

Baby Steps: Generations

Chapter 2 of 8

Clarity. That's what I'd found. A clarity of purpose.

Before discovering my family's sordid past, I'd been a guy without a goal. Moving homes, losing friends, my whole life flipped on its head. I hadn't had anything tangible to hold on to. Nothing stable to rely on. How could I plan for the future when I had no idea where I'd be in a few weeks' time?

Not that I'd even had any grand goals to begin with.

Maybe making or designing video games for a living? Making money off playing them? Vague ideas with nothing solid to back them up. No *actual* plans. Just dreams and hopes.

Until the discovery, I'd been more than happy to just let life happen and be carried along with the tides.

Now, though, it was like something had awoken in me.

A drive I'd never felt before. An unbending, unshakable will to do this one thing – no matter the cost.

Hypnotise Mom.

Brainwash her.

Fuck her.

Own her.

I spent every day at my desk, searching through a maze of websites and journals and studies. It was the first thing I thought about when I woke up, the last thing on my mind before falling asleep. Every dream was filled with it, every waking moment consumed by the need to learn more.

Hypnosis. Mind control. Mom.

There were so many recordings. So many audio files and video files, so many entries and plans and thoughts from my late father. Getting through them all, absorbing everything I could, became an obsession.

Helen, I learned pretty quickly, was my grandmother. My father's first wife, before he'd started pursuing his daughter.

Where was she now?

I had vague, distant memories of an older woman. A grandmother. But those memories were so old, so faded with time, that I couldn't recall much beyond smiles and laughter.

Emily. My mother's name.

It was cute. Pretty. It fit her well.

Over and over, I heard the name – saw it written down. Emily. Emily. Emily. The name was so embedded in my thoughts that I began using it when thinking about my mother.

No longer was it '*I wonder what Mom's doing*'. Instead, it became '*I wonder what Emily's doing*'.

So many videos. So many pictures.

I tried my best not to binge them all. There was little I could learn from watching Emily getting fucked senseless, or seeing lewd and nude photos of her. Looking at them, watching them, gave me boners and definitely helped when it came to jacking off. But there was no *progress* in watching them. They didn't bring me any closer to that one, all-consuming goal.

Fuck Emily.

Fuck my mother.

By the time moving day came, that desire had morphed into something else entirely. I didn't just *want* to do it, I *needed* to do it. I *had* to fuck her, no matter what. More than

anything else, that desire had given my life purpose. Direction.

I knew what I needed to do.

All I needed now was to figure out how to get there.

"Everything packed and ready?" Emily asked.

"Uh-huh," I nodded, unable to even look in her direction.

"Make sure you double check before bed," she said, voice soft and sweet. Gentle.

"You don't want to be rushing around looking for things tomorrow. And don't forget to set your alarm."

It was such a bizarre sensation - hearing her talking like that, a responsible parent. Kind and caring and motherly.

Kind of hard to take that demeanour seriously after seeing how much she screamed in pleasure from being fucked in the ass. Looking at her kind, motherly smile just wasn't the same after witnessing that same face splattered with a thick load of jizz.

My mother was a slut. A sexy, beautiful, cock-loving slut.

"I will," I said, looking sideways at her. Immediately, my face turned hot, head filling with a thousand pornographic images of her. "I mean-" I glanced away quickly. "I won't forget."

"Are you alright?" She asked, voice laced with concern and compassion and kindness. "You're acting a little weird..."

"Just nervous," I muttered. "About moving."

"It'll be okay," she said, scooting over on the couch and placing a soft hand on my arm. "Change is scary, I know. But try to think of it as an opportunity if you can. New place, new people; a chance to make new friends, see and experience new things."

I gave a stiff nod, brain emptying of all thoughts.

She was touching me. Her hand was on my arm.

All she had to do was slide it down, move it to my crotch...

I forced myself to my feet, my mother's hand slipping off me. I didn't look over at her. Couldn't.

