

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 16

I let out a soft breath, watched as it misted in the chilly, outdoor air. A tiny cloud of white that dissipated to nothingness a split-second later.

Seeing it – that simple thing – made me smile.

Being trapped inside the house so much, barely ever leaving, had made me forget about stuff like that. Cold air misting my breath, the calm stillness of winter, the lack of birds in leafless trees. Even icy grass – not snowed over, but twinkling and sparkling from frozen, morning moisture. All the little, outdoor things I'd almost forgotten about.

I'd been stuck at home for far too long. Trapped there.

But... I had to admit, as far as being trapped went, there *were* worse places I could've been imprisoned. At home, with two beautiful women for me to seduce and claim. It hadn't been *that* bad.

I looked up at the house before me.

My house.

A slight smile split my lips.

The building looked exactly as it had a year and a half ago. Not a single thing different. And yet, *everything* had changed.

I stepped up to the front door, rang the doorbell.

My heart thumped heavily.

A few moments later, the door opened.

Mom stood there. Wearing a thick robe, face flushed. She'd put on some make-up, done her hair up, had intentionally left the robe open enough for me to see cleavage. She looked stunning. Breath-taking.

All the stress and anxiety – the dark circles under her eyes and the constant, tired appearance – it was all gone.

The woman before me now was one in her prime, filled with life and energy and excitement. She had a glow to her, one that'd been missing for so long in her isolation.

"Chad," she said, eyes wandering up and down me. "I told you last time, we can't-"

"It's cold out here, ma'am." God help me, I'd almost said 'Mom'. Caught myself just in time. "Mind if I come in?"

Without waiting for her to answer, I stepped forward.

Instinctively, Mom stepped aside. Allowed me to enter. The same conflicted look on her face as always. Torn between her two halves. Mother and woman. Naughty and ashamed.

She'd get over the hesitation quickly enough. She always did.

"You can't be here," she said as she quickly shut the front door. "I told you, last time was the last time. We can't keep doing... We can't. It's wrong. It should never have happened in the first place. We-"

"Nothing 'wrong' about it," I said with a smirk. I took a step towards her. She backed up until there was no-where left for her to go – back to a wall, eyes wide. "You're single. I'm single. We're both adults. Nothing wrong with us having a little harmless fun."

"I'm old enough to be your mother!" She squeaked, cheeks flushing hot, full lips trembling. "You're my daughter's ex. We shouldn't... It's not right. It's not..."

I towered over her, planted my hands on the wall above her shoulders. Nowhere to run, no escape or excuses.

"I can't," Mom whimpered. Voice filled with anticipation and arousal and surrender. A shaky, breathy purr. "You can't..."

She didn't stop me when I tilted my head down, pressed my lips to hers. She didn't resist when my tongue found itself in her mouth. Her hands gripped onto my chest but didn't try pushing me away. In seconds, she was kissing me back with even more vigour

than I was showing her.

A minute later, as I was trying to break the kiss and back away, she tried pulling me in for more. Hungry like a woman who'd been starved of love and attention for far too long.

"Anyone else home?" I asked her, already knowing the answer.

"They're out," Mom panted, eyes filled with lust. "Won't be back until evening."

"So we have all day, then," I smirked. "Good."

"This is the last time," she said. Though we both knew how hollow *those* words were. "Okay?"

"Sure," I chuckled. "Whatever you say, baby."

She took my hand, led me through the house. Up the stairs, down a narrow corridor, right to the master bedroom.

As soon as we were inside, Mom turned her back to me. She hesitated for only a moment before reaching for her robe's belt. She undid the loose knot, let the robe slide open. Then she drooped her shoulders, shimmied a little. The robe slid off her body with ease, dropped to the floor to be forgotten.

Underneath, she was wearing a slutty nightie.

A transparent, red marabou nightie. No panties or thong, nothing else at all – just that one, flimsy piece of clothing.

I stared at her ass, round and bouncy and beautiful.

"A chick doesn't wear something like that," I said, grinning as my mother looked over her shoulder at me, "unless she *wants* to be seen in it. You want me to fuck you again. Probably been dreaming of it ever since last time I came around. Dreaming of my cock..."

"Vulgar," she choked out. "I don't know what Kaley ever saw in you."

"Liar. You know *exactly* why she was interested in me. Same reason you are. Apples and trees, babe."

"Crass," Mom said, turning to face me fully. Her delicious body on full display, hard nipples and massive tits visible through the transparent cloth she had on. "It's good that she broke up with you. She deserves a gentleman. Someone who'll take care of her. Not some cocky, rude, boorish man like you."

"It *is* good we split up," I grinned. "Makes fucking you behind her back a whole lot easier."

She bit her lip, blushed.

Who knew my mother was such a slut?

