

## Isolation Escapism

### Chapter 10

There was something magical about scrolling through those photos and videos of Kaley. Most she'd sent me, some I'd take for myself that eventful night. All of them were the type of images a brother shouldn't have of his sister.

But then, how many guys had a sister like mine?

Kaley was breath-takingly beautiful. Absolutely, unashamedly stunning. The type of girl most guys could only fantasise about.

Flowing blonde hair and glittering green eyes, a pretty face with full lips and a heart-melting smile. Her face alone made my sister the one-of-a-kind prize she was. But her body made that prize even more amazing and precious. Slim and slender, with massive tits and a nice, round ass.

And these pictures and videos I had of her? They showed my sister's body off in the best possible ways.

In one, she was pointing her phone at a full-body mirror. Leaning forward while naked, her huge tits hanging down just begging to be groped. In another, she had a cucumber squeezed between those perfect tits – a slutty smile on her face, eyes promising the world and more.

So many pictures and videos.

But none of them topped the videos I'd taken that night. Kaley's 'prom'. None of them could hope to compare to the sight of Kaley's open-mouthed moans and her tits bouncing as I fucked her. My sister's sweet voice flirting to her camera was nothing compared to her moans and gasps of pure pleasure.

Every time I watched the prom night videos, my mind came alive with ideas and memories. Plans for what to do with her next.

But, before I could work on Kaley more, before I could take her to the next level, I had to deal with Mom. Had to break her will and finally make her submit.

She needed release. She was just too stubborn to accept it.

Slowly, though, I was grinding down those walls.

It was only a matter of time before she caved.

Then I'd have a second folder of pictures and videos to browse whenever the desire hit. One for Kaley, one for Mom.

Now wouldn't *that* be something?

"People are a culmination of their life experiences," I said, watching Mom's face closely. "Every experience we have, every *memory*, defines us. It is our pasts that make us who we are."

She soaked in the words, didn't refuse them.

"Doing things – bad things – changes us. If a woman was to cheat on her husband, that'd change her. She wouldn't be able to go back and undo it. She'd have to live knowing that she was a cheater. That she'd betrayed her husband."

A slight twitching of her eyelid. Nothing unexpected.

"Or..." I said, hiding the smile from my voice, "do they?"

I took a deep breath, nodded my head.

"Humans are, at the end of the day, animals. Not all that different from any other mammal out there. We have certain needs and drives, and are compelled to fulfil those needs. If we don't, it causes stress and anxiety and pain – a feeling that we're missing something important in life. Like it or not, sex is one of those needs."

As always, Mom's subconscious mind was not happy with 'sex' being mentioned. Her eyebrows narrowed, lips pursed. But the reaction wasn't violent enough for me to stop. She was becoming desensitised to me bringing up taboo topics.

"People cheat," I said. "Even if they love their partner. Even if they know they shouldn't. They do. Because sometimes, their needs just aren't being fulfilled. It's natural. It's our animal instinct. But most people will still feel guilty about it. And that guilt leads to its own stress."

Dangerous territory, but worth the risk.

"They cheat because of their body's needs and the stress that comes from denying it, only to stress themselves out in another way."

She was so close to the edge, I could practically taste it. A year away from her husband, her only human contact being me and Kaley. No intimacy, no release. How much more could she possibly take?

"Humans need sex," I said, ignoring Mom's visible discomfort. "We are animals. We have needs. And if those needs aren't being fulfilled, we get stressed. But, in the case of sex, fulfilling that need with anyone but your husband will *also* cause you stress. No matter what happens, you're going to be stressed and anxious and unhappy."

My heart thumped heavily in my chest. A single moment of doubt, quickly smothered and forgotten.

"Unless..." I whispered. "You're able to *forget* about it. All the release, your needs being met, without ever having to think or worry about it afterwards."

Over the next few days, I hammered that idea home.

If a person couldn't remember their sins, were they still guilty of them – bound to them? If moments of our past make us what we are, do lost memories matter?

Mom cheating would change her as a person – she'd know she'd been unfaithful, that she'd betrayed her husband. But if the memory of her cheating disappeared – if she forgot all about it – would it *really* matter? Would it change her as a person if she wasn't aware she'd done anything bad? There'd be no reason to fret over it. No reason for her to change.

She'd be the same person she'd always been. There would be no consequences. She'd simply be less stressed, more happy.

The strain I was putting on her mind was evident. Mom was getting migraines, moments of confusion. Her baggy eyes were filled with pain and sadness. She was constantly slumped and tired and drained of energy.

I felt bad for her. Didn't like seeing her that way.

