

## Night Time Nudging

### Chapter 4

"Kylie?!" Sammy squealed excitedly. "You have a crush of *Kylie*?"

We were sitting on her bed, legs crossed like children. Just like every evening the last few days, me and my sister were hanging out. Growing closer. On that front, the hypnosis was working like a charm. On others, not so much.

Well over a week since I'd started trying to get Sammy to open up to me, and I still hadn't gotten her to the point where she'd be totally honest with me.

She didn't reject my questions. Not exactly.

More, she acted coy and embarrassed – changed the topic.

"Yup," I answered, blushing.

Kylie was a girl in Sammy's main group of friends. A pretty girl, with a nice figure. She might have been the best-looking girl in school, if not for the fact that Sammy existed. Kylie also had a boyfriend, some jock or something from another school. The chances of Sammy trying to hook me up with her friend were slim – which made Kylie perfect for my plan.

If I 'opened up' about crushes I had, hopefully Sammy would feel comfortable doing the same.

My sister asked a barrage of questions about my interest in her friend; everything from what I liked about her, to if I was going to make a move, to what I thought about Kylie having a boyfriend. An endless stream of interested, energetic questions.

I rolled my eyes.

It was meant to be *me* interrogating *her* about this kind of stuff, not the other way around.

Finally, when Sammy's excitement calmed somewhat, she glanced down at her lap, blushed slightly. The expression looked cute on her. Shy embarrassment, pink cheeks and an aura of nervousness.

But then, Sammy *always* looked cute. The only time you couldn't call my sister cute was when you were calling her beautiful.

"What about you?" I asked, seizing on the moment. "Who do you have a crush on?"

I'd broached the subject multiple times before, and never gotten a real answer. But something felt different this time. Somehow, I knew Sammy would give me the answer.

After a moment, she whispered a name.

"Adrian," Sammy murmured, cheeks brightening to crimson red.

I recognised the name. There were several Adrians at school, but I was sure I knew which one my sister meant.

"Adrian? As in basketball-player Adrian?"

Sammy's head jerked. A tiny nod.

I leaned back, thoughtful. Adrian was the sports-star of our school. The kid most likely to become a pro sportsman one day. He was to girls what Sammy was for guys, athletic and attractive, a source of fantasies and desires – I was sure. Every girl in school seemed to want to date the guy.

But Sammy? I'd never even considered that she might be interested in him. Truth be told, Adrian was kinda a douche.

Then again, most girls seemed oblivious to the fact that he was an asshole, even when they saw it first-hand. All they seemed to notice were his looks.

The revelation that Sammy was interested in him was more than a little disturbing.

If Adrian knew my sister liked him, had a crush on him, he'd make a move on her. Who wouldn't? Sammy was amazing. Beautiful. Who *wouldn't* want to date her?

I smiled enthusiastically, asked my sister more about her crush. Internally, I felt queasy. I couldn't allow my sister to end up with a douchebag like Adrian. As Sammy

opened up more, talked about her feelings while her nervousness evaporated, I made a silent note to myself.

For the next ASMR recording, I'd make Sammy's crush my target.

Removing Sammy's interest in Adrian had just become my top priority. And, if I could replace her feelings for him with feelings for someone else – like, say, myself – all the better.

The next day, I sat in front of my computer considering my options.

Altering Sammy's crush was vital. Any day, the douche could ask her out and, if she was still interested in him, Sammy would say yes. I couldn't allow that.

But, at the same time, I couldn't stop with the progress I was already making with Sammy – getting her comfortable around me, fine with me seeing her naked, making it so that we'd start sleeping in the same room again. I was close to a breakthrough. I could feel it.

Once Sammy started sleeping in my room, in my bed, how hard could it be to get her to start sleeping naked? She was already fine with me *seeing* her naked. How much further could I possibly have to nudge before she was fine with me *touching* her while she was naked?

How much further until she was fine with blatantly sexual actions?

To deal with the Adrian issue, I'd have to put all that progress on hold. Not a prospect I was all too thrilled about. If I put everything else on hold just to deal with Sammy's infatuation, who knew what would happen? Without reinforcement for the changes I'd already made, it was possible Sammy would slowly revert backwards – become uncomfortable with me seeing her naked, question why she'd been nonchalant about it before. But, if I didn't deal with the Adrian issue, my sister could start dating the douche any day.

There wasn't enough time in each recording to do both.

I could alternate – one day pushing openness and closeness and the next convincing Sammy to set aside her crush – but that felt wrong. Half-assed.

There was a better way. There had to be.

Some way of using Sammy's crush on Adrian to nudge her closer to me – using it to my advantage, rather than wasting time stomping it out.

I sat there for a long time thinking.

And then, finally, an idea came to me.

"Picture Adrian," I said into my microphone. "The boy you have a crush on. Handsome, athletic Adrian. You and he are alone on the school's running track, no one else is around. Everything is perfect. You're alone with the boy you like. He's handsome, even more so than usual, and he's smiling. But... Something feels wrong. Unnatural. Everything is dark, like it's night."

