

Baby Steps: Generations Building Tomorrow

David tightened the tie, looked at himself in the mirror.

Hair swept back, face clean shaven, chin high. Clad in a pressed suit and looking every bit the sleezy corporate drone he'd been aiming for. Youth and confidence, for sure. Needed those to come off as an 'aspiring leader'. But a tight tie and neat suit and polished shoes too, to show his 'respect' for the role and knowing his place on the corporate food chain. A willingness to tow the corporate line.

It was the perfect look for his interview.

And *that* was what it'd all come down to. So what if his qualifications weren't quite good enough? So what if he didn't have previous experience in the role? He *looked* like he belonged. He'd *act* like it. He'd make an impression, leave whoever was conducting the interview with the certainty that David was the man for the job.

At the end of the day, that's all it was. People, and making them think what he wanted them to.

And, in that, he had more experience than most.

It all came down to manipulation. Control.

He turned away from his reflection, glanced at his bed.

Three bags to choose from. A brown backpack, a leather messenger bag, and a black briefcase.

The briefcase was the obvious choice. It matched the suit, was a 'professional' thing to carry. But... It was too stiff, too try-hard. Carrying that would scream 'I have a stick up my ass'. It was too stiff. Inflexible. And who'd want to hire someone they saw as inflexible?

The backpack wouldn't work either. Too casual. Too childish for someone as young as he was. He'd look like some stary-eyed kid right out of school, aiming way too high – which he was, admittedly. But he didn't want to *appear* as it.

The messenger bag would do. A comfy middle-ground between the other two. The goldilocks option. Not ideal; it was on the older side, the leather worn with age, so he'd come off as someone on the 'poorer' side – using a second-hand bag, wearing what people might assume was a rented suit. But... David could work with that.

He turned back to the mirror for a brief moment, swept his hand over his pulled-back hair. Messing it up just a little, giving a slightly more roguish appearance over the too-perfect and neat style it'd been in a moment before.

"Better," he hummed. "Shouldn't have shaved, though..."

If people were going to assume he was poor, he'd make that a strength. Make himself the rugged, dependable guy who'd worked his way up from the bottom. Built himself up from the dirt.

A bit of stubble would've helped sell the lie, would've made him seem more like a rags-to-riches success story in the making. But oh well. He'd live without it.

Already, the lies and arguments were forming in his head. The tale he'd spin to his interviewer morphing to fit his new 'theme'. A guy whose father had died when he was an infant, whose mother had struggled to make ends meet. How he'd risen to the occasion, worked odd jobs through his teen years while everyone else played and had fun. How he'd helped his mother, was driven to provide a better life for her and the rest of his poverty-stricken family.

Not a sob story, but a tale to shine a light on David's dedication, his impenetrable work-ethic, his overachiever attitude.

Yes. He could *definitely* work that angle.

The job was as good as his.

David snatched up the leather messenger bag, slipped the strap over his shoulder, filled it with everything he'd need for the interview, then left his room.

Downstairs, Emily was waiting.

A bubble butt and huge, watermelon tits wrapped up in a tight black dress. A dress that ended above her knees and would've shown off a huge valley of cleavage if not for the white apron she had on over it. Her red hair was tied back in a ponytail, her eyes big and round.

She was waiting for him by the house's front door.

"Good luck," she whispered as he approached. "With the interview. Are you sure you don't want me to drive you there?"

He didn't utter a word. Simply strode up to her, placed his hands on her shoulders, and pushed them lower. Slowly, she lowered to her knees and, knowing exactly what her son wanted, began unbuckling his belt, unzipping his pants.

In moments, her mouth was wrapped around his cock.

David shut his eyes, basked in the sensations. Nerves and tensions evaporating away as the house's entryway filled with Emily's noises. Slurping and soft moaning, holding his cock in one hand while the other reached between her own legs.

"I'm sure," he groaned, hips thrusting lightly. "I'll drive myself. You stay here, start cooking up something nice for me."

Today – the interview – was going to be amazing. He could *feel* it. He'd get the job, start earning some real money, open up a whole new world of possibilities. Taking Emily to fancy restaurants, fingering her under the table. Fucking her on the hood of a sports car. Taking her on exotic holidays where she could show off that perfect body freely.

Yeah, today was going to be a *great* day.

His eyes snapped open, a wide grin on his face. He reached down and grabbed Emily's ponytail, the top of her head.

The first hard thrust, she hadn't been expecting. She let out a cute little yelp, a cock-muffled gasp. Her throat resisted his cock for a few moments. Then Emily relaxed, fully accepting. She braced herself for a face-fucking, tilted her head back and waited.

