

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 3

Days passed. Over a week. Enough time for both me and Sammy to flow into a routine. Get home from school, record and edit one of my scripts, save it to a USB drive. After her evening run, I'd hand Sammy the USB stick and she'd thank me with a brilliant smile. Then, in the morning, she'd return the USB stick to me and we'd talk all about what she thought of it.

Mostly, she'd say she didn't remember much. Apologise for falling asleep so quickly that she couldn't listen to it all. I'd laugh, tell her that her 'falling asleep' was a good thing. It was, after all, why I'd started recording ASMR audio files for her in the first place – to 'help her sleep'.

As far as I could tell, she had no idea about my actual intentions.

Every night, she'd listen to my words and unknowingly fall into a hypnotic trance. Every night, I inched ever closer to seeing my beautiful sister naked.

And then the time came.

I wasn't sure if it would work. Had no idea if I was pushing Sammy too far, too fast. But the logical, cautious part of my brain was no match for my desires and hormones.

I plucked the USB drive out of my PC, checked the time.

Usually, by now, I'd have handed it over to Sammy. Right after she got back from her run, before she took her nightly shower to wash away the sweat. I waited, listening intently by my bedroom door for the sound of Sammy leaving her room.

Off for her shower, just like clockwork.

It was getting pretty late when I heard footsteps outside my room. By now, both our parents would be in bed – their jobs requiring them to be up in the early hours of the morning. So those footsteps could only be Sammy's. Back from her evening shower.

Quickly, I opened the door and stepped out of my room, almost colliding with Sammy in the corridor.

She jumped, surprised.

I might have jumped too, if not for being stunned by the sheer beauty before me.

Chocolate brown hair fell down her back and shoulders, dripping beads of water trailing from it. It clung to her exposed skin, glued together in the way wet hair did. She wasn't wearing anything more than a large white towel wrapped snugly around her body, just high enough to hide the cleave of her breasts, just low enough that it hid her crotch from view.

Pretty hazel eyes wide in surprise, full lips parted slightly, cheeks a rosy red from the hot shower.

She was beautiful. Impossibly, unfairly beautiful.

What were the odds I'd ever meet another girl as pretty as my sister?

Low. The kind of odds that not even a gambling addict would bet on. No, there were no girls out there as beautiful as Sammy. She was special. Unique.

"Hey Sammy," I said quickly, hoping and praying that my little plan would work. "There's something I need to talk to you about."

The surprise lingered on Sammy's face, merged with a hint of concern at my words. She opened her mouth to say something, but I cut her off.

"Can I come into your room for a few minutes? Please?"

In the past, Sammy would likely have asked me to wait a minute or two while she put some clothes on, then she'd invite me in and listen to what I had to say. She was, after all, practically naked right now.

But, if my hypnotic suggestions had taken root, Sammy should be far more comfortable being around me near-nude, or even fully naked. If the recordings were working, Sammy should have no problem at all with inviting me in and talking to me as she

was – clad in only a single, white towel.

Sammy nodded her head.

“Sure,” she said, sounding concerned. “No problem.”

I followed Sammy into her bedroom, a victorious flare of warmth in my chest. I wanted to jump and shout and laugh.

It was working. My hypnotic audio files were actually working!

I did my best to push down the glee I felt, tried to look sombre and weary. Acting wasn't one of my strong-suits, but it was very much required for this next bit.

Sammy climbed onto her bed, sat down cross-legged and gestured for me to do the same. I forced myself to look up at her face, refused to look at the shadow between her legs – the towel had hiked up, no longer covering her crotch properly.

Was she hairy? Trimmed? Shaved?

I couldn't tell, the hiked-up towel still cast a shadow over that area and the room was too dimly lit.

If I leaned back, positioned myself at a better angle, maybe I could catch a glimpse of-

No. Sammy was right there, looking at me, waiting for me to speak. The plan! Stick to the plan. One day, I'd get to see my sister in all her naked glory – have all my questions about the private parts of her body answered. But right now, I needed to stay focused.

“It's the nightmares,” I lied. I forced myself to look away, the temptation of staring between Sammy's legs was too great. “The ASMR helps, but I still get them sometimes. I don't know what to do. I can't sleep. Every time I try to, I remember the nightmares and it keeps me awake.”

I'd read up a lot on nightmares, night-terrors and all manner of sleeping issues in preparation for this act. Learned as much as I could, in order to make my fake nightmare problem more realistic and believable. Doing my best not to look at her, I fed Sammy lie after lie about being alone at night, scared, tired but awake. Anything and everything I could think of to gain her sympathy.

Sammy liked to help. If she could, she would.

