

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 15

"So how does it work, exactly?" He asked.

It was a question I'd been expecting. One I knew my father would want to ask. He was aware of the hypnosis, of course. He'd known about it since I'd started doing it. Months and months ago. But he'd been half the world away then, and 'hypnosis' had been nothing more than a gimmick to keep Mom and Kaley from losing their minds from the isolation.

"It's... complicated," I said, looking over at him.

We were outside. Sitting on a wall side-by-side, looking out over a dark, silent street. Save for the streetlights, there was no illumination. Dad's face half shadowed, the other half unreadable.

"You know when you're driving for a while, and you just kind of 'zone out' and let your subconscious take over? Or like when you're watching some braindead film and shut your brain off for an hour? Hypnosis is kinda like that."

He didn't say anything. Eyes forward, staring into the darkness.

"There are all kinds of technical terms for it, but the general gist is that I'm 'suggesting' things to Mom and Kaley and they're following those 'suggestions'. Like being on a long drive and someone giving you instructions, where to turn and when to stop. I can't make someone do something they don't want to – like you can't just tell a driver to crash the car or run someone over out of nowhere. But, with a bit of mild suggestion, it *can* help with stress and anxiety."

"How is it possible?" My father whispered. "This last year has felt like the shortest year of my life. And the longest. It feels like..."

I desperately wanted him to finish that sentence.

Any insight into my father's mind would've been immeasurably valuable to me. Anything I could use to tear him and Mom apart – drive him away.

It wasn't what I *wanted*. I didn't *want* my Dad out of the picture.

But I did *need* it.

He was a necessary sacrifice, as unfortunate as that was. He didn't belong in the new world I'd built.

"It's been a long time," I said, hoping to spur him on. "People change."

"That they do," Dad said, nodding his head slowly. "Maybe I was being naive, thinking everything would go back to normal right away. I should've known it'd take time to adjust."

After that, he was silent for a long while.

Both of us sitting there in the dark. Lost in our very different, very conflicting thoughts.

When he finally spoke next, Dad turned to look at me.

"I can't imagine how hard this year has been for you, Michael. Kaley and your mother, they didn't have a choice. They *had* to stay locked away. But you? You could've left at any time. You *chose* to stay with them. Chose to *help* them. They had to isolate, but you isolated yourself for them."

I shrugged, not able to meet his unwavering gaze.

"You were *there* for them."

He wasn't wrong.

"You did good, son. Looking back, I wish I'd been the one who'd stayed. We might've hurt a bit on the money front, but at least..." He shook his head. "At least you were here. That's something."

There had been an odd atmosphere in the air when I'd stepped into the room. A tension,

an invisible weight. I could see it on Mom's face, in Dad's rigid posture.

They hadn't been arguing. No shouting or screaming. For as long as I'd been alive, they'd never had a verbal argument that I could recall. Yet, as I slipped inside the bedroom and closed the door behind myself, I felt it. An uncomfortable, awkward air about them both.

Dad had asked if he could watch as I hypnotised Mom.

She hadn't rejected him and, in the moment, I hadn't been able to think of an excuse to deny him. In retrospect, I could've come up with some bland excuse about how him being there would distract Mom too much for the trance to work. But, as it was, he'd stood to one side as she'd lain back in bed.

The trance, despite our audience, went off without a hitch.

"Sunbathing," I repeated for the dozenth time, making sure not to look over at Dad. "I want you to imagine sunbathing. Laying there with the sun's warmth on your skin. Not too hot, not uncomfortable. Pleasant and nice. Warm and relaxing. A gentle breeze, the scent of flowers in the air, relaxing music playing..."

A simple illusion. I'd manufactured countless of them at this point. I wouldn't be exaggerating if I said I'd done it hundreds of times.

Not what I wanted to be using this trance for, but beggars couldn't be choosers.

"You like the warmth, don't you?"

"Yes," Mom answered in a quiet voice.

"You like the sunlight, yes?"

"Yes."

Movement in the corner of my eye caught my attention.

I looked over, saw Dad moving. He raised a hand, walked around the bed, left the room without uttering a word.

"Keep picturing that for me," I told my mother. "Imagine the feel, the warmth, the breeze."

I was on my feet a moment later, following my father out of the room. He looked back at me, foot hanging over the top step of the house's staircase. Eyebrow raised, eyes moving from me to the master bedroom door.

"Everything alright?" I asked softly, approaching him.

"Huh? Oh." He smiled, shook his head. "Felt like I was intruding on something private, is all. I'm gonna head out, get some groceries. The kitchen is a little barren right now. Do you want anything?"

Condoms.

The temptation to say it - to see the look on his face - was strong. But I held back, shook my head.

"I'm good."

I watched him descend the staircase, waited and listened until I heard the front door open and close.

When I heard the car engine start, I let out the breath I hadn't realised I'd been holding. A grin splitting my lips. As my father drove away, I walked back to his bedroom - where his wife lay waiting in a hypnotic trance.

For as tight and nimble as Kaley was, our mother had experience on her side. As she climbed on top of me, top pulled down and tits hanging out of her bra, I couldn't help but feel pleasantly powerless. She'd take charge, hand on my chest as she lowered herself onto my cock.

