

Define Insanity

Chapter 3

"It's impossible!"

I paced back and forth, mind reeling. Trying to come up with some logical, reasonable reason as to why my mother's underwear drawer had completely changed.

"There's no way... It's not possible. It can't be!"

The room I was in was dusty, every heavy footstep causing more dust to waft up into the air. There were shards of glass scattered about from a broken window, leaves and random debris. Save for a handful of classroom tables and chairs still standing, the room was a total write-off. Just like most of the rooms in the unrenovated wings of the building.

"Everything - *everything* - I know about the fundamental laws of physics in the universe tells me it's not possible."

And yet, my eyes hadn't been deceiving me. I had a lacy black thong in my fist to prove it. Mom's underwear draw had changed between cycles, ugly undies replaced with sexy lingerie.

"Not just any lingerie," I whispered. "*The* lingerie."

The same ones I'd been picturing, imagining, wishing for.

It didn't make any sense.

"How?" I asked the room. "How did it happen?"

My eyes flicked to one of the classroom's corners, the ceiling. Where a big, greyish-white spider was hanging.

"Any thoughts, Junior?"

The spider didn't respond. Just continued to hang there.

Typical. I spend three hours looking for the lil' bastard in abandoned classroom after abandoned classroom, and all he does is stay silent and make me figure everything out myself.

"Shit," I sighed, shaking my head. "I can't stay mad at you."

It wasn't Junior's fault. He was just the cool, silent type.

"It's okay, I can figure it out. I already have *one* theory. Been working on it for a few todays, actually."

It had to do with the way the temporal processor and time travel worked. The basic concept of it was simple – physical matter couldn't travel backwards in time, but *information* could. When first telling us about her idea, my mother had used an example.

Earth and Mars were three light-minutes apart, give or take. If you wanted to send a physical letter between the two, even if you had a spaceship capable of travelling near-lightspeed, you wouldn't be able to make the delivery in under three minutes. Same with any kind of light-based or electronic signals. The bare minimum it'd take for any message to travel between the two worlds was just over three minutes.

But, in theory, there was a way around that holdup.

My mother had told us to imagine a 'stick' between the two worlds. A perfectly rigid rod with no flex or flaws, a hypothetical unbreakable stick many millions of miles long. If a person on one end of the stick moved it, the whole stick would shift in one go – an inch forwards or backwards. With someone on the receiving end, the two people could move the stick in predefined patterns – like morse code – and send messages across the great distance instantaneously.

She'd also said something about gravity and if a planet disappeared something something would something right away – I'd kinda stopped listening by that point, my brain chuckling to itself about 'massive rods'.

The bottom line was; if information could travel faster than light, it could also travel through time. Just as long as the thing receiving that information knew how to understand and decode it.

"So," I said, gripping the slutty thong tightly, "the temporal processor starts working, takes a snapshot of time or reality or whatever, then goes about doing the calculation it's given. Then, when it's done, it sends the completed calculation back to the snapshot. I think... I think that's where the whole thing is supposed to stop. The processor has the answer, so it shouldn't need to do the calculation. Only it does it again anyway. Finishes it after twenty-four hours, sends it back, and starts again. A never-ending loop."

An unexpected bug? A flaw in my mother's code?

"I was in the server room," I continued, "when the temporal processor started its first cycle. There were sparks, I got zapped. What if, for a single moment, I was *connected* to the server? Like a flash drive, only fleshy and human. My brain became a part of the computing process, so whenever the loop resets, the information in my brain goes back in time too."

It was the best reason I could come up with as to why I retained memories and thoughts through the various time-loops.

"But that doesn't explain why Mom's underwear drawer changed."

I could just about wrap my head around being in a time-loop. Weird, unexpected time fuckery, ya know? My genius mother made a computer that fucks with time, I was in that computer's server room, sparks flew. Shit happens.

But the underwear? That was something more.

That was an *alteration*. A change in *reality*.

It was like I'd unintentionally warped the universe itself.

