

Night Time Nudging

Chapter 9

School was a drag.

Boring lesson after boring lesson, the seconds ticking by so slowly that I wondered if the school day would ever end. My friends talked about their usual nonsense, teachers taught their usual lessons; everyone around me was acting like today was some ordinary, unusual day.

But it wasn't. Today was special.

Perhaps the most important, amazing day of my life.

Tonight was the night I'd pop my sister's cherry.

When the final bell finally rang, and school ended for the day, I couldn't contain my excitement any more. I ran home, my heart pounding in my ears. Raced up to my room and tossed my school stuff aside.

Sammy wouldn't be here for a little while. She'd be hanging out with her friends before heading home. I had time.

Time for what?

I paced around my bedroom, thoughts racing by in a blur. I needed to shower, make sure I was clean. I had to find something nice to wear, put on deodorant. Condoms. I needed condoms. And what about our parents? Should I wait until they went to bed later this evening before making my move?

Inhaling a deep breath, I forced myself to stop and sit down.

How long until Sammy got home from school?

Half an hour, maybe a bit more.

How long until our parents got home from work today?

Two hours or so.

That gave me at least an hour alone with my sister. Usually, that time would be time spent recording and editing an audio file for Sammy to listen to that night. I'd be done a little while before she went for her evening run and we'd hang out, chat until it was jogging time, then chat some more after she got back and showered.

So, I had a choice.

Did I try to seduce Sammy as soon as she got home, have sex with her before our parents were done at work? Or did I wait until later – after Mom and Dad went to bed – before making my move?

I couldn't do it while they were here and awake. The risk of one of our parents overhearing was too great.

For a long time, I considered my options. Seducing Sammy as soon as she got home meant less time to create tonight's recording for her. But waiting until tonight, spending even more time watching the clock tick by, was less than ideal. Not to mention that, even if I did wait until our parents were sleeping, who knew if they'd *stay* asleep. I had no idea how loud me and Sammy would be. What if we accidentally woke them?

For the first time, I was faced with an unexpected issue.

Mom and Dad.

I'd never thought about how they might cause problems for my plans with Sammy. They were barely here – always at work or asleep. I'd never even considered that they might get in the way. Yet, here I was, feeling trapped by them.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a door slamming shut.

Surprised, I glanced over at my clock.

I'd been sitting there for over half an hour, lost in my thoughts. Sammy, my beautiful sister, was home already.

My body moved by itself, standing and walking out of my bedroom in search of my sister. In the back of my mind, I made excuses and reasons about why I'd decided to do it

now rather than tonight – that it was less risky and such. But, in reality, I was just tired of waiting. Sammy was ready, and I was more than ready for her. After all this time, I didn't want to wait a single second longer than I had to.

I wanted to fuck my sister, and I wanted to fuck her *now*.

Sammy blushed, cheeks a rosy red, as she removed her clothes.

A simple question was all it'd taken. Me asking her if she wanted to practice having sex, see what it really felt like. That was all I'd needed to do. Now here we were, in Sammy's bedroom. Both of us about to lose our virginities to each other.

Fuck, my sister's body was beautiful.

Lean, strong legs. Not a hint of fat – just pure, smooth muscle. Her thighs squeezed together, a small gap forming between them just beneath her crotch. No hair. Sammy shaved down there regularly. Her hips were wide, full. Her waist, by contrast, was slender and firm – her tummy toned and strong. An hourglass figure with plenty of time remaining.

Her breasts swayed. Two huge, round monsters rising and falling with Sammy's breathing. Perfect, wondrous tits. The prize every guy wished they could see and touch and play with. Somehow soft and firm at the same time, perky and bouncy marshmallows. With cute little nipples, mouth-wateringly inviting.

And her face.

Utter beauty. Impossibly pretty. Her full lips curled into a small, nervous smile. Her eyes, hazel and stunning – brown with specks of green and blue, shining with excitement and arousal. Her cheeks were flushed, cute and innocent. Her chocolate brown hair – usually tied back in a pony-tail – fell freely over her face and down her shoulders.

For a long few moments, I couldn't do anything but stare.

Gaze at the perfection before me.

It was wrong that a girl should be as beautiful as Sammy. Unfair to all other women – they had no hope of ever comparing to the perfection that was my sister. In her school uniform, she was cute and appealing. In running clothes she was sexy and tempting. But as she was now, completely naked and noticeably aroused, Sammy was beyond beautiful. Beyond words.

When I took her hand, felt how warm and soft her fingers were, Sammy blushed brighter.

I led her to her bed, sat down on the edge. She sat next to me.

Both of us were naked.

My cock stood out, long and hard. Sammy's eyes flickered to it, her breathing heavy.

Neither of us knew what to do, not really. Sammy had never been in this situation before, and I certainly hadn't ever come this close to actually having sex either. Somehow, though, even though we didn't know how to act, what to do, our bodies had instincts of their own.

As I turned my face towards Sammy, she did the same.

Our lips met, tingles running up and down my spine as they did. Clumsily at first, then more eagerly, we began to make out.

