

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 12

"He'll be by shortly," I spoke gently, almost a whisper. "He'll be here soon. Your husband. It's getting late now. The sun's gone down, the stars are out. Instead of the amazing heat, there's a cool breeze. A perfect night for cuddling and getting close."

My mother was lying in bed, eyes closed. Wearing a bath robe, head resting on a puffy pillow.

"It's time," I said, feeling my heart throb. "It's almost time. When your husband returns..."

This was it. Tonight.

Either I'd finally fuck my mother, or she'd snap out of the trance and find out exactly what I'd been doing with hypnosis the last few months. No matter what, tonight was when it'd all happen. Just a few hours away - if that.

It'd all come together tonight. Or it'd all come apart.

"Right now," I said, watching my mother's face closely, "he's at the bar. Having a quiet drink to himself, enjoying night-time atmosphere. But, before long, he'll return here."

There was a soft flush to Mom's cheeks. Her plump lips parted slightly.

"It's been so long. But tonight, it's going to happen. You'll be waiting for him in this hotel room. Waiting to share some intimate time with your husband. And he'll come in, smiling and ready. It's all you can think about. His face. Him coming through that door."

I kept at that for a little while - painting a picture for Mom to imagine. A scene that'd play over and over again in the back of her mind. These four walls? They weren't her bedroom, they were a hotel room. This bed? It wasn't the one she'd slept in for years. Everything around her, in her mind, would be alien and new. Different.

"Kaley and Chad are sharing the hotel room next to yours."

Before having fun with Mom, I'd be spending some quality time with my sister. And I had not a doubt in my mind that Mom would hear all of it. So, why not use that to make things more interesting?

"Unlike your husband, Chad isn't going to spend a while down in at the hotel bar. He's young. Full of energy. He'll be heading straight to his hotel room with Kaley."

Mom's lips twitched. Eyelids fluttering.

"With how thin these hotel walls are, you're bound to hear them. And that's got to make you think about it - what'll happen when your husband enters this room later. While they're at it - while Kaley and Chad are getting busy - you won't be able to help overhearing it. Thinking about it. *Feeling* it." Knowing she'd be overhearing me fucking Kaley was fun. But, even more than that, knowing that it'd be turning her on... That was a wonderful, exciting prospect.

"You're on vacation," I told her with a smile. "What better time to enjoy yourself than now?"

Kaley climbed onto the bed, eyes twinkling in the dim glow of the bedside lamp - the only source of light in the room. Emerald green eyes shone, hungry and hot. Full, glossy lips curled into a naughty smile, quirked up in one corner as she regarded me. Her blonde hair was tied in a loose ponytail that dropped down past one of her shoulders and over a bikini-clad breast.

She was still in the same slutty outfit she'd been wearing earlier. A bikini designed to be ogled and enjoyed, thin and tight and fragile. Not the type of swimwear that a girl as busty as Kaley could ever hope to swim in and remain decent.

As she slowly slid herself onto the mattress on her knees, I couldn't help but appreciate the raw perfection that was my sister.

Beautiful, that went without saying. Kaley was one of the most stunning, attractive women alive. Certainly, I'd never come across anyone in my life that even came close to her - with the exceptions of Mom and Aunt Sarah. But even *then*, those women had a more refined, mature beauty. Kaley? She was all youth and energy and vigour. No laugh lines or shadowed eyes, no wear and tear. She was fresh and tight and flawless.

Sexy. My sister certainly fit that description too. With her wicked, hinting smiles and her come-fuck-me eyes. The way she wiggled her hips as she approached me, the sway and jiggle of those perky, lively titties. Kaley was sexy beyond reason. Beyond bearing. How could I *not* lust after this amazing creature, even if she was my sister?

My eyes slid from Kaley's too-sexy face, drifted down over her body in pure appreciation.

To say that Kaley had an hourglass figure would've been to sell my sister short. While not massive, my sister's tits were plenty enough to draw a man's eyes and make his mouth water, his hands twitch with the desire to touch and grope. Perky and bouncy; the kind of tits that didn't flop, but sprang into place and held firm - hard nipples pointing out, ready to be nibbled on and played with. Pair those breasts with a slender waist and wide hips and an equally perky and round butt, and you had Kaley's body.

It was magnificent.

She noticed me staring at it; gave me that lip-biting, flirty smile she was so good at.

"Like what you see?" Kaley asked, voice breathy.

"Yes," I answered, not moving my eyes away from her figure.

"Good," Kaley giggled. "You'd better."

"I do," I smirked at her. "Though, I'd like seeing it a whole lot better up close."

"Close?" Kaley purred, shimmying her way further up the bed towards me. "Like this?"

"Closer."

Eyes twinkling, she moved closer - her knees either side of my waist, leaning forward over me.

"Closer," I repeated, eyes drifting to Kaley's lips.