Nightmares. The whole scheme I'd come up with to seduce Sammy relied on the lie that I had constant nightmares. It was the in I'd used to grow closer to Sammy using ASMR, it was the excuse I was using to spend more time with her, it was the reason I was giving Sammy for us to sleep in the same room together.

Sammy thought I suffered from nightmares. With her compassion and caring nature, that was a powerful tool I had.

But what if I wasn't the only one who had nightmares?

What if Sammy started having them too?

"As you stare at Adrian, you notice his eyes. He's looking at you in a way you don't like. Hungrily. There's evil in his gaze. A part of you knows you should run, but you can't. Slowly, Adrian starts to change. His good looks peel away, replaced with an ugly, monstrous sneer."

A little on the nose, but that was fine. As long as Sammy began getting uncomfortable at the idea of being around Adrian, I'd count this plan of mine a success. Sammy's mind, ideally, would start associating Adrian with ugly, scary, unappealing thoughts and feelings.

"Finally, when he takes a step towards you, you turn and run away from him. You're a fast runner with good endurance. Outrunning the monster is easy. And, the further away you get from him, the brighter everything gets – the darkness fading away, along with all your fear and panic and uncomfortable feelings."

Pushing the images further, giving Sammy a real, full nightmare was dangerous. People with nightmares wake up. And Sammy snapping out of her trance right now would be disastrous. So I held back, made sure to paint a more peaceful, Adrian-free scene in Sammy's mind – one that wouldn't risk waking her.

"When you finally get home," I continued, "you see someone. Me – your brother. I'm waiting there in the doorway for you. And, at last, as you walk up to me, you know you're safe."

I ended the 'nightmare' there, told Sammy's mind to stop picturing things and simply listen to my words again. Just like with the very first recording, Sammy would wake up tomorrow thinking the images had been part of a dream, unaware she'd been awake and tranced while I'd planted them in her mind.

"Twins have a special bond," I said, hoping Sammy's mind would connect the end of her 'nightmare' with an image of me being there. "They make each other feel safe. The closer you are to your twin physically, the more comfortable and secure you feel. The more time you spend with your twin, the happier and more content you feel in daily life."

This was how I'd do it.

This was how I'd use Adrian to pull my sister closer to me, while ending her infatuation with him.

I'd make him into a monster, and myself into her white knight.

If everything went well, soon she'd be the one coming to me and asking if we could sleep in the same room. I'd plant the seeds of logic in her mind – if both of us were having nightmares, and we felt more comfortable together, and we never used to have nightmares when we shared a room, then it'd make sense that we sleep in the same room again.

And, since there was only one bed in each room, we'd automatically have to start sharing a bed.

Little leaps. Tiny bouts of progress, one at a time.

And, soon enough, we'd be doing far more under the covers than just sleeping.

When I saw Sammy the next morning, she had an odd, thoughtful expression on her face – eyebrows narrowed, eyes distant. Only when she noticed me standing there did she snap out of her reverie.

"Hey," I smiled, keeping my eyes on her face.

She was in her school uniform, the top few buttons of her white shirt undone. A small gap of cleavage was visible, tempting my eyes to wander. Those huge melons inviting me to look and stare at their magnificence.

Sammy smiled – an obviously forced gesture – but didn't reply.

I hesitated.

"You okay?" I asked after a moment.

My sister glanced at me, eyes filled with *something*. Was she debating if she should tell me about the nightmare or not? Did she suspect that it was me who'd made her dream it? Even if she didn't think I'd caused it, would she still want my recordings if she put two and two together and linked them with bad dreams?

Suddenly, my plan felt more like a dangerous gamble.

"Yeah," Sammy said at last, her features softening. "I'm fine. Just had a weird dream

last night. It's nothing."

I wanted to push for details. Wanted to ask her all about her 'weird dream' and how she felt about it. But I held back. Rather than prying, it would be better if I simply comforted Sammy. Made her feel better and, in doing so, let her know she could rely on me.

I stepped forward, put on my most brotherly smile.

"I'm here," I told Sammy. "If you wanna talk about it. You sure you're okay?"

As always during gym class, me and my friends sat aside and did nothing, mostly watched the girls running track or doing sports. Today, they were playing soccer.

My eyes were glued to Sammy.

Chocolate brown hair flowed behind her in a ponytail as she ran up and down the field, energetic and quick. None of the other girls could keep up with her, several hunched over panting while she made running non-stop look easy. The only sign of exertion were her cheeks, flushed pink.

With endurance like Sammy had, I couldn't help but wonder what she'd be like in bed. Most of my friends, I figured, were thinking the same thing.

Her huge tits bulged out in her tracksuit. She was wearing a white t-shirt underneath, her track top unzipped. Sweat stained the t-shirt, gluing it to her skin and revealing the outline of the sports-bra underneath.

