

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 14

Vaccines. I'd done a fair amount of research on them over the last few weeks. Learned what I could to see if I could factor it into my plans for Mom and Kaley.

A vaccine was, at its core, a controlled infection. A harmless version of a virus injected into the body so that the body's immune system could learn how to handle it. When the actual virus showed up in the body, the immune system – thanks to its encounter with the vaccine – would be able to better handle the outbreak.

There was more to it than that, such as the chemicals added to the shot in order to harm local cells just enough that it'd trigger a response from the immune system. But, when it all came down to it, the mechanics of vaccines were simple.

Inject harmless version of virus, teach body to defend itself, profit.

There was something in that – something I could use – but it was a subtle thing. It'd take time to develop the idea, implant it in Mom's mind, shape it. Time that, as of today, I didn't have.

My time, it appeared, was up.

Sitting in the small waiting room with three other people, staring at the clock with narrowed, accusing eyes, all I could do was think. Think, and worry.

The room was large enough for a few stiff sofas, a coffee table covered in outdated magazines, a few fake plants. Sterile white walls, a tile floor. Soulless, as medical buildings always seemed to be. Trying so hard to be comfortable and comforting, and failing terribly.

I sat on a sofa alone. Two women shared another. Another woman in standing off to one side. All wearing masks, all too beautiful to have their faces hidden away like that.

Mom. Kaley. Aunt Sarah.

Waiting patiently for our turns to get shots – all except Sarah, who'd already had hers and was here more for moral support than anything else.

We were in a private clinic. A quiet place, without the activity and hubbub a person might usually expect of a hospital. Just us. Waiting for the end. The shots. Our vaccines.

I had to keep reminding myself – this wasn't the end. Not really. Vaccines took a while to take effect. It wouldn't be 'safe' for Mom or Kaley to leave the house until two weeks after their first shots. And, even then, they had to be careful – should probably wait for the second doses in a few months. It wasn't the end. Not yet.

But it was undeniable. The end was approaching.

It was inevitable.

Again, I considered my options. Two of them, tugging me in two totally different directions.

Put a stop to what I was doing. Use these last weeks, the last hypnotic sessions with my mother and sister, to undo everything I'd spent so many months changing in their minds. I had memories. I had recordings. Did I *really* need more?

Or don't stop. Keep going. Make them want – need – more hypnotic sessions. Continue warping their brains, guiding them down the paths I'd set each on. Make them mine permanently. Risk everything for everything.

I knew what option I'd go with. It'd been the option I'd stuck with since I'd first started hypnotising them.

All or nothing.

I chose all.

Eventually, a door opened. A lone man walked out of the doctor's office, mask on his face, rubbing his arm. He gave me a curt nod as he passed, eyes drifting only momentarily to Kaley's chest and cleaved – displayed beautifully in a v-neck t-shirt. As he left the room, an old man appeared in the doctor's office's doorway. A kind-looking, short old man in a white coat.

"Ah yes," the old man smiled. "Now which one of you is next, hmm?"

"You got your first shot today," I stated, eyes roaming over her body. "Pretty soon, you're going to be able to go out. No more isolation. No more need for escapism. You'll be able to go out there, feel the sun and taste the fresh air."

Mom's lips twitched in the echo of a smile.

"No more stress. No more worries. Just freedom. You're finally going to be able to get out. Doesn't that sound amazing?"

"Yes," my mother breathed.

Amazing. Not the word I wanted to use. If I'd gone with 'horrible', though, I doubted Mom would've been so eager to agree with me.

My eyes roamed up and down her body, took in the sight of her wearing her nightie and bathrobe combo. The robe was white and fluffy, parted down the middle and only held onto her by a loose, fluffy belt. The nightie, unfortunately, was very 'motherly'. Modest, chaste, figure-concealing. Had Mom's tits not been so massive, I'd have had nothing to use my imagination on.

I stared at her chest – those bulging melons, straining the fabric of Mom's nightie.

The temptation to reach out and grope them was strong.

"Pretty soon," I said instead, "you're going to be able to see your husband again."

Mom's not-quite-smile wavered. The corners of her mouth twitching, her face returning to a neutral expression. Save for a slight twitch of her shoulder, Mom gave no outward sign of her deeper emotions.

It was enough. The smile fading was all I'd needed.

She wasn't pleased by the fact her husband would be coming home soon. She wasn't overjoyed by the fact. She was *conflicted* about it. Just as I'd hoped.

How much time has she spent dwelling on the poisonous thought's I'd given her?

"He'll probably be different," I said softly. "Your husband. He probably won't be the same as he was the last time you saw him face to face. Time changes people. And you've been apart for so long now..."

I felt a shiver of guilt. Trying to destroy a marriage – breaking apart my own parents – it wasn't something I'd ever imagined myself doing.

