

## Isolation Escapism

### Chapter 11

A misty morning. Cold and dim, the sun still a good hour or so from rising fully. The sky – what little I could see of it – was only just beginning to lighten. Mostly, the world was hazy. Covered in a blanket of white. Anything more than a dozen feet in front of me was a mystery.

I probably didn't need to wear the mask.

Since stepping out of the house, going on this little walk, I'd not seen a single person. Save for a car passing by every now and then, it was like the world was deserted. Empty.

For a few minutes, I allowed myself to believe it. To dream of a world where only me and Kaley and Mom existed. Fantasies and imaginings of the three of us, trying to repopulate mankind. Silly, nonsensical daydreams. And yet...

I'd fucked Kaley.

I had a phone full of her nudes. Videos and pictures, naughty messages and voice recordings. I'd had sex with her. My *sister*.

And soon, I'd be having sex with Mom too.

I resisted the temptation to reach into my pocket, pull out the phone and open that special photo – Mom laying there with streaks of white all over her massive tits.

With a shake of my head, I pushed all thoughts aside.

Fun as it was to think of my family and the naughty things I'd done with them, right now it was a distraction.

I'd come out here – gone on this walk – to think.

The inevitable day was quickly approaching.

It wasn't a surprise. I'd known it since the beginning. This pandemic, it couldn't last forever. That it'd lasted as long as it had was surprising. Back in those first days, we'd been hoping it'd all be over and done with in a matter of weeks.

And now here we were, a whole year later.

Vaccines and lock-down restrictions being lifted.

It was only a matter of time before life returned to its pre-pandemic normal. Only a matter of time before my ability to hypnotise Kaley and Mom disappeared. Only a matter of time before Dad came back and filled the void inside Mom's heart, and for Kaley to be able to go out and get herself a *real* boyfriend.

How long did I have left?

Days? Weeks? Months?

As soon as Mom and Kaley got their letters – summoning them to get their vaccines – it'd be all over.

I'd had sex with Kaley. I had nudes and messages and all that fun stuff. But it wasn't enough. Not even *close* to being enough.

I wanted to feel my sister's mouth, her cunt, her ass. I wanted every part of her, over and over and over again. I wanted to hear her screams and moans and whimpers. I wanted *her*.

And Mom. I was so *close* to fucking her. Just a few sessions away. A few more little nudges.

Part of me knew what the right thing for me to do was.

With the end to lock-down coming, an end to the pandemic, I should be undoing all the programming I'd done. Returning Mom and Kaley to their old selves, taking away all the memories they had that might lead back to me and what I'd done. I should spend the next weeks covering my tracks, making sure none of this ever came back to bite me in the ass.

I knew what I *should* do.

But I also knew I wasn't going to do it.

Not with how close I was. Not with all the fun I could still have.

I stopped mid-step.

Inhaled a deep, cold breath through my mask.

Turned around.

Just like that, I'd made my decision.

No stopping. No going back.

It didn't matter what it took or how much it cost me, I'd get what I wanted. Mom.

Kaley. Everything.

By the time Dad returned from his self-imposed exile, his wife would be mine.

I was going to fuck Mom.

And, even after that, I wouldn't stop.

I'd keep going, right up to the bitter end.

I cranked the thermostat up to its maximum, smiled as I headed to the kitchen. Milkshakes and chilled snacks were waiting in the fridge, ice-cream in the freezer with some cones ready to go.

In the living room, I'd already set up the fan – something to simulate a 'gentle breeze'. And, on the television, I'd set a many hours long video playing. Beach sounds; waves and splashing, birds cawing, palm trees swaying and rustling. And, to top it all off, I'd even gone as far as to set up a portable parasol and three sun loungers – complete with towels.

A lot of preparation, sure. But nothing compared to the masterwork of hypnosis I was about to unleash on my unsuspecting family.

Mom and Kaley would be in their rooms right now. Waiting for me to come collect them.

If they'd done as I'd instructed, they'd be wearing bathrobes over swimwear. Knowing that today's hypnotic illusion was beach themed, and the fact we'd done this sort of thing before, neither one of them should feel too uncomfortable showing off a little skin at home. But, just in case, I'd be sure to 'check' under the robes during their trances.

What I was doing today required multiple, separate trances.

Two for Mom, two for Kaley.

The first set, I'd do shortly. I'd go to Mom's room, put her in a trance and give her the first half of today's plan. Then I'd do the same with Kaley.

That second round of hypnosis would take place after the 'beach'.

It'd be a busy day, that was for sure.

So many things that could go wrong, so many risks I'd need to take and accept. But it was time. With the risk of the pandemic ending, I couldn't afford to dally any longer.

Before heading upstairs, I checked the living room quickly. Made sure everything was perfect.

Then, heart thumping, I made my way upstairs.

