

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 8

Eyes wide, I stared down at my phone screen.

Blonde hair bound up in a ponytail. A heart-shaped face with round, pink cheeks. Stunning green eyes and plump, inviting lips that were curled into a shy smile. Beautiful, without a doubt.

But my gaze was drawn downward. To her exposed, magnificent chest.

Her tits weren't obscenely huge. Mom beat her out in that department. But, where Kaley's breasts lacked in humongous proportions, they more than made up for in perkiness and firm roundness.

They were the kind of tits, I had no doubt, that'd bounce and hop and dance for me all night long. The kind of tits that'd love a solid groping.

Kaley's nipples were tiny. Hard. Little pink nubs surrounded by protruding areola. Nipples that stood out against Kaley's pale, smooth skin. Nipples that almost seemed to be begging – pleading – for me to wrap my lips around them.

I felt my mouth begin to water at the sight of those perfect breasts. Felt my body trembled with excitement and my cock rapidly harden.

By the time my sister sent another message a few moments later, I'd already wrapped one hand around my shaft.

'What do you think?'

It was such an absurd question. What did I think? Surely, Kaley knew exactly how amazing her rack was. How mesmerising her curves were, how delicious her nipples looked. Surely, she didn't need to ask.

Yet she did. And I replied accordingly.

'Holy shit,' I sent back. 'They're perfect!'

And, oddly, it felt *right*.

I'd been lying to my sister so much – pretending to be 'Chad' and building up this whole, fake persona. But, as I typed out another message, I didn't feel like him. It wasn't 'Chad' who was about to start telling Kaley she was the sexiest woman alive, it was *me*. Her brother. For the first time in these text messages, I was being myself – completely and totally honest.

After a few messages back and forth, I could all but feel my sister's shy happiness. The rose-cheeked joy she had at being complimented over and over.

'Wanna see mine?' I asked her eventually, fuelled on by my raging hormones.

My sister, of course, replied with a 'yes'.

I hesitated when it came to taking a picture of my now very hard cock. Doubts sprang up in the back of my mind – what if Kaley seeing my cock snapped her out of the hypnotic illusion I'd built up for her? But it was too late to back out now.

With a grunt, I snapped a few pictures – sent my sister the most flattering of them.

Then I waited for her response.

It didn't take long.

My phone vibrated, and there it was.

'I want it.'

Somehow, my cock got even *harder* at that.

'How much?' I asked her.

It took a minute for her to send a picture as her reply.

Another photo of herself. Only this time, it was of her lower body. A drenched, glistening pussy stretched open around one of her dildos. Sitting on her bed in a puddle of her own making. There was a single caption on the photo.

'This much.'

It was hard to pay attention to the film. I was so busy chatting with Kaley, texting her as 'Chad' and flirting without restraint, that I had barely any idea what the plot of the film even was. Some teen romance or another.

The volume was on low, and my eyes were far more interested in the folder of pictures Kaley had sent me. But, much as I couldn't care less about the film, I did have to pay attention towards the end.

When the prom scenes began, I make up some excuse for 'Chad' to be busy and unable to reply to Kaley. Then, I levelled my gaze on the film and watched intently. Soaking in every detail I could make out; examining the ambiance and lighting, listening to the background music.

By this point, I'd become something of an expert in prom scenes in films. A connoisseur of that particular trope.

It was the music that made the scenes work. But that alone wouldn't be enough for the illusion I wanted to build. I was missing something. Some important, vital aspect.

What could it be?

These scenes, they always ended one of two ways. Either it was at the very end of the film and the prom was a happy conclusion, or it'd be nearing the end of the film and the prom became a matter of contention – a moment for some dramatic reveal of another.

Every film that contained the latter of those two tropes was instantly discarded.

It needed to be feel-good, with a happy ending. It needed to look regular enough while also being unique and magical. The music needed to be right, and the background needed to be visible but not too interesting.

By the time this particular film's prom scene ended, I'd made my decision.

This one would do.

Tonight – movie night – I'd have Mom and Kaley watch it, make sure my sister paid close attention to the prom details. Because, when I made the prom illusion a reality tomorrow, it'd be this exact scene my sister would be imagining.

Tomorrow.

My heart thumped at the thought. My skin warmed as a jolt of electrical excitement shot through me.

Tomorrow.

The day of Kaley's 'prom'.

And the day I'd finally get to fuck her.

"It's important to give your daughter space," I said, sitting beside my mother's limp form. "It's important that you don't interfere or get involved. This is a special night for Kaley. A magical night that she'll remember for the rest of her life. You don't want to ruin that for her, do you?"

"No," my mother breathed.

"The best thing you can do is step back, stay in your room with some ear plugs in. Whatever Kaley and her boyfriend get up to is none of your business."