I just needed to direct that compassion in a such a way that it benefited me and my plans for her. Not exactly the most ethical use of my knowledge, sure. But, if I was ever going to have Sammy see me as more than just her brother, I'd need to use anything and everything I could think of.

As I spoke, she comforted me. Kind eyes filled with sympathy and concern.

I felt bad, knowing that I was making her worry over nothing. But not so bad that I'd stop.

When I was finally done talking, Sammy leaned forward and hugged me.

“It's gonna be okay,” she said, holding me tightly.

Her chest pressed into mine, breasts squeezing up against me.

For the few moments that the hug lasted, my brain stopped working.

Sammy's tits. They were pressed into my chest. Just a single layer of clothing and a towel separating skin from skin.

When Sammy pulled away, it was like a warmth fading from my chest. I shifted where I sat, hoping that my sister wouldn't notice the growing bulge between my legs.

“If you'd like,” Sammy said, voice musical, “you can stay here and chat until you start feeling tired. I know it's not much, but it might be nice to just sit and talk about stuff. Maybe figure out what it is that's causing your nightmares.”

I nodded my head, unable to speak.

Sammy smiled.

“Gimme a second then,” she said, jumping off her bed.

I raised an eyebrow. What was she getting up for?

A split-second later, I got my answer.

The towel dropped from her body, fell to the floor.

Pink. Sammy's nipples were pink. Small and pink and-

She shaved.

A bald crotch with a cute mound. I only caught a glimpse of it before Sammy turned, her ass and tits jiggling with her body's movements. She leaned forward, opened a draw. Her huge tits dangled and swayed, ass round and magnificent.

When she straightened, she was holding pink plaid pyjamas.

She put the trousers on first, slipping into them with ease. The cloth was loose on her body, the pyjamas way too large for her slender frame. I watched, mouth open, as Sammy slid her hand into one of the pyjama shirt's arms, boobs swaying and shaking hypnotically.

I stared silently, transfixed, as she slowly buttoned up the shirt, tits barely squeezing into the shirt.

As Sammy turned to me, I had the good sense to pretend like nothing unusual had just happened. Like her being totally naked in front of me was a totally normal, unremarkable event.

If my bulge had been uncomfortable before, now it was downright demanding my attention.

I rolled off Sammy's bed, turned my back to her.

"Sorry," I said quickly. "I just remembered I have homework I have to do tonight. I'll just... Uh..."

Bouncing. Jiggling. Those two magical, amazing melons flashed through my mind. Swaying and shaking and-

I rushed out of Sammy's room as fast as I could, sparing a single glance back at her confused face – at the huge mounds on her chest.

"When people are used to sleeping in the same room as each other, being that physically close to another person, they grow very comfortable with the company," I spoke softly, slowly. "So, when they no longer have anyone sleeping in the same room as them, it's easy to see how they might start feeling lonely."

I hadn't been lonely after getting my own room. Not even slightly. Not having to share a room with my twin sister had been wonderful and freeing.

"That loneliness – the absence of physical closeness – can have very negative effects on a person. It can cause stress and anxiety, give them nightmares and make it difficult for them to sleep."

The idea was to make Sammy think that my 'nightmares' were caused by loneliness and solitude. My sister was a good, caring person. If she knew something was wrong, and she could help, she'd try to. All I needed to do was plant the seed in her mind – that I was having trouble sleeping because we used to share a room and now didn't, that I was lonely and anxious.

Of course, the help she'd offer would likely be no more than listening to my fake worries and giving me more of her ASMR nonsense to listen to.

Unless I nudged her mind in a different direction, that was.

"We've shared a room for most of our lives. Ever since we were kids. And we're twins. What might seem strange for other siblings is fine for us. Like, for example, if you were to sleep in my room, as a way of stopping my nightmares."

Sleeping in the same room as Sammy again would be ideal.

Getting her used to being around me that much, being that intimately close and comfortable with me, was vital if I was ever going to start a secret relationship with Sammy.

Our parents went to bed early, before we did. And left for work in the morning before

we woke up. They'd have no idea if Sammy suddenly started sleeping in the same room as me again.

If I could get Sammy to start sleeping in my room regularly, I'd also have more control over her trances. I'd be able to actually interact with her and twist her thoughts much more efficiently. That, more than anything else, is what sealed the deal for this little plan of mine.

More control over her trances would always be a plus.

As always, I saved the audio file to my USB stick after editing it, set it aside. I was getting better at this. When I'd started making these files, it'd taken hours to record and edit them – I'd made a lot of errors while recording, had to cut out lots of parts that didn't sound quite right and re-record. Now, I got through recording and editing in half the time.