"There's a good chance he's been unfaithful," I spoke the words so softly, so gently. And, even so, she reacted to them.

Mom's lips twitched down, eyebrows narrowing. The shadow of a wince. The echo of pain. Her fingers twitched, moved a little. A violent reaction, especially for how accustomed Mom was to being hypnotised now. But not so violent that I was afraid she'd snap out of the trance.

"It's not his fault," I soothed. "Not entirely. He's only human, after all. All of us, we're driven to be intimate with others. Compelled to by nature. You know that compulsion well enough yours. That *need* for intimacy and release. It's not his fault that he strayed."

That he strayed. Not *if* he strayed. A single word, and it made all the difference in the world.

Had Dad fucked around? I had no idea.

But the truth didn't matter. Reality didn't matter. All that mattered was what Mom *believed* was real.

That was the true power of hypnosis.

Not parlor tricks or gimmicks or illusions. Those were interesting and useful in their own ways, sure. But the true power of hypnosis was in *belief*.

"Pretty soon," I said, keeping a close eye on Mom's face and the microscopic hints of emotion. "He's come home. You'll have to face him. Right now, you can ignore that. Forget about it. Hide from it. But soon, you won't be able to hide from reality anymore. You'll have to face it. Face him."

I let that sink in for a moment, let my mother twitch in defiance before slowly calming her down again.

"It's going to be stressful," I told her. "It's going to be difficult. But that's okay. Because I'm here. Me, and my hypnosis. I'll help you. Keep the stress and pain from overwhelming you. That's what I'm here for. It's what I do. I help. I make things better. I make coping easier."

I inhaled a deep breath, shut my eyes, pushed down whatever slivers of guilt and uncertainty I had left.

"Repeat after me," I commanded. "Love is fleeting. Nothing lasts forever."

"Love is fleeting," my mother's voice echoed. "Nothing lasts forever."

"Again."

"Love is fleeting. Nothing lasts forever."

"Again."

"Love is everything," I said. "It makes life worth living."

"Love is everything," my sister repeated. "It makes life worth living."

"Again."

"Love is everything. It makes life worth living."

"Again."

"Love is everything. It makes life worth living."

"Happiness comes and goes. There are good days and bad days. Sometimes life is easy, other times it's tough. But love is what makes the good times great and the bad times bearable. Love is everything."

Kaley absorbed the words. Face slack, chest rising and falling slowly. Clad in the same v-neck shirt as earlier, I could almost convince myself that she'd worn it for me. Was intentionally trying to tempt me. But that wasn't the case. It wasn't *me* she wanted. It was *Chad*. She was wearing that sexy, slutty top because she *felt* sexy. And she felt sexy because 'Chad' constantly told her she was.

She hadn't worn that nice top for me. And yet, in a roundabout way, she *had*.

Gently, barely touching her, I placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Love is everything," I said. "And to be in love is to be alive. There is no greater feeling in the world."

I had a plan for Kaley.

"Are you in love with Chad?" I asked her.

"Yes," she whispered.

It was a wonderful plan. The best kind of plan. It was simple and elegant at once. So obvious and yet still genius.

"Forever is a long time," I said. "But love is eternal. If you love Chad – truly love him – you'll want to spend the rest of your life with him. Marry him, have children with him, grow old with him. You'll want him forever. *That's* what love is. That's what love *means*. So, I'll ask again. Are you in love with Chad?"

"Yes," Kaley repeated.

My hand moved. Gliding smoothly from her shoulder to her chest, brushing over a perky tit.

"Love is everything," I told her, hand softly squeezing down on her breast. "Love is devotion. Love is happiness."

She was too beautiful, my sister.

Busty, blonde, pretty. Slender despite a year trapped in this house. A total bombshell. Hiding her away for so long was a crime. Sexy as she was, Kaley belonged out there – being flaunted and shown off and fantasised about. My sister was arm candy without an arm to hang onto.

But not for long.

"Love transcends everything," I said, plucking the fabric of her top, lifting it away from the bare skin beneath it, setting it aside to expose that bare flesh to the open air. "You can't choose who you love. You can't tell your heart who to yearn for. The heart does what the heart does. All we can do is accept it. Embrace it. Let ourselves love."

Kaley was more accepting of incest and taboo relations than our mother was. It'd taken far more work to convince Mom's mind to let go. By comparison, it'd been a simple matter to convince Kaley's subconscious to look the other way when it came to taking her brother's dick. She'd been all too happy to accept the lie that was 'Chad', if it meant getting off in the process.

That wasn't to say my sister was *fine* with fucking me. But she *was* more open to the possibility.

All I had to do was widen that opening.

If love trumped everything, and if she loved me, wouldn't that 'love' overcome the familial bonds we shared?