Wide, pretty eyes stared up at him. The most beautiful face in the world, with a big cock in its mouth and saliva spilling from the corners of its mouth. Chin wet. Cheeks puffed out.

David gripped his mother's skull. Rammed his cock as deep down her throat as it'd go. Let out a satisfied groan. Shuddered.

Today was going to be fucking *amazing*!

He read the email again. And again. Over and over.

Generic. It was a generic email.

He hadn't gotten the job. And they'd sent him a generic, lifeless, thoughtless email to let him know. A copy and pasted bullshit, impersonal, fake-sincere piece of *shit* email.

He hadn't gotten it. They'd rejected him.

But... The interview had gone well, hadn't it? Plenty of charisma and charm, smiles and chuckling. It'd gone better than 'well'. He'd come out of it *certain* he'd bagged the position.

So what the fuck was *this*?

He hadn't gotten it. The job. They'd chosen someone else.

Assholes!

A dozen plans up in smoke. Schedules he'd been making, blown to the fucking winds. No more nice car for himself, no more celebratory fuckathon with Emily. No influx of money...

What now?

He'd been relying on that; the prospect of decent income. He'd *needed* it for his plans with Stacy.

Fuck!

His sister was a superficial bitch. With money on his side, he'd have been able to get closer to her, bribe his way into her good graces, opened up opportunities to hypnotise her. Without than 'in', how was he supposed to add her to the fun?

He should've gotten it! The job. He'd played it all right, used the right cards, gotten the interviewer on side. Where had he gone wrong?!

It didn't matter, he tried to tell himself. There'd be plenty more opportunities for him.

But that didn't keep the anger from bubbling. The resentment.

"Fuckers," he muttered, reading over the email again.

He stood, began pacing. His mind reeling and racing.

So many plans up in smoke. So many ideas he'd have to reconsider or abandon outright.

Too much to think about.

He needed to vent the frustration. Blow off some steam.

But he *couldn't*.

Every cell in his body wanted him to storm out of his room, go downstairs and bend Emily over a kitchen counter – fuck his frustrations out. Just the *thought* had him leaning closer to his bedroom door, legs urging him to step closer, hand twitching at the thought of turning that doorhandle. Every part of him wanted it, right down to his very *soul*.

But *Stacy* was home.

His stupid fucking sister! Cockblocking him with her mere *presence*.

Why didn't she go out? Why didn't she ever leave her room?!

What the fuck was her *problem*?!

Back before they'd all moved here, she'd *never* been home. A social butterfly who'd spent all her time with friends. Now she was like a god-damned *pet*. Always home. Never away. Existing to eat food and sulk in her room.

"Get over it already," David huffed. "Move on. *Fuck*."

His plan had been so tight, too.

Getting gifts for Stacy, a new laptop and phone, using the excuse of 'helping her keep in touch with her friends'. Having some spyware installed on both, to keep track of what she was doing in her room every day. Using that information, and more gifts, to get closer to her. Ordering Emily out of the house more to give them some time alone, pretending like he was just as pissed off about moving here as Stacy was. Then, when the time was right, offering up hypnosis as a way to help make her feel 'better'.

And she *would* feel better, once he was done with her.

All that anger, the petty annoyance and resentment she felt, he'd get rid of. Replace with pleasure and fun.

Now what?

Two hotties in the house, and he couldn't fuck *either* of them. Not here, at least.

With a sigh, David left his room.

Went in search of Emily.

He might not be able to fuck her here, with Stacy around. Not with how loud the slut could get. But he could command her to come with him, take her somewhere more private.

Not ideal, to say the least.

But it was the best he could do. For now.

She straddled him, leaned down and started kissing his neck.

The weight of her huge tits pressed down on him, heavy pillows that spilled out of a too-tight dress. Her breath against his skin was molten, hotter than the sun. Her quiet whispers between kisses sent trembles up his spine.

"I want you to fuck me," Emily purred. "Pound me. Have me. *Take* me. I want you, baby. So, so much."

David groaned.

"Do you want it, baby?" Emily said, gyrating her panty-clad crotch against his bulge. "Do you want me to ride your big, hard cock?"

"Fuck yes," he grunted.

"I'm all yours... Have me as much as you want..."

In the back of a minivan, parked out in the middle of nowhere. Not exactly the most romantic of locations. But then, this wasn't about romance, was it?

David reached down, clumsily tugging at his jeans and their buttons. Yanking them down in the cramped space, with his mother on top of him, was no easy feat. Finally, though, he got his cock out, held it up like a flagpole.