I'd been thinking about it - that drawer full of underwear and how I wanted it to be slutty and lingerie-filled - when the loop had reset and I'd gotten zapped in the server room again.

Somehow, *that* had altered reality.

"I dunno," I shrugged. I stopped pacing, looked up at Barry Junior in his little corner. "Fuck it, my head hurts thinking about all this shit. Apparently I can alter things inside the time-loop. Maybe my brain is corrupting the processor's time shit and that's messing with the loop, I don't know."

Ultimately, the how or why didn't matter, did it?

What *really* mattered was what I could *do* with it.

Experimentation time!

It was evening, a few hours before midnight. Mom was in the shower, would start getting ready for bed once she was done in there.

She'd been awake since yesterday morning - real-world yesterday, not time-loop yestertoday - and had stayed up 'til midnight for the temporal processor's first test. Then she'd been awake even longer, after finding me passed out in the server room and spending the morning bitching about it. As far as I was aware, she didn't nap during the day. So, she'd been awake for almost two-days straight.

While she might be good at hiding it, she had to be *exhausted*.

Hopefully, that'd mean she'd be less aware of her surroundings. Wouldn't notice me sneaking in.

Still, I hesitated.

I looked up and down the hallway, searching for any sign of movement. Any hint that someone else might come along. And, when I saw nothing, I placed my hand on the door handle.

My heart thundered in my chest.

I don't know why I was so anxious. If I got caught, all I'd have to do was wait a few hours for today's loop to end. No consequences, remember? Yet, as I stood there, hand on the door handle, I couldn't help but feel a rush of uncertainty and anticipation.

Fuck it.

I turned the handle, stepped inside.

As far as bathrooms went, this one was on the larger side. It was, after all, a refurbished general-use restroom. The row of toilet cubicles had been removed, as had the sinks and large mirror and soap dispenser. Now, the room was split in two. A huge walk-in shower took up almost half the room and was large enough that several people could use together without ever touching shoulders. The area of the room that wasn't taken up with the massive shower was filled with everything else a bathroom could possibly need; a big bathtub that doubled as a hot tub, a majestic toilet, towel warmer and clothes basket. There was even a special, moisture-proof cabinet for dry towels and clothes.

I let out a silent breath, thanked the Easter Bunny that Mom was indeed in the shower - I'd heard the water running from outside the bathroom, but there'd still been the risk of walking in on her drying off or sitting on the shitter.

My eyes shot to the shower's glass wall.

On three sides, Mom would be surrounded by regular tile walls. But the glass plane that separated the shower from the rest of the room? It was transparent. Steamed up, but still clear enough to see through.

The most magnificent butt I'd ever seen. Right there, just a few feet away, blocked only by a slightly misted glass wall. Big and round and smooth, not a blemish or flaw in sight.

My jaw *literally* dropped at the sight. Mouth hanging open.

Droplets of water dripping from wet hair, gliding down my mother's curved back and round ass. Hands on a head that was tilted back in leisurely enjoyment. I could see the sides of two massive tits, wet and shiny, with barely any sag.

Without thinking, I took a step towards the shower's glass door.

"Stop," I warned myself quietly, the sound of my voice drowned out by the shower. "Think."

I was here to verify, not to gawk.

Dragging my eyes away from my mother's perfect backside took physical effort, my own body resisting the command to turn my head aside. I had to narrow my gaze, focus entirely on the task at hand, to keep my eyes from snapping back to her.

There. The laundry basket. A small, easy to carry, plastic tub with a pile of clothes in it.

Lab coat and black turtleneck and socks and everything else she'd been wearing today. And there, right at the top of the pile, a set of red lingerie. Thin and frilly, with translucent fabric and thick straps. A bra that'd emphasise Mom's amazing rack and crotchless panties.

"Holy shit," I whispered. "Jesus Christ."

She'd been wearing *that* today? All day, in those whorish undies? Walking around, acting high and mighty, being her bitchy self and, all the while, she'd had her pussy out the entire time! Sure, she'd had trousers on, but still...

