

## Night Time Nudging

### Chapter 6

All I had to do was walk in on her. Figure out where and when she liked to finger-blast herself and just walk in on her while she was in the act. Did she like to rub one out in the shower after her daily run? Did she like to do it before getting ready for school? Or when she got home right after school?

She didn't do it at night, that was for damn sure.

While her sleeping next to me butt-naked was a wonderful, beautiful thing. It was far from my end goal.

More like, it was an appetiser.

A taste of things to come.

I was going to fuck Sammy. Ram my cock inside her; make her moan my name, scream for more. By the time I was done hypnotising my sister, she'd belong to me entirely. She wouldn't so much as look at any other guy – certainly wouldn't *think* about them.

She was mine. She just didn't know it yet.

I was close. I could feel it.

From being mildly close siblings, to sleeping naked in the same bed. I was most of the way there – just a few hurdles left to jump and everything I'd ever wanted would be mine.

What was stopping me?

I'd spend days thinking about it. Hours and hours and hours lost in thought, considering every possibility I could come up with.

Was her mind rejecting the blatantly sexual programming?

Was she falling asleep before the trances were fully underway?

Had she stopped listening to my recordings without telling me?

That last one was a scary prospect.

If she'd gone back to her other ASMR audio clips – the ones she'd found online and such – I'd have no way of hypnotising her again. I'd be forever locked out of her mind.

I set *that* thought aside.

What I needed was a plan. Some way of working out what was going on, why my programming wasn't working. In theory, Sammy should be fine with touching herself with me present – and I was present almost every moment she was at home. So why hadn't she done it with me around yet?

Did she masturbate at school? Behind a bush on her runs?

I didn't know – didn't have the information.

So, I had to make a choice. Either wait and hope for the best, continue doing what I was already doing and cross my fingers and pray for something to change. Or I could do something.

And I was tired of waiting.

"Hey," I said, laying back on Sammy's bed. "Do you have any pictures of Kylie I could borrow?"

Sammy glanced at me, a hint of surprise on her face. She smiled, pulled her school sweatshirt over her head, began undoing her striped school-coloured tie.

"A few," my sister said as she reached for her collar, began undoing the shirt buttons there. "Why do you want them?"

I waited before answering, watching Sammy undress.

Button after button popped free, a plain white bra coming into view as more skin was revealed. Two huge tits, perfect globes. I'd never grow tired of seeing them.

The bra looked tight on her, straps squeezing into Sammy's shoulders and sides.

When she reached down, removed her school skirt, her matching white panties were exposed.

"To masturbate to," I said at last.

Sammy froze, looked at me with raised eyebrows.

With the programming I'd given her, Sammy should be fine with *talking* about masturbation, even if she still wasn't actually performing the act around me. She thought I had a crush on her friend, so what better way to spark up a masturbation conversation than by asking for fap material from her?

There were risks with being so blatant. But no risk, no reward.

"Oh," Sammy said.

She unhooked her bra, let it drop to the floor.

Two perfect pink nipples. I tried not to stare at them.

Sammy walked over to her desk, picked up her phone and tapped on the surface for a couple of seconds. Then she turned away, walked to her wardrobe, plucked out a sports bra and put it on.

She didn't say anything more as she put on a running outfit.

Not exactly the spark to a masturbating discussion I'd been hopping for, to say the least.

Had I just fucked everything up?

"Uhh," I faked a cough. "Sammy?"

She grinned at me.

"I can do you one better than random selfies," she told me, that usual energetic smile back on her face.

"Okay..." Was all I could think to say. "And you're okay with it? Me jacking off to your friend like that?"

My sister rolled her eyes at me.

"You're at that age," she smirked. "And Kylie is pretty hott. I'm not exactly surprised you want to-"

"What about you?" I shot in quickly, grasping at the straw Sammy had left for me. "You're at *that age* too. Who do you... *you know* to?"

Sammy's head tilted to one side. After a second, she shrugged.

"I don't. Not really," she confessed.

Wait. What?

Sammy didn't masturbate?

That'd explain the issue I'd been faced with.

"You don't touch yourself, like at all?"

Sammy shrugged again.

"I mean, I have. A few times. And it felt good 'n' all that. I just don't get what all the fuss is about. It's not *that* amazing."

Another slight shrug from her.

Sammy didn't masturbate. She didn't enjoy it that much.

I could use that.

"Maybe you're just not doing it right," I piped in as my sister began tying her shoe laces. "Maybe you just need to get better at it or something. I could watch you do it if you like, tell if what you're doing wrong and what you can do better."

Sammy stood up straight, rolled her eyes and laughed.

But she didn't reject the idea.

"Be back in a bit," she said, turning to her bedroom door. Time for her run.

As she left, I watched her ass bounce out of the doorway.

Just like that, I knew exactly what I needed to do.