"Do it," Emily breathed. "Fuck me. Fuck Mommy."

He grabbed her hips. She wrapped her legs around his back. He looked down at her. She smiled up at him.

The dress was torn. Fabric frayed and split down the middle, exposing two massive, perfect tits. Hopefully, when they got home, Stacy would be in her room – wouldn't see how dishevelled they both were.

"I'm yours," Emily breathed. "All yours. Only yours."

He knew it. He'd *made* it true with hypnosis. Yet, hearing it from Emily's own lips? That was special. Magical.

"My slut," David said, slowly pressing his cock deeper inside her. "That's what you are."

"Yes!" Emily gasped. "I'm yours... Your slut..."

"My whore."

"I'm your whore!" She moaned.

He pulled back, slammed forward.

She yelped, heavy tits bouncing. Her entire body trembled, jolts of pleasure rocking through her.

"Mine," David grunted. "All mine."

She eyed him then, dazzling ice-blue eyes peering up at him, a twinkle behind her irises. Her full lips curled into a knowing smile, teasing and lustful.

"Fuck me like you want to fuck her," she purred. "Fuck me like you want to fuck Stacy."

It felt like he'd been struck by lightning.

"I'll help you do it," she promised, gently thrusting her hips, hungry for more of his cock. "I'll help you seduce your sister. You want her, don't you? You want to fuck Stacy..."

The heat haze in my brain was too dense for me to think, all I could do was stare down at her – at Emily – in amazement.

"Do it," Emily purred, giggled. "Fuck me, *big brother*."

A switch flipped.

All hesitation, any thoughts or instincts he might've had to hold back vanished in an instant.

With the single-mindedness of a rabid animal, he fucked her. Slammed his cock into that impossibly tight cunt, screwed Emily like a bitch in heat. His hands came up from her waist, started roughly fondling her colossal milkers – groping and squeezing so hard that Emily yelped and gasped in pain, a sound that went beautifully with her moans of pleasure and begging for more.

"Big brother," Emily moaned loudly. "Fuck me, big brother! Make me yours!"

Stacy. It was so easy to see her, picture her. A younger, bitcher Emily. Just as hott, practically twins. And he was going to *have* her! He'd conquer the bitch just like he'd conquered their mother!

"Yes!" Emily screamed. "More! Fuck me more!"

"Did you mean it?" He asked in the aftermath, head resting on his mother's pillowy chest. "What you said earlier. About Stacy. Helping me... You know..."

"Fuck her?" Emily said, sounding amused and exhausted. "Yeah, I meant it."

"Why?" He breathed. "I mean, I know it's what I want to do. But why do *you* want to? I didn't-"

He stopped himself, caught the confession before he could utter it. 'I didn't program you to. I didn't hypnotise you to want to.' In the satisfied, post-orgasm daze, he'd almost given the game away. Almost ruined everything.

"You didn't have to," Emily said softly, knowingly. Then she chuckled, voice louder and clearer. "Seems to me, Stacy being in on it all would make everything a *whole* lot easier. No more sneaking around, no need to hold back."

It was hard, reconciling these two versions of his mother.

Not too long ago, she'd been the kind and caring woman. The simple, if beautiful, Mom. Making packed lunches and cleaning the house after him, driving him places, making special 'gamer' snacks for him and his friends whenever he had any over. A normal, ideal Mom – not a hint of sexuality or kinkiness about her, save for her good-looks and figure.

And now, she was more of a slut than any chick he'd ever met before. As eager as an enthusiastic pornstar in a cheesy porno, only she wasn't acting. She loved cock, loved sex, was more than willing to blow him or spread her cheeks for him at a moment's notice. Was actively *encouraging* him to seduce his sister, and even offering to *help*.

It was bizarre. How could Emily be both those women? How could she have had this side to her without him ever noticing?

Had the hypnosis changed her, altered her mind and made her a new person? Or was this who she'd been all along, buried beneath the façade of a gentle, loving mother?

Thinking about it caused David's head to throb.

"I'm going to do it," he said, closing his eyes and picturing it. Stacy, on her knees, his dick across her face and his balls in her mouth. Exactly what the bitch deserved. "I'm going to make her mine."

"Good," Emily hummed. "Just tell me what you need me to do."

"Money," David grunted. "I need money. Not a lot," that'd been his problem – he'd formed too much of his plans around getting that stupid job. He could do it with less cash. Make an even more solid, reliable plan in the process. "Just a bit. Enough to order some crap online. And... I need you to annoy her more. Make her *hate* you."

"I can do that," Emily said, and he could hear the smile in her voice. "That'll be no problem at all."