"Yes," she breathed sharply, my cock sinking deep inside her. "That's it. That's it, baby."

I grunted, eyes glued to those massive tits.

"Are you ready baby?" Her voice - sultry and warm in a way that I'd never heard it

before. "Are you ready to fuck me?"

I nodded my head, groaned as she lifted herself up, lowered herself again. Dark hair falling over her face, half-hiding her lusty smile and her hungry eyes.

"We don't have long," I gasped. "We need to be quick."

"Shhh," my mother cooed. "Don't worry, baby. I'll have you shooting your load in no time. You just lay there and let me take care of you."

She leaned forward, planted her hands either side of my head.

Her tits pressed to my chest, heavy and wonderful. The weight of them made my cock twitch. I wanted nothing more than to grab one of those melons and start kissing it – nibbling and biting on it and leaving hickies. I couldn't do that, though. Not while Dad was still in the picture.

Instead, I satisfied myself with grabbing them, fondling them.

Mom raised her hips, brought them down again. Slapping her ass on my thighs as she rode my shaft.

"I love your cock, baby," she whispered in my ear. "I could fuck you all day. So big..."

Her breath on my earlobe.

I groaned, shut my eyes.

Beneath us, the bed croaked and creaked.

Good thing Dad wasn't home. He'd have heard what was happening and come investigating. What would he think, seeing his wife riding their son? How would he react, knowing I'd taken his woman – made her mine?

Her hole squeezed down on me, hot and wet and tight.

"I love your cock," she moaned again.

She shifted, faced me, pressed her lips to mine. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth, danced that slow, sensual dance with mine as her pussy clenched down on me. I felt one of her hands on my chest, gripping me, holding my down.

The kiss broke with a moan.

"Are you ready baby?" My mother cooed.

I grunted, nodded my head.

"Cum for me," she breathed into my ear. "Cum inside me. Fill me up, baby. Cum for me."

I groaned, did exactly what she told me to.

"I don't like it," I grunted.

Kaley looked at me, eyebrow raised.

"What?"

Walking side-by-side, holding hands, surrounded by trees and grass and sunlight. Real, actual sunlight. Not an illusion, not a fabrication. It was, save for that one trip to get our jabs, the first time Kaley had been outdoors in over a year.

"Your mask," I grinned behind my own facemask. "I don't like it. Hides your pretty face too much."

Kaley rolled her eyes, let out a musical, joyous laugh.

"So dumb," she said, leaning closer to me as we walked along the path. "You're not as smooth as you think you are, Chad."

"Smooth?" I shrugged. "Me? Nah, way too hairy and manly for that."

"You wish."

There weren't any other people around. The park was, as the sign on entrance had said, off-limits. Something to do with funding and lockdown still being in effect and social distancing. We'd hopped the barrier, made sure to come here in the middle of a weekday. Everyone else should be working, at school, or just too lazy to come interrupt our 'date'.

It was just me and her. And the trees, overgrown grass and bushes, and chirping birds.

Kaley stopped walking, pulling me to a halt along with her.

She clutched my hand, looked up into my eyes.

"I missed you," she whispered.

"I know," I said, shaking my head. "I haven't been able to visit recently. Busy with work 'n' all."

It was as decent an excuse as I could've come up with for 'Chad' to be absent ever since Dad had arrived home. Sweet and simple and ordinary. Easy to believe, especially with a little hypnotic nudging to go along with it.

"How's everything been over there?" I asked.

"Weird," Kaley sighed, stepping closer and hugging my arm. "My Dad's back. Everything should be better, not worse. But..."

"It's not what you expected?"

"That's one way of putting it," Kaley grimaced. "It just feels so *wrong*. Not like it used to be. It's like... Like he's a different person."

Part one of making Kaley believe our father didn't belong at home with us; make him feel like a different person. Alien. An intruder or an interloper. Someone who didn't fit in with the rest of the family. An easy feat to accomplish, with the access I had to her mind.

"Things've been really awkward since he got back. Mom seems more agitated and uncomfortable, Michael has locked himself away in his room again. Dad – he always used to joke around and laugh – but now all he does it stand around. I don't know..."

I wrapped my arm around her, held her close.

For a few minutes, we just stood there. Holding each other, listening to cars going by in the distance. I glanced around, eyes scanning the section of the park we were in, searching the overgrowth for the perfect spot.

"Come here," I said at last, breaking away from her. "Follow me."

Confused, Kaley trailed behind me as I went off-path.

A row of bushes that weren't too overgrown, but would be out of sight of any randoms that might happen by.

I sat down, patted the grass beside me.

"Sit," I told her. "Come on."

Eyebrow raised, my sister sat down next to me. Hands on the ground. Her fingers curled, long blades of grass between them.

"It's been forever," Kaley whispered as I glanced around, searching for any spots someone might see us from. "I'm actually out. This is... This is real, isn't it?"

"Yes," I smiled, turning back to face her. "This is real. We're really here. Alone. Just us two."

Kaley reached for her mask, took it off.

My heart stuttered.