I was to blame for some of it, sure. I took credit for all the alterations and manipulations I'd made with hypnosis. But at least some of it was Mom's to begin with. I hadn't made her *this* much of a wonton slut.

"Come here," I told her. "My cock needs a good suck. And you're so much better at it than Kaley."

Whatever resistance Mom might've had was long gone now. She advanced towards me, swaying her hips and making her tits bounce with every step. When she reached me, she looked up into my eyes – firm, commanding eyes – and let out a quiet moan.

Then she slid down onto her knees, began tugging at my jeans and fishing out my cock.

"So," the voice coming from my phone said, "how'd it go?"

"She blew me," I said. "I fucked her. She told me it'd never happen again. Same old, same old."

The voice laughed. Feminine and cute.

"Won't be much longer now," I continued. "Her body's drive for sex is there, and she's long past the point where her subconscious cares about who I actually am. If it's for release and satisfaction, her brain is willing to look past the whole family relation thing."

"So we can do it soon?"

"Depends," I said. "Even with 'incest' not being an issue, there's still the matter of her personality and general hesitation. Does Mom really seem like the type of woman who'd be into a threesome to you?"

"I dunno," Kaley answered. "Use your hypno magic, like you did on me. No problem."

"I never hypnotised you to want a threesome with me and Mom. That's all on you, sis."

"Bullshit," she said. "I was never interested in you or Mom before you started brainwashing me. Not one bit."

"I made it so you didn't care about incest," I grunted. "Same as Mom. Only you accepted it quicker. I never did anything to make you want a threesome. That's all on you and your perverted mind, Kaley."

"Pot meet kettle," she muttered back.

"I'll get her there," I sighed. "I've already got her desperate for my cock. How hard can it be to get her wanting a threesome? It's just a matter of time."

Time. The one thing I had in abundance.

Back when it'd all begun, the word was that the pandemic would only last a few weeks. A month or two before things went back to normal. Now, a year and a half later, it seemed like there was no end in sight. Not anytime soon.

Since the vaccines, Kaley and Mom had felt a little safer going out. Kaley especially had been spending more and more time out of the house. But, even with vaccines and boosters and all the precautions, it still wasn't safe for them. Not entirely.

The pandemic was still going on. Which meant Mom and Kaley still had 'stress' that needed handling.

So, I still had them both willingly submitting themselves to hypnotic trances and illusions. Still had unfettered access to their minds - and their bodies.

I'd let Kaley in on the truth.

Between her and Mom, Kaley was the more open-minded. A lot more. Over the course of a month or two, I'd eroded away 'Chad' and replaced him with the real me. Carefully, when she'd been ready to hear it, I'd let her know what I'd done with hypnosis. How I'd used it on her, and on Mom.

And she'd been my partner in crime ever since.

True, I'd engineered her mind into accepting everything. Manipulated her into being okay with it all. But, at the end of the day, did that really matter?

She *was* okay with it. She *did* accept it.

And, even better, she *enjoyed* it.

Kaley wanted to have a threesome with Mom as much as I did.

Hypnosis and time. Two ingredients that, when combined, could make all my dreams and fantasies come true.

I leaned against a wall, arms crossed, enjoying the spectacle playing out before me. Two women, both beautiful beyond reason. Bodies intertwined; hands exploring curves while tongues danced in each other's mouths. Laying on a queen-sized bed, naked and free.

One was older. Late thirties or so, with raven hair that pooled around her head in a dark halo. Her eyes were closed as she made out with her daughter, her emerald green irises hidden behind dark eyelids. She'd dolled herself up for this, put on makeup and lavender perfume, though she didn't need either. Not with those massive breasts sagging on her chest. Watermelons that'd absorb the attention of anyone lucky enough to see them bare.

And next to her was a blonde girl. A pretty girl with a heart-shaped face and cute,

round cheeks. More slender than her mother, with smaller but perkier breasts and a round butt that more than made up for the smaller chest. Twenty-one and in her prime, full of energy and youth and excitement.

Though they both knew I was there watching them, neither paid me any mind. They were too caught up in their foreplay. The petting and touching and teasing.

It was Kaley who took the lead, set the pace for the two of them. Despite being almost twice her age, Mom was the more awkward and shy of the two – all too happy to be led along by her daughter.

Hands explored bodies, fondling breasts and tickling nipples, sliding between legs and touching forbidden places.

When Kaley moved her lips, began kissing and sucking on Mom's nipples, there was nothing the older woman could do but lay there and enjoy the sensation, hands wrapping around her daughter's head to hold her in place.

I watched the show unfold in silence.

A mother and daughter, kissing and touching and enjoying each other. A dream come true, to say the least.

Back in the early days of the pandemic, long before I'd started pursuing Mom and Kaley, I'd had to rely on porn to relieve myself. And, more than any other genre, I'd watched girl-on-girl videos.

