

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 4

I wasn't an expert. It wasn't like I'd spent the last fifty years working a job where I hypnotised people daily. I wasn't even *twenty*, and my experiences with hypnosis only went back a few weeks. I was *far* from a master of the craft.

Yet... I had an affinity for it.

Ever since that first session, when – nervous and uncertain – I lulled Kaley and Mom into their first trance, I'd known it was true. I had a knack for hypnosis and mind-altering.

It was hard to explain, other than to say it 'felt right'.

Like hypnosis was something I was *meant* to do.

The challenge before me - gaining control of Mom and Kaley, convincing their minds to be more open to me, letting me do things they'd ordinarily never accept. It was something that'd be difficult, no doubt about it. It might even be impossible, for all I knew. But it was what I'd decided to do.

So, how *would* I do it?

My mind returned to that pivotal moment. That night I'd hypnotised Mom to see me as her husband. Her reaction to the illusion, the kiss she'd forced on me. It was that single action that'd begun me down the path I was currently on.

Why had she kissed me?

At face value, it seemed simple enough. She missed Dad, thought I was him, and wanted to be intimate.

But when she'd kissed me, the illusion of me being him shattered. Surely, if her mind was completely against the possibility of being 'intimate' with her son, it would never have let her go even *that* far.

For just a few moments, Mom's desire for intimacy overshadowed her lack of desire for me – her son. It'd taken her kissing me, grabbing my cock, for Mom to subconsciously realign herself – let her disgust take over and forcing her need for intimacy into the back-seat. For just a brief few moments, her subconscious mind was willing to ignore the fact I was her son – deciding that the intimacy and relief were more important.

It seemed to me, then, that the best way of 'convincing' Mom to do more naughty things with me was to increase her desire for intimacy while reducing her capacity to care about the consequences.

Amusingly, I'd started programming Mom for that without even realising it at the time: I'd made her want to *forget*.

She'd chosen to set aside the consequences of what she'd done - kissing and groping me – in favour of being more comfortable around me again. I'd given her mind a 'get out of jail free' card and she'd taken it.

It didn't take me long to come up with a step-by-step plan for her. I had all the information I needed, all I'd have to do was put the plan into action and not screw anything up.

For Kaley, though, I had no idea where to start.

How was I going to manipulate my sexy sister into doing naughty things with me? And, more importantly, how was I going to make her see no problem in doing those things?

I didn't know Kaley as well as I'd have liked.

But, luckily for me, I had the perfect excuse at my disposal to get to know her a lil' better.

"Hey," I said from the doorway. "Mind if I come in?"

Kaley, sitting in bed with a laptop open on her knees, looked up at me. She gave a

half-hearted smile, nodded her head.

I slipped into the room, glanced around.

My sister's bedroom had changed a lot over the last year. Used to be that Kaley would spend very little time home. She was always out with friends, living life. But, thanks to the pandemic, she'd been trapped here with no way out. Her room had gone from being the place she'd sleep and store her clothes, and become a miniature home all by itself.

She had a mini-fridge and a microwave resting on her drawers, a small pile of dirty plates right beside them. There were two full trash bags at the foot of her dresser, and a third half-full bag near her bed. Clothes discarded all over the place, make-up bottles and random items dotted across any piece of furniture with free space on it. It was, in many ways, the bedroom of a slob.

But that wasn't my sister. Kaley was no slob.

My sister showered daily, always made herself look decent – even if only me and Mom were around to see her. She wore clean clothes, took care of herself. She wasn't a slob.

It was just her room that she didn't bother keeping spotless.

I had a feeling that was down to the isolation and the pandemic, but I couldn't say exactly why. It just was, I supposed.

"Just wanted to ask you some things," I said, eyes taking in the sight of her. "Hypnosis things."

A pretty blonde in a white bathrobe. A slender figure with nice, perky breasts. Underneath that robe, I knew, would be more clothes. But I couldn't help picturing a naked body all the same. Sexy curves and sultry smiles.

"Oh?" Kaley hummed, eyebrow raised.

"Yeah. I wanna make things better. You know, more realistic illusions and more stress-relieving stuff. I was wondering if I could ask you some questions."

"Go ahead," Kaley shrugged, turning her attention back to her laptop's screen. "Ask away."

I inhaled a breath, gathered my thoughts together.

"Well, the thing is..." How best to approach this? "I'm running out of ideas when it comes to illusions to set up. Picnics and restaurants and beaches, they're nice 'n' all. But the more I recycle ideas and re-create the same illusions, the less impact they'll have."

