

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 5

"You sleep naked?" Sammy asked, eyes wide.

"Well," I said, feeling my face warm. "Not when we sleep in the same room or anything. But yeah, I like to sleep nude most nights. It's nice. Comfortable and relaxing. You should try it."

That last bit – me suggesting that Sammy try sleeping in the nude – might have been pushing it a little. As close as we were now, and as much as she might be fine with me seeing her naked, there may still be some subconscious elements that'd make her uncomfortable with the suggestion.

When a thoughtful look crossed my sister's face, I relaxed.

That was all I needed – her thinking about it.

Even if she decided she didn't want to try it out, that was fine. I could always tweak her thoughts later, make her reconsider and change her mind. As long as Sammy was willing to consider the possibility at all, I'd won.

Her thoughtful expression was a silent victory for me.

Just like that, I'd opened a door in Sammy's mind – given her a new option to explore. All I needed to do now was nudge her in the right direction a little.

"Sleeping naked is natural," I told my microphone. "Wearing clothes is restricting, unnatural. Having clothes on when you're sleeping inhibits growth. Sleeping naked allows your body to breathe and grow naturally while you're asleep. Sleeping naked is comfortable, freeing. Sleeping with clothes on can be uncomfortable and can lead you to having bad dreams and nightmares."

None of it was true. At least, not that I was aware of. As far as I knew, there was literally no difference between sleeping nude or sleeping clothed. But, when it came to hypnosis, the truth really didn't matter all that much. The only thing that mattered was what Sammy's mind *believed* was true.

Soon – within a week – I'd have her going to bed without clothes on.

In the weeks I'd been doing this – recording hypnotic trances for Sammy under the guise of ASMR – I'd learned a lot. Manipulating Sammy's mind was a simple thing, now. Almost trivial.

Every night, she opened her mind to me – totally unaware of the power she was giving me. Perhaps some deep, subconscious part of my sister's mind *wanted* to be manipulated and controlled – perhaps that was why it was so easy. Or perhaps Sammy was just that trusting and naive.

It didn't matter one way or the other.

Soon, she'd be mine.

That first night we'd slept in the same bed, I'd hypnotised her there in person. For the first time, I'd been able to ask Sammy questions, hear her answers.

Truth be told, it was kinda anticlimactic.

Whatever questions I'd asked, Sammy gave the most basic answers she could. 'Yes' and 'No' and 'I don't know'. If I asked her age, she'd provide it. If I asked her what she thought of me, she wouldn't answer at all – the answer too complex, too deep for her tranced mind to form into a simple response.

In an odd way, I actually preferred using the audio files.

Being there for the trance – asking questions and gauging responses, digging into Sammy's mind – felt more like an interrogation or a treasure hunt than anything. Where as recording trances, dictating to Sammy's mind what I wanted, that felt more like I was in control – like I was commanding my sister's mind to obey my will.

Ever since that first night we'd spent sleeping in the same bed, I'd made sure to

have a recording ready for Sammy. I hadn't tried hypnotising her without a recording since.

My being there in person wasn't necessary to my plans, not since discovering I preferred using the audio files.

Still, being there – under the covers with Sammy – certainly had its perks.

“So,” Sammy said as we were walking to school, “I tried sleeping naked last night, like you said.”

Instantly, I perked up.

“It was actually really nice,” Sammy continued, smiling. “I can't believe I've never tried it before! It felt so nice and comfortable. I never realised how tight and uncomfortable pyjamas and undies are to sleep in before. You were right! Sleeping nude *is* more comfortable. It felt so *freeing* and natural!”

Freeing. Comfortable. Natural. All words and ideas I'd planted in her mind. How could Sammy be so blissfully unaware that I was warping her mind? How could she not realise the things she was saying were planted in her mind?

I grinned at her.

“Told ya. I've been doing it ever since we moved.”

