

Baby Steps: Generations Enjoying Today

Somewhere in the house, a door slammed shut.

Shouting followed it. So much shouting.

"Fuck you!" One woman screeched.

"How *dare* you speak to me like that?!" Another yelled.

"Bitch!" Stacy's high-pitched voice shrilled.

"I've had it with your attitude!" Emily screamed right back.

David smiled to himself, put on his headphones to drown out the sound. The shouting, he knew from experience, would last a while. It wouldn't stop until one of them had screamed themselves hoarse and, even then, there'd be slammed doors and annoyingly loud music and whatever else Stacy could think of to bother Emily.

Emily, surprisingly enough, gave as good as she got.

David hadn't been sure at first. Would his mother have it in her to scream and shout and act like an unreasonable, irrational, angry parent? Would she be able to become the total opposite of herself like that?

Yes, it turned out. Yes, she could.

Making up excuses to scold Stacy, coming up with every reason imaginable to barge into her room, even making food she knew Stacy didn't like. Tiny gestures that, numerous as they were, grated at Stacy's already paper-thin patience.

Shouting matches erupted daily. Both of them screaming at the top of their lungs.

But it was only the first step.

David leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and listened to the sweet sound of his mother's loud moans. An old audio recording from the countless files his father had left him.

Finding that stash had to be the most important moment of his life. The course it'd set him on, the doors it'd opened. Part of who he was now was thanks to that old hard drive, the many files saved to it. He couldn't even imagine what his life would look like now if he hadn't discovered it.

The moans in his ears were sweet and free. The sounds of a woman who was enjoying every second of her fucking, and didn't care if the whole neighbourhood could hear it.

Would Stacy be as loud?

Back in their old home, she'd been the popular one. Prom Queen, the 'hottest babe at school', the girl who'd had guys lining up to date her. But, for all that she'd loved being the centre of attention, David couldn't recall a time where Stacy had brought a guy home for the night. No echoes of bedsprings creaking or bedframes thumping, no boyfriends over for more than the occasional embarrassing dinner.

She'd kept *that* part of her life far from home.

Was she a screamer? A squirter? Were her tits and nipples as sensitive as Emily's? Did she have a horny, kinky side hidden under all the bitchiness?

David couldn't wait to find out.

He waited for a half-hour before removing the headphones again. There was still shouting going on, but it'd died down a lot. More like annoyed grumbles and cusses than an actual argument. It'd do.

Setting the headphones aside, he stood. Walked out of his room.

"And you!" Emily snapped as soon as she saw him. "At home all day playing video games! When're you going to get a job, huh David?"

He smiled at her. She winked at him.

"Well?!" She shouted. "Better be soon! If you think I'm going to pay for the pair of you forever, best think again!"

"Mom," David said loudly. "What're you-"

"Just you wait and see!" Emily barked in a very un-Emily kind of way. All heartless and cruel. "We'll see how lazy and ungrateful you are when I start making you pay rent."

She huffed loudly, spun on the spot, began walking away.

Her hips jiggled from side to side, ass bouncing with every step.

As soon as she was gone, David wiped the smile off his face.

"Bitch," he muttered loudly enough for his sister to hear.

She was there, on the other side of her bedroom door. He could see the shadows of her feet under the doorframe.

"I hate it here," he added, trying to sound as frustrated and annoyed as he could. "Wish we'd never moved."

Total lies, of course. He *loved* it here, in his new home.

But *Stacy* didn't.

He sighed loudly, tapped her bedroom door.

"I'm going to the store," he grunted. "Need a drink after all this shit. You want anything?"

David held his breath, listening.

From the other side of the door, he heard a quiet voice.

"Whiskey," Stacy mumbled.

It'd been so soft he wasn't certain he'd heard it right. His gut told him not to ask her to repeat herself, though. So, instead, he nodded his head, strode away from the door.

Whiskey, huh? So that was his sister's poison of choice.

"Got your whiskey," David said, tapping her door. "Didn't know which brand you like so I got-"

The door opened a crack, a slender hand reaching out expectantly. When he didn't immediately hand her the whiskey bottle, she flexed her hand – all but demanded he give it to her.

"I don't see any cash," he said. "I'm not a charity, sis."

"Fuck you," she muttered. "I don't *have* any."

That much, David already knew.

He fought down the urge to grin.

"Guess we're sharing then," he said, leaning on the doorframe and dangling the bottle like a carrot on a stick. "Gonna let me in?"

Stacy hesitated for a few moments.

"Fine," she grumbled at last. "Whatever."

The door opened up, and he was in.

Stacy's room was a lot less 'girly' than David had been expecting. No make-up table or mountains of plush toys, no pink wallpaper or posters of boybands. It was messy – dirty clothes scattered across the floor, empty food packets and cans all over the place, discarded plates and bowls. And it was dark. Curtains closed, no light or illumination save for a laptop screen.