For Kaley, I wouldn't keep Chad around. Not forever.

Slowly, over a period of weeks and months, I'd erase the illusion that was 'Chad' closer to reality – removing the lies and fabrications one by one until my sister saw me and only me in front of her, until she knew it'd been me all along. Until the love she felt for 'Chad' was the love she felt for me.

A love that would conquer all. Even her hesitations and hold-ups.

Kaley would be mine. Heart, body, and soul.

Provided, of course, I was allowed to keep hypnotising her.

I kissed the nape of her neck, felt her shudder. She leaned into me, her back to my chest.

"Chad," she whisper-moaned, "we can't..."

My hand slid under the waistband of her jeans.

"My mother, she's... She's..."

My fingers glided over her bald crotch, slid between her legs, felt the dampness there. The moisture that contradicted Kaley's words. A silent confession of what she really wanted me to do.

I kissed her shoulder, my free hand moving up the side of her body to her chest.

"We're gonna get caught," Kaley whimpered quietly.

"So?" I smiled, lips pecking their way up the side of Kaley's neck to her cheek. "Let her catch us. Let her watch, if she wants. Maybe we'll teach her a thing or two."

Kaley rolled her eyes at me, playfully swatted my hip.

"Tell me you want me to stop," I said, squeezing her clit between two fingers. "I will. Just say the words."

Kaley moaned, trembled, shook her head.

"I want you," I told her, gripping her tit over her clothes. "Now. Here. I want you, Kaley."

Cheeks red, lips parted, eyes hungry.

Kaley had never looked so sexy. So fuckable.

Before I could stop myself, I had her pressed to a kitchen wall. Fingers pushing inside her as she curved her back, pressed her ass against my crotch. Blonde hair brushed over my face, the scent of lilac filling my nostrils.

"Chad," she cooed, bracing her hands on the wall.

Not the name I wanted to hear, but I could live with it. Knowing that she'd be moaning my name one day, that she'd be fully aware it was her brother's cock she was thirsty for, was enough for me. Enough for now.

Her pants came down first, panties pushed aside.

I struggled for a moment with my own jeans – awkwardly tugging them down with one hand while fingers of my other hand were knuckles-deep inside Kaley. When the jeans

dropped to my feet, I grabbed my sister's hips – pulled them back, forcing Kaley to bed over.

She shook her ass at me, impatient for cock.

"Quickly," she panted. "I can't-"

The gasp she made as I rammed my cock into her – impaled her on it – was sharp and loud. The kind of sound that echoed through a house, let everyone around know exactly what'd just happened.

Kaley covered her mouth, eyes wide, jaw slack in a breathless, silent moan.

I didn't give her pause. No moment to catch her breath.

I slammed into her again, thrust hard and deep, felt her entire body jerk with the impact.

A muffled gasp, a loud moan.

She squeezed down on me, pussy clenching my cock like a vice. Her entire body tense, spine rigid.

"Moan for me," I told my sister. "Beg for my cum."

"Oh God," Kaley gasped, fingers gripping the wall for dear life. "Oh fuck!"

I grinned, pulled her hips back as I thrust forward again.

And again. And again.

Kaley moaned freely. Either forgetting she'd wanted it to be quick and quiet, or simply not caring that Mom could overhearing us.

I checked my phone, saw the time hadn't changed at all since the last time I'd looked. A glare, a muttered curse, and the phone was back in my pocket again – where it stayed all of a minute before I was checking the time again.

Late. The fucker was late.

He had one job. One, simple, easy job.

Get here on time.

For as long as he'd been away, I was surprised the bastard hadn't arrived early. Wasn't he supposed to be eager? Shouldn't he be rushing here, unable to contain his excitement?

Were the *fuck* was he?

Four minutes late, I had to remind myself. Not exactly a lot. Not enough to interfere with the script. He'd be here. He *had* to be here. There was some leeway available, some space to work with, but if he was more than half an hour late-

A dull metal sound. The noise of a key entering a keyhole.

There was a moment of struggle, the key being shimmied and twisted, stuck in place. Then a click.

The front door opened.

Rustling – his jacket brushing on the doorframe as he stepped through the threshold. Then he stopped, looked over at me with wide, watery eyes and a goofy, dumb grin.

For some reason, he was holding a milk carton and a pack of cigarettes in his hand. The other hand gripped a key to the house. *That* made sense. But milk and cigarettes? Unless he'd picked up the habit sometime over the last year, no-one in our family smoked.

"Yo Michael," he said happily, "I'm back from the store. Sorry it took so long. Traffic was a nightmare."

I raised my eyebrow, confused for a short moment. Then I got it. The joke.

With great effort, I kept myself from groaning out loud.

"Hey Dad," I said instead, forcing a smile of my own. "Welcome home."