

## Define Insanity

### Chapter 4

No matter how much I tried, I just couldn't keep my eyes off her.

Big, round boobs. A perfect ass. Lean figure. She looked hotter than the sun, lounging around in clothes that were far too tight for her. An easy smile on pretty lips. It was a good thing she was relaxing – eyes closed with her head tilted back. There was no way she wouldn't notice my staring otherwise.

She was seated on a sofa, wearing a button-up blouse and skin-tight jeans. Earbuds in her ears. Feet up on a coffee table.

Was this what my sister always did after Mom got done bitching at me? Take a shower, change into more casual clothes, spend the next hour or two relaxing...

My eyes drifted to her hair.

Long, blonde hair that'd finished drying a while ago. She hadn't wrapped it in a towel after her shower, hadn't combed it or anything. She'd just... let it dry. And now, that blonde hair was standing out at odd angles. Frazzled and bushy.

Chloe wasn't used to having long, delicate hair.

Before my alterations, her hair had been short and dark.

She didn't know how to take care of her new hair. Or, perhaps, she wasn't aware that she needed to. She hadn't needed to before today, after all.

Again, my gaze ended up on her rack.

Big tits. Big, bouncy, beautiful tits.

The uppermost buttons of her blouse were undone, and she didn't seem to be wearing anything but a sports bra underneath.

"Sis," I said loudly. "Chloe."

She didn't respond. Probably couldn't hear me with the earbuds and music and what-not.

"Chloe!"

I snatched up a cushion and tossed it at her.

I'd been aiming at her chest, but the pillow hit low – bounced off her leg.

She opened her eyes, straightened up, looked over at me, pulled one of her earbuds out and met my eyes.

"What?"

"I was wondering," I said, glancing quickly at her cleavage. "What's it like having big tits?"

She raised an eyebrow, looked down at herself.

Surely she had to feel *something* was off, right? Yesterday, she'd been flat as a board. Today, she was rocking a pair of big melons. Even if she wasn't aware of the difference, surely *something* had to feel weird about it. Didn't it?

"I dunno," my sister shrugged, looking back up at me. "What's it like having a tiny dick?"

"I wouldn't know," I grinned.

Again, my eyes were drawn to those wonderous globes.

"Do they feel heavier?" I asked, eyes locked on my sister's rack. "Did you notice 'em bouncing on your run earlier?"

"Barry," Chloe sighed. "You're being weird. Weirder than usual. Stop staring at my boobs! Jeez..."

She shifted on her sofa. Removed her feet from the coffee table, crossed her arms over her chest in a futile attempt to hide the goodies from view. Her cheeks were pink, lips curled into a tight frown.

I shook my head, smiled to myself.

Chloe was still Chloe.

Sure, she had a killer body now. Was a smokin' hott blonde babe. But she was still herself. Still the sporty, quick-witted, tomboyish sister she'd always been. The only thing that'd changed was her appearance.

"Hey sis, wanna know a secret?"

"Not really," Chloe muttered.

"I'm trapped in a time loop."

Chloe rolled her eyes, reached to put her earbuds back in.

"Seriously!" I said quickly. "I'm in a time loop. I keep reliving this day over and over again. Mom's temporal processor shit messed up or something."

"Whatever you say, dumbass."

"It's not just loops either," I added. "Every time one loop ends and another begins, I can *change* things. Make alterations. I changed all the underwear Mom has into slutty lingerie. And I'm the one who gave you that amazing rack. I'm basically God."

Chloe stared at me, pursed her lips.

"In fact, since I'm the one who gave 'em to you, it's only right then you let me see them. You should take your top off."

"Time loops?" Chloe said, face unreadable.

"Yup! Wild, right?"

"What happens when you die in one of these 'time loops'?"

"Uh," I shrugged, grinned. "No idea. Hasn't happened yet. I'd assume that, if I did die, I'd-"

"Keep talking about my tits," Chloe said with a smile, voice bright. "And you'll find out!"

I couldn't help but chuckle.

