

## Baby Steps: Generations

### Chapter 3 of 8

I left the motel room before Emily woke up.

The sky was dark, only the barest hints of blue peaking out through black clouds. Though, in the area around the motel, everything was well-lit. Florescent bulbs illuminating walkways; some flickering, some buzzing with electricity.

With any luck, my mother wouldn't be awake for a little while yet. Another hour or two.

I made my way back to the minivan - parked in the motel's open parking lot. A chill in the air tickled my face and fingers as I walked. My heart thumped a rapid drumbeat.

Odd how I could feel so awake after not sleeping at all.

I found myself listening, noticing the sounds of the world around me. The constant flow of traffic on the nearby highway and the muted activity of the motel. A car engine starting up. A dog barking in the distance.

More that that - it was like every colour I could see was somehow more vibrant. More *alive*.

Mom. Emily. She'd be mine.

No matter what it took. I'd make it happen.

When I reached the parking lot, I found myself walking around it. Not heading to the minivan - though I could see it amongst the cars - but walking circles around the area instead. I reached into a pocket, pulled out my phone, flipped through bookmarked webpages.

Hypnosis. Control. Trances. Trust. Power.

My thoughts were like a soup. Everything I knew blended together with ideas and plans, some good and others terrible.

I needed Mom to trust me. Completely.

And I needed her to see me as an authority figure.

Right now, I was just her son. A young man who liked playing video games and hanging out with friends. Reliable, at least compared to Stacy. But not exactly an authoritative, powerful force in her life.

Her father - he'd had an advantage in that respect. He'd already been a powerful, influential figure in her life.

So, how did I make her see me in that way?

I glanced at the minivan.

Packed with cardboard boxes, a bicycle attached to the back and camping gear strapped up top with a tarp covering.

Camping.

Way back when, we'd gone camping a lot. Then puberty had come along and made the idea of sharing a tent with my mother a very different thing. I'd started skipping the monthly camping trips, and a short while later Stacy had done the same. And, just like that, no more camping.

Yet there were the camping supplies. Tent and chairs and fold-up table. Everything.

Why hadn't Mom ever thrown that stuff away?

Why had she decided to pack that - with great effort - when this move was the perfect chance to ditch all of it?

The answer was obvious.

Some part of her was hoping that we'd all go on those family camping trips again. She was keeping the camping gear just in case.

I made a mental note of it.

Then, nodding my head, I strode over to the minivan.

"Oh!" Emily breathed out a sigh of relief, hand over her chest. "There you are."

Waking up to find me missing, I hadn't considered how that might affect her. She was still a mother, even if I wanted her to be so much more. One of her children pulling a disappearing act in the middle of the night, at a strange motel, far from home. Of course she'd be worried.

"Hey," I said with a smile. "Morning."

"Where'd you go?" Emily asked, walking over to me. "You weren't there when I- What's that?"

She looked down at the pizza box I was holding, eyes wide.

"Pizza. There's a truck stop just down the road, open all hours. Went there to get some breakfast for us, turns out they make pizza there too. Figured I'd get some. Here."

I held the box out for her to take.

No doubt, she'd already had plans for breakfast. Snacks prepared for us to eat before continuing our long drive. But what were day-old sandwiches compared to warm, delicious pizza?

"I'd planned on getting something more breakfast-y, maybe like bacon and eggs or pancakes or something..."

"You got us pizza?" Emily asked, face lighting up.

"I... Yeah. Yeah, I did."

Everything that happened after that point felt like a dream. My brain was finally slowing from the sleep deprivation, the night I'd spent laying awake. My mother thanked me, smiling beautifully all the while. She led the way to Stacy's room, knocked and waited for my sister to answer.

In minutes, we were all sat around a motel room, munching on pizza and waking up.

It was a small thing - me buying breakfast for everyone. Not exactly a grand gesture to show how mature I was. But it was a good first step towards Emily seeing me as a responsible adult.

By the time we were done eating, Mom and Stacy were far more awake. Mom beaming, Stacy scowling in perpetual annoyance.

Me? I was barely managing to stay awake at all.

But that was fine. I could sleep plenty on the drive.

Sometime in the afternoon, maybe the evening, we'd arrive at our new home. A chance for us to create new lives. Reinvent ourselves. And, most importantly, I'd have untold opportunities to change Emily's perception of me.

All I had to do was survive the drive.

Sleeping in the minivan wasn't as easy as I'd hoped.

My plan had been to sleep through the discomfort of my boxed-in seat, wake up when we arrived at our destination and not have to deal with any of the aches and pains. Suffice to say, that plan did not turn out well for me.

