

## Baby Steps Bonanza

### Stacy's Mom

She sighed loudly, rolling onto her side.

There, across the room, her boyfriend sat at his computer typing away. All too happy to ignore her, now that she'd given him what he wanted. Wearing nothing but his boxers, sweat drying on his skin, hair a frizzy mess.

Handsome, for sure. All of Stacy's boyfriends had been good looking, though. It was a minimum requirement for dating her.

Johnathan was more than handsome. He was *hunky*. With wide shoulders and big pecs and abs so lined and defined that it made Stacy salivate. He was hott. And, better yet, his family was *loaded*. Johnathan – he insisted she call him that and not John or Johnny – had his own car, a brand-new sports car. And the gifts she made sure he bought for her... simply wonderful!

A shame he was such a nerd.

Who, after just having sex with someone as gorgeous as *her*, decided to mess around on a computer.

He should be in bed with her, dammit. Holding her close and telling her how beautiful she was, while she rested her head on her chest and basked in the adoration. The *least* he could do was offer to get her something to drink.

"Babe," Stacy whined. "What're you doing? Come back to bed..."

"Just checking out these old drives," Johnathan said, not even having the decency to look at her. Well, that was *his* loss. Next time he wanted to stick his dick in her, she'd make him work *extra* hard for it. "You said they're your dad's?"

"Was," Stacy huffed, glared at the back of her boyfriend's head. "Mom was cleaning out his old shit. Figured you might want his computer and junk."

"The drives still work," Johnathan said, moving his computer mouse around and clicking on stuff. "The file system is a little weird, but nothing too archaic. You said he worked in tech, right? Maybe he owned some crypto. If I can find his wallet..."

Stacy lifted her head. Crypto? Like crypto *currency*? Money?!

"Oh wow," Johnathan hummed. "That's something."

"What is it?" Stacy demanded, imagining the wealth her father might've left her.

"Files," Johnathan answered, leaning back in his chair, voice soft and thoughtful. "Big ones. A lot of them. Video files, audio files, logs. Journals too, I think. All of it hidden in a random subdirectory."

"Crypto files?" She asked hopefully.

Johnathan chuckled. "Nope, just regular old home videos by the look of it. Here, let me play-"

The computer's speakers flared to life, loud and sharp. A woman's moans roared through the room as an image of a redhead, a girl who could've been Stacy's less attractive sister, riding dick popped up on Johnathan's monitor.

He scrambled to close the video, but not before they'd both gotten an eyeful of the redhead's naked body, massive tits bouncing wildly.

"Was that..." Stacy said after her boyfriend had closed the file. "Was that my mother?"

Johnathan looked at her, cheeks pink. "I..." He met her eyes, had to glance away. "Yeah, I think so..."

An old home video of Stacy's bitch mother taking dick like a pro. "Wow," she found herself saying, a smile forming on her face. How many videos did Johnathan say there were? Stacy climbed off Johnathan's bed, naked and radiant. "What else is there?"

"Hey Stacy," Emily smiled, turning her gaze from the television to the girl who'd just strode

confidently into the living room. "What-"

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur," Stacy said, loud and clear.

"Huh?" Emily blinked in confusion. "What're you-"

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur," Stacy repeated.

Emily swayed in her seat, eyes glazing over. She tried shaking her head to clear the fog from it.

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur."

Emily's head lolled back.

Stacy, not quite willing to believe it'd worked – that her mother could be hypnotized so easily – repeated the phrase a few more times. Only stopped when it looked like Emily was in a deep, dreamless sleep.

"Mom," she said, leaning in close. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," Emily answered in a soulless whisper.

"No way," Stacy shook her head, smirked. No way was hypnosis real. This *couldn't* be real.

She reached out, poked her mother's cheek.

"Hey Mom," Stacy sneered. "When was the last time you masturbated?"

A slight frown appeared on Emily's brow. "Last week," she answered softly, voice sounding a little more alive than before. "Tuesday."