My hands moved, slid over my sister's skin – over her soft, round flesh. And hers did the same, one sliding around the small of my back, the other reaching for my cock. Somehow, everything felt natural. It felt *right*.

I cupped Sammy's breast in my right hand, squeezed it gently. My thumb trailed little circles around her hard nipple, rubbing and teasing it. My left rested on my sister's thigh, massaging the muscle there – inching closer and closer to the warmth radiating out from Sammy's groin.

Her legs opened for my fingertips, a faint, breathy sigh escaping her lips.

Her hand tightened around my cock, rising and falling as she slowly jacked me off.

Heat washed through my body, a hungry warmth that pushed away all thoughts and sense.

Soon, Sammy was laying on her back; her head on a pillow, her legs wide open, body flushed and sweating. I knelt between her knees, my cock hard in my hand as I guided it to her wet, waiting pussy. She gasped when my cock made contact with her skin, moaned when as I pushed forward further.

At first, there was resistance. An impossible tightness preventing me from sliding any more than my cock's tip inside her. My body wanted to continue pushing, to not stop until my entire length was inside Sammy, until I was done and spent inside her. But I hesitated. What if Sammy wasn't wet enough? She seemed plenty wet to me, but what did I know? What if her body wasn't ready for me? What if I hurt her?

My sister must have been reading my thoughts because she smiled. Her legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me closer to her.

"Do it," Sammy whispered, voice a high-pitched plea. "Fuck me."

Every thought evaporated at those words. Every worry vanished.

I drove forward, pushed into Sammy. The resistance faltered and, little by little, my cock penetrated my sister's hole. Sammy let out an erotic whimper, legs tightening around my back. When I stopped – my cock fully impaling her – Sammy shivered, body trembling beneath me.

Warmth. My cock was surrounded by crushing heat, squeezed from all sides. I was inside her. My sister. Sammy.

That single thought made my body shudder.

I looked down at the spot our two bodies met – where my cock disappeared inside Sammy's spread-apart opening.

It was actually happening.

Instinctively, I leaned forward, planted both my hands on my sister's hips. She stared up into my eyes, smiled her approval. And, letting my pent-up desires take over, I slowly started moving.

Bedsprings creaked, the sounds of skin slapping against skin. The rhythmic thumping of the bed's posts bashing against the bedroom wall. And, above it all, the musical sounds of Sammy's moans and panting.

"Ohh," my sister moaned, hands holding onto me, pulling me in closer. "Ahh!"

Her tits bounced and shook as we moved in sync with each other, hypnotic nipples drawing in my gaze. Two perfect little nipples – pink and hard and inviting. I couldn't help but reach out and grab one of Sammy's breasts, lean down and taste her nipple.

"Fuck," Sammy gasped softly, her pussy clamping down around my cock. "Yes. Harder!"

I was close. I could feel it.

Led by pure instinct and desire, I pulled away from my sister's nipple, towered over her, began thrusting and fucking her as fast and hard as I could. Beneath me, Sammy moaned and gasped and begged, urged me on with high-pitched cries of pleasure.

Sammy's back arched, her entire body tensing.

I couldn't hold back any more, let loose and began to cum.

My sister's body trembled, shuddered. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets, a little whine escaping her lips. Goose-pimples and redness flushed across Sammy's skin as she collapsed back onto her bed, pussy convulsing around my shaft – milking it as I came inside her, filling her up.

A wave of weariness washed over my body when I was done.

Unable to think, or even keep myself upright, I dropped down on top of my sister.

Neither of us said anything. Only the sounds of laboured breathing filled Sammy's bedroom. I didn't move, didn't do anything but enjoy the warm tingling spreading through my body. My cock, still inside Sammy, had already begun shrinking to its flaccid length.

Sammy opened her eyes, smiled a sweet, loving smile.

Her arms wrapped around me as she leaned in to kiss me.

The kiss, unfortunately, was broken off early by the sound of the house's front door slamming shut.

If our parents knew or realised that me and Sammy had been fucking just before they got home, they sure didn't show it. As we sat down and ate dinner together as a family, our mother and father seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that their children had lost their virginities to each other just a little while ago.

They ate their take-away Indian food on the opposite side of the table from me and Sammy, talking about their day and asking us about ours.

Sammy told them all about how she'd done at school, that there was some drama going on with her friends, that exams were coming up soon so she was spending a lot of her time studying for them. She did not, however, mention anything about losing her v-card or fucking her brother.

As she spoke, I couldn't help but suppress a smile.

My hand, the one I wasn't using to eat food, slid under the table, found its way to my sister's knee.

She flinched when my skin made contact with her – the pitch of her voice shifting slightly. She contained to talk, tell our parents about school and her plans – making no move to stop my as I slid my fingers up from her knee, along her inner-thigh. When she opened her legs for me as my fingers approached her crotch, I took it as an invitation to tease more - rub her under her skirt, over her panties.

Save for the sound of her voice changing slightly, Sammy gave no indication that I had my fingers on her very, very wet pussy.

Our parents sat within reaching distance, and they had no idea.

I smirked to myself, continued eating dinner in silence.

