

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 6

"It can't be easy, going so long without your husband around."

The corner of Mom's lips twitched downwards. An almost imperceptible frown.

"It's been so long," I said, watching her closely. "So, so long. You speak to him often, sure. You have calls and you message each other. But that's not the same."

We were in the master bedroom, Mom laying flat on her back in bed while I stood next to her. Try as I might, I couldn't keep my eyes off her huge mounds; those massive melons contained within a tight sweater. Tits begging to be grabbed and groped.

"He's so far away..." I sighed dramatically. "I can't imagine how difficult that must be for you. Even with these trances, even with all the help I'm providing, Dad not being here must be killing you inside. It must be agony knowing he's so far away."

I reached a hand out, let it hover above those mountains. My mommy's mammaries. What I wouldn't give to taste them.

"How long has it been since the last time you held him or kissed him? How many months has it been of you sleeping alone in your bed? Too long. Far too long."

It was a big bed. King-sized. Sleeping on that thing alone every night, it must be a constant reminder for her. She'd lay there, not feeling her husband's weight beside her. It was the little things like that which stung the most. The little, every-day reminders. The small things.

"You think about him often, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," my mother whispered.

"You miss him, don't you?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"The hypnosis helps," I said, pulling my hand back before the temptation to *actually* grope her won out. "It's a distraction. It takes away stress and anxiety. It helps. But it's not a cure. It doesn't remove the ache from your chest, and it doesn't fill the Dad-shaped void in your life."

Did I feel bad about what I was doing here? Yes.

Did I feel guilty about doing it? I did.

Was I going to stop now? Hell no.

This was it. My plan for Mom. This was how I was going to bed her.

Make the pain and desperation so great that she'd be willing to do anything to get rid of it. I was going to torture her, drive her right up to the edge of what she could take. And then I'd offer her a way out – an escape from all that pain and desperation. No strings attached. No consequences. Just pure, simple release.

Much as I hated what I was doing – driving home these feelings, making her focus on them – it was the only way for me to get what I wanted. Mom. In bed.

This was my only chance – my once in a lifetime opportunity.

I hated making her feel this way, but I'd do it all the same.

In the end, she'd be better off because of it. She'd have her release, her escape. She'd stop worrying, stop thinking. That *had* to be good for her, right?

"You miss him," I said. "You think about him all the time. This lockdown, not being able to go out, not being able to see the man you love. It won't last forever. Even if it seems like it will. There is light at the end of the tunnel..."

I'd spent hours skipping through dull films. Romantic comedies, romantic drama, teen romance; basically anything and everything that might contain interesting scenes for me to snatch up. I couldn't tell you what the plot of any of those films were, though I could probably guess with some degree of accuracy – romance in films was about as predictable as day and night. But I *could* tell you about the locations dates took place.

Cinemas, diners, restaurants, beaches. Quiet places, more often than not. With all the boring stuff cut out and a whole lot of fake 'chemistry' between the characters.

Not as much help as I'd been hoping for, all things considered.

But, for all the drivel I'd had to skim through, I did find a few needles in the proverbial hay-stack. A few good ideas I could emulate and utilise. I just had to play it right.

When it came time to hypnotise Kaley, I had a scene ready to go.

"Your first real date with Chad," I began, closing my eyes so I wouldn't be distracted by my sister's too-sexy body. "It happened in a world where there is no lockdown, no reason to stay trapped at home."

That was important. I couldn't very well have Kaley looking forward to prom if she was aware of the fact she couldn't go out. I would, while implanting the idea of Chad in her head, slowly whittle down her awareness of the lockdown and pandemic and that whole situation. I wouldn't remove her knowledge of it; her forgetting about lockdown and leaving the house was a big no-no. Rather, I'd push it down to her subconscious. Make her stop actively thinking about it. She'd still be aware of the situation, she just wouldn't question it. Or, that was the plan, at least.

With her not actively thinking about the pandemic, she'd have no reason to question her timeline with – and the reality of – Chad.

This early on in my grand scheme, I didn't need to push that too much. We were still at a point where Kaley was willing to overlook inconsistencies and errors for the sake of the illusion. All I was doing right now was planting the seeds. When the time came, and the I made the illusion into Kaley's reality, *that's* when inconsistencies would become a real issue.

"A world where you can go out, be yourself, have fun. Where you can meet new people. Where you met Chad, and he asked you out."

I took a deep breath, readied myself.

"You were hesitant," I said, crossing my fingers. "But something about him – not just his amazing looks or his charming smile – made you agree. A little bit out of character for you, maybe. But you're thankful you made the choice you did, thankful you agreed to the date, because you've been smitten every since."

I knew my sister well enough to know she wasn't the type of girl to date a total stranger. So, unless I wanted to create a whole history of them knowing each other, having mutual friends 'n' all that – which would cause problems down the line – I had to set things up this way. Create a situation that might not fit in line with Kaley's personality entirely, but was at least believable.