Kaley might've accepted me as 'Chad' completely, to the point she was ready to spread her legs for me. But Mom wasn't quite there yet. If she happened to overhear her son and daughter getting down and dirty, it might snap her. Better to avoid that, if at all possible.

"It's good that you're letting your daughter's boyfriend stay the night. It's a good, wise thing you've done allowing that. It's Kaley's prom night, and she's probably going to be doing things with her boyfriend. Better for them to do it here, safe and comfortable, than in some cheap motel room somewhere – or worse. You made the right choice."

Of course, I'd 'helped' her come to that choice. But that was needless to point out. Mom and Kaley were puppets on invisible strings, walking down the paths I'd laid out for them and making the decisions I wanted them to make.

"Now, the best thing for you to do is stay out of the way. Be there if Kaley needs you," which she wouldn't. "But otherwise stay well away. You don't want to make your daughter feel uncomfortable, after all. Do you?"

"No," Mom answered.

I kept on with that line of thinking for a while – making sure she got the idea, wouldn't intrude or get involved in my plans for Kaley. Then, when I was confident she'd be staying in her room all night, I diverted the trance.

"It must be hard," I spoke softly, faintly. "Seeing your daughter so happy, knowing she has someone in her life. You haven't seen your husband in a year, haven't had anything remotely intimate in your life in so long. You're happy for Kaley, sure. But I bet, deep down, a small part of you is jealous too."

Predictably, my mother resisted that idea. True or not, it wasn't something she wanted to confess to – or even think about.

Her lips twitched, eyelids flickering.

But it was too late. I'd already accomplished what I'd set out to do. That idea had been planted.

True or not, she'd think about it tonight – when Kaley was being fucked senseless in another room and she was all alone in an otherwise empty bed. Would she feel jealousy then? Guilt at the thought? Would she try to ignore it?

Slowly, she was beginning to crack.

The stress - the solitude - was finally getting to her. Little by little, she was reaching the brink. Just a tiny bit more, and I'd have her exactly where I wanted her.

"It's prom night tonight," I stated, eyes on Kaley's face.

Even deeply tranced as she was, the corners of her lips quirked up in the shadow of a smile.

"Are you excited?"

"Yes," she answered without hesitation.

"It's a big night. One you'll remember for the rest of your life. You've gotta do everything you can to make it special. One of a kind. For both you and Chad. After all, you only get one prom. There are no do-overs."

Something my sister knew all too well.

"You've been waiting for this for a long time. Dreaming about it. And, finally, the day is here. In just a few hours, you'll be dancing in your dress with Chad's hands on your hips. And, a little while after that, you'll be taking him home with you."

Unlike Mom, Kaley didn't resist me when I brought up sexual topics. We both knew what'd happen when she 'took Chad home'. But, where Mom would've had difficulty facing that fact with me, Kaley was unperturbed.

"You father and brother are out. It'll only be Mom home, and she'll have earplugs in – if she isn't outright asleep by the time you get here. It'll be just you and him. You and Chad. Alone together on prom night."

The flush in my sister's cheeks told me a lot. The slight way her legs began to move – thighs rubbing together – told me even more.

"You want tonight to be special, don't you?"

"Yes," Kaley answered.

"You want to create an amazing memory, one that'll stick with you forever, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you want *Chad* to have an amazing night too, right?"

"Yes."

"You want Chad to remember his time with you forever?"

"Yes."

I paused, thought for a moment.

"Memories fade," I said after a moment. "As time goes by, they get blurrier and less solid. You start misremembering details. Memories fade, yet you want to remember tonight clearly, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You don't want tonight's memories to ever fade. You want to keep them for the rest of your life – solid and clear and wonderful. Don't you?"

"Yes," Kaley said.

"Chad already has nude pictures of you, doesn't he?"

There was only the briefest of hesitations before Kaley answered with a whispered 'yes'.

"There's not a whole lot of difference between him having pictures of you and him having a video of you, is there?"

"No."

"And videos don't fade with time. In a way, they're like memories you never have to forget..."

I looked at my reflection. Turned left and right, examining the suit with a critical eye.

Not the fanciest outfit, but it'd do the job. A plain, black tuxedo with a black bow-tie. Undecorated, save for a bright, white flower in the breast pocket.

My hair was slick, face clean shaven.

I was ready to go.

The only question was; would Kaley be ready too?

She'd sent me plenty of nudes now, enough that I was beginning to suspect she had a thing for showing off her body. And she was certainly fine with me seeing her fucking herself with a dildo. But was she ready for the real thing?

It was too late to back out now. And I wouldn't, even if backing out *had* been an option. I'd waited too long for this.

