

Define Insanity

Chapter 2

"Wake up dipshit," Chloe said. "Mom's pissed and Dad's threatening to disown you."

It took a few seconds for my sleepy brain to wake up, to snap back to reality with clarity and understanding. The shadow of fatigue was there, a gentle pillow over my brain urging me to keep my eyes closed and return to oblivion, but it was quickly fading.

I opened my eyelids a crack, braced for the bright sunlight.

"I'm awake," I grunted, forcing my body to sit up. "I got it. They're angry, I know."

"No," my sister said. "Like, *seriously*. Mom and Dad are *mad*. I haven't seen them like this since... Well, since the last time you fucked up one of Mom's projects."

"Yeah, I got it the first time."

Through silted eyes, I saw the confusion on my sister's face. The concern and worry. A cute girl, my sister. A tomboy, sure. But feminine underneath. Sharp cheekbones and chin, an almost angelic face. It was a shame she was so focussed on sports and being boyish - she'd have pulled off the 'pretty, flowery girl' look so well.

"Uh-huh," Chloe muttered, feigning indifference. "C'mon, get up."

"Go... Go tell 'em I'll be there in a minute. Just need to freshen up, put on some clean clothes..."

"Whatever," Chloe sighed. "Just... Don't do anything stupid, Barry. They're *real* angry. It's not like when you-"

"I'll be fine," I promised. "Go. Trust me."

I waited until she left before getting out of bed and stretching, looking around my room.

It had once been a former classroom. A small classroom, but still spacious enough to be considered a huge bedroom. Too huge for the few things I kept in here - bed and wardrobe and desk, computer and games consoles and a massive TV. All my junk barely took up a quarter of the room; the rest was empty. And, all along one long wall, a series of massive widows.

It hurt to look outside - the sunlight scorched my irises every time I tried. But I walked up to one of the widows all the same, waited for my eyes to adjust fully to the brightness.

Outside, a sprawling town.

Not a city - Mom had been insistent on that. Too much noise and activity and pollution. It would've been 'impossible' for her to get anything done. And not some out of the way facility with no other sign of life around. She needed a stable, constant supply of electricity and goods.

So, a decent-sized town filled with franchise stores and shops, surrounded by farmland and local produce. There was a nuclear plant nearby, so power wasn't going to be an issue.

It was the perfect place for my mother's work.

And a *terrible* place to live.

Everything was so bland and boring. The town had two nightclubs. *Two*. There were plenty of small bars, sure. But those were all 'local' joints. The places where husband and fathers would go after a long workday to drown their sorrows. Not exactly *fun* places to hang around.

The 'nightlife' of this town consisted of drunks wandering the streets and the occasional petty crime.

Was it any wonder why I'd been planning on moving away the first chance I got? I had a small stash of cash hidden under my bed, waiting for the day I'd finally leave this bland hellhole behind.

"Hard to go anywhere now," I whispered. "Fuckin' time loop."

I was having trouble believing it, even now. My brain was telling me it was impossible, that my family were playing a trick on me - some weird punishment for being in the server room. But that wasn't something Mom or Dad would ever do. They were far too *serious* for that.

"It's real," I said, still not willing to believe it.

"It can't be real," I grunted, shaking my head.

"But it *is*."

"But it *can't* be."

"You're talking to yourself."

"No, *you're* talking to *yourself*."

I sighed, turned away from the window. Day three of this time loop and I was already beginning to lose my mind. Fantastic.

"Oh well," I said with a shrug, a grin splitting my lips. "Look on the bright side..."

"What in the world," Mom snapped at me, "possessed you to play around in the *server room* right when the temporal processor's first activation was underway?!"

My mother was a genius. The kind of genius that comes along once in a generation, or once a *millennium*. She was definitely the greatest mind alive today, and was quite possibly the smartest human being who'd ever lived. An unparalleled genius able to envision and construct machines that others wouldn't have been able to imagine even in their wildest dreams. An intellect so great that not even the fundamental laws of physics could hold her back.