Rolling her eyes again, my sister went back to listening to music. Pretended like I wasn't even there.

"Sis," I said softly – too quietly for her to hear. "You are in desperate need of an attitude adjustment. I go out of my way to give you a perfect, hott-as-balls body and *this* is the thanks I get?"

Attitude adjustment. That could be fun.

"Where's the gratitude? The thanks and the praise?" I smiled, began imagining a far more *welcoming* sister. "Frankly, Chloe, you're being downright rude right now. But don't worry. I can fix that for you."

I spent most of the afternoon searching for Junior. Unfortunately, the lil' bastard was nowhere to be found. Probably off getting laid, or taking time to reflect on life. Or, maybe, he'd just gone for a stroll. Which I could hardly blame him for. If I had eight legs, I'd probably want to go for long walks now and then too.

Still, the fact that he was always so difficult to find, never seemed to be in the same place twice, did raise some questions.

Questions that'd have to wait for another loop.

It was getting close to midnight, and I had god-stuff to do.

I found a nice, quiet spot in one of the building's abandoned wings. A small room that must've been an old break room for teachers or something, with its table and comfy chairs and dysfunctional air conditioning system. The room was dark, pitch black except for the illumination of my phone's flashlight.

Sitting down on chair that, despite being torn and dusty and ragged, was still surprisingly cosy, I closed my eyes and focused.

I had a couple of minutes before the clock struck twelve.

At that thought, my mind drifted to pumpkin cars and talking mice. Which wasn't helpful.

"Focus," I told myself. "Concentrate."

Chloe. Mom.

Two perfect beauties. Busty blonde bombshells. Sex on legs.

But neither of them took advantage of their sex appeal.

After everything I'd given her, Chloe refused to embrace her hottness. Refused to flaunt herself, her new body. And Mom was the same. No provocative poses, not flirty attitudes, no dressing skimpily. They were – both of them – holding back. Being *boring* when they should be *naughty*.

I wanted them to be teases. To *own* their sexuality.

But... Did I want to change them *that* much?

Transforming them into slutty, teasing temptresses. I'd be more than tweaking their appearances. It'd be altering who they were. The fundamental building blocks of their personalities. Changing them in such a way that they'd no longer be themselves.

Did I really want to go that far?

I gave the question a lot of thought. A good two minutes' worth, at least. Maybe even *three* minutes.

Yes. Yes, I wanted to go that far.

But not yet.

One future today, I'd completely rewrite their identities. Turn them into the perfect, whorish women. And not just them. I'd alter the entire *world*. Make it a paradise. My own personal utopia.

But not today.

I had eternity to get to that point. For now, I'd be content with something smaller. Something *sweeter*.

Smiling to myself, I visualised the alterations. Let the images fill my mind and thoughts. Lost myself in them. Chloe and Mom. Tiny tweaks to their attitudes, their demeanour. The faintest hints of naughtiness sprinkled on top.

The server room flashed before me, sparks flying.

Blackness.

Then...

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

As always, it took me a few moments to get my bearings. The sun scorched my eyes when I tried opening them. Sleepy confusion muddled my mind and slowed my thoughts. Sensations that I was getting *very* tired of experiencing.

When I'd adjusted, was able to sit up and properly shield my eyes from the searing sunlight, I looked to my sister.

"Mom and Dad are *mad*," Chloe said. "I haven't seen them like this since the last time you fucked up one of her projects."

She stood leaning on one side, feet apart with a hand on her hip. Chest pushed out and pronounced, lips curled into a sexy pout. Her clothes were different from usual. Instead of running shorts, she had on a pair of skin-tight yoga pants. Black yoga pants that seemed almost transparent with how thin the fabric was – more like tights or stockings. The pants were so thin, in fact, that I could clearly see the shape and colour of Chloe's underwear. A tiny, pink thong – the side-straps of which rose well above the top of her pants, hugging Chloe's waist beautifully.

Gone was my sister's tank-top too. Now all my sister wore above her waist was a black and pink sports bra, and a tiny one at that. Her cleavage was on full display, the bra doing a wonderful job of pushing up her big tits and holding them in place. A sheen of sweat glistened on her chest, between her breasts.