I woke up countless times during the drive. Each time, feeling more uncomfortable and achy than the last. Boxes poking and prodded me, motorbikes and trucks driving past loudly, bumps in the road, and Emily pulling over at fuel stops.

The drive started with the car's heater on, filling the vehicle with warm air to stave off the morning chill. But the further south we went, the hotter things got. One of the times I woke up - from a sliding box slamming into my knee - I realised the minivan's front-seat windows were down, letting in a gentle rush of fresh, cool air.

Every time I woke up, it got more and more difficult to fall back to sleep. Until, eventually, I stopped trying.

Head throbbing - both from box corners jabbing my skull and a sleep-deprived headache - I did the only thing I could. I opened up my phone and tried killing time until this hellish journey was over.

I read everything I could about hypnosis. Everything from the goofy stage shows to secret government experiments that happened way before I was born. I skimmed over scientific journals and documents. I delved into forums and message boards on the topic.

It was like a big puzzle, and every new thing I learned was a piece fitting into place.

Hypnosis couldn't make someone do something they didn't want to. That was a 'fact' that I saw a lot, and - to a certain extent - it was true. But there ways around that, ways to twist it. Hypnosis was, after all, a tool by which 'truth' became relative.

Emily's past was proof that she was susceptible to hypnosis.

Likewise, the recordings I had were overwhelming proof that she was okay with fucking family members.

All I really needed were two things. An opening, and time.

An opening that would allow me to put her in an actual trance, and enough time and trances to alter her mind and thoughts. Her seeing me as an authoritative person, as well as having a lot of trust in me, would help enable trances and would speed up the time between that first trance and her bouncing on my cock like the horny slut she was.

Camping. Could I use *that* in some way?

Every thought was agony. But a cleansing, pure agony. The kind of pain that cut through the bullshit - made me focus with crystal clarity. My head throbbed, mind aching, but still I pushed on with my planning and scheming.

The sun was setting when we finally arrived at our destination.

Our new home.

A nice suburban house, complete with lush lawn and picket fence and polished driveway. Three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a pool out back. The perfect little place for a small family.

I climbed out of the minivan, every inch of me aching. Took in the sight of my new home, its surroundings.

The air was hot and dry, even with the sun setting.

"Come on," Emily said, walking over to me. "Let's get everything inside. Then we can order some take-away and rest."

Stacy ignored her, stomped dramatically over to the house, waiting by the front door for Emily to open it and let her in. Not a chance in hell was she going to help us unload the minivan.

"Nah, it's alright," I said. "You've got other things to do; calls and document stuff and all that. I'll unload the minivan."

"You sure?" Emily asked, eyebrow raised.

"Yeah," I grunted. "I got this."

"Emily has been asking uncomfortable questions lately," I read in a quiet whisper. "Questions about hypnosis, and what it's capable of. If it can 'change' people."

I was laying on my bare mattress, reading through one of the text documents on my father's old archive. One of the first files I'd clicked on, back when I'd first obtained access to them. When I'd skimmed it then, I'd had no idea what I was reading. The gravity behind the words.

"Her discovering the truth is unacceptable. I must start taking precautions to prevent Emily from becoming aware. Right now, I am inducing trances every night. This cannot continue while she has suspicions about my motives. Every induction will only add to her questions and increase her need for answers."

From the file's date, Emily must've been pregnant with Stacy at the time. Early on in the pregnancy, but not so early that she wouldn't have been aware she was pregnant.

"I must be stealthier with trances from now on. Instead of long inductions and recitals, a shorter trigger command would be far more efficient. A trigger phrase similar to Helen's sleep command, perhaps."

The file ended there. No more musing or thoughts from my late father. But the weight of those words alone was insane.

Helen's sleep command.

I'd seen a different file, a different entry, about that.

Programming a tranced person's mind in such a way that, when a specific trigger was given, the subject's mind would react instantly and automatically to follow specific programming.

My father had put such a programmed command inside his ex-wife's head, one that'd send the woman to bed whenever she heard a specific phrase being spoken.

This... This file... Was it saying he'd given a trigger command to Emily too? One that'd snap her right into a trance?

It made sense for him to do - if his daughter was becoming suspicious of the many trances, was questioning why they needed to happen every day and what her father was doing with them, being able to put her into a trance without a long induction process would be ideal. He could even program the command in such a way that Emily would be completely unaware she'd been tranced at all.

Had he gone through with it? Put a trigger in place?

I checked for text files dated after that one. Found several conformations that he'd been successful in implementing a trigger phrase. But no mention as to what the phrase actually was.