Last Tuesday? What'd happened last Tuesday?

Stacy tried to remember, couldn't think of anything eventful that'd happened. Just a random day?

The important part was that she'd *answered*.

"Do you own any sex toys?" Stacy asked.

"Yes..."

"It worked?" Johnathan whistled, shook his head. "Are you sure? She could've been pretending."

"I'm sure," Stacy snapped.

"How sure?"

"Very." Stacy crossed her arms over her chest, glared at her boyfriend. The gall he had to second-guess her. Ot almost made her rethink her plan. Almost.

"Alright," he smiled. "If you say so."

She wanted to hit him. How dare he talk down to her, assume she didn't know what she was doing? Stacy knew, with absolute certainty, that the phrase worked. That it truly put her mother under.

She'd *tested* it.

"You have a crush on her, right?" Stacy asked, doing her best to sound indifferent. "You think she's hott."

"Wh-what!?" Johnathan spluttered, a deer in the headlights. "I mean, well, you know..."

"Just answer the question," Stacy snapped.

"Sure," he said and, seeing her experience, winced. "I mean, she's alright. You're way more beautiful! And I'd never-"

"Do you want to fuck her?" Stacy asked, unable to keep the ice from her voice.

Johnathan baulked.

"Yes or no?!" Stacy snapped.

"No!" He shook his head vigorously. "Not in a million years, baby. You're the only one for me. I don't want anyone else but you."

Not even slightly mollified, Stacy crossed her arms. "A hundred bucks," she said, staring hard at Johnathan.

"Huh?"

"One hundred dollars," Stacy said, slow and clear. "Give me one hundred dollars, and I'll let you."

"Let me what?"

"Fuck her."

"My boyfriend is really handsome, and he comes from a super cool family. I like him a lot," Stacy said, smiling wide. "It's important to me that you make a good impression. Johnathan comes from a very liberal, modern family. The last thing you should do is dress conservatively around him..."

Emily nodded her head lethargically, eyes closed and body limp.

"You want me to be happy, don't you?" Stacy asked.

"Yes," Emily answered.

"Making Johnathan happy will make me happy," Stacy had to cover her mouth to keep from giggling. "The happier Johnathan is, the better it'll be for everyone."

She didn't much care if her boyfriend was happy or not. If he wasn't so rich, she'd have dumped him ages ago. Rich, and popular, and attractive. Husband material, for sure. Dumping him *after* he put a ring on her finger and let her borrow his surname? That would be a win-win situation.

But, if making Johnathan happy was the motivation her mother needed to sleep with him, that's how Stacy would play it.

A hundred bucks per nut...

The happier her mother made Johnathan, the happier Stacy would be as a result. That much was true.

"Johnathan is a young man. And you know how young men are," Stacy huffed. "How horny they get. Always eager to sleep around, cheat on their girlfriends. Imagine how much it'd hurt poor old me if I found out my Johnathan had fucked some random slut!"

Truthfully, Stacy wouldn't have minded *that* much at all. She'd slept around behind boyfriends' backs enough that she wasn't going to judge Johnathan getting his dick wet elsewhere – so long as he didn't neglect Stacy's needs in the process. And, so long as the slut wasn't pretty.

"Wouldn't it be much better, much *healthier*, if you helped him with those urges? Those hormones? You could even show him a thing or two, make sure he knows how to look after your perfect daughter..."

Emily winked at Johnathan, turned around and walked slowly upstairs and out of sight. Hips swaying seductively, short skirt doing nothing to hide the black thong she had on underneath. As soon as she was out of view, Johnathan made to follow.

He hesitated, looked at Stacy.

"Are you... Are you sure?" He asked, cheeks red.

She flashed a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Getting cold feet? You've already paid for it..."

"No, I just..." He couldn't meet her eyes.

"Follow her upstairs to her bedroom," Stacy said. "And fuck her brains out. You know how you always beg me to let you put it up my butt? Well, today's your lucky day! You get to do that to her instead!"