"Hey!" Chloe said, shifting her posture so that she was leaning forward in an over-exaggerated manner. "Are you listening? Earth to Barry!"

"I'm listening," I smiled, gazing into that deep, dark valley of tit-flesh. "Mom's pissed, Dad's threatening, got it."

"Then get up!" Chloe snapped. "C'mon! Move it!"

"Hey sis," I said, remaining where I was. "Your tits look great today. Amazing, actually!"

"Uh," she raised an eyebrow at me, stood up straight and struck the sexy hand-on-hip pose again. "Thanks?"

"Take your top off," I grinned. "Lemme get a good look at 'em."

The look that crossed my sister's face was unexpected.

It wasn't the anger or annoyance of yestertoday. Nor was it the acceptance and indifference I'd willed into existence at the beginning of this loop. It was concern. A sister's concern for her brother.

"This is serious Barry," she said softly. "They've been bitching about you all night. They're angry. Like, *really* angry..."

Right. Of course. The whole Mom pissed at me thing.

After so many days, it was like I'd forgotten how worried Chloe was when she came to wake me. And that Mom was pissed. None of the alterations I'd made so far would affect that part of today.

I sighed, shook my head.

"Stall them," I said. "I need to put some clean clothes on. I'll be there in a minute."

Chloe pursed her lips, seemed like she wanted to say more. Then she nodded, turned, began walking away.

Now *that* was different.

Usually, when my sister left my room, it was a regular walk. Nothing special. Nothing to write home about. Maybe a tiny bit tired, a little tense, but nothing especially noteworthy.

Not this time.

Chloe rolled her hips as she strolled to my bedroom door, round butt swaying hypnotically with every exaggerated step. If I'd been able to see her front, I was certain, I'd have seen her tits bouncing majestically. She walked elegantly, seductively.

My smile was ear-to-ear as I watched her go.

"What in the world possessed you to play around in the server room," Mom was saying. "Right when the temporal processor's first activation was underway?!"

I tried to pay attention. Tried to pretend like I was listening to her. I really did try.

But try as I might, I wasn't succeeding.

My eyes found themselves roaming her body again, taking in the sight of her subtle wardrobe change.

She still had her lab coat, though it seemed a little smaller and tighter on her now. Only a single button at her waist held the coat in place. Above that, she wore a thin white blouse. Transparent enough that her red, lingerie bra was easily visible under it. Her neckline was low. Lower than I'd ever seen it before. Smooth cleavage drawing my eyes like magnets.

She was in a miniskirt too. A narrow, tight, black miniskirt that'd only need to be lifted an inch or two to reveal the slutty panties she had on under. And fishnet stockings! High heel shoes, totally unpractical but oh-so good at making her seem that much sluttier.

Her lips were bright red, eyes lined in alluring black. Blonde hair up in a bushy blonde ponytail that screamed 'pull on as you fuck me'.

She looked *stunning*.

Less genius scientist, and more porn-parody scientist about to get gangbanged for the big bucks. She looked like belonged on the set of a cheap, cheesy porno – and not just because of her clothes. It was *everything*. Her posture, the way she leaned in chest first – amplifying her already massive tits. Her lips curved into a sensual, sexual smile.

"Well?" She asked, voice huskier than usual. Hornier. "What do you have to say for

yourself?”

“You’re so fuckin’ hott,” I said, eyes sliding over her body appreciatively. “Sex on legs and then some. You would not *believe* how fuckable you look right now Mom...”

“If you think you can weasel your way out of this with compliments and flattery,” she huffed, “think again.”

“Just spittin’ facts,” I smiled.

“Barry,” Mom sighed, shook her head. “You need to learn some respect. If only you were more like your sister...”

Interestingly, my ‘punishment’ today wasn’t as bad as it’d been in past loops. Rather than being forced to scrub floors with a toothbrush, I’d been given an actual *sponge* this time.

Flattery, it seemed, *did* work.