"I'm gonna go double check everything," I managed to say. "Goodnight."

I could *feel* the concern radiating off her as I walked away. Her eyes on my back, worried that I was upset. Did she think I was angry at her?

A flicker of guilt passed through me, made me stop at the living room doorway. Slowly, I turned around and looked at her.

The most beautiful woman in the world gazed back at me.

Blue eyes filled with so much caring that my heart felt like it'd melt. Big, round eyes staring at me with love and concern, shining bright and beautiful. Her full, pouty lips were tilted down in a tiny frown, parted slightly in worry. The desire to walked towards her, grab her, kiss those lips, was almost too much to take.

She was leaning forward in the seat, propped up on her elbow where I'd been sitting. Wearing a plain, white t-shirt that bulged and strained under the pressure of her massive tits. In my mind, I couldn't help but imagine that t-shirt exploding open, two huge breasts bouncing free. Breasts that I'd watched jiggling and bouncing and swaying, that I'd seen with a cock between, slathered in oil, sprayed with cum.

I had to turn away before she noticed my growing bulge.

My heart pounded hard as I rushed back to my room, collapsed onto my bed. My cock was out in moments, hand stroking it as I imagined her on top of me.

Her voice filled my head. Moans of pleasure, gasps and sighs and screams. I pictured her tits bouncing wildly, her beautiful face contorted in pleasure.

It didn't take long before I was left panting there, a mess of cum on my torso.

I had to have her. No matter what.

The world was remarkably quiet as I carried the last box to the minivan. Everything still and calm, not a breeze or hint of motion anywhere. It was like we'd woken up into a world where we were the only people in existence.

Emily – Mom – sat in the minivan's driver seat, looking at a notepad and ticking things off with a pen. In the passenger seat was Stacy, my younger sister. Tapping away at her phone and looking perpetually peeved - as always.

I struggled getting the box in the minivan. Everything behind the front two seats was packed with bags and boxes, save for a very cramped looking seat that I was going to have to squeeze myself into pretty soon. In the end, I had to stash the box on the minivan's floor – right where my feet were supposed to go. Hardly ideal.

"Is that everything?" My mother asked, turning back to look at me as I buckled myself into the cramped space. "Did you turn all the lights off, and leave the key under the-

"Yes," I grunted, trying my best to get comfortable. "Yes, and yes. It's all good."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

She nodded her head slowly, ticked something off her list, then set her notepad down on the dashboard in front of her.

"Anyone need to use the bathroom before we go?" She asked, placing one hand on the steering wheel and reaching for the ignition with the other.

"I'm good," I said, craning my neck forward so my skull wasn't being stabbed by a box corner. "Just went."

"Stacy?" Mom asked.

My sister huffed. I couldn't see her face, but I could imagine her eyes rolling. Instead of answering, she slid some earphones into her ears and began watching something on her phone.

"Okay..." Mom sighed. "Just don't go blaming me if you wet yourself. Our first stop will be in six hours."

The minivan's engine rumbled to life, cutting through the early-morning silence.

"Thanks for the memories," Mom whispered softly, eyes on the rear-view mirror.

Then we were off, minivan sliding down the driveway, turning onto the street, moving down the road. Our old home disappeared behind us, familiar streets and roads soon giving way to long stretches of bland highway.

The first stop was at an off-highway fuel station. Mom parked the minivan, started refuelling. Stacy, with much muttering and side-eye glaring, headed to the station's restroom.

I stayed back, watched Mom as she went about her tasks.

Clad as she was in tight jeans and a buttoned-down flannel shirt, I got a nice eyeful of her round, tight ass and her deliciously ample cleavage. Her red hair was tied up in a loose bun, freckled face showing the barest hints of age; crinkles at the corners of her eyes, the beginnings of laugh lines.

She leaned over the fuel pump, lost in thought.

What was going through her head in that moment? What thoughts were bouncing around inside?