I sat back on my sun lounger, enjoying the feel of the 'breeze' on my skin. If either of my women were aware of the sound the oscillating fan was making, neither of them mentioned it. Not that it would've mattered – I'd already implanted excuses in both their minds. Construction work nearby would explain away most mechanical or electrical noises – hums and whirs and whatnot. Anything a person wouldn't usually hear at a near-abandoned beach.

For their part, the women appeared all too eager to believe this particular fantasy.

Both were on their loungers, naturally. I'd given them both programming to prevent them from getting up and moving around. I couldn't very well let them wander about the living room, bashing into coffee tables and furniture that wasn't meant to be there, could I?

For now, I tried my best not to look at either of them too openly. No perving on them in their swimsuits. Not until I was ready to enact the next part of tonight's grand plan.

"Looks like Dad and Chad are enjoying themselves," I said casually, looking over at the door out of the room.

Both women turned their heads in the same direction. Mom smiling, Kaley rolling her eyes. Staring at that door as if something interesting were happening on it.

"Nice to see them getting along so well," I added softly.

While, in reality, Mom and Kaley might be staring at a simple door. In *their* eyes, they were watching two men playing ball with some other, random, invisible guys. Dad and Chad, doing guy things while me and Mom and Kaley sunbathed.

A particularly tricky bit of hypnosis, that.

Mom and Kaley would be seeing different things – their minds painting completely different pictures than the other. In order to prevent them from contradicting the other's version of events – and potentially calling into question my hypnosis as a whole – I had to ensure neither of them actually *spoke* about what they were seeing, save for off-handed comments.

"Boys will be boys," Mom said with a smile, closing her eyes and turning her face up to the ceiling once again.

"Bunch of idiots," Kaley muttered, mirroring our mother.

I spared a quick glance at Kaley, eyebrow raised.

For a girl who believed she was on a tropical, fantastical holiday with her boyfriend and her family, Kaley didn't seem all that pleased. Curious.

I'd have pondered that oddity more, if not for my eyes being distracted by what she wore.

A baby-blue bikini. Two-piece and very much *not* suitable for swimming in. The bikini top was barely more than two triangles held in place by thin, blue string, and the bottom was basically nothing more than a thong designed to get wet. If Kaley even *attempted* to swim, dressed as she was, there was no way she wasn't losing at least one piece of clothing – if not both.

Since when had my sister owned such a slutty bikini?

It was more lingerie than swimwear. Made to draw the eye and show off the body than it was for any practical purpose.

Still, I wasn't complaining.

Kaley looked *amazing*.

A mouth-watering, slender and perky body. All sleek curves and firm flats. Somehow still toned and fit after so long isolated at home, lean and strong and sexy. Her blonde hair was tied in a loose ponytail that fell down over one shoulder. A pair of sunglasses hiding her gorgeous green eyes from view.

The slow rise and fall of her chest was hypnotic. I couldn't stop myself from staring, watching those beautiful tits.

It took me reminding myself of my plans to snap me out of the momentary daze. Those tits? By the end of the day, I'd be seeing them bare. Groping them. Kissing and teasing them. Why waste time staring now, when I could have so much more later?

I forced myself to sit up, climb off my lounge.

Neither of the women said anything as I left the room. Either they were too busy relaxing to notice, or they just didn't care to comment. Probably, they thought I was going to go hang out with Dad and Chad.

In a way, they weren't wrong.

I closed the door behind me as I stepped out of the room.

A short walk to the kitchen to collect the ice cream cones I'd prepared earlier, and to pick up and put on a blue baseball cap, and I was on my way back to the living room.

I cleared my throat before pushing open the door, stepping inside.

Both women looked up at me as I entered.

Just like I'd told them to during their trances earlier.

Mom smiled at me. Kaley huffed and looked pointedly away.

Very curious.

"Babe," I said, walking up to her, "I got us some ice cream."

Kaley refused to look at me. Turned her head as far away from me as she could without getting up off the lounge.

"Babe?"

"Oh?" Kaley murmured. "Are you talking to me?"

I stared at her for a long moment, totally confused.

"Sure you're not talking to my dad?" Kaley huffed, finally turning to look at me. "With all the time you two have been spending together today, you might as well."

Kaley was jealous?

My sister was the type of girl who got jealous when her boyfriend didn't give her enough attention?

My happy, chill, always-smiling sister?

I wasn't sure whether to laugh or not.

The absurdity of that revelation, the fact that my sister was *jealous* that her imaginary boyfriend was spending more time with her not-actually-there father than her... It was beyond silly.

"Come on, babe," I grinned at her, tried not to full-on laugh in her face. "I'm just trying to make a good impression, is all. Here, I got you some ice cream. Let's eat it together, okay?"

Women. I'd never understand them.

They were a mystery beyond comprehension. Beyond a man's capacity to ever fully know.

