

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 13

Waking up to sunlight was amazing.

The first sensation I felt was the warmth coating my naked skin. Not blisteringly hot, but a gentle kind of heat. The kind of warmth that was like a massage. Caressing me, blanketing me. It was comfortable. So comfortable, in fact, that it made me want to lay there forever.

I could barely muster up the energy to open my eyes.

What time was it?

Late. The afternoon, easily. Probably evening.

Why was I waking up so-

Last night's activities came rushing back, a flood of images and remembered sounds, echoes of the sensations and pleasure and satisfaction.

Kaley. Mom.

I'd had them both.

I shut my eyes, a wide grin spreading my lips.

Without a care in the world, I allowed myself to relax – bask in the warm sunlight, yesterday's memories playing over in my mind. The gasps and moans, the feel of their bodies against mine, the taste of them on my lips...

Bliss.

Sheer, unrivalled bliss.

That moment – laying there victorious – would stick with me forever. A perfect moment atop a perfect night.

I'd could have fallen asleep like that. I probably *had* fallen asleep without realising it. I had no idea how long I stayed there, laying in bed with those thoughts and images flowing through my head. Could have been minutes, could have been hours. All I knew for certain was how my basking, blissful rest came to an end.

The scent of bacon in the air. A gentle tap on my bedroom door. My sister's voice reaching me as if from a great distance.

"Food's ready," she said, sounding so far away. "Are you awake?"

"Uh-huh," I managed to murmur.

My eyes flicked open, glanced at my bedroom window.

The sun was less bright now – not shining directly on me like it had been earlier.

"Yeah," I groaned, sitting up in bed. "I'm awake."

"Kay," my sister said. She sounded closer now, even though I knew she hadn't moved an inch. Standing on the other side of my bedroom door. "I'll let Mom know."

Before getting out of bed, I grabbed my phone – checked the time.

Evening.

Just a few hours from midnight, even.

I'd slept through the entire day.

What time had I gone to bed in the first place?

It was hard to say. I'd been up at least until midnight. Maybe an hour or two past that.

All that time, spent in Mom's room.

I shook my head, a dumb smirk on my face.

Climbing out of bed, despite the aches and groans of my tired body, was easy enough. I hopped to my feet, searched for some clothes to wear. For a brief moment, I considered leaving my room naked – seeing how my mother and sister would react. I'd fucked both of them now. Tasted them. Heard their moans. Would they *really* care if they saw me naked?

Probably.

Hypnosis had given them excuses – let them fuck me as long as they didn't have to think too hard about it, let them believe the lies – but it hadn't opened them up *that* much.

Would Mom care if she saw Dad naked? No. Would Kaley be upset if she saw 'Chad' in the nude? Unlikely.

But, in their eyes and in their minds, I was neither.

At least not right now.

So I grabbed a pair of boxers, some sweat pants, a t-shirt.

Simple, comfortable clothes. The kind I'd been wearing almost exclusively for the last year – ever since this lockdown and self-imposed prison began. Going back to uncomfortably tight jeans and wearing bulky shoes after this would be interesting.

Both Mom and Kaley were sitting at the dinner table when I got downstairs. A pair of beautiful, relaxed, smiling women.

Their laughter rang out, light and happy and wonderful.

"There you are," Mom grinned as I entered the room. "We were wondering if you were ever going to get out of bed."

"Sorry," I said, looking between the two women. "I was having a real nice dream. Didn't want it to end."

They were both stunning. Vibrant.

Both were already beautiful, don't get me wrong. The kind of sexy, hott, fuck-worthy women that'd make even me – a son and a brother – want to pound their sweet, tight holes. They'd always been on the attractive side. But now? They almost seemed to have a *glow* about them. Radiating joy and happiness like candles in the night.

Mom still had bags under her eyes. Those hadn't vanished. And yet, somehow, she seemed like a different person. Back straight and eyes bright, smiling freely. The shadow that'd been weighing her down for so many months was nowhere to be seen. Her entire demeanour was different. Lighter.

"What're we eating?" I grinned. "I'm starving."

I'd done the impossible. I'd fucked both Mom and Kaley.

Now what?

I knew what I *should* do.

In my hands, I held a letter with a date and time on it. A letter identical to the ones that'd arrived for Mom and Kaley and Dad. Four letters, all with the same time and date.

The vaccine.

Just a week away.

After that... Well, there'd be no more need for the hypnosis, would there? When Mom and Kaley were fully vaccinated, they wouldn't need to remain locked at home. They wouldn't need the hypnosis to keep them sane.

And, without hypnosis, my fun with them would come to an end.