Slut.

A thrill shot through me at the sight. The implications.

As stealthy as a master spy, I crept out of the bathroom, quietly closed the door behind me.

"Well fuck," I said, leaning back against the door. "That's... That's something. Unbelievable."

But would changes compound, or reset along with everything else?

Only one way to find out.

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

As soon as I'd pushed the drowsiness away, I sent Chloe away. Told her I'd be

along shortly. I sat up in bed for a few moments, tried overcoming the sleepiness as quickly as I could.

That was annoying. Beginning every loop this way.

The cycle began at midnight when Mom tested the temporal processor, ended at midnight after the twenty-four hours it took the computing to complete. Yet here I was, waking up at seven every morning. Seven hours into the loop with nothing to show for it. A third of the day wasted.

It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't have to deal with being so sleepy and confused every time I woke up.

When my thoughts were sharp and clear again, I got out of bed, headed to my parents' bedroom. My brain, now awake, filled itself with endless questions, hopes and ideas.

Sure enough, when I opened the underwear drawer, it was filled with the slutty lingerie.

So alterations *didn't* reset in new loop cycles.

And, from the fact Mom hadn't come looking for me yesterday, demanding to know where all her old underwear was and why I'd replaced it all with lingerie, it was more than just the clothes themselves that'd changed. Mom had accepted wearing lingerie and that all the underwear she owned was lewd and naughty without a second thought. Her *mind* had been altered along with the undies.

Presumably, whatever other alterations I made, whatever 'corruption' I introduced to the time-loop, my family would accept as normal too. Wouldn't even think to question it.

I'd have to test that.

But, for now, I was content basking in the victory. The *power*.

My mother's contraption had given me ultimate power. Granted me the ability to warp reality to my will. I was, in every way that mattered, a god.

God for a day that never ended.

Perhaps I was getting a little ahead of myself... Maybe I needed to calm down, think rationally... But...

"I am God!" I roared, arms outstretched. "Worship me!"

The loud, maniacal laughter which followed was only brought to an end when my parents and sister barged into the room a couple of moments later.

"What in the world," Mom snapped, eyes wide, "is *wrong* with you?"

She noticed her underwear was open and, faster than I could blink, those wide eyes morphed into a narrow glare.

"David!" The woman screeched. "What-"

"Silence, whore!" I said loudly, straightening my back and putting on my most imperious, commanding tone. "Kneel and pledge your undying fealty to me now, and I might just consider sparing you from judgement later!"

From the look on her face, the cold contempt and rage in her eyes, I had a feeling she'd decline.

That feeling, it turned out, had been correct.

"Hello good sir," I said with a smile, placing a six-pack of beer bottles on the counter. "How's business been today? Plentiful and profitable, I hope!"

"Uh... What?"

The store employee - a plain, bored-looking guy - blinked at me, stared at me like I was a moron.

"Good, good!" I grinned. "Here's to hoping that tomorrow will be equally blessed. I have a feeling it will be!"

He blinked at me again, looked down at the beer six-pack and then at the cash I was holding out for him to take. Without a word, he took the money and began poking

through the register for change.

I snatched up the beer bottles, began walking to the store entrance.

"Hey!" The employee called after me. "Wait! You forgot your-"

"Keep it," I said without looking back. "Consider it payment for last time."

"Huh?"

Not very bright, this guy.

Still, I strode out of the store with a smile on my face.

Where I was going, I didn't know. But I knew *exactly* where I'd be ending up.

In an hour, the clock would strike twelve. And back to the server room I'd go! A single moment of electrocution, followed by blankness. Then I'd wake up in bed to a delicious treat - as long as everything went to plan.

The only question was, where would I start?

Body or brains?

I made the decision before I reached my drinking spot for tonight. A broken, backless bench with a flickering streetlight above it. Seemed like a fitting place to down a couple bottles of booze.

Only I didn't down *any* of them. Save for some light sipping to quench my thirst, I didn't drink at all.

