

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 3

It was a dumb idea. A *stupid* idea.

Would it work? Yes. Probably.

Should I do it?

Now *that* was the question. The impossible, yet oh-so simple question that'd been bouncing around in my head ever since I'd come up with the idea.

Was it wrong? Probably. I knew it *should* feel wrong. But it didn't. I knew I *should* be disgusted with myself, horrified at myself for even *thinking* it. Yet, I wasn't.

Should I do it?

I'd need to do some planning. It'd take a few days to set up, and I'd need to make sure both Kaley and Mom were ready for that level of hypnotic manipulation. They should be – it was, after all, just another scene for them. Another illusion for them to sink into and enjoy. They'd have no reason to suspect ulterior motives.

Could I do it? Yes. Or, at least, I could *try* it.

Would it work? Probably. There was no reason to believe it wouldn't.

Was it wrong? Maybe. But, if it was, I couldn't find it in me to care.

Should I do it?

That was the question.

I deserved a little reward, didn't I?

After everything I'd done for them. All the time and effort I'd put in to learning hypnosis and practising and creating these daily illusions, draining them of stress and giving them a much-needed escape. I deserved something for all that hard work, didn't I? And it wasn't like my idea would harm them in any way. They'd enjoy it just as much as any of the other illusion. Hell, they might enjoy it even more...

I did want Kaley and Mom to enjoy themselves, didn't I?

If I did it, if I made the illusion I was thinking about, they'd enjoy it. And, at the end of the day, wasn't that why I was doing all this in the first place? To help them enjoy themselves? To grant them that escape?

Should I do it?

To help them, Mom and Kaley. Yes. Yes, I should.

Not for me – everything I gained would be secondary, a nice little perk – but for them. To help them. To give them something nice to enjoy.

It was that – that line of thought, 'helping them' – that finally ended the turmoil inside me. Made me nod my head and begin planning. Or, at least, that's what I told myself. It wasn't the fact that I'd get to see Mom and Kaley near-naked, maybe even get the chance to touch their amazing bodies. It was to 'help' them.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket, began searching online.

Looking up the price of sunscreen.

When the doorbell rang, I rushed to the front door.

Before opening it, I snatched a face-mask off the side-table next to the door, put it on with practised finesse. A moment later, the door was swinging open to reveal a beautiful woman in her thirties with chocolate hair and dark, almond eyes. Wearing a face-mask and fluffy mittens.

"Michael!" She said. And, from just being able to see her eyes, I knew she was smiling. "Come on, bags are in the car."

I followed after my aunt as she led the way.

"Everyone doing alright?" She hummed, striding to the trunk of her car. "Haven't heard much from you guys lately."

"Yeah," I shrugged. "Just been busy is all. Me and Kaley have been swamped with

school stuff lately, and Mom's busy with work."

The car trunk opened up to reveal several brown bags, all filled with groceries and goodies. Everything from toilet rolls to toothpaste to paper to candy treats. Somewhere, in one of those bags, would be the sunscreen.

"I suppose that's a good thing," Aunt Sarah said, stepping aside. "Keeping busy, I mean. Better than sitting there with nothing to do, you know?"

I nodded my head, picked up the first two bags, carried them into the house alone. As always, Sarah watched and talked while maintaining a reasonable distance. Filling the cold silence with her upbeat, happy voice. A half-dozen or so short trips between the car and the house later, and the bags were all unloaded.

Aunt Sarah gave her farewells, drove off. And – after washing my hands – I was left to restock the kitchen and make sure all the goods ended up where they belonged.

One of the few downsides of my not having the same medical condition as my mother and sister – I had to be the one to collect our food and put everything away.

But, annoying as that task was, I did get my hands on the sunscreen I'd ordered.

I spared a moment to wonder what Aunt Sarah had thought about collected *that* particular item. Middle of winter, not allowed to leave the house, and her sister's family wanted sunscreen? She must've been baffled by it.

With a smirk on my face, I tossed the bottle of sunscreen into the air, caught it as it came down, tossed it up again.

The image of my aunt's confused face left my mind, was quickly replaced with a newer, much more interesting picture. My hands, slathered in sunscreen, applying it to slender bodies and beautiful curves.

"Visiting a beach?" Mom asked dubiously.

"I'm down for it," Kaley shrugged. "How long has it been since we went to the beach? The summer before last?"

"I don't know..." Mom pursed her lips, looked across the table at Kaley. "It's not like there'll actually be any sand or anything, right? And no ocean, either. All we'll really be able to do is sunbathe."

"Fine by me," Kaley grinned. "I could do with a tan."

"But you won't," Mom rolled her eyes. "You're not *actually* going to be sunbathing. You won't get a tan from lightbulbs..."

"Even better! No sunburn!"

I sat back, let the two of them debate my 'spontaneous' idea. No need for me to add my voice in, trying to convince them to go through with it. That'd only make them wonder why I was so interested in making the 'beach time' idea happen.

All in all, it wasn't a long debate. My sister was energetic and enthusiastic, and Mom didn't care enough to argue all that much.

