

Isolation Escapism

Chapter 9

Two heeled shoes pointing at the ceiling, red and elegant. Legs vertical, held in place by my shoulders – one on either side of my face. And, right where those legs met, my cock.

“Oh God!” Kaley gasped. “Oh *fuck*. Chad!”

I gripped her legs tighter, thrust forward harder.

That name. It was the only thing wrong with an otherwise perfect night. And 'perfect' was not an understatement.

Kaley was beautiful. Even more so now than she was usually.

Her red lips were parted in moans of ecstasy, her shaky voice hot in the air. The strapless dress she was wearing had come askew with all the motion – both perky breasts bouncing free, pink nipples hard and smooth skin coated in a sheen of sweat.

“Fuck me,” my sister panted, eyes dazed. “Fuck me! Yes!”

Her pussy clamped down around my cock, her body twitching and writhing as another wave of orgasms hit her. She let out a loud, shuddering howl – froze in place as her eyes rolled in their sockets.

I slowed down for a moment, let her catch her breath.

As she lay there panting, legs drooping and dropping on either side of me, I leaned down – kissed her bare throat.

“Chad...” Kaley whispered. I felt her hands on the back of my head, holding me close. “More... Please...”

She was insatiable.

I grinned as I kisses her throat, nibbed on her neck.

After a year of being trapped indoors, her only source of relief being dildos and vibrators, I shouldn't have been so surprised that my sister was *this* hungry. But I very much was surprised – in the best possible way.

I could keep going all night. And if Kaley could keep up...

Well, it'd be a night to remember, that was for sure.

“Chad...”

That one word. It was the *only* downside. The only drawback.

It should be *my* name on Kaley's lips.

I pulled back, placed my hand where my mouth had been just moments before. And, as I squeezed my sister's slender throat, I resumed fucking her – slamming my cock into her tight hole, eyes locked onto her pretty face.

Bedsprings creaked. Bedposts thumped against the wall.

My sister – true to her word – was *loud*. Her moans echoing through the house, her pleasure evident.

If Mom was awake, there was no way she wouldn't hear.

And, if she was asleep, she wouldn't be for long.

“Babe,” I grunted after a few minutes, releasing her throat. “You want to remember this night forever, right?”

Eyes wide, panting for air, Kaley looked up at me.

“Ever done anal before? Real anal, not toys.”

Slowly, she shook her head.

If she'd wanted to, she could've put an end to my plan right there and then. All it would've taken was her to say the words – tell me she wasn't interested in anal. If not for my hypnotic tinkering, she might have done just that – judging from the fear in those big, round eyes.

But she wanted to keep 'Chad' happy. Wanted tonight to be 'special'.

Kaley let out an involuntary whimper as I pulled back, my cock siding slowly out of her. She bit her lip and – when my cock's tip brushed between her butt-cheeks – she shut

her eyes tight.

I was about to do it – thrust forward and claim her anal cherry – when something stopped me. A simple thought.

I glanced around, looking for my phone.

There, discarded on the bed just a few inches away.

This – what I was about to do to Kaley – I wanted to catch on camera. A priceless recording of Kaley's first anal experience.

Phone in one hand, cock in the other.

“Relax,” I told her as I slowly began pushing forward. “Just relax...”

When I woke up next, I was in my own bed. My body aching, my eyes pleading to remain shut. Sleep beckoned, and I was almost tempted to let it take me away.

It was only when I remembered what'd happened last night that my eyes snapped open.

I sat up in bed, patted myself down, looked at my hands.

Had it *really* happened? Had I *actually* done it?

Unless it was all some detailed, vivid dream... Yes. Yes I had!

I'd fucked my sister!

The memories came back in a flood. The hours spent with her on that bed, my cock inside her. The moans and groans and screams of pleasure. Her body in that dress, her perky tits bouncing while she begged and pleaded for more.

My phone was in my hand an instant later – fingers nimbly scrolling through recordings and pictures.

Hand shaking, a grin on my face.

I'd *done* it!

I could still feel her dried cum on my dick. Feel her lips on my skin and hear the echoes of her moans.

The recording of her first time getting fucked in the ass.

I opened it up, watched Kaley's facial expressions shift and twist. From tense and tight, to discomfort and pain, to open-mouthed gasps and moans. It'd taken her a little while to adjust, get used to the sensation. But, once she had, she'd gotten into it – had started rubbing herself as I fucked her.

And the next recording. Kaley on hands and knees, hips bucking.

Another after that – her collapsed face-first on the bed, hair out in all directions and dress ruined. The dress skirt was bunched up around her waist, her ass exposed – white leaking down between the cheeks.