"He took you to a nice little cafe," I continued. "A quiet place with a few other people around, cosy and snug..."

As I woke Kaley from her trance, I was careful not to stare at her body.

Why in the world had she chosen to wear *that*?

A thin - almost transparently so – white tank top with a black bra underneath. It looked too small for her massive chest, the cloth stretching up front. Little was left to the imagination. My sister's amazing rack had only two layers of cloth hiding it away, and two thin, flimsy layers at that.

It was the kind of top that'd make men drool over her.

Likely, she was wearing it out of comfort. But, deep down, I wanted to believe she'd decided to wear it for me. For my benefit. So I could see just how sexy she was. Unlikely. Very much so. But not impossible.

"How're you feeling?" I asked, averting my gaze.

It took Kaley a few moments to respond – coming out of a hypnotic trance was very much like waking up from a nap. It took a lil' while to remember where you were, what was happening.

"Good," Kaley mumbled, "I'm good."

She smiled, sat up in bed.

"What's tonight's plan?" She asked.

I shrugged. "Cinema. There's popcorn downstairs, and some drinks and such. I'll put on a film for us to watch and, when I snap my fingers, it'll be like we're in a cinema with tons of other people."

"What film?" Kaley asked, perking up.

"It's a surprise," I smiled. "I've already done Mom's hypno stuff. She should be waiting downstairs, actually. Head down when you're ready and we'll start."

I turned, began walking to my sister's bedroom door.

"Michael," my sister's soft voice spoke behind me.

I paused, turned to look at her.

"Thank you," Kaley said, a small smile tugging at her lips. "For everything."

"No problem, sis. It's just-"

"It's helping," Kaley said, looking down. "More than you know. Me and Mom, we're grateful. Really. It doesn't seem fair that we're the ones getting these little fantasies and escapes, and you aren't."

"Don't sweat it," I shrugged. "Downstairs in five?"

Kaley nodded her head.

"Remember to turn your phone off."

She didn't.

But then, that was part of the plan. Her going to the cinema with her family, being a little bored and messaging her boyfriend to pass time.

It was why, when setting up this scenario, I'd made myself 'invisible' to Mom and Kaley.

They were sitting next to each other on the sofa, watching the television as if it were a huge cinema screen. They fully believed me and Dad were there – sitting either side of the pair. In reality, I was in a corner of the room the girls couldn't see, new phone in hand as my sister slyly messaged me.

'Wish you were here.'

A message on my phone, sent by Kaley just moment ago.

'Wish you were here more.'

My reply back to her.

As far as I could tell, my sister's phone was on silent. No tunes or vibrations to tell her she had a new message. When she checked her phone, she'd see it. Until then, her eyes were glued to the television screen.

It took her a few minutes to check again, send me back a cheeky reply: 'I bet you do' with a winky face emoji.

Tame, sure. It wasn't like she'd just sent me nudes or anything. But my body reacted all the same. My cock bulging in my pants as my body warmed. I had to hold back my first instinct – to flirt more.

Kaley being naughty was welcomed, but rushing things too quickly was a sure-fire way of fucking everything up.

I needed to be slow, steady, and calculated.

I mentally discarded a dozen different potential responses; from asking her how much she was willing to 'bet', to nudging her on and asking what she'd do if she was 'here with me', to making some dumb comment about how it was a good thing 'Chad' wasn't there because she'd be too busy doing other things to pay attention to the film. Instead, I asked my sister if she was enjoying the film – dragging the conversation away from flirty, naughty territory.

Across the room, I saw the visual disappointment in my sister's face as she read the

message and replied.

It sucked. I'd have liked nothing more than to flirt with her.

But it was too risky.

Just like that first night with Mom, the event that'd set all this in motion. When she'd thought I was Dad and kissed me. She'd thought she wanted it, thought it was real, right up until she'd gone too far.

I couldn't risk going too far now. Not before they were ready.

As the film continued to play, me and my sister traded messages. And, as those messages flowed, the bond she felt towards 'Chad' steadily grew.

I needed something big. Some scenario in which I could push forward all of my plans at once, solidifying all the gains I'd made in one go.

An illusion that'd push Mom closer towards the edge of desperation and bring Kaley closer to 'Chad' simultaneously. One that wouldn't strain their minds too much to set, and would leave plenty of room for me to influence them going forward.

A big ask.

But, if I wanted to fuck Mom and Kaley, actually go through with everything I was planning, I had to push forward. Moving too quickly, before they were ready, was bad. But not moving quickly enough, hesitating and making little or no progress, wouldn't do either.

If I focused on only one, I was certain I could have them in a matter of weeks. But both? At the same time? It complicated things.

I needed something...

The daily illusions. They were being underutilised. All the time I had to spent preparing the fantasies was time I wasn't spending pushing my plans forward. Right now, I was treating the illusions as a balancing act. There were my plans to bed my mother and sister, and there were the daily illusion. Separate things that both needed doing.