And, just like that, I'd made the fantasy into a reality. Next time me and Sammy shared a bed – hers or mine, it didn't matter – we'd both be naked.

Tonight. I'd make it happen tonight.

Thoughts of Sammy's naked body filled my mind throughout school. My eyes drifted to her body whenever we shared a class, taking in the perfect figure she had.

Curves where they mattered, toned and fit everywhere else.

Those big tits. I'd caught the barest glimpse of them before, had a fraction of a second to take in the sight of them – her cute nipples. Tonight, that'd change.

I couldn't help but stare at her body, imagine it naked.

No-one noticed my staring, thankfully. And, by lunch hour, I'd managed to get my hormones and desires under control. No more staring at school, I told myself. The last thing I needed was for people to learn about my *interests* in Sammy.

Still, as every minute ticked by, I felt myself growing more and more excited.

Tonight.

I had plans, great plan, for tonight.

As soon as I got home, I'd start recording a new audio file.

Tonight was the night I'd finally get to explore my beautiful sister's sexy body.

“Nothing,” I spoke softly. “You feel nothing at all. Comfortable and relaxed and content. You can't feel the blanket on you, can't feel the bedsheets below you. You can't feel me – your brother – laying next to you. You feel nothing. Nothing but comfort, nothing but happy and content and relaxed and calm.”

Hypnosis could be used to amplify a person senses – make their hearing sharper, their sense of taste more acute. It could make the pleasure a person feels more extreme, more orgasmically amazing – which is something I'd most certainly be doing for Sammy down the line, when we finally started having sex.

With hypnosis, you could amplify a person senses.

And you could also take those senses away.

“You don't feel anything physically,” I told the microphone, a bulge growing in my pants at the thoughts rushing through my mind. “Nothing. Not the faintest touch. Just happy, blissful calmness.”

She wouldn't feel my fingers on her. Wouldn't even be aware that I was touching her.

And she'd be naked.

An endless string of ideas and possibilities ran through my mind, all the things I'd be able to do in just a few hours.

I did my best to keep the excitement from my voice as I continued to record the audio file.

"What do you wanna do when you get out of school?" Sammy asked.

The question took me by surprise.

"I don't know," I answered with a shrug. "Maybe study to become a therapist or something."

With all the success I'd been having with Sammy, making a living by manipulating the minds of beautiful women sounded like a perfect career path for me. Not that I'd really given the future much thought. For now, the only future I was concerned with involved Sammy and, more specifically, fucking her.

My sister leaned back. We were both sitting on her bed, legs crossed. It was getting late in the evening now. Any minute, Sammy would decide it was time to sleep and ask if I wanted to sleep in her room again.

And then she'd get naked.

"What about you?" I asked, forcing my eyes to stay on her face.

Why did she have to wear a button-up pyjama shirt? And why did she have to leave the top few buttons undone? There was just enough cleavage there to tempt my eyes, though not enough for to be intentional on Sammy's part.

"I don't know," Sammy said after a moment, voice quiet. "I have no idea what I want to do."

I didn't say anything. Somehow, that felt like the right response.

"Everyone's always talking about what they wanna do, what jobs they want and their goals and future," Sammy continued, eyes distant. "But I don't know what I want to do. I don't know what job I want, or where I want to go."

A good brother's first thought would have been to help his sister. Offer advice or support or comfort. Something kind and caring, something nice.

My only two thoughts were not those of a good brother at all.

The first thought was of how amazing my sister's tits were – my eyes drifting down while Sammy was distracted with her thoughts. I couldn't help but gaze at the sight of her huge, round tits – her pyjama shirt so tight on her body that I could see the outline of the bra underneath it.

My second thought was on what Sammy had said – how she didn't know what she wanted from life – and the ways I could use that information to manipulate her further. If she didn't know what she wanted to do with her life, perhaps I could convince her subconscious to let someone else make those kinds of decisions for her. Someone like her loving brother.