I glared down at the letter. Wanted nothing more in that moment than to crumple it, tear it apart, burn it. But those were juvenile thoughts. Petulant, childish thoughts. What would destroying this letter do? Nothing. What good could come from it? None.

The letter wasn't the problem.

Nor, in truth, was the vaccine.

It was me and my greed. My desire to have Mom and Kaley forever. Keep them as my sluts for as long as I wanted.

If I'd been a weaker man, I might've given up.

I'd had my fun – fucked Kaley a few times, got some videos and pictures as proof, even fucked Mom once. A lesser man might've seen that as a win, would say it was "enough" and move on.

But I wasn't a weak man.

A weak man could never have done what I'd accomplished.

"Think," I told myself. "Think..."

There was an answer. A way for me to have everything I wanted. A way for me to *win*. It was there, the solution to this problem.

How could I keep hypnotising Mom and Kaley?

How did I keep them both to myself?

As soon as the letters had arrived, Mom had called Dad – let him know. He'd be home for the vaccines – was planning on meeting us at the clinic and coming home with us.

And Kaley... Once she was free to leave the house again, she'd have no need of the imaginary 'Chad' to keep her thirst for a relationship sated. She could go out, find a *real* boyfriend. She wouldn't need the escapism any more, and without that need, my power over her would disintegrate.

This letter – and the ones that'd come with it – were a death sentence. One I'd known must be coming soon, but which I'd ignored and put off.

"Thank," I muttered to myself.

I still had time. A couple of days. Enough time and hypnosis sessions to undo most of the programming I'd given to my sister and mother. I could lock away memories – make them both forget Chad, make it so they'd never remember anything damaging.

I could cut my losses. Cover my tracks. Return to 'normal' family life, taking the secret of what I'd done to my grave.

No!

No weakness. No doubt.

There was something... It was on the edge of my mind. An answer to my problems. An idea I hadn't realised yet, a plan that needed forming.

Two problems, both needing solutions.

The greater problem was the end to lockdown, the vaccine and the freedom it'd give Mom and Kaley. They wouldn't need hypnosis any more, which meant I'd have no way of controlling or manipulating them.

The lesser problem was Dad.

Even if I managed to convince Mom and Kaley to let me keep hypnotising them, even if they agreed, his presence would make everything else all the more difficult. I could hardly fuck Mom or Kaley if he was around. The risk of being caught was too great.

Either I'd need to start hypnotising Dad too, and go through the long process of weakening his resistances – same as I'd done with the other two. Or I'd have to remove him from the picture.

"Think," I commanded myself. "You can do this. Just *think* damn you."

Answers... They were close. I just needed a little push...

Mom. She was the key.

It'd be her who'd have to make the choice.

Evil. What I was about to do was straight up evil.

I'd done some questionable things up 'til now. Tricking Kaley and Mom into sleeping with me, giving them so much stress that they needed the release that badly...

But *this* was on another level.

I looked down at Mom, the serene expression on her face. A look of complete calm. No stress, no anxiety, no pain.

Fucking her *had* helped. I'd relieved her of some of that weight, given her a chance to be human again. That intimacy and closeness, she'd needed it badly. And soon, she'd need it again.

"People need sex," I said, watching her closely. "As much as we might not like to admit it, we're animals. We're driven by certain instincts. Eat, drink, sleep, breathe. We are social creatures that need contact and companionship and closeness."

If she was uncomfortable about me bringing up sex, she didn't show it. Interesting.

"Even the most loyal of partners will cave when they don't have it, will go looking for it elsewhere."

She knew that all too well. Deep down, beyond her conscious mind and into the dark, unknowable depths of her subconscious, she knew she'd spread her legs open for her son. She knew, on some level, that she'd been unfaithful to her husband. Sure, it was him who she'd been seeing – him who she'd been consciously aware of when we'd fucked – but deep down, her unconscious mind knew the truth.

She'd been unfaithful.

A loving wife who'd caved to need.

"Women cheat, men cheat. When they're not having those needs fulfilled, it's only natural they'll be unfaithful. It's human nature. And no-one is above it."

I knew that wasn't something Mom believed. I'd had to wear Dad's face in order to fuck her, had to make her believe it was him. Yet, she *had* done it. We'd had sex. Like it or not, she was a cheater. And, if she could be one, then so could he.

"Your husband has been away for over a year," I said in a soft voice. "He's been all around the world, travelling with beautiful women to exotic places. Sleeping in the same hotels the company sends stewardesses to. A man, away from his wife and family for so long, he's *bound* to have faced temptation."

I couldn't help but wonder. Was this something Mom had thought about much? Had she envisioned her husband cheating?

Probably. And thought thoughts, no doubt, had made her just a little bit more willing to accept my illusions. Accept me into her bed. If nothing else, I knew the power of lust and desire.