I wished I could know.

Trust. A voice echoed inside my skull. *Trust is key.*

My father's voice. My father's words.

Trust. It was how he'd been able to go so far, how he'd been able to do everything he'd done. It was where everything had started. Trust. Complete, total, unwavering trust.

Mom flinched alert as I opened my minivan door, climbed out.

"Need the restroom?" She asked, shaking away whatever thoughts she'd been

having.

"Nah," I shrugged, stretched. "Just wanted to walk around for a bit. My seat's pretty cramped 'n' all."

"I could try moving some of the boxes," she said. "Maybe give you a bit more space. There's some foot-space on the passenger side, I'm sure Stacy wouldn't mind..."

Mom gave a slight wince, a silent apology crossing her features.

Of course Stacy would mind.

If there was even the slightest chance of discomfort, Stacy would throw a hissy fit over it. Whine and complain until she got her way.

"There's some room on my side," Mom said softly. "I could..."

"It's okay," I smiled. "I'll be fine. You should see how I sit when I'm gaming. This is nothing."

Before long, Stacy reappeared.

Looking like a miniature version of Mom, yet somehow having a completely opposite personality. She glared at me, glared even more at Mom, then climbed back into the passenger seat – huffing and muttering all the while. As soon as she was sitting again, she cranked up the heater and went back to watching crap on her phone.

I supposed I should be grateful. At least she was wearing earphones, and not forcing me and Mom to listen along to whatever dull shit she was watching.

Me and Mom shared a glance.

She smiled, turned around and walked in the direction of the fuel station. Me? I took the opportunity to stretch my legs and rub some of the tension and discomfort out of my back and neck.

As soon as Mom returned, I got back in the minivan.

"Everyone ready?" Mom asked when she was back in her seat. "Don't forget your seatbelt, Stacy."

Stacy ignored her.

"Put your seatbelt on," Mom said more firmly. "If we get into an accident, it'll help keep you safe. Now, Stacy."

"Just don't get into an accident then," my sister muttered.

"We're not leaving until you put your seatbelt on."

"God," Stacy breathed, glaring at Mom. "So *annoying*."

But she put her seatbelt on and, in moments, we were on the road again. Driving along another endless highway.

"What?!"

Stacy's shrill voice tore through the air, sharp and loud and unbearable. I winced, looked to Mom – who was red with embarrassment. Behind the sign-in desk, the motel's owner looked bored.

"Stacy-" Mom began.

"No!" Stacy snapped, glaring at her. "I don't *want* to share a room! It's not *fair*! I want my own room too!"

I'd never wanted to throttle my sister as much as I did right then. My hands twitched at the thought, all too eager for the opportunity.

"Fine," Mom sighed, utterly worn out by the day's drive. She turned back to the motel owner. "Okay. *Three* rooms."

"No can-do," the elderly man said. "We're full. You can have the two rooms you booked, but that's it."

"I'm *not* sharing!" Stacy shouted, stomping her foot on the ground. The motion, and the force of the stomp, made her very large breasts bounce. I barely held back from glancing at them. "If David gets his own room, so do I! I'm not sharing with you!"

Mom sighed loudly, rubbed her brow with finger and thumb.

"It's okay," I said, drawing three sets of eyes. Angry, exhausted, and bored. "I'll sleep in the minivan. Probably for the best anyway. With all the stuff in there, someone might try to break in and steal something. Won't try it if I'm there."

"No," Mom said, shaking her head slowly, "no, that's alright. You can share the room with me, David. If that's fine with you. Stacy can have yours."

Sharing a motel room with Mom?

My heart thumped loud in my chest, heat rising out of nowhere. I gulped, mouth suddenly dry.

"Uh," I managed. "Sure. Okay."

She smiled weakly at me, the toll of the many hours' drive clearly visible on her. Shoulders sagged, weary eyes, an air of fatigue around her. Even so, she still managed to take my breath away with that smile.