"You belong to your brother," I said, reading off the script I'd written up instead of doing homework. "You are twins, and that means you're basically the same person. You, as a thinking, feeling human person belong to nobody but yourself. Or, at least, that's how it is for most people. But for twins, it's a little different."

Though I'd finally gotten to the finish line, I'd finally had sex with my beautiful sister, the recordings would continue. The end goal, when I'd started this, was to fuck Sammy. But, now that I'd tasted that forbidden fruit, it was time for a new goal. To make Sammy mine. Completely. Mind, body, and soul.

"Every person belongs to no-one but themselves. But twins are basically the same person, aren't they? And, if they're the same person, who does a twin belong to?"

I'd given this a lot of thought, come up with a list of 'compelling' arguments about which twin should own the other and why it 'made sense' for that to be the case. Everything from 'I was born first, so you must belong to me' to 'male twins take priority ownership over female twins, just look at how society leans towards male leadership' and so on.

In the end, the solution I'd come up with was far more simple.

"Twins belong to each other," I told my microphone.

Sammy would belong to me, and I'd 'belong' to her. As far as she believed, we'd be equal. In reality, the only one who'd be following orders and submitting themselves obediently would be my beautiful, trusting sister.

"You belong to your brother, and your brother belongs to you. We are a set. Two parts of a whole. We belong to each other, not to ourselves. We can act and think for ourselves, sure. But we, as twins, as the same person, can't ever really *own* ourselves. We have to be owned by each other."

I had a list of reasons *why* twins couldn't own themselves. A whole bunch of bullshit about how two being the 'same person' meant they shouldn't have the right to make decisions for themselves as those decisions would effect the other twin too. A whole lot of nonsense to trick a vulnerable, hypnotised mind.

"You belong to me, Sammy. Even more than you belong to yourself. It's the only fair, right way of doing things."

"Hey!" Sammy grinned, punching my shoulder with her usual energetic playfulness. "Guess what!"

Eyebrow raised, I shrugged.

"I don't know. What?"

"I got you a date!"

That caught my attention.

Sammy had just gotten home from school, wearing her uniform with flushed cheeks and a bead of sweat on her brow. It looked like she'd ran straight here after hanging out with her friends.

Excited much?

Obviously seeing my confusion, my sister continued.

"Kylie!" Sammy squealed excitedly. "I got you a date with Kylie! She broke up with her boyfriend recently and I told her about you and convinced her to give you a shot!"

My sister. There was no-one in the world quite like Sammy.

This morning, she'd woken me up with a blowjob – rode my cock and filled her pussy with my cum. All before I'd even gotten out of bed. And here she was, hooking me up with her hottest friend.

"You're amazing," I told Sammy.

She beamed at me.

Then her eyes flickered down, saw the bulge between my legs.

In my defence, how could I not be hard? Here was my sister, the sexiest, most beautiful girl in the world – cleavage exposed in her school blouse, damp with sweat. How could I *not* get aroused at the sight of her?

Sammy's eyes met mine again, her smile shifting into something a little more naughty.

"Someone's excited," Sammy spoke softly, voice sultry. "Your date isn't until Saturday."

"That is a problem," I said, glancing down at my hard-on. "I don't think I can wait until Saturday. It's bad to hold it in that long. Maybe you should help me."

Sammy smiled, took a step forward.

"Maybe I should," she purred.

My legs ached. My chest burned.

We'd run further than usual this time, me and my sister. Ever since I'd started jogging with Sammy, my endurance had gone through the roof – a good thing in more ways than one. But with how far from home our run had taken us today, I couldn't help but feel a little strained.

Sammy, of course, wasn't struggling at all. This could have been a leisurely stroll for all the effortless ease Sammy ran with.

Finally, we passed the perfect spot.

A suburb with plenty of trees and bushes. A lot of cover to hide us, but not enough that we wouldn't be seen at all.

"Come on," I told Sammy, waving for her to follow.

Her curiosity warped into surprise and arousal when I told her to pull her top and bra up – expose her tits to the world. She blushed brightly, did as I'd told her to.

I told her to put her hands on a tree, bend over.

Pulling down her running trousers and panties was a simple matter, though the panties clung to Sammy's wet crotch.

This far from home, no-one would know or recognise us. No passer-bys would see a brother pounding his sister from behind. They'd just see a guy and a girl – boyfriend and girlfriend – having some naughty fun.

While we were in the act, an older man walked by – saw us fucking in the bushes.

When his eyes fell on Sammy, she tightened around me – moaned all the louder. Being seen and watched, it turned out, was a pretty big kink my sister had. That was fine with me. I *wanted* the world to see who Sammy belonged to.

Later, on the run home, I clutched my sister's soiled panties in my hand, smiled to myself thinking about the sports bra we'd left hanging on one of the tree's branches.

Sammy, blushing and sweating and panting, jogged a few paces ahead of me.

A wonderful sight to behold.

It was safe to say, I think, that Sammy was enjoying her daily runs a lot more these days. And, for the first time, I was enjoying running too.

Twins, it turns out, might just have a lot in common.