But still... What if she *wasn't* ready? What if, the moment I was inside her, she snapped out of it and realised what was happening?

I inhaled a deep breath, released it.

Only one way to find out for sure.

I nodded at my reflection, turned away, left my bedroom.

The walk downstairs felt oddly reverent. Almost like I was embarking on some long journey somewhere – out to explore the world and might never come back. My heart thumped heavily as I walked to the house's front door, opened it.

Another deep breath, then I stepped through it.

I shut the front door behind myself, waited a few moments.

Then, I turned to face it, raised my finger to the doorbell and rang it.

That sound – the doorbell ringing – would set everything into motion. It was the catalyst, the trigger that'd snap Mom and Kaley fully into tonight's illusion.

I didn't need to wait long for Mom to answer the door.

Wearing a wide smile, a twinkle in her eye, she opened the door up and greeted me as 'Chad'; led me inside.

"She's just getting ready now," Mom told me, guiding me to sit down on the living room sofa. "Won't be too long."

She didn't question the fact that all the furniture had been moved around – pushed up against walls to make an open space in the middle of the room. As far as she was aware, everything was as it should be.

I sat, waited.

After a few moments, Mom made herself scarce. She'd go upstairs to help Kaley with hair and make-up, then she'd disappear into her room with her earplugs. With any

luck, she'd stay in that room all night long.

As I waited, I leaned back on the sofa.

This was it. No going back now.

Either everything went to plan, and an hour or two from now I'd be balls deep in my sister; or everything *didn't* go to plan and I'd be balls deep in a shitstorm.

Baffling as it might've been to me, somehow I was calm. My nervousness had vanished the moment I rang the doorbell. I was calm and relaxed and confident. I'd passed the point of no return. This was it, make it or break it. What was the point in stressing?

When I heard floorboard creaking – the sound of someone descending the stairs – I perked up, sat up straight.

A moment later, the living room door opened.

And there she stood, radiant and beautiful.

Kaley.

Blonde hair flowing down her bare shoulders, pale skin in stark contrast with dark eyes and red lips. She was wearing a scarlet, strapless dress. Elegant and expensive, with a skirt that reached down past her knees. The dress hugged her frame magnificently, squeezing her breasts and showing off her round ass. She was wearing red, heeled shoes, was carrying a little bag in her hands.

When she saw me, Kaley smiled shyly.

"Hey babe," I grinned at her. "You look amazing."

My hands on her hips, hers on my shoulders. Lips just an inch away from each other. Music playing in the background, a slow and sensual beat – the very last one on the playlist I'd created.

It was the final dance of the 'prom'. A slow dance.

I stared into my sister's eyes, and she gazed into mine. Her red lips parted when I leaned in, pressed my mouth to hers. And, for the next minute, our tongues danced.

When we broke apart, Kaley was breathing heavily. Chest rising and falling rapidly.

The air was hot, clammy.

Eventually, that last song came to an end.

I removed my hands from her waist, smiled at her. She blushed, bit her lip. And, when I reached out, took her hand, she didn't even think of resisting me.

I led her out of the living room.

And my sister, as far gone and as focused on me as she was, didn't even seem to realise the change in environment. Didn't question why her prom's ballroom led directly into her home's entryway.

Just to be sure, I raised my free hand, snapped my fingers.

The very last trigger for the night. The bit of programming that would let Kaley's mind know that she was home, and that it was time to conclude prom-night in her bedroom.

Her eyes hazed over for a moment. Then she was back. Biting her lip and smiling.

Instead of me leading her to her bedroom, Kaley led me. Holding my hand as we crept upstairs. It was dark – no lights on, not even in Mom's room.

Kaley's bedroom door creaked open, and in we went.

I turned the bedroom light on, turned to my sister, saw her reaching behind her back to unzip her dress.

"No," I told her. "Keep it on."

She looked at me, blushed all the brighter, nodded her head.

"Lay down," I said, nodding to her bed. "And take your panties off for me."

She did so without hesitation. Didn't even complain or question when I pulled out my phone, began recording. If anything, the sight of my phone made Kaley all the more eager. She even twirled her removed panties on her finger, grinning at the camera.

"Ready?" I asked, reaching down to unbutton my trousers.

"Mm'hm," Kaley moaned, laying back and spreading her legs. "More than ready."

I stepped forward, towards the bed. Hard cock in my hand.

"Good," I smiled. "Try not to be too loud."

"No promises," Kaley giggled.

I climbed onto the bed, planted my hands on my sister's knees, lifted them up and apart. Kaley let out a ragged breath as her dress skirt flared around her waist, revealing her dripping wet, pink pussy.

"Fuck me," she gasped.

And, being the good brother I was, I intended to do exactly that.