Sammy hadn't even gone for her run when I handed her the USB stick. I caught her just as she was about to leave, walking out of her bedroom wearing a tracksuit that clung nicely to her body.

"Jogging again?" I asked as I handed it to her.

She grinned, nodded.

"Yup," she answered happily.

Every evening for years. She started back when we'd lived in the inner-city apartment, just randomly going on evening runs out of nowhere. And, ever since, she'd ran practically every night. I had no idea why she'd started, but years of constant exercise had left Sammy with a perfect body. Lean, fit. Not buff or overly muscular, but slender and athletic.

"Why?" I asked. She'd never told me the real reason why. She'd given reasons, sure. But I knew there was more to it. "Why do you go jogging every day?"

Sammy stared into my eyes for a moment, then grinned.

"It feels nice," she told me.

There was more to it. There had to be.

Maybe she was meeting up with a secret boyfriend. What if running was just a ruse to hide the secret? The way she always came back sweaty and tired – maybe that wasn't from jogging, but instead because she'd been having wild sex or something.

"You should try it," Sammy said, smiling. "Come with me tonight. It'll be fun!"

I should have said no. Should have turned her down.

My lungs burned. My legs burned. Everything burned.

Ahead of me, Sammy ran as if it were the easiest thing in the world, oblivious to me struggling to keep up with her. She wasn't even breathing heavily.

I panted, sped up my pace so that I didn't fall behind.

Honestly, the only reason I hadn't collapsed already was the sight in front of me.

Sammy had an amazing ass.

Round and firm, two buns begging to be groped and spanked. Their shape was clearly defined under the tight track pants Sammy wore, fabric glued to her skin. She might as well have been wearing nothing at all.

I kept running, fighting the pain and aches and strains.

Anything to keep that perfect ass in my sight.

When Sammy finally stopped running an eternity later, she took a swig from the water bottle in her hand, looked back at me and froze in place. A slick sheen of sweat coated her brow, her cheeks flushed from exertion.

Me? I probably looked half-dead.

I certainly felt it.

She stopped drinking, handed over her water bottle with a look somewhere between concern and amusement.

As I drank, and she was certain I wasn't about to up and die on her, Sammy let out a cute laugh. Not malicious or mocking, but happy and satisfied. It was a beautiful sound, music to my ears. I even felt a little bit of my soul return to my body as Sammy chuckled at how worn-out I was.

"You okay?" She asked as I handed her back the bottle of water. She downed what was left inside it, tilting her head back to get every last drop.

The pink track top she was wearing was unzipped down past her huge tits, revealing a damp white t-shirt underneath. It stuck to her skin, fabric outlining those wonderful breasts. I didn't dare look for more than a moment, but that alone was enough to revitalise me.

A girl like Sammy, with tits like those? More than worth the pain and aches.

"Yeah," I panted, hunching over. "I'm good."

Sammy's musical laughter echoed through the empty, silent street. Joyous and carefree.

"You know," Sammy said nonchalantly, not looking at me. "If you want to, you can come jogging with me tomorrow too."

"Twins are special," I told my microphone. "The bond between twins is something no-one else has or can understand. We're connected in ways that no one else can be."

Nonsense, of course. We were no different than any other brother or sister out there. You hear all these things about twins being able to read the other's mind, and how twins separated at birth end up choosing the exact same careers and such. Maybe that was true for identical twins, though probably not, but it certainly wasn't the case for me and Sammy.

"Having a twin is like having a sibling and a best friend in one person. Someone who can understand you better than anyone else, who you can always rely on. Being around your twin is always nice and pleasant and relaxing."

At least, I hoped Sammy found my presence nice. She'd never indicated that she *didn't* like me being around.

"Twins are bonded together, almost like they share the same soul. You can trust your twin, and know they'll never betray you or hurt you. You can tell your twin things that you don't feel comfortable telling anyone else, knowing that they won't ever judge you. In a way, a twin is even closer to you than your best friend, or your partner, or anyone else in the world. You can tell them *anything*."

I kept on, giving a special significance to us being twins.

After a few days of repeating this same hypnotic suggestion over, I'd 'open up' to Sammy about something embarrassing. Maybe tell her that I had a crush on one of her friends or something. If the suggestion worked, she wouldn't be uncomfortable by the fake confession and, hopefully, I'd be able to steer the conversation towards Sammy and *her* crushes.

A small thing. But it was one step closer to a more intimate relationship between us, and the start to something much bigger.

When Sammy was comfortable talking to me about absolutely anything, it was a small step to making it so that she'd answer any question I asked her - total honesty and truthfulness, with her not minding one bit what questions I asked.

And boy, were there a ton of questions I wanted Sammy to answer.

Particularly about sex.