We collected the keys – Stacy snatching the single-bed room key with a glare – and headed to our rooms.

Two single beds. A few feet apart, with a wide nightstand between them. A small room with an even smaller bathroom attached. Austere, but much better than having to sleep in the minivan.

"I don't know about you," my mother's voice said from behind me, "but I'm beat. I'm gonna get dressed then pass out."

I glanced back at her.

The pack slung over her shoulder - it'd been where she'd kept snacks, sandwiches and drinks for the drive. She had clothes in there too?

I nodded my head, stepped aside.

She walked past me, straight for the motel bathroom. The door closed behind her and, for a long few seconds, all I could do was stare at the door.

Sharing a room with Mom.

With *Emily*.

The girl in all those videos and pictures. The hottie I'd been daydreaming about all day. She was here.

And she was my mother.

This whole setup - us forced to share a motel room - there were a thousand different ways it could go. From cheesy porn dialogue and wanton abandon to a heart-to-heart that ended in us sharing one bed. So many different scenarios that could lead to me fucking her tonight.

But she was my mother.

There was no way she'd be down for that.

Hypnosis.

I'd studied it over the last few days, knew a whole lot more about hypnosis than I had a week ago. Given the chance, I was sure I could pull it off - induce a trance.

And then what?

Trust.

Without trust, there could be no control. And Mom didn't trust me. Not in the way I needed her to. Not the complete, unwavering, unquestioning trust that she'd had with my father.

Besides, how could I even convince her to let me hypnotise her in the first place?

Given her past, me even bringing up the idea of hypnosis would probably light up every red flag for her. There was no way she wouldn't question it, wouldn't suspect my true motives.

When the door to the bathroom opened, I felt my eyes bulge.

There she stood. Emily. Wearing nothing but a knee-length t-shirt, her hair spilling down over her shoulders.

"All yours," she smiled at me.

It took me way too long to realise she was talking about the bathroom and not herself.

I gulped, nodded my head.

She raised an eyebrow at me, then glanced down at herself. A bright, innocent giggle burst from her lips, her cheeks turning faintly pink as she shook her head.

"I was meant to be sharing the room with Stacy," she laughed. "Sorry, I can put my jeans back on if this is bothering you."

"N-No!" I glanced away quickly, face bright red. "It's fine! I just need to use the toilet..."

She stepped aside, let me walk past her.

As soon as the bathroom door was closed, I collapsed onto the toilet seat - clutching my chest. My heart was *racing*.

Had she done that on purpose?

The side of my brain that wanted my life to be a like a porno said 'yes'. The logical, and probably correct, side gave a resounding 'of course not, you dumb idiot'. She was just being an airhead, not even considering the possibility that I might see her in a sexual way.

Because, of course, she didn't see *me* in a sexual way.

A few minutes later, I was stepping out of the bathroom and back into a now dimly lit motel room. The room's main light was off, the room's only illumination coming from a bedside lamp. Mom was laying in one of the beds, body completely covered by quilt and blanket.

Wordlessly, I climbed onto the empty bed.

"Ready?" She asked once I was under the covers.

"Mm-hmm," I murmured.

She reached out a slender arm, flicked the lamp off.

"Goodnight," she said, voice soft.

"Sleep tight," I said back.

"Don't let the bedbugs bite," she whispered, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

After that, there was only silence.

I remained motionless - eyes wide open. Heart thumping too heavily, mind racing too much, to even think about sleeping.

The most beautiful woman in the world, sleeping just a few feet from me. Wearing an over-sized t-shirt and who-knew what underneath. Panties? A bra? Both? Neither?

The boner that question gave me only added to my inability to sleep. But that was fine.

I didn't need to sleep.

What I needed was *her*.

And what better time to start planning my conquest than right there and then?

Hypnosis.

Trust.

Control.

And I knew exactly where to begin...