As I waited for Sammy to return home from her run, my phone buzzed.

A message from my sister, with a file attached to it.

A video file.

Curious, I saved it to my phone, began watching it.

And got an instant erection.

The clip was only a few seconds long. Starring Sammy's friend Kylie of all people. She was wearing a tank top – and nothing underneath, judging from the nipples visible under the fabric. In it, the girl tugged on her top, slid the straps aside, lowered the tank top with only her spare arm to cover her nipples. And then it ended.

A lewd video of my 'crush'.

Was that what my sister had been tapping her phone for earlier? Requesting lewds from her friend?

And her friend had *sent* one?

Is that something girls actually did? Send lewds to each other without hesitation or worry?

Kylie was pretty. Sexy, even. Not at Sammy's level, but then who was? The girl was certainly beautiful enough to get a reaction out of me, that was for sure.

Did she know I'd be looking at the video? Had Sammy told her?

Below the video was a new message from Sammy.

One word, followed by a wink-face emoji.

'Enjoy'.

After searching through my sister's drawers for a pair of panties to use, I followed Sammy's advice and 'enjoyed' the video of her friend with vigour.

"Boys are perverts," I said, eyes closed. "Teenage boys especially. Girls can be, but pretty much every teenage boy is one. They look up all sorts of stuff online. A young guy, especially one that's never had a girlfriend, could probably tell you more about how to masturbate as a girl than any girl that same age could. After all, it's the pervert guys who watch all those videos – and pervert guys who look up how to satisfy women in bed."

The logic wasn't exactly sound, but this was for a hypnotised mind. It should work just fine.

"Your brother – me – is a pervert guy. He asked you for pictures of your friend so he could jack off to them. There's nothing wrong with that. But he's a pervert all the same."

A bit of self-degradation never hurt anyone. And, in this case, it was going to help me take things a step further with Sammy.

"Your brother is a pervert. Which means he'll know all about how a girl should masturbate. He'll know all about what makes a girl feel good when she's touching herself."

I'd read a lot online. I was confident.

"You want to feel good when you masturbate. You want to see what all the fuss is about, don't you? You just don't know where to start – what to do. You need help."

She didn't. I hadn't needed help to learn how to jack off. It was very much a 'practice makes perfect' kind of thing. Still...

"Your brother can help you. I can help you."

That part was true enough.

"All you have to do is ask, and I'll help you with anything."

God, my sister was beautiful.

She was in her pink pyjamas, chocolate brown hair tied back as it usually was. Her eyes, those beautiful eyes. Hazel; golden brown with hints of green and blue. Wide eyes, filled with joy and care-free happiness. Her lips, full and luscious, drew me in – made me want to kiss her every time I saw her smile and laugh.

And her body...

I've seen a lot of sexy bodies. With the internet in my pocket every day, it was

impossible for me *not* to have seen the most amazingly sexy female bodies in the world.

Not one of them compared to Sammy's.

The way her back curved - shoulders back, the small of her back forward, her round ass pushing out. Wide hips and a thin waist, a true hourglass body. Lean, fit legs with full thighs. And her huge, gravity-defying tits. I could stare at them all day, even hidden as they were behind two layers of clothing.

My sister was all curves. Round in all the right places. Soft where soft was good, firm everywhere else.

Perfection.

Sammy's body was perfect, and she had the beauty to match it.

I had no doubts in my mind that my sister was fap material for every guy at our school, teachers included.

And, every night for the last two weeks, she'd climbed into bed with me. Naked.

That alone was amazing beyond words.

But tonight, I'd take it a step further.

Sammy had been listening to my new suggestions for a few days now. I'd nudged at her mind, poked and prodded and pushed. With a bit of luck, and some well-rehearsed lines from me, I'd finally cross that invisible boundary.

Tonight, me and Sammy would be outwardly sexual with each other.

"How do you usually do it?" I asked her, my heart pounding.

Sammy shrugged.

"Just laying down under the blanket with the lights off," she answered.

I shook my head.

"That's no good. Come here, sit with your back against the wall like this..."

I guided my sister, had her sit on her bed with her back up against the wall. She sat cross-legged, looking more awkward than I'd ever seen her before.

"Close your eyes," I told her. "And think of a boy you like."

One day soon, it'd be me she pictured. No, she'd be doing more than just *picturing* me. We'd be fucking like rabbits. Let her fantasise about someone else for now – in the end, it'd be me with my cock inside her, not him. As long as she got going tonight, as long as she was aroused and excited, as long as she enjoyed herself and wanted more, I was fine with whatever dumbass jock my sister decided to imagine.

"Picture them without clothes on, their cock hard," my voice had taken on the tone I used for ASMR recordings – my hypnosis voice. "They're smiling, attractive. Just looking at them makes your knees weak, your legs quiver. Can you see it?"