I had a veritable library of pictures and videos.

But I wanted *more*.

The thing about lines – once they're crossed, they can't be uncrossed. What's done was done, and there was no going back.

On some level – deep down – a part of Kaley knew what she'd done last night. Some deep, silent part of her knew that 'Chad' was actually her brother.

Sure, she might not 'know' it consciously.

But – subconsciously - she *had* to know.

Which meant that – on some level – Kaley was willing to have sex with me, her brother. Chad was just an excuse. A vessel to hide reality behind. Subconsciously, Kaley knew her 'boyfriend' didn't exist. She was, deep down, aware of the truth.

All I had to do was help her accept it *consciously*.

Getting her to have sex with me that first time was always going to be the hardest part. Now that we'd crossed that line, making progress with Kaley should be smooth sailing.

By the time the pandemic was over, she'd be mine.

Not *Chad's*.

Mine!

Predictably, Kaley spent most of the day in bed. Sleeping off the bumps and bruises. Only coming out of her room to collect food and use the bathroom.

The text's she sent me – Chad – were very cute.

Talking about how 'amazing' prom was, how much she loved me and wanted to spend more time with me. She even sent a few pictures and a little video. The pictures were of her messy bedsheets and the marks I'd left on her body – fingerprints from gripping her too hard, mostly. And the video was a short clip of her blowing a kiss, just a few seconds long.

Whenever I wasn't replying to Kaley's texts and messages, it was Mom I found myself focusing on.

Tonight – in just an hour or so – I'd be hypnotising her again.

And I had a *plan*.

"Kaley and her boyfriend spent the night together," I said, watching her face closely. "They had sex."

There was discomfort. Narrowed eyebrows, fluttering eyelids. But it wasn't as violent or as intense as I'd feared. Perhaps Mom's mind was getting used to me pushing the 'sex topic' boundaries.

"Were you awake when they did it?"

She opened her mouth, shut it. Her cheeks turned pink and her body began to move – a sure sign that she was about to snap wake.

I soothed her. Calmed her.

As always with Mom, it was a long process. She needed to be brought back down, needed to be reinduced. I spoke to her softly, urged her to let go of her worries and concerns, to let go of her pointless boundaries and to relax.

By the time I was ready to continue with my original plan, it was half-way through the allotted time for the trance.

Luckily, with Kaley busy resting, I had more time and freedom than usual to make things work. I'd hypnotise Kaley after, put her to sleep, spend the rest of the evening alone with Mom.

"If you were asleep when Kaley and Chad got home from prom," I said, trying a different tactic, "you wouldn't know for sure that they'd done anything. You could guess and assume, but you wouldn't know with absolute certainty."

Logic. A hypnotised mind worked best on logic – especially if that logic was flawed. The mind wouldn't notice or work through those flaws unless they were very blatant and obvious, and would instead simply go along with the false line of logic.

"The only way you'd know – with absolute certainty – that Kaley and Chad had sex last night would be if you were awake when they did it, if you *heard* it happen."

That was the set-up. The logical snare.

"Do you *know* if Kaley and Chad had sex last night?"

Not 'did they have sex' – that was important. Did she know 'if' they had sex. Either way would give me the information I wanted, but one was less direct – and thus less problematic for Mom to answer – than the other.

"Yes," she said after a few moments of silence.

The only way she'd know either way was if she was awake, as I'd already given her the logic trap – she couldn't 'know' if she'd been asleep. The only way she *could* know was if she'd been awake to hear it.

So she'd heard me fucking Kaley last night.

Good.

That meant she hadn't reacted badly to it – her subconscious mind, knowing that

her son and daughter were fucking just a few rooms away, might've caused problems. But, instead, she'd kept that knowledge in her subconscious, hadn't snapped out of it like that first night – the kiss.

It meant she was closer to the brink that I'd hoped.

Driving her to the edge was the goal. Always had been. Taking her to the point where she needed release so badly, she didn't care if it was her own son giving it to her.

"It can't be easy," I said softly, comfortingly, "having two people being intimate so close by, and knowing you can't have the same. Knowing your daughter is happy in a way you can't be."

Push her to the breaking point. Then, give her an escape.

"It's nice talking to other women," I whispered to my hypnotised sister. "In person, I mean. Calls and texts and messages are fine and all, but there's something special about chatting to someone face-to-face. An energy that you can only get in person."

She wouldn't have talked to any friends of hers about Chad. It was part of the larger programming – Chad was a secret. He *had* to be a secret. If Kaley told her friends about her new 'boyfriend' and about prom and all that, those friends would ask questions. And the answers to those questions would lead right back to me and hypnosis. The fewer people that knew about 'Chad', the better. Just me, Mom, and Kaley herself.