He opened his mouth, didn't speak. A silent war waged behind his eyes. Until, finally, he nodded his head, followed Stacy's mother upstairs.

Stacy rolled her eyes.

The sooner she convinced Johnathan to let her hypnotise him, the better. Once she had *that* kind of control...

Stacy grinned, let the ideas and fantasies go wild, plucking out the most interesting of the bunch to make plans around. She waited a few minutes, listening intently.

When she heard it – the rhythmic squeaking of bedsprings and groaning of a wooden bedframe, the muffled moans she'd grown intimately familiar with thanks to her father's old recordings, Stacy began heading upstairs herself.

Maybe, later today, she'd act hurt and betrayed. Maybe the guilt and fear of losing her would be enough to make Johnathan submit to hypnosis – to 'prove his love for her', perhaps!

She stepped lightly, stopped outside the master bedroom.

Even through the door, she could hear the slap-slapping of skin on skin. The manly grunts and the feminine gasps and moans. The sound of rocking and squeaking.

Envy and annoyance and anger bubbled to the surface of her mind.

Stacy swatted them all aside, kept her eyes on the goal.

She opened the door and stepped inside.

"Hi honey!" Emily said right away, the gaps between her words pierced by the sound of skin smacking skin. "Johnny here was-" she gasped. "Was just feeling a little down and- Ahh!"

"Babe," Johnathan grunted, eyes wide, staring at Stacy. Despite his shock, he kept thrusting into Emily from behind. "I- I just-"

"Mom," Stacy said, crossing her arms. "He doesn't like being called 'Johnny'. Use his proper name."

"Oh!" Emily moaned, looking back over her shoulder at the boy fucking her. "I'm sorry! I- Ooh! I didn't know."

"It's fine!" Johnathan groaned, jerking his hips faster. "I don't mind."

"No, no." Stacy tutted, walking over to the bed and lowering herself so that she was eye-level with her bitch mother. "If you're not firm with her, she'll never learn. You need to put her in her place, babe. Fuck her harder."

Those words, for whatever reason, shifted something inside Johnathan.

He grabbed Emily by the waist, started really giving it to her. Pounding her harder and faster, slamming his big cock deep inside her. Whatever reservations he'd had were gone. No more hesitation. Stacy watched as Johnathan fucked her mother like an animal.

"Johnathan!" Emily moaned, begged. "Johnathan!"

"Harder," Stacy demanded. "Make her scream!"

She grabbed her mother's face, the same face that'd scolded Stacy so many times before. The same face that'd lectured her on propriety and self-respect and humility. The face of the MILF that so many of Stacy's guy friends and exes had jerked off to, lusted over, fantasised about – all while Stacy was right there too!

"Fuck this whore's brains out," she ordered her boyfriend.

And do it he did.

His cock slamming into Emily, jolting her body and making those massive, dropping titties dance.

Stacy earned three hundred dollars that evening.

She walked a smiling, giddy Johnathan to the door. Kissed him as he opened it and stepped outside.

It wasn't a deep, passionate kiss. Just a little peck.

"Hey," she said, taking his hand and acting the cute, innocent girl that guys seemed to be so weak for. "I was wondering... Your house is gonna be pretty empty this weekend, isn't it?"

Johnathan raised an eyebrow, nodded his head. "Why?"

"I was thinking," she smiled, gave him another little kiss. "Why don't we throw a party or something? Invite all your guy friends over." *The ones with money, at least.* "Play games, drink a little, have some fun. I'll bring Mom along too..."

"Uh," he blushed, and Stacy knew she was half-way to victory already. "I don't

know... I don't want to make a mess; you know how my parents are..."

"Please?" She fluttered her eyelashes at him.

He stared into her eyes, gulped, acquiesced. When he nodded his head, Stacy beamed.

"Invite all the guys you know," she said, grinning wide. "Only guys! And make sure they know the rule!"

He blinked. "What rule?"

"A hundred dollars per load," Stacy smiled sweetly.