With the light shining down on her, surrounded by vibrant green, Kaley was too beautiful.

Full lips pulled into a content smile, eyes looking up at a bright blue sky, cheeks round and pink. Blonde hair flowed down her back, lush and wavy. She was wearing a coat over a plain jumper, a tight bra underneath. Jeans that hugged her ass and seemed far too tight to ever be comfortable.

"You look... Amazing."

Kaley blushed at my words, glanced away from me.

"Since we're here," I said, leaning closer to her, "and no-one else is around, what do you say? Wanna have some fun?"

"Perv," Kaley mumbled. I could feel the roll of her eyes, even if I couldn't see it. "Should've known you'd want to have sex the moment we got some privacy. Typical guy."

She didn't stop me when I placed my hands on her shoulders, began dragging her coat off.

"Better not leave any grass stains on my clothes," Kaley mumbled, not quite able to keep the arousal from her voice. "I don't want to have to explain-"

I tugged on her shoulders, pulled her back to my chest, pressed my lips to hers.

It didn't take long at all before her jeans and jumper got their fair share of green and brown stains. Not that Kaley complained about it. She was too busy moaning and panting for that.

"People grow apart," I said, eyes on Mom's nightie-clad tits. "People change. Given enough time, they'll become unrecognisable. Strangers can turn into friends, friends can drift apart and become strangers. Lovers, even the closest and most intimate of couples, can lose their spark."

No response. No reaction, but for the calm acceptance of a hypnotic trance. She knew all this, had all but come to terms with it already.

"Your husband cheated on you," I continued. "You don't have evidence, and he denies it. But, deep down, you know the truth. You know he was unfaithful in your year apart. And you understand why."

People need intimacy. They need escape. Even if they're unwilling to admit it to themselves. They need that release. It was how I'd gotten my mother to open her legs for me. It was how I'd convinced her to let go of her inhibitions – if only temporarily.

"You understand why, but you can't *forgive* it. Just like you wouldn't expect him to forgive *you* having an affair. It's no-one's fault, it just... is."

No resistance at all. She was ready.

"A year apart, cheating, dishonesty, the loss of that loving feeling. A relationship might survive one or two of those things, but not all of them. It's too much," I said, voice laced with faux sympathy, "and you're past the point of being willing to fight it, aren't you?"

"Yes," my mother answered numbly.

"You're tired. This last year, it's drained you. The loneliness has drained you. You don't have the energy to try and make a failed marriage work. Better to just let it die, move on and find a different happiness."

Sometimes, you had to break something to fix it. A year from now, Mom would be happier than she'd ever been in her life. But first, she had to suffer a little. Had to cut Dad off.

"It's time," I said, smiling at those massive, wonderful, mouth-watering tits. "Time to let your husband know how you feel. To let him know it's over."

A light tapping on my bedroom door.

I set aside my phone, made sure the screen was facing down. It wouldn't do for Dad to see the naughty messages Kaley had sent me. Then, when I was nice and comfortable sitting up on my bed, I spoke.

"Come in."

The door opened and there he stood.

My father.

Looking dejected and downcast, forcing a half-smile onto his face despite the sorrow in his eyes.

"Hey, son," he said, stepping into the room and closing the door behind himself. "There's... something I need to talk to you about."

I nodded my head, waited.

"Your mother and I... We... We're going through a rough patch right now. Things are a little rocky. The whole pandemic and lockdown and distance, it's had an impact on things. On... us."

"What do you mean?" I asked, knowing full well what was going on. "Dad?"

"I'm going to be moving out for a little while," he said, voice strained. "Giving your

mother some space to think. It won't be forever..."

Yes, it would.

"Your mother and I... We just need some time to sort things out. I wanted to tell you myself, before..."

I stopped listening.

As my father babbled on, putting on his 'brave face' and letting me know I'd be the 'man of the house' from now on, I kept my face passive. Nodding and frowning whenever he stopped talking. Waiting patiently for him to leave.

"You mother, and Kaley too, I suppose. They're going to need you, Michael. The pandemic isn't over yet. And adding *this* onto the stress and pressure they must already be feeling..."

He shook his head.

"You're gonna have to take care of them."

"I will, Dad," I promised. "I'll take real good care of them. You have my word."

"Good lad," he smiled weakly. "I'm proud of you, Michael."

"Thanks, Dad."

He nodded, seemed like he wanted to say more, then shook his head. He turned back to the door.

"Well," he said softly. "Guess I better go break the news to your sister."

"See you, Dad."

He shut the door on himself as he left.

And, as soon as he was gone, I found myself grinning wildly.

Take care of Mom and Kaley.

I'd do far more than *that*.

I flopped back onto my bed, picked up my phone, smiled at the titty-pic Kaley had sent me while Dad had been telling me about the 'break' he and Mom were taking.

"Dad leaving again," I said quietly, shaking my head and tutting softly. "That's going to break Mom and Kaley's hearts. They're gonna need lots of help coping. Lots of help. But don't worry, pops. I've got it all under control."

I had, after all, become something of an expert at helping women with their escapism.

They might not be as isolated any more.

But escapism...

Well, who didn't want that?