"Girl-talk especially. Chatting and gossiping about guys is so much more fun in person. Doing it in a phone call just isn't the same."

Chicks did that, right? Chatted about the guys in their lives?

"You can't really talk to your friends properly right now. Not while you're trapped at home. Really, the only person you *can* talk to is Mom. But that's fine. If anything, chatting to Mom and having girl-talk with her will help you two to grow closer. You do want a close, healthy relationship with Mom, right?"

"Yes," Kaley whispered softly – voice still a little cracked from yesterday.

"You had a big night last night. For the first time ever, you slept with Chad. Now *that's* something worth chatting about!"

And there it was. The plan.

Getting Kaley to gossip with Mom about Chad – telling her all about how amazing the night had been and how happy she was. Having her excitedly tell Mom everything. And Mom, who was missing out on that kind of intimacy, would be forced to listen to it all. To be reminded over and over again that she was alone, that she couldn't have that same intimacy for herself.

Nudging her ever closer to that breaking point.

"You want to share what happened with someone, don't you?" I asked. "You want to tell someone how amazing it was?"

"Yeah," Kaley breathed.

"But you can't tell your friends," I told her. "Chad is a secret from them. And, even if he wasn't, you can't talk to them in person. Really, only one other woman knows about Chad. Only one other woman is around for you to talk to."

Pieces falling into place.

It was only a matter of time.

The next day, I watched Mom every opportunity I got. Kept my eyes on her, trying to read her.

Tired, baggy eyes – nothing new there. Slumped shoulders and slow, lethargic movements. Her eyes downcast, lips drawn into a joyless line. No make-up, hair left wild and unbrushed. Feet dragging on the floor as she walked.

Sure, when she knew I was looking her way, she'd force a smile and make herself appear normal and fine. Same with when me or Kaley spoke to her. But, whenever she

thought no-one was watching, she returned to that slumped, defeated state. Her act of 'everything is fine' and the reality that it wasn't.

Every time I saw her slump – the energy drain out of her, replaced with weariness and fatigue – my chest ached.

I didn't *want* Mom to suffer like this.

I didn't *want* her to feel this way.

She was my mother. The woman who'd raised me, cared for me, looked after me when I was ill and comforted me when I was upset. She was, in her own way, the most important woman in my life. Seeing her suffering, teetering on the edge of what she could cope with, brought me no joy at all. I didn't want this for her.

In the end, though, I knew she'd be better for it.

It was like a fever or illness. You had to go through the worst part before things could start getting better.

When she ended up where she needed to be, falling off that cliff, I'd be there. I'd help her, save her. I'd take away all that stress and anxiety, give her the intimacy and release she so desperately needed.

One day soon, she'd be back to her old self. Filled with energy and vigour and light.

But, before that day could come, she had to fall.

And she was close. I could *feel* it.

A little more nudging, one big push, and it'd be done. I'd have her. And she'd be free.

"Hypnosis can make a person forget," I said, sitting next to my mother on the sofa. "It can block memories, bury them deep inside where they'll never bother you or make you uncomfortable. Hypnosis can make you forget. It *has* made you forget. And you're all the better for it."

I leaned my head back, shut my eyes.

If Mom reacted badly enough to my words that her body began to shake, I'd feel it. If not, I'd keep pushing on. It was time to break some boundaries. Capitalise on everything I'd been setting up.

"You kissed me. Your son. You *kissed* your son."

I could almost picture her face. The muted expression she must've been making right then.

"And I made you forget. I buried that memory deep down, where it'll never trouble you again. I can make you forget. I can free you from all the worries and regrets. I can free you from the consequences of your actions."

I waited for the sofa to start trembling. Waited for a reason to open my eyes. But it didn't happen.

"You want release," I said. "You *need* release. Just like Kaley needed it. She's happy now. You saw for yourself how bright and bubbly she's been. Her stress is gone. She's comfortable and content and happy. You saw it. You *know*. Kaley is free."

Getting fucked *had* put a smile on Kaley's face. It had given her a skip to her step, brought an energy to her that she'd lost months ago.

"You could have the same. You could feel the same."

Trembling. I felt it – her shuddering next to me.

"All you have to do," I continued softly, ignoring the warning signs, "is let go. Just for a moment. One single moment. And all of the stress and anxiety will fade away. You just have to let go..."

Slowly, the trembling began to still.

"Just let go..." I urged. "Let go... Let yourself have that release. Let go, and let yourself unwind. You can forget it all afterwards. It'll be like it never happened. But you'll be so much happier. Life will be so much easier. And all you have to do is let go for me..."