Luckily, the way I was sitting – knees to my chest – hid the bulge between my legs.

When the game the girls were playing came to an end – Sammy's side winning – the girls clustered together in small groups. I watched, a sense of dread growing inside me, as Sammy walked over to and began talking with Kylie – the girl she thought I had a crush on.

It was just the two of them and as they spoke, to my horror, my sister actually pointed over to me. Kylie looked directly at me, meeting my eyes.

I glanced down, blushing.

What the hell was Sammy saying?

Panic boiled up inside me. Sammy wasn't... she wasn't actually trying to hook me up with her friend. Was she?

"So," Sammy grinned. "I asked Kylie what she thinks of you today."

Have you ever wanted to bury your head in the ground before? Shut out the world and just give up for a moment? That's what I felt right then. I wanted to put my hand to my face, sigh deeply.

Instead, I blushed.

Sammy had no idea, I had to remind myself. She thought I actually had a crush on her friend. She didn't know I'd just lied to her to get her to open up about *her* crushes. Don't get me wrong, Kylie is attractive and, under ordinary circumstances, I probably *would* have a crush on her. But stand her next to Sammy and there was no question who was more beautiful.

My sister was amazing. No other girl compared. Not at school. Not anywhere.

"She thinks you're cute," Sammy continued. "And she and her boyfriend aren't doing so hot right now..."

Cute.

Not 'handsome' or 'sexy'. Cute. Like a puppy.

No guy wants to be 'cute'. Girls don't want to date 'cute' guys, they date good-looking, dangerous, exciting guys. They want thrilling and intense relationships, and there's nothing thrilling or intense about 'cute'.

Did Sammy see me as cute too?

"Hey," my sister's voice rang out, pulling me away from my thoughts. "Are you alright? You kinda zoned out there."

I blinked at her.

"Yeah," I said, an excuse springing to my mind instantly. "I was just thinking about my nightmares. The ASMR helps, but I still get them now and then."

A predictable wave of sympathy washed over Sammy's face.

"I'm sorry," she said.

I'd been pushing the idea of us sleeping in the same room for a while now. Every night, the same hypnotic nudgings. Surely those seeds would have taken route by now.

"I just lay there," I continued, trying to sound sad and defeated. Weary. "In bed. My room feels empty. I know I shouldn't feel alone, but I do. And it's all just so... quiet. I guess I'm still not used to having my own room, ya know?"

Sammy was quiet. After a few seconds, she nodded her head, eyes down.

I let the silence hang.

True, I could have suggested that we sleep in the same room tonight. But I wanted Sammy to be the one offering the option – for her to think it was entirely her idea. After all, if she thought it was all her idea, Sammy would feel more in control and more comfortable actually doing it.

As the silence stretched, I allowed my eyes to roam my sister's body.

Wearing pink, button-up pyjamas, she looked impossibly cute.

The top few buttons were undone, showing off enough of her tits that I couldn't help but stare.

Pink. She had pink nipples. I'd only seen them that one time, but the image was burned into my mind. Cute little pink nipples. And down there, she was shaved.

I tried to imagine her naked, sitting in front of me, but I couldn't. I needed to see more of her body first. More of her bare skin, more of her bouncing, jiggling tits.

Soon.

She was already fine with me seeing her naked. I just needed to give her a reason to be naked around me.

"If you want," Sammy said at last, voice soft. "You can sleep here tonight. In my room, I mean."

Victory.

Another step towards making Sammy mine.

"I don't know if it'll help," Sammy continued in a rush. "It might not. But it's worth trying, right?"

I climbed under the covers with Sammy – both of us wearing pyjamas. The lights were off, blinding both of us with darkness. But, even though I might not be able to see my sister, I could *feel* her there with me. Her warmth, the weight of her body on the bed, the sound of her breathing.

She was inches away from me, her body curled up.

My heart raced as I spoke, pounding heavily in my chest.

"I'm so used to ASMR at night now," I told Sammy. "It feels odd not to be able to hear it."

A moment later, the darkness whispered back.

"Yeah," Sammy said softly.

"Hmm..." I mumbled, pretending to be thinking. "Close your eyes, Sammy."

I had no way of knowing if she'd listened, it was far too dark to tell. But I shifted closer to her all the same. In a soft, deep voice – my ASMR recording voice – I began to speak.

Sammy giggled softly when she realised what I was doing – giving her a real-life ASMR experience. To her, it was a silly, unusual thing – but, at the same time, something that made total sense. Rather than listening to a recording, she could listen to me directly for the same effect.

After a moment, I felt her relax next to me.

I continued, speaking softly.

For half an hour, just like with a recording, I did nothing but ordinary ASMR. Then, when I was sure I'd lulled my sister into a hypno-ready state, I began the real induction.

"Relax," I told my sister softly. "let your body relax. Your mind relax. Listen to my voice, Sammy. Feel yourself letting go, drifting away..."