"That settles it then," I said, "tomorrow, we'll do a 'beach time' scenario. I'll crank up the thermostat before we begin. It'd probably be best if you both dress appropriately for a beach; that way, it'll be that much easier to help your minds accept the illusion."

"What about you?" Kaley smirked. "Are you gonna 'dress appropriately' too?"

I nodded my head. "I'll wear a bathing suit, sure. I've also got some other stuff to help with making it feel real. There's strawberry ice-cream in the freezer, and some cones. We can make milkshake too. And some other stuff. It should work just fine."

"When are we doing it?" Mom asked.

"I figure after dinner tomorrow. Me 'n' Kaley will be done with school stuff for the day, and you're almost up to date with work, right?"

Mom nodded her head.

"Good. That way, we'll get to spend plenty of time soaking in the 'sun' and relaxing. Trust me, you're gonna love it."

"Swimming would require energy," I said, eyes drifting between the two hypnotised women. "Who wants to go swimming anyway? It's cold and wet and filled with sea slugs and insects and such. Much better to just lay down and relax. Soak in the sunlight. Enjoy the sound of the waves and the cool, gentle breeze."

Both of them were wearing their 'beach' clothes. It wouldn't make much sense to hypnotise them, *then* get them to go change. That'd shatter the illusion before it'd even begun.

Annoyingly, neither of them were showing a whole lot of skin.

Their legs were bare. Which was nice. Smooth, shaved legs. But their top halves were covered. Kaley's by a rainbow-coloured, long t-shirt that reached down to her thighs. Mom, on the other hand, had decided to wear a sundress over her swimsuit.

"It's hot," I continued. "Very hot. A blistering summer heatwave. The sun is bright, and there isn't a cloud in the sky. It's wonderful! Amazing! The only downside to the heat is how hot the sand is. Better to stay on our towels and not get up, at least not yet. Wouldn't want to burn our feet, after all."

I hesitated. Again, that voice in the back of my head was telling me not to, that the dumb idea I'd just had was 'wrong'. But, as I slowly lowered myself to the floor, it didn't *feel* wrong. It felt *exciting*.

I'd never looked up a woman's skirt before. Never even thought to.

But, with these two beauties sprawled before me, scantily clad with legs open, I couldn't help myself. It was the perfect opportunity.

"You don't want to move, except to switch positions – change from front to back. By the end of today, you'll have a great tan, for sure!"

Pink. In the shadows under that long t-shirt, Kaley was wearing pink.

And Mom? Her bathing suit was black.

"But, more than the pleasant, nice heat on your bodies, you can feel all the stress and strain evaporating away. All the worries fading as you relax and rest and enjoy the sunlight."

With Mom's sundress, I could just about tell what she was wearing underneath. A black, one-piece bathing suit. The same one she'd worn two summers ago on a family vacation. Save for exposing a decent heft of cleavage, it was modest enough. Very much the bathing suit for a 'mother'.

Unfortunately, I had no idea what Kaley had on under her t-shirt. Save that it had a pink crotch. Would it be a one-piece like Mom's, or a two-piece bikini? Modest, or naughty?

I couldn't wait to find out.

"A nice, relaxing trip to the beach. Laying in the sunlight, soaking up those rays. For just a few hours, nothing else needs to matter. For the next few hours, it's just us three. On this beach. Alone. Content. Taking some much-needed rest. You want to rest, don't you?"

"Yes," both women answered in unison.

"This is your chance. Rest. Relax. Enjoy the sun..."

I let the words take over from there. I knew what to say, what to repeat and reinforce. By this point, it'd become a task I was well acquainted with. The words spilled out of my mouth, my eyes locked onto my sister's perky, protruding chest.

After many minutes, and so many words spoken that my mouth felt dry and rough, they were ready.

I laid out the towels and woke them from their trances.

Kaley knelt on her towel, blonde hair loose around her shoulders.

My heart thumped in my chest as she reached down, grabbed the hem of her oversized t-shirt. Time seemed to slow, the moment of her gripping the t-shirt stretching for

an infinity. Then her hands moved, dragging the fabric up her body.

I held my breath, eyes bulging.

Kaley's bare tummy came into view, flat and toned and pale. Not a one-piece swimsuit, then.

As the t-shirt pulled up past her chest, up her arms, her round breasts bounced. Clad in a tight pink bikini top that was far too revealing to be worn out in public, Kaley tossed her t-shirt down onto her towel – made a makeshift pillow out of it.

Beside her, Mom laid down on her chest, a book in her hands.

“Hey,” I said, drawing the attention of both. “I, uh...”

My tongue felt heavy. My chest tight. If not for the shades I was wearing, they'd have certainly seen the tension in my eyes.

“I have some sunscreen here,” I snatched it off the floor, flashed it to them. “Do either of you want some? I've already put some on myself.”

“Sure,” Kaley beamed.

She reached her hand out, ready to take the bottle from me.

Oh.

That was... unexpected.

In all of my imaginings, all of my plots and plans, I'd never once considered the possibility that the two of them would want to lotion *themselves*. That hadn't factored into my equations at all. I'd accepted the possibility that they'd decline the sunscreen, that their subconscious minds would know they didn't need it. I'd figured they might want to keep their clothes – t-shirt and dress – on for the duration of the illusion. But I hadn't *once* thought about *this* eventuality. *I* was the one who was meant to be applying it to their bodies!

