingers crossed, she wouldn't realise her particularly slutty panties were missing.

I turned to my computer, USB stick in hand.

An hour later, I handed the USB stick back to Sammy.

She raised an eyebrow, grinning.

"I thought I lost it," she said, accepting it back. "You should have told me you took it!"

"My bad," I grinned.

Resisting the urge to look down at her chest was difficult. Like someone holding up a cake, but telling you that you can't taste it. Sammy's tits bulged outwards, inches from my hand as I gave my sister the USB drive. The temptation to just reach out and squeeze, look down at the massive pair and fondle them, was too real.

"Tell me what you think tomorrow morning," I told her, turning away and making to leave her room. Better to get out of there before I succumbed to my wicked temptations.

"Hold up!" Sammy said, reaching over and touching my arm from behind.

I froze, turned back towards her.

Had she realised I'd accidentally stolen her thong? Did she know about the hypnosis? My heart thudded, my mind reeling.

"I made one too," Sammy blushed, she glanced away shyly. Since when had my sister even been *shy* about anything? "ASMR," she continued. "I made a recording for you, too. As a thank you. It's not very long! Just a few minutes. But, yeah..."

I blinked at her.

Sammy had made me an audio clip?

"It's on my laptop right now," she said quickly, shyness vanishing behind her usual self-assured confidence. "It's probably not very good, but still. Give me a minute to save your recording to my mp3 player and I'll put my recording on your USB for you."

Hours later, laying on my back in bed, I turned on the recording Sammy had made.

A soft, whispering voice spoke to me through my ear-buds.

Sammy's voice.

In the back of my mind, I knew she hadn't recorded it to be sultry or seductive. But, laying there in the dark, listening to it alone, I couldn't help myself from getting aroused.

I imagined her next to me, wearing nothing but that slutty thong I'd found, whispering into me ear softly as her hand moved down my body. Why did she have such a sexy voice? Why was everything about Sammy so fucking arousing?

I sat up in bed, plucked my school trousers off the floor and rummaged through the pockets for a second.

When I tossed the trousers back onto the floor, I was left holding the red and black g-string.

It was so soft. A tiny triangle of fishnet-like red cloth held in place by slender black strings. It was so kinky, so sexy. And my sister had worn it? Sammy had put this on, unknown to anyone, and walked around while wearing it?

I imagined her in her school uniform, skirt billowing in a strong gust. A flash of red and black under the dull grey of the school skirt, a hint of flesh and hair.

I leaned back in bed again, thong wrapped around my fingers, hand reaching between my legs.

The audio of my sister's voice filled my ears, soft and erotic. In the recording, she giggled nervously – no doubt feeling awkward recording her voice alone like that. I imagined that gentle giggle as she reached between my legs, slowly stroked my cock.

A shiver of pleasure ran through me.

Right now, she was probably listening to the new recording. If it worked like last time, she'd fall into a trance again.

Slowly, with hypnosis, I could make her see me as more than just her brother. I could convince her subconscious mind to see me as a lover.

As I continued to jack myself off, my thoughts became far more simple – Sammy on top of me, riding my cock with her tits bouncing beautifully.

Many minutes later, after cleaning up the mess, I sat up in bed unable to sleep.

I'd slept enough during the day that I wasn't tired now.

Besides, the thought of Sammy being brainwashed in the room next to mine was far too exciting. Right now, her mind was being twisted ever so slightly. Making her believe that she missed sleeping in the same room as me, that we were close back then and that we'd drifted apart – regretting the fact.

That was the first step in making her fall in love with me.

I raised the g-string, stared at it for a long moment, ignoring the stain I'd left on it.

Did Sammy have a matching bra?

I hadn't seen one. But then, I hadn't really searched for it either, had I?

The thought of her wearing a matching set, bra and panties in slightly transparent black and red, was titillating. Picturing her tits exposed like that...

I climbed out of bed.

If I wasn't going to be sleeping, might as well do *something* with my time. I searched through my pile of scripts, pulled out one that fit my desires in that moment, set up the microphone and started recording.

"When people share a room, sleep in the same place, they're bound to catch glimpses of each other's bodies. When you share a bedroom with someone, you have to learn to be

okay with them seeing your body in ways that you usually wouldn't be alright with."

Back when we'd slept in the same room, Sammy had, over the years, walked in on me in all kinds of awkward situations. Once, she'd walked in on me masturbating. She'd brushed it off, her face bright red, apologising for 'interrupting'. Yet another reason I was grateful for us moving into a bigger place - one where I got a room all to myself.

"When you shared a room with me, you saw more of me and my body than most sisters see of their brothers. But that's okay, because we're close and you got used to it. For the most part, you're fine with seeing me undressed. It doesn't bother you any more, not after all those years of us sharing a room."

If only I could be there in the room with her when she listened to this recording. As it was, I'd have no idea how her body and mind reacted to what I was saying. I had no idea if this would work or if Sammy's mind would ignore it or, worse still, I wouldn't be able to stop her from snapping out of a trance and finding out about everything.

But there was nothing I could do. Not yet, at least.

So I continued, crossing my fingers and hoping I wasn't about to ruin everything.

"Just like it doesn't bother you any more when I see your naked body..."