But you wouldn't know it from looking at her.

A beautiful woman with plump, pink lips and dazzling green eyes. High cheekbones and clear, smooth skin. Long, blonde hair tied back in a bushy ponytail. And a figure that'd drive any hot-blooded, straight man wild with lust. A perfect hourglass; stacked up top, plenty of junk in the trunk, and a slim and narrow midsection.

She looked like she belonged on the cover of naughty magazines; an unbelievably sexy model - not a genius inventor.

The only things about her appearance that even remotely looked 'clever' were her wide-rimmed glasses and her white lab-coat over a thick, black turtleneck.

She was *too* attractive. It was downright *obscene* how gifted the woman was.

And she *knew* it.

Knew *exactly* how perfect she was.

You could see it in the way she held herself, the way she spoke. So full of confidence and self-certainty. So sure of herself and her genius that *nothing* could shake it.

I doubted she ever even considered the possibility that she might be wrong about anything. After all, she'd never been wrong before.

"My bad," I shrugged dismissively, "that's just where I keep my porn collection stashed."

"Your *what*?!"

"Yeah," I grinned, "keep it all on a thumb drive plugged into one of the server racks. Wanted to go grab it so I could watch some big-titty bitches getting-"

"Barry!" My father snapped, trying his best to sound stern. "How dare you-"

"What?" I said loudly, cutting him off. I'd have to talk fast to keep from being interrupted. "You can't sit there and pretend you're not into big-titty bitches too, I mean just look at Mom. Biggest bitch and know, rocking some massive jugs 'n' everything. What are those anyway? F-cups? Gs? Because *geez* those things are *huge*. What I wouldn't give to slide my dick in between and give 'em a good fucking."

Silence.

Dead, stunned silence.

My father, a squirrely man with black hair and brown eyes, was starting at me open-

mouthed. Eyes wide and bug-like behind thick glasses, too shocked to speak.

The meek man had no idea how to react.

My gaze snapped to Mom, her unwavering glare. No shock on her beautiful face. She wasn't offended or insulted or even surprised by what I'd said. All I saw in her pretty irises was rage. Cold, hard rage.

I hadn't just crossed the line. I'd gone ahead and *leapt* right over it and kept on running.

In for a penny...

"Bet you'll look good," I said, staring her right in the eye, "bouncing on my cock like a proper slut."

I danced through the shop's aisles, a wide grin on my face.

The moment I found what I was looking for - a six-pack of expensive bottled beer - I snatched it up, practically skipped back the way I'd come. Lots of stares followed me and, when I reached the store's entrance, a bit of shouting too.

"Hey!" A store employee shouted. "You haven't paid!"

"Correct," I sang happily, dancing out of the store.

There was a rush behind me, the employee racing through the store to the entrance. He didn't follow me outside, though. Didn't chase after me.

"I know you!" He shouted as I skipped into the night. "I know where you live! Get back here!"

Except I didn't live there anymore, did I?

Mom and Dad had kicked me out. Told me to never come back, that I was unwelcome. A big, boring speech about how much of a disappointment I was - one that I couldn't help but laugh through until they'd had enough and ordered me to leave.

It was fine.

I'd be back there shortly, and they'd be none the wiser.

An hour 'til midnight.

Would time loop again? Or was the anomaly over? Was there a range on the effect?

If I got too far away from the temporal processor, would it stop working on me?

So many questions. Too many.

My head ached with all the unknowns. All the unanswered questions. Cranium throbbing, the spot directing between my eyes stinging painfully.

I found somewhere nice and quiet to drink.

An abandoned factory or something, on the outskirts of town. Orange rust coating every metal, crumbled and cracked concrete everywhere else. Shattered glass here and there. And leaves. Lots of leaves.

I sat myself down on a concrete slab, whipped out a penknife, uncapped the first beer bottle, started drinking.

