

Define Insanity

Chapter 5

"Wake up dummy," a high-pitched voice said. "Mommy's mad and Daddy keeps saying he's gonna kick you out!"

Confusion. Even more so than usual.

It woke me up faster, got my mind churning.

I was sitting up in moments, shielding my eyes from the searing sunlight and gazing at my busty, blonde sister.

"Chloe?"

"Duh," my sister giggled. "Who else would it be, silly? C'mon, get up already! Mommy and Daddy are *mad*. Like, really *super* mad."

Right. I'd done this.

It all came back to me. Lying in bed just before the last loop was coming to an end. Focusing on my sister, the new personality I wanted to give her. More of a test than anything else; something to gauge how effective personality-altering was.

"Go on ahead," I grunted. "I need to change first."

I watched as Chloe skipped – actually *skipped* - out of my room. A few seconds later, she screamed. A high-pitched, terrified shriek that had me launching myself out of bed in a heartbeat.

Racing to the bedroom door, shoving it open and bursting through the doorway into the wide corridor beyond.

Chloe was backing away in my direction, sticking close to a corridor wall. Her hand was raised, shaking, pointed at something I couldn't see. Her legs wobbled, her eyes wide with terror.

"What?" I said, rushing over to her. "What is it?"

My mind threw a dozen haunting possibilities at me. Maybe the loops were breaking, bleeding into each other and causing 'ghosts' to appear. Or perhaps otherworldly monsters were appearing; creatures from other dimensions, attracted by the time-space anomaly of the loops. Or it could be that my recent alterations had damaged Chloe's mind, was making her see things that weren't there.

"S..." She gasped, voice quivering. "S..."

I looked where she was pointing. An unremarkable section of corridor wall. No different than any other, except maybe for a smudge or dark spot – I was too far back to see it clearly.

"*Spider!*" Chloe screamed.

What?

Wait... A spider? Since when was Chloe scared of spiders?

I began walking towards it, the familiar spider's shape coming into focus the closer I got.

Further down the corridor, my parents emerged from the dining room. Mother leading the way while my father followed behind, both looking anything but pleased. Mom's glare, I noticed, was directed solely at me.

I ignored them both, approached the spider.

"Junior?" I said softly, shaking my head. "What're *you* doing here, buddy?"

The day passed quickly.

After trapping Barry Junior in a large container and stowing it safely inside my room, I went to the dining room to get my daily rant about responsibility. From there, it was scrubbing floors with a toothbrush.

My thoughts made the hours slip by quickly.

And, as soon as I was done with my meaningless punishment, I sped my way back

to my bedroom.

Junior was exactly where I'd left him.

In a big, transparent, plastic container. A few holed stabbed into the lid for air. Resting on my desk.

The little bastard was standing in the exact same place, same position, that I'd left him earlier. He hadn't moved an inch. A big, greyish-white spider that stood there motionless, no-doubt watching me from the moment I'd stepped inside the room.

I walked over to him, crossed my arms and scowled.

"You 'n' me," I said to the spider, crouching down so my eyes were level with his. "We've got a lot to discuss, don't we?"

This morning sealed the deal. All but confirmed my suspicion.

"You're looping too," I stated. "Just like I am."

He was never in the same spot twice, didn't seem to have a pattern like everyone else. *Everything* else. Never where he was supposed to be, always moving around unpredictably. It was because, like me, he wasn't *resetting* every loop.

"You *were* in the server room," I whispered. "I *knew* it!"

I'd gone in there looking for him, was confident that's where the little son of a bitch would be. Back before the loops had begun. Back before the temporal processor had first been activated. *He* was the reason I'd been in the server room.

"I want to make a 'buggy computer' joke, but it feels way too easy given the circumstances, don't 'cha think?"

Barry Junior was looping. Living this day over and over again, same as me. Maintaining memories – if spiders even *had* the capacity to remember – and going through each loop with complete autonomy and freedom.

"But what does that mean for me?" I asked the spider. "What does it change for *me*?"

Nothing.

Save for occasionally showing up unpredictably - like this morning with Chloe - Junior having autonomy didn't matter in the slightest, did it? It wasn't like the spider had the brain-power to visualise and enforce alterations upon the world. I wasn't certain that spiders even *had* brains. Certainly, they weren't self-aware or cognisant. They couldn't *think* or *imagine*.

I didn't have to worry about waking up one day to find Barry Junior had altered the world in some horrible, arachnid horror-movie way.

"If I get bored of fucking with my family," I said softly, "I suppose we could play hide and seek for eternity. You'll have to be the one hiding every time, obviously. I'm too cool for that. And the seeker always has to be the cool kid."

I began to stand, mind already flowing back to Chloe and Mom, when a thought occurred to me. An unbidden idea.

Tilting my head to one side, I looked at the spider.

"Say..." I mused aloud, "have you ever died in a loop Junior?"

It was my only concern. My only fear.

If I died, would the loops end? Or would I just pop back to life in a new loop? Was I still mortal, or had I transcended that and become a true, real, immortal god?