If he hadn't known better, David would've assumed this was a teenage boy's room. Not the bedroom of a grown woman.

The air was thick and musky, uncomfortably warm.

Stacy herself was wearing an old, baggy hoodie. Stained and ragged, it covered her entire upper body. Hood up, hands hidden by long sleeves, breasts holding the front of it out obscenely.

She stalked over to her bed, shoved some empty candy wrappers aside, plopped herself down cross-legged.

Her legs, David couldn't help notice, were bare.

Was she wearing shorts under that oversized hoodie, or...

David didn't allow his mind to linger on *that* prospect. The last thing he needed right now was to go and pop a boner.

He followed her, sat down on the edge of the bed. When she stared at him, he shrugged and handed her the whiskey. In moments she had it open and was taking a long chug.

"Careful," David said quickly. "Don't wanna—"

"Shut it," Stacy snapped, lowering the bottle just long enough to speak. "Asswipe."

"Charming," David shrugged. "If you're gonna be like that, I'll be having my bottle back."

That gave her pause. Slowly, she lowered the whisky bottle.

"Sorry," Stacy whispered, not meeting his gaze. "It's just that *bitch*. She pisses me off so much. Here."

She handed him the bottle, and he took a much more moderate sip.

"Tell me about it," he said, keeping hold of the bottle for now. He wanted her 'open', not 'wasted'. "I don't know what's up with her lately. Ever since we moved here, she's been a total bitch."

Stacy scoffed. "She's *always* been a bitch. You just never noticed 'cause you're a momma's boy."

"I am not!"

"Uh-huh," Stacy said, snatching the bottle from him. "Whatever you say, momma's boy."

"I'm not," David said, shaking his head. "What's your big beef with her anyway? She's hard on me, but I figure that's on stress and moving and all that bullshit. But you? You've hated her for, like, ever. What's the deal with that?"

The glare she shot him told David he was asking too much.

"Hey, we're in this together," he said quickly. "I miss my friends too, you know. You're not the only one who's pissed."

"Friends?" Stacy chuckled mirthlessly. "You? *Sure*."

Bitch.

"I'm just sayin'," David sighed. "You're not alone here. Not completely. I'm here too."

Stacy rolled her eyes, went back to drinking.

"How do you do it?" Stacy asked.

They were in her room again. A regular occurrence, since that first day a month ago. For the last week, he'd been spending the majority of his days in his sister's room. Listening to her whine about her friends, her life 'back home', her never-ending beratement of their mother.

Starved of social interaction as she was, she'd latched onto him emotionally.

"Do what?" David asked, smiling.

"That," Stacy said with a glare. "Smile all the time. It's so fucking annoying."

"I have a trick," he shrugged, chest swelling with hope. Was this it? Was it time? "Helps me unwind and stop worrying, been using it ever since we moved here."

"Weed," Stacy said, nodding her head knowingly. "Got any on you now? It's been weeks since I—"

"No," David said quickly. "It's not... *that*. It's something else. Something better. But it's kinda nerdy, so you wouldn't be interested."

One thing he'd learned quickly about his sister — she had a peculiar way of accepting him. If he'd outright offered to tell her, she'd have rejected him. But, if he made it seem like he didn't want to talk about it, she'd all but force him to.

"Well," she said, leaning in. "What is it?"

"It's dumb," David shrugged, thankful for his embarrassment and the very real blush on his cheeks. "You really don't want to know. It's super nerdy, trust me."

"David," Stacy's eyes narrowed in annoyance. "What is it?"

"Hypnosis."

She blinked at him.

"Told you it was nerdy," he murmured. "I use hypnosis on myself. Make myself all calm and relaxed and stuff. Kinda like getting high, but only the good parts."

Stacy stared blankly at him for a few seconds. Then, slowly, a smile crept its way onto her face. A few more moments, and she was tilting her head back and laughing loudly. A cute, girlish laugh that would've made David blush beet red with embarrassment if not for the way Stacy's laughter made her huge chest jiggle.

Really, his sister's tits were *massive*. As stupidly huge as Emily's, if not even more so. And, judging from the slight sag, the way they hung just a little too low on her chest, and the fact that they moved around so freely – David was certain his sister wasn't wearing a bra underneath that hoodie. Hell, she probably wasn't wearing *anything* under it.

"Jesus, David," Stacy wheezed. "You're such a weirdo!"

He winced at that. The first time he'd heard his sister laugh in months, and it'd been in mockery of him. Lovely.

Still, at least she *had* laughed. As much of a bitch as Stacy was, it was nice to hear that laughter from her. With how moody she'd been recently, he was glad to see her carefree and without worry, if only for a short while.

"Hey!" He snapped, a very real flush returning to his cheeks. "It works! And it beats smoking or drinking myself stupid like *some* people. You should give it a try sometime. It makes Mom a whole lot easier to live with."