Sammy nodded her head, a light blush appearing on her cheeks.

"Now," I said, leaning forward, staring intently. "Start moving your hands. Use them how I tell you to, but imagine it's the other person touching you – the guy you're picturing."

At my word, Sammy's fingertips moved to her shoulders, came together on her chest, slowly began trailing down her body over her pyjama top.

When they reached the bottom of her pyjama top, the very lowest button, they stopped.

Nimbly, smoothly, her fingers moved around the button, undid it.

And then they moved higher.

The next button came undone, then the next.

Sammy was panting, face flushed. Her eyes still shut tight.

A huge bulge swelled between my legs, painfully constricted by my own clothes.

"Keep going," I urged softly. "His fingers, undoing each button one after the other..."

Finally, the white bra Sammy was wearing came into view. The undersides of her breasts appeared, concealed behind the plain white bra. As another button came undone, bare cleavage entered my vision.

When the last button was undone at Sammy's collar, I couldn't help but stare.

Huge, wondrous tits. So soft and smooth. If I could just reach out and-  
I shook my head. Had to focus.

"Move your hands lower again," I continued, eyes locked onto my sister's chest. "That's right, over your breasts, under them. Now take hold of your bra and slowly begin lifting it..."

Her breasts lifted with the hem of the bra at first, its tightness holding them up.

Then they dropped, swaying free of the white bra.

They bounced in front of me, pretty pink nipples exposed.

It took everything I had inside me not to lean forward and touch them, to wrap my lips around those hard little nipples.

"His hands are moving more now. Along your ribs, fingers just barely touching your skin."

At my command, her fingertips began circling her areola.

I could see her arousal building, the anticipation.

She was still wearing the pyjama shirt – it was simply unbuttoned. She still had the bra, though it was pushed up and out of the way. She was still wearing pyjama trousers and panties, though I was sure those panties were starting to get more than a little wet right now.

"With your thumb and your fingers, slowly start squeezing your nipple. Just a little bit, not too tight. Just a soft little pinch."

Sammy seemed to be barely listening to me any more.

The fingers of her left hand moved as I'd said, began teasing the hard – and, no doubt, sensitive – nipple of her left breast. Her right hand, however, began to slide lower down her body, drawing little circles over her skin as it drifted steadily towards her tummy. Then even lower.

"That's it," I said, trying to keep the arousal from my voice. "Keep going. Let your instincts take over."

"Ah," Sammy gasped as her hand slid under her panties, her voice high-pitched – she almost sounded surprised.

Her mouth dropped open; a soft, sweet moan escaping from her lips.

My hand slid between my own legs. As I watched.

I couldn't see my sister's hand, nor her pussy. I could only see where her hand was under her trousers, see it moving rhythmically over her crotch. Slowly at first, then faster.

I matched Sammy's speed, watched and stared as she lost herself in the pleasure she was feeling.

Her other hand – the one that had been teasing her nipple – was now gripping her breast tightly, squeezing and groping it. It looked rough, painful even. But then Sammy wasn't a soft girl, she was energetic and tough and playful. Maybe she liked it rough.

"Oh," she moaned, her entire body beginning to move now – swaying in time with her hand motions. She began bouncing slightly, not wildly – not even really bouncing – her body rising and falling, chest swelling, breathing laboured.

My orgasm was building quickly and, from the look of things, so was my sister's.

The hand under her panties was moving wildly.

Her face was contorted in pleasure and lust.

Her other hand moved from her left breast to her right, a soft pink hand-print visible clearly on her pale skin.

She squeezed tightly, her entire body freezing in place.

A loud, high-pitched whine escaped Sammy's open mouth.

Her legs moved - thighs squeezing together, knees moving closer and rubbing against each other.

Sammy's body shivered, trembled. She dropped onto one side, panting. Her body – what I could see of it – was glistening with a thin layer of sweat.

Sammy opened her eyes for the first time, looking dazed.

She saw me sitting there, smiled a silly, tired, care-free smile at me. Her body quivered one last time.

"Wow," was all she said before closing her eyes.

I watched, dumbfounded and exhausted, as Sammy fell asleep right there and then, curled up in a ball on her bed, a silly grin on her face.

I'd have dropped down on the bed next to her and done the same, if I could.

I paused, frowned and shook my head.

A little laugh escaped my lips.

*If I could?*

There was no *if*. Sammy was mine. If she woke up and I was there, she wouldn't mind. If anything, she'd probably be more surprised and worried if she woke up and I *wasn't* sleeping next to her.

Dreamily, ignoring the feel of the cum filling my boxers, a dumb smirk on my face, I crawled over to where Sammy lay curled up and dropped down next to her. I wrapped my arm around my sister's body, reached for one of her perfect tits and squeezed it gently.

I knocked out the instant my eyelids shut, the palm of my hand to my fingertips filled with my sister's soft tit.