"Never been squished or stomped or anything?" I whispered, reaching for the plastic container's lid with one hand and a heavy book with the other. "Never died? Really? That's a shame, Junior. A real shame..."

Kill the spider, see if it was still around next loop. If it was, keep track of its path – see if it started falling into a static, unchanging route through the day, or if it kept its autonomy. Figure out if dying in the loop mattered, or if death – like so many other things – had become inconsequential.

"A small sacrifice for science..."

I placed a hand on the container lid, stared down at the spider with a cold, unwavering gaze.

Then I burst out laughing.

Tossed the book side, removed my hand off the container, took a step back.

"Ha!" I chuckled. "I'm just fuckin' with ya. Had you going though, didn't I? C'mon, be honest, my impression of Mom was spot-on, wasn't it?"

One today, I'd no-doubt find out what'd happen to me if I died. Why ruin the surprise?

"Alright buddy," I said as I stretched my back. "I gotta go take a leak real quick. When I get back, we can talk all about what you've been getting up to in your loops. Any hott spider chicks you're trying to get with?"

Lying in bed, staring at the dark ceiling.

Thinking. Visualising. Transforming the idea into tangible thoughts. Impulses that'd become reality when midnight came around and the next loop began.

"Wonder what it'll feel like," I whispered to Barry Junior, who was still in his container on my desk. "I doubt she'd very good. Not a lot of practice, I bet. But she'll be enthusiastic, for sure. She'll want to do well..."

Focus.

I had to focus. Maintain it. Hold on to it.

Impose my will upon the world.

When the server room flashed into view, a sensation of vertigo struck me. I wasn't on my back anymore. I was standing up.

Sisterly duty. I thought hard, wrapping every alteration I wanted to make around the words. *Completely normal.*

Sparks. A flash of pain. Blackness.

Then, as if rising from a deep, dark ocean, my mind came back to awareness.

I was on my back again. In bed.

Not woken by words this time. Instead, it was a sensation that'd brought me back from the abyss. A pleasant, naughty sensation that'd woken me up with a smile.

Lips around my cock.

My sister's lips.

The realisation swept over me like a gentle breeze. My body relaxed into the bed, a happy groan slipping from my lips.

I didn't open my eyes. I didn't need to.

Chloe's lips slid down the length of my cock, sucking in cool air that tickled my saliva-coated length before gasping out a hot breath. Rising and falling, her mouth gliding along my cock with gusto.

She wasn't *good*. In fact, I wouldn't have been surprised if it was my sister's first ever attempt at giving head. But boy was she *eager*. Treating my dick like some opponent she had to conquer, sucking and blowing on it with vigour, her tongue wrapping around it and squeezing it, massaging it as best she could. She refused to come up for air, refused to admit defeat.

Taking as much of my cock into her mouth as she could, gagging, then forcing herself further down it. Choking herself on it, but still she kept going.

The wet heat. That's what did it.

Sunlight caressing my face, the sound of my sister's gagging and spluttering, her coughs muffled by the cock filling her mouth. The heat and wetness surrounding my cock, a furnace licking and sucking and squeezing it.

Chloe.

I grunted, let loose inside my sister's mouth.

The first burst took her by surprise, caused her to choke and cough. The second

shot, she was braced for. The third and fourth she drank down hungrily, lips wrapped around the base of my cock, throat squeezing down on the head with every gulp.

It was bliss. Pure paradise.

When I felt her pulling away, my cock pulling out of her mouth with an audible *pop*, I finally opened my eyes.

Just in time to watch Chloe brush her mouth with the back of her hand, wiping away the saliva and semen. She'd missed a spot though. Right there, hanging on one side of her chin. A little blob of white.

"Wakey wakey," Chloe purred. "Time to get up."

Interesting. That was different. She hadn't mentioned Mom and Dad being-

"Mommy and Daddy are *mad*," she giggled girlishly. She raised her thumb, ran it down her jawline and over her chin. Raised it and examined the dollop of cum she'd cleaned away. Then she opened her mouth, smiled as she wrapped pillowy lips around her thumb, sucked it clean. "Mommy's *really* mad," she hummed around her thumb. "And Daddy keeps saying he's gonna kick you out."

"Jesus Christ," I groaned, cock twitching. "Maybe I went a little too far with this one..."

"Maybe," Chloe giggled happily. "C'mon, you have to get up!"

To emphasise her point, she lowered a finger to my deflating cock, gave it a little wiggle. Her lips pulled up in a wide, beautiful smile. Her eyes filled with a teasing, unspoken promise.

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

I gave a theatrical sigh, looked down at the table and slowly shook my head.

"I don't know," I said with another sigh, slowly rising to my feet. "I just don't know..."

Mom glared at me wordlessly. Dad raised an eyebrow.

Neither of them commented as I slowly began pacing along the dinner table's length. They were both on the other side, opposite Chloe and my – now empty – seat.

"I guess, maybe, I've been acting out," I paced the length of the table again, slow steps. Feigning thoughtfulness. Self-reflection. "Being the child of a genius, wanting to prove myself but knowing I'll never be able to match that great intellect..."

I stopped behind Chloe's chair, shook my head dramatically.