She leaned down, braced herself against the bed's headboard, pressed those glossy lips to mine.

Her tongue danced with mine for a minute. The taste of her strawberry lips, the feel of her above me, her bikini-clad breasts brushing my bare chest. My hands slid up her legs, came to rest on her ass - gently fondled and groped it as we wrestled mouths.

When the kiss broke, Kaley was left panting.

She looked down at me with hot, hungry eyes.

"I want you," she half-gasped, half-pleaded.

"You're mine," I smiled, fingers hooking around the band of her bikini thong, tugging it down. "And I'm going to have you."

She let out a tiny gasp. Bit her lip and slowly nodded her head.

"I'm going to fuck you," I told her, dragging her bikini bottoms down her legs. "Hard. Deep. I'm going to *destroy* you."

"Yes," Kaley moaned. "Yes please."

She lifted her knees for me one at a time, let me remove that scant piece of clothing entirely. I tossed it aside, grinned at the wet *slap* it made when it hit a bedroom wall. When both her knees were back on the mattress, Kaley lowered herself, began sliding her wet crotch over my bulging swimming trunks.

"You want it?" I asked.

"Yes baby," Kaley breathed. "I need it..."

It was simple enough, reaching there and pushing those trunks down far enough for my cock to spring free. Kaley moaned as she slid herself along its length, humping my shaft with a steady rhythm.

"You want it?" I asked her again.

"Yes," Kaley pleaded, desperate. "I want it baby. Please..."

"Then have it," I whispered.

I moved my cock, pointed it up for her - held it in place.

Kaley lifted herself, slid her cunt along the underside of my cock one last time - stopping when she reached the tip.

There was a moment of pause. The world coming to a standstill.

In that single moment, I felt *everything*.

My sister's ponytail on my chest, every single strand of blonde hair. The sweat coating my body, and the sweat dripping off Kaley onto me. I could taste the strawberry still, only now it was mixed with salt and heat. My heart thumped loudly in my chest.

Kaley lowered herself.

Resistance. It lasted no more than a second, but that tight hole resisted the tip of my cock - fought the girthy intrusion. Then, the resistance faltered. It gave way, spreading wide open to accept my cock.

Kaley gasped, head tilting back, eyes rolling.

She slid down the length, inch by inch, until I was fully inside her. Body rigid, muscles tense.

She let out a ragged moan.

Her body relaxed.

And her pussy quivered.

I groaned, shut my eyes. Focused on that feeling - the tight pressure surrounding my cock. The warmth and the wetness, the feel of my sister.

Above me, Kaley let out satisfied, high-pitched sigh.

Her weight shifted and, a moment later, I felt her hands on my

chest - bracing herself as she moved. Lifted herself up, slowly brought herself back down. The fingers curled, fingertips digging into my skin.

"God," Kaley moaned. "It really takes... some getting used to."

I opened my eyes, saw her head tilted - looking at the spot where our two bodies were connected. Her mouth was open, those pretty lips showing her amazement. She raised her hips, began riding my cock slow and steady. Cautiously.

The very first trick I'd learned about hypnosis - it could change a person's perceptions. Not just what they saw, but what they felt.

I'd used that to crate 'real' fantasies.

But who was to say I couldn't take it a step further? Make Kaley see - and feel - a monster cock.

Not that I was small, by any measure. I was just curious to see how my sister would react, being impaled by a footlong cock.

Make it so that 'Chad' would always be the boyfriend she compared every future lover to.

Thump, thump, thump.

The bed's headboard knocking against the wall. The bedsprings creaking and groaning. Above those sounds, though, were the pants and sighs and moans and grunts.

Kaley had stopped trying to hold herself up. Her chest was pressed to mine now, her chin over my shoulder as I thrust into her. My hands gripping her ass, her arms wrapped around my neck, my balls slapping her with every thrust, her moans in my ear as she rode my cock like a woman possessed.

"Chad," my sister gasped. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Thump, thump, thump.

A fast pace, knocking on the wall. Impossible to ignore for the only other person in the house.

Mom. She was listening.

For some reason, that made it all the hotter.

A mother listening to - getting horny thinking about - her son and daughter fucking in the next room.

"No," I grunted, digging my fingers into the firm flesh of Kaley's ass. "Call me... Call me..." In the moment, there was only one word that sprang to mind. "Call me Daddy."

Kaley stopped moving.

I stopped moving.

My heart just about stopped beating in my chest, my throat constricting with sudden panic.

Had I fucked up?

Hearing that name over and over again. Chad...

I'd wanted something different. Something *better*. More *real*. But... Why in the hell and my brain chosen 'Daddy' of all things?!

Kaley pushed herself up, looked at my face, into my eyes.

Her face was flushed, wet with sweat.

"Daddy?" She said the word softly, a whisper. Then, to my surprise and relief, she smirked. "You want me to call you Daddy,

baby?"

