

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 7

Heaven. I was in heaven.

Waking up with Sammy in my arms, my hand on her exposed breast and her ass rubbing against my crotch.

Utter bliss.

For once, it was me who woke up first.

I didn't move, didn't try to get up or wake my beautiful sister. I simply stayed where I was, enjoying the marshmallow-soft breast in my hand. My nostrils were filled with the scent of my sister – strawberries and sweetness. And, beneath that, a very faint sour tang in the air.

With a satisfied smile on my face, I gently kneaded Sammy's tit.

After a few minutes, she eventually woke up.

A soft, almost sexual moan escaped Sammy's lips as she stretched awake. Her back curved, ass pressing hard against my crotch. She stretched her arms and legs, let out a soft sigh. A cute little whine.

Then she shot up, and my blissful relaxation came to an abrupt end.

The morning's cool air flooded under the blanket, chilly and jarring. Bedsprings creaked as Sammy moved, turned her body to face me, her eyes wide and confused.

Her shirt was still unbuttoned, bra askew. One of her wonderful tits – the one I'd spend the night groping in my sleep – was exposed. A cute pink nipple stared at me, begging to be kissed and tasted.

I tore my gaze away from it, looked at Sammy's face.

Uncertainty, puzzlement. Her eyes looked almost unfocused as she stared at me. She opened her mouth to speak, though no words came out.

Then my sister blinked, shook her head.

She still looked a little confused, but the shock and uncertainty vanished.

"Good morning," I said, watching her face intently.

That reaction – the confusion, the way she'd shot up in bed the moment she'd felt my hand on her – was worrying. My heart had begun to race in my chest, my mind going from blissful serenity to active and alert in a single moment.

What'd just happened? And *why* had it happened?

Sammy shook her head, eyes clearing. Her usual smile curled her lips a moment later.

"Morning," she grinned. "You're up early."

She wasn't wrong. I was up, in more ways than one.

I grinned at her, though my thoughts remained on my sister's reaction upon waking up. Why had she seemed so surprised and confused?

Hypnosis, the way I was using it, could alter a person's perceptions of reality. Change what they believed, tweak their moral compass and give them a new perspective on things.

That, however, didn't mean their old beliefs simply vanished.

Inside Sammy's mind were two sets of ideals. Her natural beliefs, the ones she'd absorbed and developed over her entire life. And her conditioned beliefs, the ideals and moralities and notions that I'd given her during her nightly ASMR trances.

Just because I'd convinced a part of her mind that her fingering herself in front of me, following my instructions, was totally natural and normal, it didn't mean that the years she'd spent believing families weren't meant to be sexual with each other simply disappeared. That lifetime of her believing brothers and sisters aren't supposed to masturbate together, the taboos she'd picked up about the topic over her lifetime, they were still there in her brain. A few hypnotic trances weren't going to change that.

I spent most of the day thinking about it.

That was why Sammy had reacted the way she had. In the first few moments after she woke up, my hand on her tit, that lifetime of believing one thing flared. Within a few seconds, my hypnotic conditioning took over again – confusing my sister as to why she was freaking out. But, for the briefest moment, Sammy had recoiled.

The night before, she hadn't listened to a recording.

Could that be why she'd reacted as she had?

Would I need to make sure she listened to one every night from now on? If so, for how long? Having her listen to hypnotic ASMR recordings for the rest of her life was hardly ideal.

The thoughts swirled in my mind as I sat in front of my special microphone. A tempest of ideas and plans and fears.

Finally, I made up my mind.

I moved my mouse, clicked on the 'record' button and began speaking.

"So," I said, sitting on the edge of Sammy's bed. "How did it feel?"

My sister, clad in plaid pyjamas, raised an eyebrow at me.

"Last night," I continued. "We haven't talked about it. Did it feel good? Did you like it?"

At that, her other eyebrow went up. Her eyes widened and a light blush appeared on her cheeks. She glanced down, refused to meet my eyes. Ever so slightly, she nodded her head.

I couldn't help but grin.

The more she enjoyed touching herself with me around, the easier it'd be for me to convince her mind that she was feeling so good *because* I was there. And, from there, it'd be a simple thing to make her start seeing me as arousing and attractive, desirable.

That, in part, was what tonight's recording would nudge Sammy towards.

Double her sexual pleasure and gratification when I was there with her, half it when she was alone. Make her come to the conclusion that she enjoyed it more with me there herself.

"I'm glad," I told her. "Masturbation is great. The only thing better is actual sex. If you'd like, I could help you out with your masturbation technique again sometime. Not tonight or anything, I have some homework I need to do. But maybe tomorrow."

Much as I wanted to watch Sammy finger-blast herself again, I needed to make sure she listened to the recording. She couldn't do that if she jilled herself silly and knocked out before she had the chance.

"Okay," Sammy said, voice soft.