I opened my mouth to say the things a good brother was meant to – offer comfort and empathy. But the words didn't come out.

A heartbeat later, the moment passed.

Sammy sat up, smiling her usual, energetic smile.

"Why do you wanna become a therapist?" My sister asked.

I shrugged.

"I like helping people," I lied.

My eyes were closed as Sammy stripped.

Every instinct in my body, every emotion and hormone and desire compelled me to turn and look at her – gaze at her naked body as she set her pyjamas aside.

I was on my side, facing away from her, feigning sleep.

All I had to do was roll over, open my eyelids by the tiniest amount.

She was naked. Sammy was completely naked right now.

Somehow, I resisted the urge.

The blanket moved, lifted up as Sammy got into bed next to me. A slight chill washed over my own naked body, followed by a gentle warmth. Sammy's body heat. She wasn't touching me, but I could feel her warmth all the same. Or was it my imagination? My heart was racing, mind reeling.

Sammy shifted next to me, her bare skin inches away from mine.

After a few seconds, silence filled the room.

Eyes shut tight, I focused on the silence. My heartbeat thumped in my ears, deafeningly loud. I couldn't hear anything but my own chest pounding.

Still, I focused, listened.

And, after a moment, I heard it.

Faint, barely audible. I couldn't make out what the voice was saying, couldn't even distinguish the voice as being mine. It was so quiet, so muffled, that I wasn't even totally sure I was hearing it at all.

The earphones in Sammy's ears, the recording I'd made earlier.

Now all I had to do was wait.

The longest half-hour of my life.

I kept my eyes closed, counting the seconds. Waiting.

Do you know how many seconds there are in thirty minutes?

A lot.

I waited, counted, listened.

Finally, after an eternity passed, I reached the magic number. The point in the audio file where the trance was underway, where my voice would be numbing Sammy's senses.

Just to be careful, I waited a little longer – a few painful minutes more.

Then I opened my eyes, rolled over to face my sister.

It was dark. Very dark.

But, in the dim glow of alarm-clock digits and LED indicators from electronics scattered around the room, I could just about make out my sister's face.

Serene beauty. Her eyes were closed, mouth drooping open every so slightly. She was on her side, blanket over her shoulder. A single strand of hair dropped down over her face, the rest of it behind her head. Soft, warm breaths escaped from her parted lips in slow, steady waves.

She was beautiful. Even in darkness light this, she almost seemed to glow.

Slowly, hand shaking, I reached out towards her.

I poked her cheek.

Nothing happened.

She didn't react, didn't snap out of the trance. Her eyes didn't open, she didn't move or give any indication that she felt my touch.

I poked harder.

Still no reaction.

My body was warm, excitement tingling throughout me. With a grin on my face, breathing heavily, I reached out again.

This time, I grabbed the blanket and began moving it, pulling it down.

Sammy's smooth shoulders appeared first, toned arms coming into view a moment later.

As I pulled, more and more of Sammy's chest was exposed.

Her collarbone, then the soft flesh below it, deep cleavage and then, finally, my sister's nipples.

I froze, my body trembling.

It was too dark to make out their pink colour. But there they were – Sammy's small

nipples, inches from my face.

My mind stopped working, body moving by itself.

A hand touched my sister's collarbone, trailed slowly down her chest, over the marshmallow-soft breasts. I felt a tingle run through my body as my fingertips trailed over and around Sammy's nipples. A warm shiver ran through me.

If I could have, I'd have mounted her right there.

My cock was harder than it'd ever been before.

If I wasn't afraid of breaking the trance, I'd have straddled Sammy's waist and used her breasts as a fleshlight – titty-fuck her and jizz all over her face – mark her as mine.

But I couldn't. Not without risking everything.

Much as I wanted – needed – to ram my cock into Sammy, I couldn't take that risk just yet.

Still, I needed to get off. And I was *not* going to waste this opportunity. Sammy, my beautiful, perfect sister, was right next to me. Naked.