No matter. My father had been a man who loved keeping records. Specifically, audio recorded logs of trances.

All I needed to do was go through the audio files, find one with the right date, and listen. Any programming he put in place - including the phrase word - would be repeated many times in that trance.

So, that's exactly what I did.

It couldn't be so easy.

*Three-tailed salamander with blue fur.*

For whatever baffling reason, that was the phrase my father had set up in Emily's mind. The sentence that, when spoken, was supposed to force her into a hypnotic trance in an instant.

I couldn't be that simple. It just *couldn't*.

And yet... What if it was?

What if that's all it took? Me speaking those words? What if that's all I had to do to gain control over my beautiful mother?

*Three-tailed salamander with blue fur.*

Sure enough, it was a combination of words that weren't likely to end up in casual conversation. No-one was ever likely to speak them randomly to Emily, accidentally put her into a trance. How many furry, blue salamanders were roaming around with three tails?

I paced around inside my new bedroom, thoughts racing.

Boxes were strewn about, most unopened. There was a bag of clothes, a few mementos from my school days, my computer monitor. The mattress was still bare, no covers or sheets over it or the quilt or pillows. The walls were barren and lifeless, not even marked or stained in any way.

I had to try.

If it didn't work, it didn't work. I'd just have to do things the old-fashioned way, work my way up - take things slowly, step by step. But if it did work...

Slowly, I nodded my head. Mustered up some quiet confidence.

Then I strode over to my bedroom door, opened it, and stepped into the corridor beyond.

Right opposite my bedroom was my sister's. Stacy had claimed the largest

bedroom in the house as her own and, too tired from a long drive to argue with her, Emily had allowed it. You'd think that would've made Stacy happy, especially since she now had her own ensuite bathroom complete with small shower, but no. Stacy was still the same moody bitch as always.

I walked past that room, continued down the hallway to a third room. Mom's room. The smallest bedroom.

I gave the door a little tap, waited.

"Come in," a woman's voice sounded from the other side.

Inhaling a deep breath, I opened the door and stepped inside.

Emily was laying on her bed, wearing jeans and t-shirt and socks. She'd kicked off her shoes, was staring up at the ceiling.

Her red hair flowed on the bed around her, a fiery puddle frozen in place. Red lips parted slightly, glossy from saliva. Her eyes were shadowed, tired from the long drive and all the hasty unpacking she'd done - and from all the legal work she still had to sort out.

My eyes were drawn briefly to her chest, the two massive protrusions. Tits like beachballs, defying gravity in a tight bra - the outline of which I could just barely make out under the fabric of her t-shirt.

"What's up?" She asked, eyes flicking to me. "I thought you'd gone to bed already."

"Slept too much on the way here," I lied. "Body clock is all whacked. How come you aren't asleep yet?"

"No reason," she shrugged, looking back up at the ceiling. "Just thinking about things. Nothing important."

I opened my mouth, though the ability to speak seemed to have abandoned me in that moment. No words came out, no thoughts blossomed in my head. I just stood there, gaping like a fool.

"So," Emily said. "What did you want?"

"Oh. I... Uh..." I gulped, forced my eyes away from her.

It wouldn't work. The trigger had been implanted in her mind almost two decades ago. There was no way it still worked. Not a chance. I was wasting my time.

"I was just wondering..." I had to try though. I just *had* to. "Have you ever seen a three-tailed salamander with blue fur?"

Emily blinked. Her eyes narrowed, brow furrowed.

"I'm not..." She said softly. "I'm not sure..."

She closed her eyes. And, for a long moment, I dared to hope it'd worked. That the trance had taken root.

"Mom?" I said softly, taking a step towards her.

"I think..." She breathed, opening her eyes. "I should sleep... Just got really tired all of a sudden..."

That was something.

The line had affected her in some way. It might not have put her into a trance, but it wasn't *gone*. It was still in there. In her mind. It still *existed*.

"Have you seen one?" I asked softly, taking another step closer. "Have you seen a three-tailed salamander with blue fur?"

"Huh?" She said, eyes rolling sleepily in their sockets. "What're... you..."

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur," I repeated. Soft but firm. A commanding whisper.

"David?" Emily asked, voice barely a whisper.

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur."

Her eyes closed, body relaxing. The confusion on her face faded away, replaced with serene nothingness.

Had it worked? Was she in a trance?

She looked like she was asleep.

I stared at her, too scared to move. Her chest rose and fell, drawing my gaze back to her humungous breasts. I gulped, my eyes wide open.

"Mom?" I said after a few silent moments, soft and timid. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," she breathed in reply, her voice devoid of emotion.