But, in the end, this would be for her own good.

She had to struggle now, so that she could feel better later.

And she was close. So close.

Days. Less than a week, I was certain.

I almost had her!

She just needed that one push. One last shove off the cliff she'd been hovering over for so long.

And I had just the thing in mind to make it happen.

"Hey Dad," I grinned, "how's life on the outside?"

"You make it sound like you're in prison," Dad chuckled, voice only slightly distorted by my phone's speakers.

"In a way," I said, "we kinda are."

Back when the lockdowns and isolation had begun, Dad had offered to be here with us – quit his job and stay at home to support the family. With Mom's and Kaley's conditions, we all knew if he wasn't here at the beginning of isolation, we wouldn't see him again until it came to an end.

But, after much discussion, it was decided that he'd keep working – living out of hotels and the like.

None of us had expected it to last this long.

"How are you all holding up?" Dad asked, voice suddenly drained of the joy that'd been there a moment before. "I've been talking to your mother recently and she seems..."

Defeated. Broken. On the brink of collapse.

"We're... Surviving," I said. "Me and Kaley are doing fine, for the most part. The hypnosis has really been helping out. Mom, though... She's not doing so well."

What followed after that was me 'explaining' what was going on. How Mom's subconscious was resisting my attempts to help her, that she was walking around like a zombie - seemed to be on the brink of a breakdown. I told him that she wasn't doing well, that she was suffering. And, silently, he listened.

Dad was a good man. A good husband and father. He'd do whatever he thought was right – anything to protect his wife and children, make them happy.

"I think..." I said, adding a note of hesitancy to my voice. "I think it's you."

"Me?" Dad sounded surprised. "What do you mean?"

"I've been creating these illusions for them – a way of helping them forget about the real world. If they're not thinking about the lockdown and the isolation, it'll help them with their stress. And it's working for Kaley just fine. But Mom... I think she's only *partially* following the suggestions. Like a part of her subconscious is holding back. I think... I think it's because you and her chat so much."

Dad said nothing. Probably didn't know what to think.

"In a way, you're keeping her grounded, and that's helping!" I said quickly.

"But...?"

"But you calling as much as you do... It's a constant reminder to her that this is her life now. Isolation. Trapped. You make her feel a little better when you call and chat to her, but the moment you hang up she's back to that depression. It's like she's being reminded of everything she can't have. It's not helping. Not really."

"I see."

The silence dragged on for a few moments. Dad digesting my words as I planned what to say next – how to convince him to stop calling and contacting Mom completely.

That much more isolation. That much closer to despair.

"What," Dad said at last, voice sorrowful, "can I do to help?"

"Are you happy, Kaley?"

"Yes," my hypnotised sister smiled.

A simple question and a simple answer. Good.

"When someone isn't happy – when they're anxious or depressed, most have difficulty sleeping. Likewise, people who are happy tend to sleep really well. They're more relaxed, more content, have nice dreams."

It was true enough. Kaley would have no reason to question it.

"If you're happy in life, you shouldn't have any trouble sleeping deeply, should you?"

"No..." Kaley answered in a whisper.

"You want to sleep deeply and have wonderful, happy dreams, don't you Kaley?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"You want to dream about Chad, live out all your fantasies about him while you sleep, right?"

"Yes," Kaley answered, this time a little more firmly.

"Sleeping well will make your days even better, make you even happier."

I smiled down at my sister and her nice, big tits.

"And, with hypnosis, I can *help* you sleep. Make it so you sleep all night long, won't wake up no matter what happens. No loud noises, no thumps in the night. Nothing. You'll sleep like a baby through it all."

Loud noises wouldn't wake her, loud *moans* wouldn't. Lots of things could go 'bump'

in the night, Mom's bedposts included.

"Would you like that?" I smirked. "Would you like me to help you sleep?"

Mom's eyes blinked open.

At first, she was dazed and confused. Her mind waking up from that hazy, distant place. Then she saw me, and her eyes widened. A smile split her lips.

"Honey?"

I grinned down at her.

"Hey sleepy head," I said. "How're you feeling?"

We were in the master bedroom. Mom laying on the bed in sweat pants and a jumper, me standing over her. It was evening – much later than I'd usually hypnotise her.

It took her a few minutes before she was ready to sit up, climb out of bed.

"How was the nap?" I asked, stepping aside.

"Nap?" Mom asked, momentarily confused. "Oh! Yeah, it was nice. What time is it?"

"Late," I shrugged – doing my best 'Dad' impression. "The kids are in bed already. It's just you and me."

She rolled her eyes at me.