How could I *not* use her to get off?

Slowly, carefully, I reached out, took one of my sister's delicate hands in mine – guided it under the blanket towards my cock.

When her fingers brushed my shaft, I almost came there and then.

Her hand in mine, I took hold of my cock – Sammy's warm fingers wrapping around it – and I began slowly stroking it.

Waves of pleasure threatened to overwhelm me, but I held back.

My other hand reached out, cupped one of my sister's huge tits, began massaging and groping it.

Bliss.

I was in pure bliss.

The only thing that could make this moment better was if Sammy woke up, decided to get me off herself – her head sinking below the blanket, mouth ready to please and pleasure.

That thought alone brought me to the edge of orgasm.

I leaned forward, unthinking, took Sammy's nipple in my mouth.

And I came.

"Wake up, sleepyhead," a musical voice said.

My eyes flickered open, taking in the sight of Sammy – dressed for school – standing over me. She was smiling, beauty radiating from her pretty face.

It took me a moment to remember where I was.

Sammy's room. Her bed.

I jumped, realising I was still naked.

Sammy laughed.

"I'll go make breakfast," she told me. "Don't take too long getting up."

As she left the room, school-skirt flaring and swaying with each step, last night's memories came flooding back.

The waiting. Using my sister's hand to get off. The taste of her nipple in my mouth. Cleaning up afterwards with my discarded clothes. They were on the floor right now, dried cum staining them.

Luckily, it didn't seem like Sammy had noticed.

I leaned back in bed, part of me wanting to grin and laugh and revel in victory. But another, quieter part of me felt conflicted.

Was using Sammy's hand when she wasn't even aware of it all that much of a victory, really? Sure, I'd gotten to touch her, feel her, see her naked again – taste a part of her body, even – but was what I'd done really all that *great*?

Guilt rolled around inside me.

I pushed it aside, ignored it.

Using Sammy wasn't what I wanted. No, what I wanted was for her to love me, desire me – for her to *want* to have sex with me. To convince her that fucking her brother was okay, exciting and erotic even.

I climbed out of bed, pulled my phone out of my trouser pocket.

Low battery, great. Usually I charged it overnight.

I opened up a note, started typing thoughts for the next step in my plan.

If I could get Sammy to talk about masturbation and her sexual desires and kinks, that'd be great. If I could convince her to actually masturbate and get herself off while I was there, even better.

Hours later, I sat in my room, staring at my phone screen as it charged. The ASMR mic was in front of me, recording.

I took a deep breath, the words on my phone screen fuelling my thoughts.

"Identical twins have the exact same genetics. They are identical, right down to their sexual desires. Twins separated at birth that find each other in later life often discover their sibling has gone for the same type of partner – build, height, looks, careers – as they have themselves."

For all I knew, that might even be true.

"Being genetically identical means they're basically the same person. More like a copy of each other than anything else. So an identical twin walking in on their sibling masturbating is completely fine – it'd be no different than seeing themselves masturbating in a mirror. They are, after all, the same person."

Logic works interestingly on a hypnotised mind.

As long as something made enough sense – even if, on deeper inspection it turned out to be entirely illogical and false – the tranced mind would accept it. A hypnotised mind, after all, couldn't analyse the logic and look for flaws – only accept it or dismiss it. As long as what I said sounded logical and made enough sense, Sammy's mind would accept it.

"Identical twins, for this reason, don't mind watching each other masturbate. Some even masturbate together, giving advice and tips to each other – so that they can both enjoy it all the more."

And, now for the leap – the part of the false logic that my sister's mind would either accept or dismiss.

"Even non-identical twins - twins, like you and me, who are closer and more connected to each other than anyone else - are the same way. In theory, it would be totally okay and acceptable for one of us to see and watch the other masturbating."

And, from there, it wouldn't take much nudging to make it so that instead of touching ourselves, we'd be touching each other.

And from there, well...