Funny that. If I’d ‘complimented’ Mom’s body like that in any of the other loops, I’d have been kicked to the curb in three seconds flat. Yet, today, it’d resulted in a *less* severe punishment.

I hadn’t even *intended* on that. It was just a happy by-product of the changes I’d made.

Man, having godlike powers was awesome.

I didn’t even complain as I scrubbed the lab floor clean. With a sponge, I was done in a fraction of the time it’d usually take. And, while I was going about the task, I had plenty of time to think and fantasise and plan.

Mom seemed intent on punishing me in every loop.

Sure, I could put an end to that easily enough. Visualise a world where no-one cared if I was in the server room, have that will enforced on reality next time a new loop began. Mom wouldn’t want to scold or punish me from then onwards. Simple.

But where was the fun in that?

What if I *wanted* her to punish me?

Or, more specifically, what if I decided to tweak her idea of what ‘punishment’ to give me a little?

Instead of having me scrub floors, what if Mom believed the best way to punish her wayward son was by giving him – me – a blowjob? Now wouldn’t *that* be a better way of resolving the issue at hand?

A fun little idea for me to consider.

And, of course, considering *that* opened my mind up to so many more possibilities. Giving Chloe a nice ‘massage’ after her morning run. Making Mom prove how ‘genius’ she was in *other* ways. Both of them, Chloe and Mom, showering together and ‘cleaning’ each other. Idea after idea. Everything from moderate and tame to downright ludicrous.

And every single one of them was possible.

The power I possessed? As far as I was aware, it had no limits.

When the floor was clean, I went in search of Mom.

I found her in an ‘project room’.

A classroom that’d been refitted to suit a mad scientist’s desire for order and structure. Whiteboards and noteboards on every wall. The whiteboards covered in formulas and calculations, the noteboards strewn with pieces of paper interlocked with different coloured strings. There were tables dotted around the room too; piles of documents on some, blueprints on others. A computer desk, a filing cabinet, a little stereo playing classical music.

Despite the overwhelming amount of information on the walls and tables, it all felt structured and organised. Everything had a purpose, and all of it went *way* over my head.

Mom was at the computer desk, staring at several monitors displaying spreadsheets and graphs.

“I’m done,” I said, walking over to her. “Floor’s clean.”

Her office chair turned so that she could face me. She nodded, brought a pen up to her red lips. With Mom sitting in a chair, I towered over her. And yet, somehow, she still seemed regal. In control. Her legs intertwined, eyes sharp, pen pressed lightly to her plump lower lip.

"And did you learn anything this time?" Mom asked, voice almost a purr. "Or was it another wasted lesson?"

"Me scrubbing the floor is meant to be a lesson?"

"I'll take that as a 'no' then," she said, shaking her head in disappointment. "A shame. You used to be such a bright boy."

"Things change," I said with a smile. "Even your bitchiness."

"Droll," she sighed. "Go. Your punishment is done. Play your video games or whatever you want to do. Just stay away from my work. If you compromise any of my projects again—"

"Nothing will happen," I shrugged. "You'll just forget about it come midnight."

She peered at hard at me then, searching deep into my eyes.

For a moment, I panicked.

What if she saw the truth? What if – somehow – she realised what was happening and put an end to it? What if she *knew*?

"What happened with you?" She asked. My heart thumped loud in my chest. Then she continued. "Where did I go wrong in raising you?"

I relaxed. A single second of relief. Then I tensed.

Where did she go *wrong*? What was *that* supposed to mean?

"Guess you're just a shitty mother," I said.

Before she could refute it – and I knew she'd want to – I turned and walked away. Left the room and headed somewhere else. *Anywhere* else.

How many hours 'til midnight?

Too many, that was for sure.

"But that's okay," I said to the empty air, voice cracking just a little. "Killing time is my speciality! Now, I wonder where Chloe is hangin' around right now. And Junior! Where's that lil' bastard been hiding? Do you have any idea? Because I sure as shit don't!"

*Where did I go wrong in raising you?*

Bitch.