As far as she was aware, there was no pandemic. The events of the last year were locked away in her mind – temporarily forgotten. For Mom, this was ordinary, unremarkable life. No pent-up stress, no crippling anxiety, no isolation. Her husband wasn't half the world away, impossibly out of reach. Her life wasn't a mess.

Everything was *fine*.

And, of course, for the duration of this illusion, she'd see me not as her son, but as her husband.

The first time I'd tried this – making her see me as Dad – hadn't gone well. She'd kissed me and killed the illusion, snapped right out of it.

This time, I'd be more careful.

No kissing. No touching. Nothing too flirty or naughty.

We'd just have a nice evening together as husband and wife. Watch a movie, maybe cuddle a little, then go to bed – where I'd end the illusion, make some hypnotic tweaks, and put my mother to sleep.

Nothing more. No pushing things too far.

Mom giggled as she opened the bedroom door, stepped inside.

She turned to look at me, a playful smile on her lips. The kind of smile that promised so much more. Not having the willpower to resist her, I followed her into the room, kicked the door shut behind myself.

I turned away from her to flick the bedroom light switch on and, when I looked back, my jaw just about touched the floor.

Her sweater was gone – tossed aside.

Facing away from me with her hands behind her back – clutching at her bra's latch. A moment more, and that bra was dropping to the floor. Before I could even react, she was stepping out of her sweat pants, thumbs hooking under the sides of her panties.

"What're you waiting for?" She giggled, looking over her shoulder at me. "Takes yours off too."

My voice caught in my throat.

A thousand possibilities raced through my mind. Good and bad and both.

What if I made my move, did what I wanted to, only for her to snap out of it just as things were getting spicy? What if she stopped it, realised what was going on?

What if she didn't?

I took a step towards her, hand outstretched.

But, somehow, I managed to stop myself.

I clenched my fists before my fingers could find themselves on my mother's wondrous curves. I shut my mouth and clenched my jaw before the temptation to kiss her had the chance to take over.

She was *almost* there. *Almost*.

There was just one more thing I needed to do. One more step I needed to take.

Then, and only then, would I be able to do what I wanted to her.

"Green strawberry pancakes," I said – loud and clear.

Mom froze.

I stepped up to her, took her hand, gently led her to her bed.

She laid down automatically – the hypnotic daze making her little more than a puppet on strings, to be guided as I desired.

And, slowly, I set her dulled mind back into a full hypnotic trance.

"You're going to forget everything that happened tonight. All of it. You're going to forget watching those movies with your husband, you're going to forget the laughter and giggles and flirting. You're going to forget taking your clothes off. All of it, every little bit, you're going to forget."

No resistance. No hint of rebellion.

"You're going to forget it, but you're still going to be *affected* by it. All that rest and relaxation, the joy and easy smiles and laughter. The weight off your shoulders. All of that will remain."

All of the benefits with none of the drawbacks.

"When you wake up tomorrow, you'll feel refreshed. Alive. More than anything else, you'll feel *happy*. Deep down, you'll know why. You'll know it's because you were willing to forget. It won't bother you that you won't remember. Why would it? There's nothing *to* bother you. You'll simply be... Happy."

Tomorrow. That's when I'd do it. That's when I'd finally fuck her.

"You do *want* to be happy, don't you?"

"Yes," my mother breathed.

Dig my fingers into those impressive, magnificent tits. Bite down on those nipples. Slap that round ass. Make her scream and moan and beg for more.

"You can be," I told her. "Happiness is easy. Simple. All you've got to do is trust me. Trust that I know how to help you. That I'll take away the stress, take away anything and everything you won't want to remember after. No guilt, no pressure. Just release."

Without realising it, I'd pulled out my cock – was jacking it to the woman before me. My mother. Naked but for a pair of plain, white panties.

"Like this trance," I grunted. "You won't remember it. You won't even know it happened. But here we are, me helping you to feel better. It's happening. But you don't need to think about it or worry about it. You don't need to remember it. You *won't* remember it. You'll just feel better because of it. Because of me."

Mom's nipples were darker than Kaley's. A dark brown. With wide areola. Puffier too. And her tits – bigger and saggier and more veined. Not as tight and youthful as her daughter, but sexy all the same.

"You want to feel better, don't you? You want to feel *good*?"

"Yes," she answered without a hint of emotion.

"All you have to do is trust me," I groaned, pointing my cock at those massive melons.

I shut my eyes, grunted.

"All you have to do is *take it*."

My cock erupted. Wave after wave of release.

"Trust me," I breathed. "I only want what's best for you."