Needed to keep my focus.

I closed my eyes, visualised Mom. A busty, blonde beauty. The hottest woman alive, with tits and ass for days, a lean waist and hypnotic hips. A face right out of fairy tales, an ice queen with cold, sharp beauty.

Then I pictured Chloe, my test subject.

Short, dark hair. Petite. Tomboyish. Pretty, sure. But lacking Mom's ample *gifts*. Flat chested, though at least she did have a nice, firm ass.

I shook my head.

No. No, that wasn't good enough.

"Dad," I said to the empty night, "I don't know what's wrong with you dude, but you really did a number on Mom's sexy genes. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

But no worries, I could fix the damage his sperm had caused.

In my head, the two images fused together. Chloe's pretty face remained the same, but the body morphed. Chest bulging out as a pair of big, perfect tits grew from nothing - not quite as huge as Mom's, but close enough. The short, dark hair grew long, turned bright blonde.

Using Mom as a template, I reimagined my sister.

And I held onto that image. Tweaked and perfected it. Focused on nothing else but that.

The lamp above me flickered, the world strobing before my eyes. Lit, then shadowed, lit, shadowed, lit, server room. A jolt of electricity, a surge of power.

Chloe.

Then darkness.

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

The blackness faded as I opened my eyes, brain slow to catch on. The moment my eyelids were open wide enough to let sunlight in, I winced - shut them tight again.

"God fucking dammit," I grunted.

Next time, I'd have to alter *that* instead-

It all came back in a rush. Fatigue and confusion disappearing in an instant as adrenaline pulsed through me. I shot up in bed, raised a hand to block the sunlight, opened my eyes.

Blonde hair. A protruding chest.

Chloe.

"Holy shit!" I barked out a laugh. "It worked! It *actually* worked!"

"I knew it," my sister sighed. "You did something to the servers, didn't you? Why else would you be in there? Seriously, do you have any *idea* how pissed Mom is? Dad's threatening to disown you!"

"Yeah, yeah," I waved my hand dismissively, unable to stop from grinning. "I know."
She looked *amazing*.

Still herself, still pretty Chloe. Just *better*. She looked like she was supposed to now, like she took after Mom. Where before, she'd rocked the tomboy look, she was now Mom in miniature. Beautiful and sexy beyond words.

She was wearing the same sporty clothes as every today; a tank top and running trousers. Only, where that tank top really hadn't had much to conceal before, now there was a massive valley of cleavage above the strained fabric. The top was stretching thin, damp with sweat, revealing the black sports bra beneath.

Her entire body was covered in sweat. It dripped from her brow, where several strands of long, blonde hair were glued. It dropped down from her pretty nose and sharp chin, right into the canyon of cleavage below.

Face flushed. Panting softly.

"Seriously," my redesigned sister said, worry lacing her voice, "they're *mad*. I haven't seen them like this since..."

"The last time I fucked up one of her projects?" I provided.

"Exactly," Chloe huffed.

"I'll be fine," I winked. "Trust me."

After pacifying her, which turned out to be a lot more difficult when my eyes and thoughts kept drifting to her new melons, I watched from my bed as she left to go stall our parents for me.

I'd never been so happy for the size of my bedroom.

Her ass and tits bouncing as she walked the distance to the door... It was *magical*. Heavenly.

I needed to figure out a way to wake up earlier, or to not pass out at all. If only to tag along with her on her morning run. What I wouldn't give to watch those puppies *really* bounce.

"Man," I sighed happily, flopping back down onto bed. "This is gonna be so much fun."

All I had to do now was wait. Seventeen hours until this loop ended and I could alter even more.

And suddenly, instead of wanting to sleep less, I wished I could sleep more. Pass the day as quickly as possible so I could get on with creating my perfect world.

I let out a chuckle, shook my head.

"Can't have it both ways, Barry," I said to myself, grinning. "Just focus on the positives. Like today!"

Yes, I could definitely feel it.

Today was going to be a good day.