My heart thumped heavy in my chest, a tight ache surrounding it.

What if time didn't loop again? What if there was no going back? What if I really *had* been kicked out? Banished...

"Stop thinking," I grunted. "Start drinking."

Not thinking about the craziness wasn't easy. But, with the help of a little game, I managed it. Any time a thought entered my head, I took a sip. Simple and effective. Pretty soon, I was on the last bottle and only five minutes away from midnight.

"What do people in the movies do?" I asked the derelict building. "Have fun, live recklessly, fuck shit up. Spend ages learning about a woman so they can seduce them in a day. Doubt that'll work on Mom or Chloe. I could spend a billion years learning shit, become a bigger genius than Mom."

Would I have a billion years worth of loops, though?

If I died, would the loops end? Or would I live again in the next loop? Was there a

limit to how many loops? Or how much my brain could take?

"You're doing it again," I sighed, downing the last of the beer. "Stop thinking, jackass."

A fucking time loop. Unbelievable.

And totally my mother's fault.

Her face earlier, the pure rage. The anger and disgust. And Dad's shock and horror. I couldn't help but grin at the memory.

"Fuck her," I chuckled.

"I'd love to," I said to myself.

"If only."

A time loop, huh? Alright. Okay. I could accept that. Freedom from consequence, a world all to myself. I could do anything, get away with anything. *Anything*.

Now *that* sounded like fun.

I tossed my empty beer bottle aside, enjoyed the sound of it smashing on the concrete floor.

Then the world shifted.

My alcoholic buzz vanished in an instant.

The server room materialised before me, sparking and flashing. Then the rush of electricity, the fading to black.

And, the next thing I knew, my sister was speaking.

"Wake up dipshit. Mom's pissed and Dad's threatening to disown you."

Instead of heading right to the dining room, where Mom was waiting to question me about being in the server room and rant at me about responsibility, I sent Chloe ahead. Told her to stall Mom and Dad, that I needed to shower and change and what-not.

As soon as she was gone, I crept out of my room. Living in a repurposed school building, everything was connected by corridors. Mom and Dad's bedroom wasn't anywhere near mine. It was, in fact, past the dining room.

Sneaking past it without alerting anyone inside took considerable skill and guile - or so I told myself.

I heard voices as I moved past the dining room. My mother and father discussing their disapproval of me, no-doubt. I didn't stick around to listen. I had more important things to do. Things like exploring Mom's underwear drawer.

It was weird - I'd always known Mom was attractive. It was kinda hard *not* to notice I had an absolute bombshell babe for a mother. And sure, I'd had a crush on her and there'd always been an ember of lust. But now it felt like... More. A blazing desire. A hunger.

Did that have to do with the lack of consequences? My brain unleashing a hidden, deep lust?

When I got to my parents' room, I opened the door and slipped inside. Headed straight for a dresser on my mother's side of the room; easy to tell apart from my father's half with the total lack of emotion or style on display.

My father? He at least had family photos and little mementos from life. But Mom... All she had was function - bland, large wardrobe and dresser, a filing cabinet. A computer. No hint of personality to be found.

I strode up to the dresser, opened the drawers one by one until I found the one that held my mother's bras and panties.

A soft chuckle escaped my lips.

No lingerie. Predictable.

Plenty of bras and panties that looked practical, comfortable, bland. But not a single sexy thong or bodysuit or push-up bra anywhere. While Mom's undies weren't full-on granny panties or anything, they were certainly boring.

I picked up a bra, amazed at how huge the cups were. A quick check gave me an

answer to yesterday's question: G-cups.

I set the bra back down where it'd been - Mom was a neat freak organiser and that most definitely *did* apply to her underwear drawer. Everything was laid out neat and orderly.

Then I snatched up and pocketed a pair of panties, quickly left the room and returned to where I was supposed to be.