No annoying, grunting guys. No passionless, lifeless fucking for the sake of fucking. Just intimate, sensual lovemaking.

This – what I was witnessing my mother and sister doing to each other – was better than all that porn combined.

They really *did* love each other. Not acting for a camera or for my benefit. The way they kissed, full of passion and appreciation and longing, went far beyond 'two girls experimenting'. It was the bond of family, warped and twisted into something new but still as true and real and potent as ever.

I could've watched them for hours, if not for one simple fact.

There was a stiff, uncomfortable sensation in my pants. My cock being crushed by the boxers and jeans I had on over it.

Watching was nice.

But *participating* was where the real fun was at.

When I'd had enough of watching the women - *my* women – tease each other, I pushed myself off the wall and strode to the bed they were laying on.

They were so lost in their intimacy that neither of them noticed I was there until I was climbing onto the bed itself, my weight shifting the mattress.

Both looked at me, eyes wide and lusty.

"Ladies," I said with a smirk. "Mind if I join you?"

There was something magical about my mother holding my cock, guiding it into my sister's hole.

The sharp gasp as my cockhead spread her open, filled her up. The throaty moan she let out as I pushed into her, brushed her deepest parts. My name on her tongue, pleading softly for more. Her craving for my cock laid bare.

Kaley wrapped her legs around my waist; a snare to prevent me from pulling out until she was done with me.

The bed shook beneath us when I started thrusting. Slow at first, steady and firm. Then faster. Harder. Ramming my cock into her, basking in the feel of her warm tightness.

"Keep going," Mom purred. Our own, personal cheerleader. Urging us on. "Fuck her good. That's it..."

"Oh God," Kaley moaned. "Yes... Yes!"

The sound of my sister's moans would never get old.

"Yes..." Mom breathed beside us, leaning over Kaley, tits hanging down over her daughter's face. "That's it... Fuck her hard, honey. Give it to her."

It took me several long moments to realise what she was doing.

A hand between her legs, fingers buried inside.

She was masturbating. Kneeling there, naked in front of her two children – which just so happened to be fucking – and Mom was *fingering* herself. Moaning and panting, face flushed, glossy lips parted. Her cheeks were damp, wet with Kaley's juices.

I'd never seen a woman look so obscene.

She caught be staring at her, met my gaze with wide eyes.

A tiny glimmer of shame, quickly smothered by the flash of arousal. The hunger in her eyes. She gasped, covered her mouth with her hand, began trembling. Her body convulsed, shook, slumped.

The next time she looked at me, any hint of shame or regret was gone completely.

They fell asleep before I did. One head resting on each of my shoulders. Blonde hair and black hair met on my chest, clung to the sweat drying there. I could feel their breaths, slow and steady. Their heartbeats, thumping against my skin.

My mother and sister. My lovers.

I turned my head slowly, worried that any sudden movements might wake one of them. I looked left, then right. From one head to the other.

Peaceful.

Their faces were so relaxed. So serene.

Oddly enough, it reminded me of how they'd looked not so long ago. Back before the first hypnosis session.

Haggard. Worn out. Exhausted.

In desperate need of escape.

Neither of them had slept very well back then. Plagued by stress and anxiety and worry, unable to get a good night's sleep from all the nightmares and insomnia. They'd been desperate. So desperate that they'd been willing to let me roam around inside their heads.

And now they were sleeping peacefully.

Content, for the first time in far, far too long.

Everything that I'd done, all the manipulations and all my twisting of the truth, fabricating illusions, building up fantasies. It'd led us here. To a point where everyone was happy, where none of us were stressed any more.

Sure, our happiness didn't include Dad. And sure, I'd had to destroy a marriage to get us all here.

But, in the end, this was better for everyone.

Mom and Kaley and me were happy. Dad was free to find his happiness elsewhere. With hypnosis, I'd help him move on from Mom quickly enough.

Everyone would be better off this way.

I shut my eyes, basked in the moment. Two beautiful women with me, one on each shoulder. Women who'd do anything for me. Women I could guide and help and transform. Two pairs of tits pressed against my body. Two delicious bottoms within reach of my hands.

One little squeeze wouldn't hurt, a bit of gentle fondling before I let sleep take me.

It was always nicer to fall asleep holding onto someone.

And, as the saying goes; two is better than one.

I smiled to myself, felt the lull of sleep calling to me. Sweet oblivion, just a few moments away.

My last thought before giving into the blackness was a hope and a wish that I wouldn't have any dreams. What did I need dreams for, now that I had these two all to

myself? Any dreams would just mean wasted time between now and the next time I was awake with them.

Who needed dreams when reality was this much better?

Who needed escapism?

Not me. And not them. Not any more.