A statement which was true in many different ways.

Stacy rolled her eyes at him, still grinning.

"I think I'll stick to the booze and weed," an amused Stacy said. "Speaking of which, I don't suppose you could–"

"No," David interrupted. "Sis, I'm as strapped for cash as you are. There's a reason I've been using *that* to relax. I've got barely any money left now. I can't be spending it on whiskey and weed for you."

Just like that, Stacy's smile vanished.

All emotion seemed to disappear from Stacy's expression. Everything but that ever-present annoyance and disdain. To say Stacy had a 'resting bitch face' would've been putting it lightly.

"I tried to get Mom to lend me some," he said quickly, eager to point this loaded gun at Emily instead of himself. "But she won't even give me spare change to catch the bus. I don't know how she expects me to get a job when she's keeping me from going to job interviews."

Stacy was all too eager to take the bait. And, for the next hour, David was forced to listen to his sister bitch and moan about Emily's tyranny. How much of a colossal bitch their mother was.

Hypnosis didn't come up again in their conversation for the rest of the night.

"You're enjoying this too much," David smiled.

"Nuh-uh," Emily hummed, eyes twinkling. "Only a *monster* would enjoy torturing their child like this. Shouting at you two all the time, trying to sound mean and cruel... I'd *never* enjoy something that that..."

Her upturned lips betrayed her. The amusement in her tone telling the truth her words didn't.

She was *loving* it. Being the bad guy.

"I think I'm close," David said, stepping up to his mother. She smiled up at him. "She's at the point where she needs an 'out'. Something to take the edge off, remove her stress. But she doesn't have money, and I'm pretty sure her stash is empty now."

He wasn't certain she *had* a stash. But, the more he thought about it, the more it felt 'right'. Somewhere in her room, Stacy'd been keeping *something* to calm her nerves, if only slightly. Alcohol or weed? Something else? Nothing at all? It didn't matter much. With how fidgety and agitated she'd been over the last few days, the one thing he *was* certain of was that Stacy was close to snapping.

He'd presented hypnosis as a way of relaxing and unwinding. Left her to think about it for a while. Allowed her stress to grow.

Surely, any day now, she'd cave and ask him about it.

"You'll get there," Emily said, smiling wide. "Stacy's like me. She was born to fuck. It's just a matter of time."

If she allowed it – let David hypnotise her – that'd be true. One hypnosis session would turn into several, several into many, many into countless. Days, weeks, months, even years if that's what it took. He'd hypnotise her, manipulate her, alter her mind. And, eventually, he'd get there. Reach the point where he could bed her, fuck her, make her his.

All he needed was that first session.

The moment she showed any kind of interest in hypnosis, curiosity about how it worked, *that's* when it'd all begin.

"She's got her music on," Emily said, stepping in close. She pressed her voluptuous chest to his, squeezed their bodies together. "She won't hear us if we *you know...*"

Tempting. *Too* tempting. David almost caved to his base desires. His impulse to strip the slut naked and fuck her brains out over the kitchen counter was powerful. But no. He couldn't risk it. Not with how close he was to claiming Stacy. He couldn't risk his sister overhearing.

"You're too loud," he sighed.

"So gag me with my panties," she whispered, lips curled into a sly smile.

This woman was going to be the death of him.

"Tonight," David grunted. "We'll go for another drive."

Emily stared into his eyes, let out a little giggle, pushed away from him. She turned around, wiggled her hips and made her ass bounce underneath her skirt. Then she sauntered over to the fridge, began looking through it for food.

It took actual effort for David to draw his eyes away from her magnificent butt.

"Probably for the best," Emily said, not looking back. "I'm not actually wearing any."

David grunted.

"Ready?" Emily asked, plucking some vegetables out of the fridge and carrying them to a countertop. When she turned to him, her smile was gone. She cleared her throat, inhaled a deep breath.

And started screaming.

Shouting at the top of her lungs. Berating him for things he hadn't done, things that hadn't happened. Loud as a banshee, shrill and terrible. She put her hands on her hips, only stopped shouting to breathe.

Upstairs, David swore he heard Stacy's music growing louder too. His sister trying to drown out the sound of their raving mother.

David let his mother rant about nonsense for a few minutes, then nodded his head at her in thanks, smiled, headed upstairs.

He didn't knock on his sister's door before entering. And, when he stepped into her room, Stacy's only reaction was to shift over on her bed to make space for him. That alone was a sign of the huge progress he'd made with her.

They hung out for a few hours, chatting about 'home' and life before the move. Lots of bitching about their mother, Stacy complaining.

Until, eventually, she said the thing he'd been waiting to hear.

"So," Stacy said softly, uncharacteristically shy. "That hypnosis thing you mentioned before. What do you do, exactly?"

And, just like that, the path forward was open to him.
He hypnotised her for the first time that evening.
The first of many, many times.