I grunted - not trusting myself to speak.

Kaley let out a soft giggle, leaned down, whispered in my ear.

"Daddy."

Gently, she began riding me again.

"Fuck me," she moaned through a smile. "Fuck me Daddy."

Standing outside my mother's bedroom, heart thumping. In a silly way, I almost regretted fucking Kaley first. My sister's hole had come close to milking me dry and pounding into her for the better part of an hour had worn me out to say the least. Still, I couldn't bring myself to *actually* regret it.

I'd fucked Kaley again. How could I possibly regret *that*?

Hesitation. Why did I feel so anxious?

This was it, the moment of truth. Would Mom's mind accept the illusion, or would it break it? Was I about to fuck my mother, or was I about to lose everything?

That's why I'd decided to fuck Kaley first.

Just in case things went wrong, I wanted to at least feel my sister's wonderfully tight hole one last time.

Worn out as I was from fucking Kaley, I *did* have the energy for this. I *could* keep going. So why, then, was I hesitating? Why was I stalling? Why wasn't I barging into that room with a cocky smirk on my face, ready to give Mom the fucking she'd been in need of for so long?

Because this could be the end of everything.

I shook my head, ignored the voice of warning. The coward's voice. Pushed it aside and reached for the door handle.

All or nothing. No middle ground. No hesitating.

I turned the door handle, pushed the door open, stepped inside the room.

And there she was.

Mom.

Sitting up on the bed.

Wearing nothing but a bikini, her cheeks pink and her massive tits straining against the bikini top.

It was quite the sight, seeing tit-flesh spilling out of that elastic fabric. It appeared as if, at any moment, the bra-like top would snap and those mountains would jiggle free. Heavy and round and mouth-wateringly huge.

Each one was easily the size of her head.

Had they always been so big? Perhaps it was the lighting, or the fact I usually saw her in tight, concealing tops. Whatever it was, Mom's breasts looked even bigger than usual. And they were ridiculously huge to begin with.

My mouth must've dopped wide open, because Mom let out a soft laugh. The sound knocked me back, reminded me of where I was, what I was about to do.

"Hey honey," I said, voice choked. "I'm home."

"Not quite," Mom smiled. "But close enough. Come here, I need you to do something for me."

She waved me over and, like a puppet on strings, I walked over to the bed. Wordlessly, she took my hand, guided me onto the bed

with her. In moments, I was sitting next to her - arm around her shoulder, eyes glued to those watermelon sized tits.

"Kaley and Chad are getting along well," Mom cooed, hand resting on my inner thigh. "They were going at it for quite a while. Only stopped a few minutes ago."

"Oh?" I choked out.

"Young love," Mom sighed wistfully. "Do you remember when that was us? All those years ago. You couldn't keep your hands off me back then."

I gulped, nodded my head.

"So..." She purred, leaned into me. "Put your hands on me."

An image flashed through my head. A scene playing out. A memory. From a few months ago, when I'd first tasted Mom's lips. When she'd kissed me.

That kiss - the intimacy with her own son - had caused her to snap out of the illusion.

And the look in her eyes when that'd happened-

I inhaled a deep breath, slid my hand lower down my mother's shoulder and over her breast.

Moment of truth.

I curled his fingers, squeezed.

Nothing happened.

No scream. No alarm. She didn't bat my hand away, didn't push me away. She just looked over at me, amused and confused.

"Are you feeling okay dear?" Mom asked me. "You're usually a lot more active than this. You didn't drink too much, did?"

I twisted, planted my free hand on her shoulder, pushed her down onto the bed. Mom yelped in surprise, her tits bouncing with the sudden motion.

"What're you?"

Her words were cut off by my tongue entering her mouth. Caught off guard, she tensed in surprise. My heart thumped, a voice in the back of my head telling me that this was it - this was when she'd push me away.

But she didn't. It took her a moment for the shock and surprise to wear off, then she was kissing me back with just as much vigour.

I pawed at her tits, gripped the bikini top and shoved it aside.

When I broke the kiss, dragged my lips away from hers, I looked down at my mother - saw the dishevelled hair and the wild, excited eyes. I saw the hunger. The lust fuelled by a need that had gone unfulfilled for far too long.

"I'm going to fuck your brains out," I told her.

"Yes!" She pleaded.

"I'm going to make you scream."

"Yes!" Mom moaned. "Do it! Please!"

"I'm going to make you mine."

And I meant every word. To hell with Dad, this needy slut belonged to me now. Mom was *mine*.

"Make me yours," my mother begged.

I was between her open legs in seconds, peeling her bikini bottoms aside. The bed creaked as I leaned over her, cock in hand.

"Last chance," I warned her.

If she was going to snap out of it, this was her last chance. Her final opportunity to avoid having sex with her son. My cock at her opening, my last shreds of restraint evaporating away.

All or nothing.

"Do it," she begged.

I rammed into her.