"All the things I've done, all those attention-seeking pranks and all the messing around... Maybe it's been my way of trying to get you to notice me. Acknowledge me."

I turned my body, faced my parents.

Dad was surprised, was nodding his head in understanding.

Mom, though, was suspicious. Eyes narrowed at me, trying to figure out the game I was playing.

Chloe tilted her head back, looked up at me from her chair.

"I think," I said, keeping my eyes on my mother as I reached down with both hands, cupped my sister's heavy tits. "It's time for me to grow up. To realise I don't need to act out the way I have been. I need to take responsibility for myself, to decide who and what I want to be..."

I squeezed my sister's tits, fondled them right in front of our parents.

"Figure out the man I want to be..."

The nonsense speech was one Mom had given me some months back, all the 'acting out' talk and implications that it was because I was trying to 'live up to' the 'impossible' standard she'd set. That I didn't need to be a 'genius' like her, that I could never even *hope* to match her on that front, and that I should try becoming my own man.

She'd been convinced that I was messing with her and her experiments in some deluded attempt to 'one-up' her or something.

Everything I'd just said? All that nonsense I'd vomited out? I'd copied it all from past lectures she'd given me.

"I should try being more like Chloe," I said, pinching her nipples through her top and eliciting a gasp from her. "Ya know, except in the chest department. No way I could ever grow a pair of knockers like *these*."

"Barry!" Mom snapped. "Don't talk about your sister like that!"

"What, I'm not supposed to talk about her humungous hooters? Her massive mammaries? Her bazooka boobies? Her-"

"Enough!" Mom roared, slamming her hands on the table and standing. "She is your *sister*! You will *not* objectify or demean her, am I understood?!"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, trying my best to keep from smiling.

I grabbed my sisters tits, raised them up then let them drop, groped and fondled them, lifted them up, dropped them again.

"Apologise," Mom snapped. "Now."

"I'm sorry Chloe," I said, looking down at her and her delicious cleavage. "For talking about your chest. I'm really sorry."

I gave her tits a solid pat for emphasis.

She blushed nodded her head, looked away.

"Well then," I said happily, taking a step back. "If that's all, I'll just be going-"

"No," Mom said coolly, crossing her arms under her chest and pushing her tits out. "That will *not* be all. Sit yourself back down, young man. Right this instant."

I decided to skip out on the punishment. Wasn't much in the mood for scrubbing the floor today. Instead, I spent a few minutes groping my sister's tits as I listened to Mom's lecture and, when she was done, I told her I was going to enjoy forcing my dick down her throat and making her beg for my seed.

That'd gotten me kicked out, of course.

I could grope and fondle Chloe all day, even have her blow me right in front of them, and my parents wouldn't care one bit. But the moment I told my mother I was going to pop her anal cheery? That was crossing a line.

"It's a wired, wacky world," I told the store employee as I bought some alcohol-free beer. "A weird, wacky, wonderful world."

He just stared at me blankly, taking my cash and handing me change without ever showing a hint of emotion.

Man looked bored out of his mind.

"I'm a merciful god," I told him over my shoulder as I left the store. "Maybe I'll give you something to smile about."

Some sexy co-worker coming in to 'relieve' him, maybe.

I pushed the thought from my mind as soon as I was out of the store. It was, after all, something I could ponder on a different day. For now, I had only one thing to focus on.

Mom.

More specifically, how I was going to get myself balls-deep inside her, fulfilling the promises I'd made earlier.

Dick in her throat. Her begging for my cum. My dick in her - I assumed - virgin asshole. And, the cherry on top of my debauchery cake, pumping my cock into her cunt over and over again, fucking her senseless.

How was I going to do it?

Or, more accurately, which way did I want to go about it?

Punishment was the obvious one. Change reality so that Mom believed 'punishing' me meant getting on her hands and knees, making me fuck her. I could even make it so that she'd get angry if I tried *avoiding* that 'punishment'. The thought of her angrily telling

me to fuck her, and that there'd be hell to pay if I didn't, was certainly fun to imagine.

But what other options did I have?

Being her 'science experiment' might be interesting. Perhaps she'd want to 'examine' me after my incident in the server room. Test how it'd 'affected' my body.

Or perhaps I'd make even wilder changes. Make it so that Mom's genius was powered by male ejaculate. Every day, she needed her dose of cum or else be reduced to a gibbering moron, only Dad suddenly develops erectile dysfunction. What can she do but turn to her son for aid?

I chuckled to myself as I toyed with each idea, weighed them and the fun possibilities they'd enable.

Before I knew it, I was on my last bottle of fake-beer.

No alcohol. Didn't want *that* messing with my brain and the alterations I'd be making to reality.

I checked the time. Saw I was just a few minutes out from the loop reset. Time would cycle back on itself soon. But I had enough time to make my final decision, shape reality to it.

"Mom," I said to the nothingness around me, "I hope you're ready. Life is about to get a whole lot more interesting for you."

I visualised, wrapped my will around the image in my head.

Imposed my will upon it.

The server room flashed before my eyes.

Mom.

Sparks flew.

Darkness.