I stared at her for a moment longer, took in the unusual sight of my sister acting shy and cute. Usually she was so boisterous and energetic, a true tomboy. Beautiful and sexy, sure. But, right now, she looked adorably girlish.

If I could have, I'd have taken a photo.

Her usual ponytail was gone, chocolate brown hair falling down her shoulders in waves instead. Her full, oh-so kissable lips were closed – no full-white smile today. The blush on her cheeks, rosy pink and warm on her pale skin, made me want to kiss her all the more. And her downward facing eyes, flicking up every now and then to look at me before shooting away again.

Why was she so amazingly beautiful?

Why, of all the people in all the world, did my sister have to be the most sexy, pretty, desirable one?

Months ago, that thought would have been a blow to my gut.

My sister, the one girl in the world I'd never have a chance with. The one girl who was off-limits forever.

Now, I was slowly making her mine.

"Well," I said, standing up. The erection growing between my legs wouldn't sort itself out. Besides, I actually did need to catch up on some homework. "I should go do my homework, then. I'll see you later, sis."

Sammy opened her mouth to say something. Before the words could escape her lips, my sister's eyes drifted down to my crotch and the very visible bulge there.

Her face brightened to crimson, though she hesitated before looking away.

Admiring the goods?

I smirked, pretended I hadn't noticed her looking and left her room.

"There's nothing wrong with finding your twin attractive," I told my microphone. "There's nothing wrong with noticing that they're good looking and sexually appealing. It's natural, you can't help who you're attracted to. And, for twins, it's even more natural."

I didn't expect Sammy to find me hott or sexy. I was, admittedly, pretty plain. But her being fine with *my* attraction to *her* was vital to my plans.

And, if I could alter her tastes along the way, make her start seeing plain and nerdy as attractive and sexy, all the better.

"Twins have a lot of things in common. Most things in common, really. They're practically the same person, after all. Twins separated at birth usually end up with similar jobs and hobbies, similar partners and lives. So it's easy to see why a lot of twins share the same sexual kinks – even if one of them doesn't know it right away."

Giving Sammy the same kinks and desires I had was also fairly important for my future plans. I wanted her full, pretty lips around my cock – something that'd never happen if she found the idea of sucking dick unappealing. Making sure we were on the same page sexually would make life so much easier and enjoyable for both of us.

"You, Sammy, are inexperienced with sexual things. You don't really know what your kinks are right now. But, since we're twins, it'd make sense if you had the same kinks that I did. We do have so many other things in common, why not that too?"

If I could get Sammy excited at the prospect of incest...

"Twins can talk about this type of stuff with each other. Since twins have so much in common, since they have such a unique and special relationship with each other, they can talk about absolutely anything without worry."

I sat alone in my room, watching the short video clip my sister had sent me. The lewd of her friend. Kylie. The girl Sammy thought I had a crush on.

Kylie was nice enough. Had a sexy body and pretty face.

But she wasn't Sammy.

Most of my friends would kill to have the short video of Kylie showing off her tits. Even if she hadn't revealed her nipples in it, there was more than enough to fuel a guy's imagination. The clip, for my friends, would have been a sacred treasure.

And all I kept thinking was that I'd rather one of Sammy.

My sister, ever since then, had encouraged me to talk to her friend – get to know her and maybe ask her out. She was enthusiastic and excited at the prospect of her best friend and brother dating.

In an odd way, it was kinda funny.

The idea of Sammy dating one of *my* friends made my stomach roll. The idea of her being with one of them instead of me...

The video began repeating again.

A pretty girl wearing a tank-top and no bra, pulling at the straps and removing the cloth – hiding the goodies underneath with her arm.

I closed the video, typed a quick text to my sister.

A question. I asked my sister if she'd ever sent someone a video like the one Kylie

had sent her. A lewd.

After a few moments, I got a reply.

No, she hadn't.

I began typing out another message, one fuelled by my arousal and hormones. A simple message, telling her she should try it out some time – see how it makes her feel to expose herself like that to someone.

In my head, I figured I'd be able to convince her – using a few hypnotic ASMR recordings over the next few days – to send me a lewd like the one I had of Kylie.

A permanent image of my sister being sexual captured on camera, something I could look at and watch any time I wanted.

What I was not expecting was Sammy's reply to my suggestion.

A minute or so after I'd sent her the text, I got one back from her. No words or text, no emojis. Just an unnamed video file.

My chest pounded as I saved it to my phone and played it.

Sammy's beautiful face smiled up at me from my phone's screen, her cheeks red. Behind her, the sky was blue – some bright green bushes at her back. She glanced left and right, energetic nervousness clear on her face. Then the camera moved down, focusing on her unzipped tracksuit top and the white t-shirt underneath.

Her freehand – the one not holding her phone – moved to the hem of her t-shirt, began pulling it up.

I watched, mouth open and eyes wide, as Sammy's toned tummy came into view and, a moment later, her black and green sports bra. She cupped one of her breasts over her bra, gave it a little squeeze, then quickly lowered her t-shirt again.