That was total bullshit. I could use the exact same set-up every time, make every single illusion identical. It wouldn't make the illusion any weaker. So long as I kept regularly hypnotising Mom and Kaley, my influence and impact on them would only grow.

"I need more ideas," I continued. "And I was wondering... What are some happy memories you have? Times and places that you'd like to go back to, I mean. Hypnotic illusions work best when they come from your own memories – the less you have to imagine new things, the better and more real they become."

"I don't know," Kaley shrugged. "Ask Mom."

I rolled my eyes.

"I'm gonna ask Mom next," I said. "I want you to tell me some of your happy memories first. I might not be able to re-create them fully, but I *can* help. I just need you to–"

"To what? Remind myself how shit everything is right now?" Kaley shut her laptop, looked over at me – a forced smile on her face. "I think *not* having to remember the good ol' times right now is what I need most, don't you? I mean, why would I want to be reminded about all the things I *can't* do?"

I gulped. Shuffled on my feet. My brain churned, tried to come up with something clever to say. Some way of convincing my sister to open up.

"What... What about memories you *don't* have?"

Idiot, I berated myself. *That doesn't even make sense!*

"Hmm," Kaley pursed her lips, thoughtful. "You mean like, things I missed out on? Things I could've done, but didn't?"

Roll with it.

"Y- Yeah, exactly!"

"Things I missed..." Kaley went silent for a few seconds, eyes seeming to stare right through me. "Yeah... That sounds like it could be fun..."

I waited, heart thumping.

"Do you remember your prom?" Kaley asked me suddenly.

"Yeah," I said. "Sure."

"Do you remember *my* prom?"

"Uh," Confused, I tried to remember. "No?"

"Neither do I."

It took a few seconds for it to click.

Of course Kaley didn't remember her prom. She didn't go to it. Unless I was mistaken, she'd been ill at the time.

"I could make it happen," I said quickly. "I could make an illusionary prom for you. It won't quite be like the real thing, but I could..."

At least... I was *confident* I could.

A prom? That'd be a lot more chaotic and active than any illusion I'd created for Kaley and Mom before.

"Then there you go," Kaley smiled. "An idea for you. Now can I get back to studying?"

"You can't think of any memories at all?" I asked, baffled. "Not a single one you'd like to relive?"

Mom shook her head, resumed preparing food for dinner.

"Come on," I sighed. "There has to be *something*. A holiday or a day out, some moment from your teen years. You've got to have at least *one* memory you'd like to recreate."

"I can't think of anything," Mom hummed. "None that don't include your father, at least."

That was it. The sticky part.

If practically all of Mom's good memories involved Dad in some way, the only way I'd be able to recreate them was by creating an illusionary 'Dad' to be there with us. That memory of us on holiday together, us playing board games at Christmas, a family outing to an amusement park; all of them were off the table thanks to Dad being involved in them.

If I did make those memories into illusions, I'd have to do so in one of three ways. Either I'd have to remove Dad from the memories entirely, which would cause untold problems with Mom and Kaley's recollections. Or I'd have to create a fake, non-existent 'Dad' that only Mom and Kaley could see; but that wouldn't work because of the inconsistencies between Mom's and Kaley's different versions of the invisible man. Or, I'd have to take Dad's place entirely, and be faced with the same problem of 'myself' not being there.

Ideally, I needed memories involving three people only. Mom, Kaley, and a third person. That third person, I could 'become' for the duration of the illusion.

It was why, until now, I'd relied on 'new' events. Illusions based on simple places, not taken straight from their memories. A beach, a car trip, a random hillside by a lake. Simple scenes, nothing more. Illusions where their minds could fill in the blanks. What did the lake look like? Both Mom and Kaley would have their own ideas, and those ideas could be completely different – but it didn't matter. What exactly Mom and Kaley saw was down to their subconscious minds.

And that was a problem.

I had to think of their minds as computers. Flesh computers with a limited amount of processing power and pre-set ways of thinking. If I wanted to reprogram them, I'd need as much of that processing power as I could get my hands on. But the way I was currently doing things wasn't helpful to that. Both Mom's and Kaley's subconscious minds, as things were now, had to create entire scenes and surroundings out of my descriptions. If they were constantly busy building realistic scenes in their minds, tricking themselves into believing it all, that'd leave less room for me to work on grander schemes.

If I wanted to trick my mother and sister into doing kinky things with me – and being totally down for it – I'd have to switch up the way I was doing these trances. Focus less on building scenes and more on more subtle manipulations.

And, for that, I needed *memories*.

Or, if not memories, at the very least locations we were all very familiar with.

