

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 8

Warm fingertips pressed against my cock's head. A faint, curious touch.

Sammy leaned forward, pretty eyes intent on my cock. Her breath tickled it, sent shivers of pleasure through my body with every tiny pant. A few strands of brown hair fell over her face, messy and unkempt. Her body – her exposed chest – was coated in a sheen of sweat.

And she was touching my cock.

My sister's fingers were on my cock.

She pushed lightly on it, moved it from side to side. Looking at it from all angles. Her eyes were transfixed, lips parted. Curiosity and wonder.

Her fingers trailed along the length of my shaft, warmth spreading wherever her fingertips touched.

It was the first time she'd ever seen a real cock in person.

She'd seen mine before, sure. We'd slept in the same bed naked enough, she must have seen it. But this was the first time she'd ever had a chance to *look*. To *explore*.

Her chest was rising and falling, eyes intense.

She didn't realise she was committing a huge taboo. She had no idea we weren't supposed to be doing this. In her mind, we were twins – and twins were practically the same person. Her touching me was no different than her touching herself. I'd warped her mind, made her think that it was totally fine and acceptable for her to be touching and exploring my cock.

"What does it feel like?" Sammy asked, looking up at my face.

Warmth filled her eyes.

"Good," was all I could manage to say.

She glanced back down, saw her fingers on my cock – almost seemed surprised that they were there. She moved them, though not away from my shaft. She started trailing them up and down, pressing a little heavier.

When her fingertips brushed the head, I gasped.

Sammy noticed, her eyes flickering to my face for a moment before returning her attention to my cock.

Slowly, she began trailing her fingers around the rim of my helmet. Hot tingling followed her fingertips, sending jolts of pleasure shooting through my body. My heart raced in my chest, my breathing becoming uneven and laboured.

Sammy's breathing changed too, became heavier, hotter.

The room seemed to heat up as Sammy touched me, radiating with suffocating warmth.

My thoughts began to lose cohesion.

All that mattered was Sammy - sitting in front of me, leaning forward with her tits dangling below her, touching me.

At some point, more than just my sister's fingertips started touching me. Her whole hand wrapped around my shaft. What began as her poking and prodding morphed into her jerking me off. Hand gripping me, moving up and down, eyes wide and mouth open.

I gasped, grunted, held back from losing control.

None of this had been initiated by me.

It was all Sammy. All her desires.

She was, I reminded myself, the same age as me. Hormone-addled and young. And I wasn't off-limits. She didn't have a boyfriend to do this stuff with, and she wasn't the type to do it with someone she wasn't dating. But me? In her mind, I was fine. A teen girl with a cock to play and experiment with, with no inhibitions to hold her back and no worries.

My beautiful, amazing sister.

"Do you," I said between breaths, "want to learn about blowjobs?"

Sammy's eyes shot up, wide.

From the look on her face, she'd almost forgotten I was even there. Like she was playing with a dildo, not a real person. Not her twin brother.

She blushed crimson, nodded her head.

Her hand slid to the base of my cock, held it in place. Sammy closed her eyes, slowly inched her face forward.

Warmth engulfed my cock's head. Warmth and wetness and pure, blissful pleasure. Her lips closed around it, slid slowly down its length. She only made it half-way before stopping, the sweet sound of a choked gag filling her bedroom. She began pulling back.

"Less teeth," I gasped as they scratched my cock's head.

Sammy uttered a 'sorry', though the word was muffled and distorted by the cock in her mouth.

I placed my hand on her head instinctively, guided her.

Soon, Sammy learned to slacken her jaw, began gulping down more and more of my cock – squeezing it with her mouth and throat. An excellent student and a hands-on, energetic girl. The perfect combination for a girl learning how to suck cock.

Before long, I couldn't hold back my orgasm any more.

When I told my sister I was about to cum, she pulled my cock out of her mouth, was about to say something. Then it happened. The orgasm struck, I came.

And plastered my sister's face and open mouth with my cum.

"Practising sex with your twin is completely normal," I told my microphone. "Really, all twins do it. They don't talk about it or anything, they don't tell anyone because non-twins would never understand the special relationship twins have. But most twins do actually practice sexual things together."

Sammy, it seemed, was far more open to doing those types of things with me now than I'd realised. Giving me a handjob without me even needing to suggest or prompt it? And then sucking me off without question or hesitation? Amazing.

She really was okay with it. She totally believed it was fine.

All I needed to do now was nudge her a bit further, and make sure she didn't tell anyone else.

Then...

Well, it was only a matter of time before she decided to discover what an actual cock felt like inside her.

"Who better to practice with, after all? No-one else will ever know you or understand you like your twin does – like I do. No one else will ever have as much in common with you sexually. I'm the perfect person for you to do that type of stuff with."