The camera went back to her grinning, blushing face.

And then the video ended.

I stared at my screen dumbfounded. A few brief moments later, I tapped on my phone screen again, set the video to begin playing on repeat.

She'd done it in public. Flashed her bra and played with her boob outdoors, where anyone might have seen.

Did Sammy have a thing for exhibitionism?

Was she just doing what I wanted?

She certainly hadn't needed convincing. I hadn't even asked her to do what she'd done, just recommended she try it some time.

When she returned home, I was waiting in her room for her.

She blushed when she saw me sitting on her bed.

Just back from her run, still wearing the tracksuit from the video clip, my sister looked amazing. Her white t-shirt was darkened with sweat on her collar and chest, the fabric clinging to her skin. Sweat coated her forehead, some stray strands of hair falling over her face. Panting softly from her run, Sammy stepped inside her room, closed the door behind herself.

Usually, at this point, she'd go take a shower.

"I liked the video," I told her before she could get some pyjamas out of her wardrobe. "It was very..."

Very what? Sexy? Yes, it was. But telling Sammy that might not be the brightest thing to do. Arousing? Hott? Cute? What was the right word to use?

"Nice," I said after a moment.

Sammy blushed brighter, her eyes moving to finally meet mine.

"Thank you," my sister said softly.

After that, an awkward silence fell on us. Neither of us knew what to say. What were you *supposed* to say after your sister sends you a lewd video of herself?

Should I compliment her? Give her advice?

My gaze drifted down to Sammy's chest. Those two amazing, wondrous tits. Perfect, huge melons.

Sammy noticed me looking, glanced down at her own chest then back at me.

"They're big," Sammy stated.

"Uh..."

What was I supposed to say to *that*?

"Do you like big boobs?" Sammy asked, eyes locked onto mine.

My eyes flickered down again, took in the wonderful sight that was my sister's chest. The wet t-shirt hugging her skin, her sports bra visible under the white. Unthinking, I found myself nodding my head, starting my sister in the eye.

"Yes," I answered honestly.

After that, we were both silent for a long while.

Sammy didn't move to get her pyjamas, didn't go to take her usual shower. I sat there awkwardly, uncertain if I should get up and leave, or stay and wait.

Finally, Sammy broke the silence.

"Do you wanna see them?"

Her words shot through me like lightning.

I opened my mouth, unsure what I should say. Was this some kind of trick or test? It wasn't something normal brothers and sisters talked about or did. Was she being serious?

We weren't normal siblings, I had to remind myself.

We were twins.

And in Sammy's mind, twins had a special connection. I'd spent weeks convincing her subconscious mind that me and her were practically the same person – that there was nothing wrong with us seeing each other naked, or masturbating together.

As far as Sammy's mind was concerned, there was nothing wrong with her exposing herself to me.

Nothing wrong with it, sure. But why was she going out of her way to offer it?

"Yes," I answered. I couldn't help myself.

Sammy didn't react for a long moment. She stared at me, as if making up her mind about something. She was still blushing, still embarrassed. But there was more behind her eyes, a warmth. She looked curious. Excited, even.

When her hands moved, my body tensed.

Sammy slipped off her tracksuit top with ease, slipping her arms out of the sleeves and letting it fall to the floor forgotten. Next was her sweat-coated white t-shirt. Sammy reached down to her waist, grasped the t-shirt's hem and slowly began pulling it up and over her head. The cloth clung to her skin, peeling away to reveal the wet, toned skin underneath.

Her sports bra was drenched in sweat. Even black as it was, I could see how wet it was.

The bra peeled away from her skin, freeing the two gigantic tits beneath it. They swung and jiggled as Sammy pulled the bra over her head and dropped on the floor. Her arms moved, hugged her stomach, squeezing together and framing the two melon tits.

All the while, Sammy stared into my eyes.

Naked from the waist up, my sister took a step towards me. Climbed onto the bed and sat just a few inches away.

She opened her mouth to speak, hesitated.

Her eyes drifted down to my crotch. To the very visible bulge there.

She opened her mouth again.

"Can I," Sammy said, paused, stared into my eyes. "Can I see yours, too?"

I gulped, nodded my head.

Sammy wanted to see my cock. She wanted to look at it.

Feeling oddly embarrassed, I began removing my trousers and underwear, letting

my twin sister stare at my erection.

And stare she did. Lips parted slightly, eyes intent, Sammy gazed at my cock. She leaned forward, tilted her head. With how close her face was to it, I could feel the warm tickle of her breath on my throbbing shaft.

My sister was staring at my cock.

Inches away. Her lips were inches away from the head.

Her face was flushed, breathing soft. Sammy pulled her eyes away from my cock, looked me in the eye, asked the question that'd forever change our relationship as brother and sister.

"Can I touch it?" My sister asked me.

Wordlessly, feeling my cock twitch as I did so, I nodded my head.