"I saw some rats," I lied. "Outside the building, near where the server room is. I was just wandering around, ya know? Stretching my legs after gaming for a few hours and-"

"Rats?" Mom snapped, her eyes narrowed at me.

"Two of 'em," I said with a nod. "I figured I'd go check, make sure there weren't any in the server room itself. Don't want them eating out cables or anything, right? I think I must've passed out when I was in there. Dehydration, maybe. From all the gaming."

I was a good liar. But Mom was good at spotting lies. She stared at my face for a long moment, weighing me and my words.

Whatever she saw in my eyes, it convinced her. She and Dad left the dining room pretty swiftly, heading to the server room in search of rats. Which was good. The sexy bitch had been too preoccupied with fear over her special project to give me my floor-scrubbing punishment.

Having a way out of *that* was nice. I did *not* like the idea of having to clean a tile floor with a toothbrush every day for the rest of eternity.

From there, my day mostly consisted of thinking and planning and fantasising.

Thinking of Mom. Planning my seduction of Mom. Fantasising about Mom and her colossally huge tits.

A whole day spent relaxing and thinking and daydreaming.

It was only in the last few minutes before midnight that I remembered the panties in my pocket. I pulled them out, stared at them, sighed. It really was a shame they were so bland. If only Mom had lingerie. *That* might've made eternity a bit more fun - especially once I figured out how to crack her, learned the secret that'd get her on my cock.

I sighed again. I was gonna have to go through a *lot* of trial and error to get her into bed, wasn't I?

Like, *years* worth of loops for it.

Decades, even. Maybe more.

Such a shame she didn't have any sexy underwear. She'd have looked so good in some slutty lingerie. Some nice thongs and G-strings. Revealing bras and sheer camisoles. Babydolls and bodysuits. Maybe even some edible undies, or naughty swimsuits, or leather-strap getups. Lingerie with matching garter belts, stockings, gloves and sleeves and chokers and facemasks...

Imagination took over, all those naughty undies filling my mother's drawer instead of the bland crap she currently had in there.

When the server room appeared before my eyes, when the sparks flashed and the electrical surge shot through me, when darkness took me, it was my mother's undies that occupied my mind. Bland, beige, ordinary underwear gone. Replaced with...

Lingerie.

Darkness took me.

I winked at Chloe as our parents rushed out of the dining room, off to go check the server room for rats. She rolled her eyes at me, but I could see the relief in her face. The tight worry replaced with relaxed amusement.

"Told ya I'd be fine," I grinned.

"No you didn't," Chloe frowned. "All you said was something about getting this 'over with'. Which it's not, by the way. When they don't find any rats in there, they're gonna

come looking for you.”

“I’ll be fine,” I chuckled. “Wait here, I’ve gotta go do something real quick. Then we can hang out and chat and stuff.”

I left Chloe in the dining room, walked the relatively short distance to our parents’ bedroom. I knew exactly which draw I’d find them in this time, so no need to waste time searching. I strode over to Mom’s underwear draw, head high.

I needed to know Mom’s exact measurements. That way, I could buy her new underwear for when I inevitably fucked her. I had her cup size, but not her waist. One look at the tag on a pair of panties was all I’d need.

Learning those measurements now might be a little premature, but that was fine. The thought of walking around with a pair of Mom’s undies in my pocket all day was oddly thrilling.

I opened the draw, froze.

My mouth dropped open, eyes bulging in their sockets.

Lingerie. Thongs and garter belts and stockings. Slutty bras and matching lingerie sets. The draw was filled to the brim with slutty undies, with not a hint of the pervious, bland underwear to be seen.

More than that, this lingerie...

It was *exactly* what I’d been thinking about before the time loop’s reset. The same types of lingerie in the exact same shapes and colours and patterns I’d imagined. Everything was *exactly* as I’d been picturing it.

“What?” I breathed, heart thudding in my chest, blood rushing in my ears. “How...? What?!”

What?!