That had to change.

Instead of them being separate, two different things I had to set up with hypnosis – cutting my time to advance my plans in half – I should be using the illusions to *enhance* my larger plans.

Like I'd done with the cinema night illusion.

Messaging my sister as Chad, building those bonds, while she was in the illusion.

I needed more of *that*.

Which was easier said than done.

Ideally, I needed a scenario in which Mom and Kaley were together, Mom was driven closer to her edge, Kaley was able to bond with Chad more, and they'd both be able to de-stress at the same time. And, if I could make it so that the illusion itself didn't take a toll on their minds to create, all the better.

It took a while. Hours, in fact. But I did it.

I thought of the perfect set-up.

Something that ticked everything off the list, and then some.

The only question was; were they ready?

I stepped out the house's front door, shut it behind myself.

A deep breath, pushing down all my worries and concerns.

Then a nod to myself.

I raised my finger, rang the doorbell.

The instant they heard that sound, the hypnotic suggestions I'd given Mom and Kaley would kick in. Tonight's illusion would begin.

I didn't have to wait long for her to answer the door.

It swung inward, revealing a dolled up Kaley.

She was wearing a casual, if nice, outfit. T-shirt and jeans, normal clothes made

sexy by the figure they hugged. Her blonde hair was tied back, wet from her shower. She'd put some make-up on, though not much. Lip-gloss and faint eyeliner and some blush. The kind of make-up most guys wouldn't have even noticed.

"Chad!" Kaley beamed at me. "You're early!"

"Eager to see you," I smiled. "Can I come it?"

"Yes!" Kaley blushed, stepping aside right away. "Of course. Come in! Mom's eager to meet you."

"Just your mother?" I asked, entering my home.

"Mm'hm," Kaley nodded. "My dad and brother are out, so it's just me 'n' Mom here tonight."

She led the way to the dining area, hips swaying hypnotically with every step. Kaley's ass was fantastic. Round and big and begging to be felt. For a moment, I was tempted to do just that – reach over and give her bottom a little pinch. I held back, though. Just about.

"Wait here," Kaley smiled at me, "I'll just go get–"

"Hello," a woman's voice cut her off. "You must be Chad."

We, my sister and I, turned to look at Mom – standing in a doorway, a wide smile on her face. Her tired eyes looked more alive that they had in a while. And there was an energy in her movements as she walked up to me that hadn't been there before.

"Yes," I said, a polite smile on my face. "Nice to meet you."

"Kaley dating someone with manners?" Mom grinned. "That's new."

"Mom!"

"Sorry her father and brother aren't here to meet you," Mom said, sizing me up with a protective, motherly gaze. "They had to go do something. Boy stuff, I don't know."

Before long, the three of us were sitting at the table, eating food and chatting.

Mom, for all that she seemed active and happy right then, would find herself pained by this particular illusion later. Even if it was an entertaining, enjoyable night, it would remind her of her husband's absence and the hole in her life. Exactly as I wanted it to. A nice, big nudge towards the cliff's edge.

For Kaley, however, tonight would be amazing. Her boyfriend meeting her mother, hanging out and chatting and leaving a good impression. It'd be something to bind the relationship, make it more real in her mind. After all, Chad *had* to exist now. He'd met her mother!

Both women would find the evening stress-free and relaxing – even if one was pained by it later. And, more importantly, this particular illusion wouldn't tax their minds very much. No need to imagine surroundings, no need for their minds to visualise an entire new setting. We were at home. All their brains had to do was picture 'Chad' instead of me – which gave plenty of room for me to influence their minds in other, more beneficial ways.

"So," Mom said after a while, a sly smile tugging her lips, "are you planning on staying the night, Chad?"

Kaley choked on her food, face turning bright red. "Mom!"

"Not tonight," I chuckled. "Much as I'd love to stay," I gave my sister a little wink, "I have something I need to do early tomorrow. Maybe another time."

"Oh my god," Kaley muttered, covering her face to hide her embarrassment.

"Just don't look in the blue box under the bed," Mom added with a wicked, teasing smile. "That's where she keeps her collection of–"

"HEY!" Kaley practically shouted, shooting to her feet. "Look at the time. Don't you have to get home soon, Chad?"

"Uh... Yeah?" I blinked. "I suppose it is."

"Come on, I'll walk you to the door."

Mom giggled, and Kaley shot a glare at her.

I raised my eyebrow. Confused and very curious.

What in the world could my sister possibly collect that I didn't know about? And why did she look so flustered about it?

As I walked out the front door, I rang the doorbell again, ending the illusion. Kaley blinked in confusion, shook her head to clear it, raised her eyebrow at me.

“Michael? What're you doing outside?”

“Nothing,” I shrugged, walking back inside and closing the door. “Just got back from the thing I had to do. Is your boyfriend still here?”

Kaley blinked again, then the confusion faded from her eyes. She smiled.

“Nah, you just missed him.”