Until she eventually ended up with a boyfriend. Then she wouldn't 'need' practice any more, would she?

I shook my head. A problem for another time.

Once I started fucking Sammy, once we started having full-blown sex on the regular, I could focus on keeping it that way. Make her see me as a lover, a partner, rather than someone to play and practice with. The end-goal - my sister as my secret girlfriend.

For the first time, I could feel it. Believe it.

Even right then, I could remember the feel of my sister's mouth on my cock. Everything was working.

Soon, Sammy would be mine.

"Dude," one of my friends said, snapping my thoughts away from Sammy and her full lips.

"Do you know if your sister is dating anyone?"

The question wasn't an uncommon one.

Every now and then, some random guy with a crush on Sammy would come and ask me. No-doubt, they hoped she was single, wanted to ask her out. As far as I knew, she'd turned down every guy that'd ever asked her out.

Was she waiting for the right guy to ask, or was she just not interested in dating?

I had no idea.

"No," I answered, turning my attention to the crappy school food in front of me.

"No she isn't dating anyone, or no you don't know?"

"No, I don't know," I said, feeling a hint of annoyance.

So many guys, all wanting to put their dicks in Sammy. And a lot of them thought they could use me in some way to get what they wanted. Drill me about what my sister did and didn't like – information they could use to 'seduce' her.

I told them all the same thing. I didn't know my sister that well. There was nothing I could tell them about her that they didn't already know.

That used to be the case. Used to be, I knew next to nothing about Sammy.

Ever since I'd started making those recordings, however, I'd grown much closer to her. Much closer, even, than when we'd shared a room together. I knew things about her that no-one else did, seen her in ways that not even her best friends had – ways that'd make any guy in this shithole school jealous.

"She's probably a lesbian," another friend said. "I mean, has she ever actually dated a guy? I bet her and Kylie are a thing. Think about it."

"Isn't Kylie dating someone?" The first friend piped in, sounding sceptical.

"They broke up. I'm telling you, they're totally lesbians."

I ignored the two idiots as they proceeded to debate about if Kylie was bisexual or not. If they wanted to fantasise about my sister and her best friend getting down and dirty, power to them.

At the end of the day, it'd be me who Sammy would be pleasuring with her mouth.

Quite literally, in fact.

Sammy wiped her mouth, got off her knees and stood up straight.

She was wearing running clothes. I'd caught her just as she was about to go out on her evening run, convinced her to suck my cock before she went. It was actually surprisingly easy – she hadn't even needed convincing. More like, I asked if she wanted to and she'd gotten onto her knees and, well, here we were.

As she began stretching, I couldn't help but admire her body.

Going on runs practically every day for years had given my sister a slim, athletic build. Slender waist with wide hips and lean thighs. Her chest, those wonderful breasts of hers, seemed almost at odds with the rest of her – huge tits on an otherwise slender frame. Not that it was a bad thing, of course. Sammy had a perfect body.

"That video," I said, the thought coming to me in a flare of genius. "The one you sent me when you were on a run before."

There was only one video I could mean. The lewd.

Sammy glanced at me, blushed and nodded.

"Did you like making it? Exposing yourself, I mean. Did you enjoy showing yourself in public like that?" A couple of weeks ago, I'd never have had the courage to ask. But, once a girl's had your dick in their mouth, you can't help but feel more comfortable talking to them about their possible kinks. "I thought it was really hott."

Twins, Sammy believed, shared a lot of their kinks. If I found her exposing herself kinky, then she might too – simply because she knew it aroused me.

She blushed a brighter red, glanced down at the floor as she nodded her head again.

Neither of us spoke as Sammy finished stretching. She turned to her bedroom door, walked towards it. When her hand touched the door-handle, another idea sparked in my

mind. An irresistible, sexy image of my beautiful sister.

"Wait," I said before she could open the door. She paused, looked over at me. I inhaled a deep breath, pushed down my nerves and spoke with as much of a commanding tone as I could muster. "Take your bra off. Go on your run without it."

Sammy's eyes widened.

She stared at me for a long moment, unspeaking. Then, ever so slowly, she began taking off her track top and t-shirt. Within a few seconds, the now familiar sight of my sister's perfect tits came into view. Wonderful, bouncy beauties.

Sports bra tossed aside, Sammy put her t-shirt and track top back on and, blushing profusely, she left her bedroom.

Images of my sister's tits bouncing as she jogged around the neighbourhood filled my thoughts as I sat on her bed, waited for her to return. Part of me regretting not going with her. Watching those huge melons jiggle and bounce as she ran would have been wonderful.

Maybe next time.

Or maybe I'd just text her, ask her to record a video of herself as she ran. Or hell, why not just have her run on the spot when she got back home?