"You can't think of anything?"

Mom shook her head, focused on cutting vegetables.

"No," she said softly. "Sorry, honey. Nothing comes to mind."

Desperate times, desperate measures.

I looked down at my phone screen, my insides coiling and uncoiling at the contact I had open. One little press, one fingertip tapping the screen, and his phone would start ringing.

Dad.

I hadn't spoken to him in weeks. Not since before that night with Mom. I hadn't been able to. And, since deciding what I had - to use hypnosis on Mom and Kaley for sexual reasons - I'd been avoiding it all the more.

What if he heard it in my voice? What if he realised what I was up to?

I couldn't avoid him for the rest of my life.

Steeling myself, I lowered my finger – pressed 'call'.

The phone rang for a few seconds before answering.

"Hello?" A man's voice on the other end of the call said. "Michael? What's up?"

"Hey Dad," I forced myself to say. "Sorry to bother you, I just wanted to ask you something..."

What followed was a watered down explanation of the 'problem' I had. Running out of ideas for illusions. Dad knew all about the hypnosis, even thought it was a good idea. I gave him the same fake reasons as I'd given Mom, reasons on why I had to switch things up.

"So you need them to remember places you've all been together, but where I wasn't with you?"

"Basically," I sighed, feeling a lot easier than I had at the beginning of the call. He had no idea what I was really up to. "I tried asking Kaley and Mom, but they weren't very helpful."

Dad was silent for a long moment.

"I don't suppose," he said with a soft chuckle, "that having me in a call – on speakers, I mean – would help? I wouldn't be there in person, but-"

"No!" I said a little too quickly, a little too loud. If Dad started getting involved in the illusions, I could kiss all my plans for Mom and Kaley goodbye. "No. They already have to stretch their minds and imaginations as is. I don't think I could trick them into thinking you're actually here while you're in a call."

"Okay..." Dad hummed softly, didn't say anything for a long moment. "What about films?"

"Films?"

"You need locations, right? If you can't find any memories that only the three of you share, you'll need scenes and surroundings that the girls are familiar with – that's what you

said. Would a scene from a film work?"

"I..." Would it? "I don't know, I'll have to look into it."

"You're really going all in with the hypnosis stuff," Dad noted. I froze at the statement, waited for the accusations I feared. "Is it working?"

"It is," I said, holding in a sigh of relief. "They're both doing much better. Still stressed and a lil' stir-crazy, but it's not as bad as it could be."

"And what about you?" Dad asked, real empathy in his voice.

"I'm well," I smiled, ignoring the little well of guilt forming in me. "Keeping busy..."

When the call came to an end, I set my phone down, closed my eyes.

Information. Plans. Ideas. All jumbled up inside my head, begging to be sorted through and rearranged.

Two goals. Kaley and Mom.

Two different methods for obtaining each.

Mom would be the easiest of the two. In theory, all I needed to do was push her to the edge. Make her so desperate for intimacy and affection that her subconscious mind would be willing to overlook the fact I was her son. Build up her stress, let her mind know that there needn't be any long-term consequences thanks to my ability to make her forget afterwards, and then take full advantage of her needs.

My sister, on the other hand, would require a bit of work.

Prom. That'd be the key.

A memory she wished she had. One that I could give her. Trick her into believing.

It was a tradition, wasn't it, that a girl gets fucked on her prom night? Though I didn't know it for a fact, I couldn't help but imagine it - girls saving themselves for that special night. The dance and the celebration and the expectation of sex. I could use it all.

Over the course of several weeks, I'd prepare Kaley's mind for it. Embedding those ideas in her head, making her want to have a 'full' prom experience – to the point that, like Mom, she'd be willing to overlook and ignore the familial bond we shared. I'd be her date to the fake prom, her boyfriend. And, when it came time to end the event with a much-anticipated fuck, I'd be more than happy to oblige Kaley.

It'd be good for all of us.

Mom and Kaley, after months of isolation, would be able to experience the heat and passion that'd been missing from their lives. And me? I'd get to have sex with two beautiful women. Best of all – I could make them forget about all of it afterwards.

Harmless fun. Something all three of us could do with more of.

When I opened my eyes, it was with a solid plan in mind. A step-by-step list of everything I'd need to do.

I got to work jotting it all down – making notes and preparing scripts for hypnosis session. I had all the time in the world, and nothing else to spend it on but planing these great conquests.

My sister and mother.

Just the *idea* was so naughty and wrong that I couldn't keep myself from getting hard at it.

There was no going back now. Only forward.

Eyes on the prize.