"Even good men cheat," I whispered – a gentle, calming voice to keep Mom from getting worked up. "It's natural. It's human."

Even with the soft voice, she was beginning to shift. Her mind battling with the words.

"When the lockdown started," I said, "he'd call almost every day. Every time, he'd tell you how much he loves you. He'd let you know how important you are. How often does he call now? Does he still say those things?"

She didn't answer. Her body stopped moving, save for narrowed eyebrows and a pained expression.

"People like to pretend that distance isn't a problem for relationships. 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder' and all that. But reality isn't so poetic. Distance drives a wedge between people. Makes the feelings they have fade. Makes them think about all the things they're missing."

Evil. That's what this was.

Driving Mom away from Dad. Making her question. Making her believe he'd been unfaithful to her.

To be fair, though, maybe he had. Being a pilot had to have some perks in sex-appeal. The neat uniforms and the fact he was surrounded by cute ladies constantly, I'd have been surprised if he *hadn't* wandered into the wrong hotel room a time or two. I know I would have.

But even so... Pushing Mom to leave him? Plotting a divorce and all the pain and grief associated with it?

Evil.

Evil and cruel and dark. And necessary.

This was the only way to remove Dad from the picture. This was the only way to ensure Mom would still need hypnosis to cope afterwards. This was how I'd keep everything.

I didn't like it. But it was the only way.

I kissed Kaley's knee, looked up at her.

Sitting on a chair, legs spread wide open. Lips parted as she gazed down at me, eyes warm and hair messy.

My next kiss was higher. An inch above her knee, moving closer to her inner thigh. Another kiss. And another. Getting closer and closer to her wonderfully wet pussy.

No clothes. We'd gotten rid of those already.

No sounds, other than my own thumping heartbeat in my ear.

When my lips brushed her mound, Kaley let out a sharp gasp. A shuddering moan. Her entire body trembled in anticipation.

Salty. Bitter.

Not my favourite flavour, but not so bad that I'd stop.

As I spread her lips open with mine, sent my tongue exploring her little hole, she gripped onto my head. I lost myself in the act, let my sister guide my face and tongue where she wanted. Her moans filled the room, reverberated through the house.

I gripped onto her legs, couldn't help but smirk as she wrapped her thighs around my face, her feet crossed on my back.

"Yes," Kaley breathed. "Like that. Keep- Oooh!"

I emptied my mind, pushed all thoughts aside.

For the next few minutes, the only thing that mattered was Kaley. Her and her folds. Her crotch in my face, my fingers spreading her open and toying with her clit as my tongue explored her insides.

When she came, her grip on my hair tightened – hands shoving my face into her crotch so hard I couldn't breathe for a few seconds.

Her body shuddered and shook, her hole convulsing around my tongue.

Then, she was slumping back in her chair. Her hands no longer gripping me, her legs slack, chest rising and falling as she sat there smiling. Her eyes were closed as she basked in the afterglow of her orgasm.

They opened when I stood.

She looked up at me, eyes filled with twinkling adoration.

Perhaps I'd given her too much love for Chad. Being too invested in the fantasy I'd built for her might cause Kaley some problems in future. But, for now, it didn't matter. I took the love she felt, returned it with a smile.

"Your face is messy," my sister said, cute lips tugging into a smirk. "You should wash up before my mother comes in and sees you."

The hazards of doing dirty stuff in the dining room.

Not that Mom would come in. I'd seen to that.

"Maybe," I smirked. "Or maybe I should return the favour and give you a messy face too."

"Mmm," Kaley gave a throaty hum. "You want to cum on my face?"

"And your tits," I told her. "Your ass. Inside you. I might even cum on the floor and make you lick it up."

"Make me?" Kaley cooed.

"Make you," I nodded my head.

"Well then," Kaley purred. "Make me."

My hand was on her head a moment later. A gentle touch, my palm sliding from the top of her head to her cheek to her chin. I tilted her head up, looked down into her wide, pretty eyes.

"Unzip me," I commanded. "Pull down my trousers and take my cock out. It's your turn to use your mouth."

"Oh?" My sister said, reaching for my trousers and tugging down the zipper. "And what if my mother walks in?"

“Then she’ll get a front-row seat to watch me throat-fucking her daughter, won’t she?”

In moments, my cock was out.

A few moments more, and the head was passing between my sister’s plump lips.

I shut my eyes, enjoyed the sensation.

Kaley, it turned out, was a good girlfriend. She gave just as good as she got. Put in all the effort I had into eating her out and then some.

I was definitely going to have to make ‘Chad’ a long-term thing.

No way was I letting Kaley go after she got her shots.