Idiot. Stupid, fucking idiot. How could I not-

“Michael?” Kaley's eyebrow quirked up. “The sunscreen?”

“R- Right,” I mumbled, handed it over.

Fuck.

Why hadn't I thought of this?

Too long spent fantasising about rubbing their curves, not enough spent *thinking*.

Kaley opened the bottle, squirted a blob of white into her hand.

All thoughts ceased.

I turned my head away from Kaley, pretended to sunbathe while watching her out of the corner of my eye.

Her hand moved, pressed to her chest. Kaley smiled, moved her hand over her collarbone – spreading the sunscreen all over her upper chest. Then, slowly, she ran her hand over her breasts. Just the skin, not the bikini top. But, I was happy to see, she was *very thorough* in her application of it.

I watched silently as her fingertips trailed around the edges of the pink bikini top, pressing the skin and rubbing lotion into the seam between cloth and skin. Mesmerized, I gazed at her as she rubbed the palm of her hand over big, perky mounds, fingers gliding into crack of her cleavage.

From there, she moved onto her ribs. Rubbing under her breasts, fingers sliding under the bikini top a little – making sure she got that cream on every wonderfully exposed inch of herself.

Before long, I couldn't take it any more. Wearing trunks like I was, it'd be impossible to hide my rapidly growing erection if I stayed on my back.

I was forced to turn my entire body away from her.

In my mind, though, I summoned up every naughty visual I could think of. Every fantasy and idea and dream.

It began with Kaley rubbing her near-naked body, but quickly morphed into more. Soon, in my mind, it wasn't sunscreen she was covering herself with – it was cum. My

cum. Being massaged all over her body, her chest and those amazing tits, between her legs and the prize that awaited me there. She fondled herself as she rubbed, squeezing her tits, pinching pink nipples. Moaning. Begging for more...

It was a good thing I was facing away from the two of them. If either had been able to see my front-side, there was no way they'd miss the hard-on I was sporting.

For a tiny moment, I scolded myself.

Kaley was my sister! I shouldn't be thinking about her like that! It was wrong! Immoral! Gross!

Except...

Except I didn't feel any of those things.

I didn't feel *wrong* or *gross* or *immoral*.

The only thing I felt was *horny*.

I was a guy. She was a – very hott – girl. My body and mind were going to react how they reacted. I had no power over that. It simply was. Why scold myself for something I couldn't control?

And so, when those images of Kaley returned – fantasies about me being on top of her, my cock in her, her tits bouncing right out of that pink bikini top – I didn't push them away. Didn't scold myself for having them. I just embraced them, enjoyed them, regretted nothing but the fact I couldn't reach down and rub one out to those thoughts and fantasies.

"Can you do my back?" Kaley asked after a lil' while.

I was too caught off guard to react.

"Sure," Mom's voice piped in. "Turn around."

And, just like that, a new fantasy formed in my head. One involving both of them, my mother and sister. One filled with moans and gasps and exposed bodies and pleasure.

I stared up at my ceiling, not quite sure how to feel or what to think.

Part of me knew I should feel guilty about the thoughts I was having. The fantasies. And yet, I didn't.

Perhaps it was a consequence of the isolation. Being trapped in this house with them for so long. Perhaps it was the stress and mental drain sapping away my ability to care. Or perhaps this was just me – who I'd always been.

I had no idea.

I cared about them, Mom and Kaley. I wasn't apathetic. I wanted them to be happy, to see their smiles. I wanted to take their stress away and make them feel better. I *cared*.

But the other stuff? The shame and guilt and disgust at myself I should be feeling? It wasn't there.

More and more, I found myself wanting to fuck them.

Pound the ever-loving shit out of my mother and sister.

And I didn't feel one ounce of guilt over it.

If given the opportunity, I was certain, I'd fuck them in a heartbeat. If they were down to visit bone-town with me, I'd-

Hypnosis.

The thought struck me like a lightning bolt.

I could, in theory, hypnotise them into having sex with me.

For a long few seconds, I remained still. Waiting for the wave of disgust and horror to hit me. Waiting for the *wrongness* of it to hit me. But the wave never came.

I *could* do it.

It might take some time, some deep hypnotic persuasion, but there was no reason to assume I *couldn't* do it.

The real question, the one it all hinged on, was if I was *willing* to do that to them. If I was willing to manipulate my mother and sister into spreading their legs for me.

After everything I'd done to help them... Yes.. Yes I was.

I deserved a little something in return for all my help, didn't I? And it wasn't like they'd hate it either. I'd make sure they *enjoyed* it as much as I did.

In a way, even this was to help them.

Help them rid themselves of a different kind of stress.

Really, they'd benefit from it more than I did...

Yes... Yes, I could do it.

An image of Mom's hand on my cock flashed in my eyes. A memory of that one night, of her *need* for affection. Her body's desire for an intimate, sexual relationship.

Yes. She needed it.

And, just like I was doing with everything else, I'd help her with this too.