But damn, were they worth the effort.

Kaley particularly.

By the time we'd finished our ice cream, my sister's mood had lightened. She was smiling and laughing along with me and Mom, more relaxed and happier than I'd seen her in a long while.

Whatever other reasons I'd created Chad for, it was undeniable that Kaley was happier now that she had him.

"Sun's bright today," I said, nodding to the living room ceiling.

"It's the sun," Kaley rolled her eyes, a smile tugging at her full, pink lips. "It's *always* bright."

"You're not wrong."

"I never am," my sister winked.

"So..." I grinned. "Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to put some sun lotion on? Or, better yet, if I *helped* you put it on..."

Kaley smiled, rolled her eyes, sighed in exasperation.

But she lay down all the same, presented herself to me and my hands. And, in seconds, I had the sun lotion bottle opened and a great big glob of the stuff on my palm.

I spared Mom a quick glance – checking to see if she'd have any issue with what was about to happen. But, fortunately, she was smiling – eyes closed with her face pointing up. Amused, perhaps, by Kaley's attitude. Or simply enjoying seeing two young lovers together, her daughter happy with her boyfriend.

Kaley shuddered when my hand touched her knee. The cold lotion against her skin.

Slowly, gently, I massaged her knee – slick fingers gliding down and around her leg to her bare feet. She raised her leg for me, relaxed into her lounge.

I didn't bother slathering her feet in the stuff. Wasn't like she was actually at risk of sun burn or anything like that anyway. Instead, when her calf was done, I moved my hands

– both of them now – back up her leg. With a smirk on my lips, I massaged her thighs. My fingers slid around her legs, softly massaging the firm muscle and soft skin, until I reached her inner thigh.

Just inches away from the panty-line, where her nudity ended and that slutty swimsuit thong began.

“Gotta be thorough,” I whispered to Kaley, finger gliding towards that forbidden area. “Don’t want you to burn now, do we?”

“Uh-uh,” Kaley hummed, biting her lip.

My fingertips brushed the fabric of Kaley’s bikini bottoms.

“Need to get under here,” I spoke quietly, so that only my sister would hear. “Make sure everywhere is covered.”

“Uh-huh.”

My slick finger slid under the cloth, lifted it.

“Quiet now,” I whispered. “Don’t want Mom to hear, do you?”

Kaley shuddered, shook her head.

I pressed my finger as deep as I dared, coated the skin underneath that bathing suit thong with sun lotion.

Every now and then, I’d glance from my blushing sister to our mother. Looking to see if she’d caught on to what I was doing.

Nope. She seemed completely oblivious to my and Kaley’s activities.

Before long, Kaley’s legs were done. And, much as I enjoyed teasing under her thong, there was a far more interesting trophy for me to touch and fondle.

“Lower half is done,” I said aloud, shifting over away from Kaley’s legs and closer to her head. “Time for the torso.”

This time, I went straight for the good bits.

Hands slathered in sun lotion, I reached for my sister’s chest and began rubbing. The undersides of her tits, then her side boob, then the valley of cleavage she’d been willing to display so openly. I slid nimble fingers under the scant cloth, drew little circles around hard nipples.

I caught Mom glancing over a few times, saw her shifting on her lounge – blushing as she pursed her lips.

Kaley was red-faced. Her lips parted in silent pleasure.

It was her own fault, really. Wearing something this skimpy. What did she think was going to happen?

Perhaps this had been her plan all along. The reason she’d been so annoyed with Chad for not spending enough time with her. Perhaps she and I had more in common than I’d thought.

It didn’t matter.

All that mattered was this moment. The feel of her soft flesh under my fingertips.

I savoured it for as long as I could; cupping her tits, lifting them, holding them, stroking and squeezing and massaging them. But it couldn’t last forever.

Once Kaley’s breasts had two bodies worth of sun lotion on them, I was forced to move on to her tummy, then her arms and neck.

“Alright,” I said, smiling at Kaley’s glistening body. “That’s the front done. Time to do the back now.”

Becoming ‘Dad’ was as simple as donning a green baseball cap and walking back into the living room.

Kaley was more than happy to ignore me now. She was all lotioned up and content to ‘sunbathe’ in silence.

Which was fine.

It was, after all, Mom’s turn to be felt up and groped.

I walked over to the woman who saw me as her husband, who needed escape and release more than anyone.

She smiled up at me.

"Hey honey," I smiled. "Want me to help put some of this on you?"

I held up the bottle of sun lotion.

Mom eyed it for a long moment, eyes drifting up and down my body. Odd, that. Knowing she wasn't seeing *me*, that it was an imagined image of her husband she was ogling.

"Sure," Mom answered, nodding her head and smiling. "Thank you, dear."

I crouched down beside her, squirted some lotion onto my hands.

Then, I got to work.