I didn't have complete control over her yet. She wouldn't obey my every command, wouldn't go out of her way to satisfy my every whim. Mostly, I'd just warped her ideas on family and twins. But that didn't mean I couldn't *convince* her to do everything I wanted her to. So long as she continued listening to my recordings, I could twist and warp her mind in any way I wanted.

Soon, I'd be fucking her. I could feel it.

She was a hormonal teenage girl, filled with curiosity and a willingness to explore her sexuality and desires. She didn't have a boyfriend to experiment and play with but, in her mind, she didn't need one. She had a twin brother. The ideal, perfect partner.

As soon as she was ready, she'd ask if I wanted to have sex with her. And I, of course, would say yes.

It'd be that simple.

Sammy would be mine. It was only a matter of time.

Tonight, the recording I'd made for her would help push her over the edge, make her want to try full-blown sex out for the first time – see what all the fuss was about.

Tomorrow, or maybe just a few days more, and that'd be it.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of rushed footsteps outside my sister's room. Then, in a flurry of motion, the door swung open and Sammy stepped inside, slamming the door shut behind herself.

She was panting heavily, even more so than usual after one of her runs. Her face was bright red, covered in sweat. Her track top was undone, the t-shirt underneath so wet with sweat that I couldn't see a speck of fabric *not* drenched and clinging tightly to Sammy's skin. And the way it clung to her...

Little was left to the imagination. The round shapes clearly defined, cleavage and underboob totally visible under the t-shirt. Her nipples poked against the wet fabric, hard and clear.

The only thing that was able to drive my gaze up and away from Sammy's perfect, wet t-shirt covered tits was my sister's eyes.

Wild and hot and hazy, desperate in a way I'd never seen before.

Without saying a word, she advanced on me.

She jumped onto her bed, pushed me down and climbed on top of me, pressed her lips to mine. Her kiss was deep and wild, frenzied. And it lasted only a moment before she pulled away. Stupidly, my first thought was that my chest was damp, some of the sweat from Sammy's t-shirt soaking into mine.

Then Sammy began tugging down my trousers, and all other thoughts vanished.

Her lips found their way to my cock, engulfing it without hesitation or doubt. Right from the moment it entered her mouth, Sammy went all out – taking as much of it in as she could manage.

Sammy's right hand, I noticed, hand disappeared under her own body – sliding between her legs and into her panties.

As she sucked my cock, my sister moaned and gasped.

Every sound was muffled, distorted. Every sensation amplified.

I felt the back of Sammy's throat on my cock, felt her squeezing and sucking, her tongue coiling around it, massaging it vigorously. Her mouth was hot. Warmer than the other times. More hungry and desperate.

Gagging filled the bedroom as my cock spread open my sister's throat.

When Sammy's body tensed and shuddered, her throat vibrating around my cock, I unloaded. She choked as cum shot down her gullet, her lips pressing down tightly on my shaft – milking every drop of cum I had to give.

Afterwards, Sammy apologised.

Actually apologised for downing my cock like a pro.

Running without a bra on, she told me, had caused her to lose control – the kinkiness of it driving her over the edge. She told me about the men she'd jogged past, how they'd stared. Even just talking about it, I could see, aroused my sister.

A real, true exhibitionist, then.

This wasn't just her mind realising that I might be into it and emulating, convincing itself that she must have the same kink too. No, this was an actual, natural kink that Sammy herself had.

She'd probably had it for a long time, too.

Did she know most of the guys at school jacked off thinking of her? Did that thought arouse her?

How could I use this new-found kink of hers to my advantage?

My mind worked on that question, rolled it over and probed at it. If Sammy liked being seen, liked people seeing her in a naughty or dirty or sexual way, could I take that a step further? Make it so that some random stranger saw us making out or being sexual with each other – not knowing that we were brother and sister. Would that push Sammy's buttons? Would she find that kinky?

I looked over at my alarm clock, felt my heart pounding in my chest.

It was late. Sammy would be in her room right now, listening to a recording. The one that would – hopefully - make her want to try having sex for the first time. Sex with me, her twin brother.

I couldn't sleep, not with that thought in my head.

This time tomorrow, I might not be a virgin any more. This time tomorrow, I might well have popped my sister's cherry. Made her into a woman. My woman.

And, if Sammy was as much of an exhibitionist as she seemed, there was a good chance I could convince her that I should record us having sex. Make up some excuse about looking back at it, learning from it. Who knew, maybe I wouldn't need to make up an excuse. Maybe Sammy, my surprisingly slutty sister, would *want* to film the moment she lost her virginity to her brother.

At some point, I finally managed to knock out.

When I woke up the next morning, it was to find my smiling sister leaning over me. She grinned at me as my eyes flickered open. She was in her school uniform, the top few buttons of her white shirt undone – showing just enough cleavage that it looked unintentional.

I smiled up at her, my beautiful, stunning sister.

Tonight, I'd make her mine.