

Baby Steps: Generations

Chapter 4 of 8

I stared at her open-mouthed.

My mother. In a hypnotic trance.

Too easy. It'd been *way* too easy. There was no *way* it'd actually worked. No way...

And yet, there she was.

Eyes closed, breathing evenly, looking so much like she was sleeping that I was half-convinced she *was* asleep. But she wasn't.

"Mom..." I said, gulped. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she breathed, eyebrows twitching slightly.

"What's my name?"

"David," she answered in a quiet monotone.

What now?

Part of me wanted to whoop and yell and celebrate. This was it! Everything I needed to seduce my mother, to make her mine. Hypnotic trances available to me at any time. All I had to do was utter a simple phrase, and I could put her under whenever I wanted!

She was in a trance right now!

So... What was I supposed to do next?

Every plan and idea fled from my mind. Everything I'd learned about hypnosis and trances vanished. As I stared at my mother's body, eyes drawn like magnets to her chest, every single thought in my head seemed to go quiet.

What now?

How could I turn *this* into her sleeping with me?

"Uh..." I gulped, mind suddenly blank. "What's... What do you..."

Nothing. Brain empty.

I shook my head, clenched my fists.

Focus.

"I want you to listen carefully," I said, closing my eyes for a moment and forcing myself to remember. "Listen to my voice. My words. Nothing else matters. Just my voice..."

Keep a record for future reference.

I reached into my pocket, pulled out my phone. It took all of ten seconds for me to unlock it and open up a sound-recording app.

"Lately, you've been stressed out a lot. Moving homes and all the paperwork around that, leaving friends and everything behind and having to start fresh, Stacy's attitude. Lots of things building up on each other. Of *course* you'd be feeling stressed and worn out by it all."

How had her father done it? Getting her from seeing him as nothing more than her dad, an aromantic relationship, to intimate lovers. How had he achieved it?

Trust.

He'd made her trust him. Completely.

"Hypnosis can help with that. *I* can help with that. All I need you to do is listen... Listen to my voice..."

I could do this. I could make this work.

"Just listen," I said softly, "and I'll make everything better..."

As far as first trances went, I think mine went well enough.

After spending a few minutes soothing my mother's stress and anxiety, urging her to rely on me and telling her that I'd make everything okay, I put her to sleep. I didn't wake her from the trance, but instead led her mind into full oblivion - with the command to sleep deeply and restfully, to wake up feeling pleasantly refreshed.

If everything worked out as I'd instructed, she wouldn't remember any of it. She'd wake up feeling great without any idea I'd even been in her room.

All I had to do now was sneak out of her room.

But, as I stared at her sleeping form, I found myself unwilling to leave just yet.

Those tits. They were *massive*.

Two gargantuan watermelons barely contained behind a t-shirt and bra. They drew my eyes and stiffened my cock, compelled me to step closer to my sleeping mother.

Without thinking, I reached out - hand hovering above them.

"Don't," I warned myself in a whisper.

It'd be so easy, lowering my hand to squeeze them. Play with them. Maul them to my heart's content. So easy, and so *dangerous*.

I balled my hand into a fist, pulled it back.

Couldn't risk waking her.

But I didn't turn or step away. Instead, my gaze drifted up from my mother's mouth-watering rack to her face.

A serene, beautiful, angelic face. Breath-taking.

As I stared at her, I saw two completely different women. One a mother, the other a slut. I saw the radiant smile of a mother; wrapping a tiny bandage around my finger when I'd cut it as a kid, cheering me on at a school sports event, comforting me when I'd flunked an important exam. And I saw the other half of her, the side I hadn't known about until recently. The woman who'd moaned like a whore as she bounced on her daddy's dick, who'd sucked him dry and smiled happily as she gulped his cum down - not wasting a single drop.

My mother; a kind, caring, gentle person who never judged and always seemed so pure and happy and brilliant.

And Emily; the slut who lived to satisfy her father's lusts and desires, never questioning or hesitating. Blindly obedient and unsatiable in her lust.

How could one person be both?

As I looked at her and thought about my mother, the woman who'd raised me and cared for me, I felt the overwhelming desire to cover her with a blanket. Tuck her in and make sure she slept soundly and comfortably.

But when I thought about Emily, the wanton slut, the only urge that swept through me was to tear off those clothes and ravish her right there and then. Fuck her like she needed fucking, make her mine, hear her moans and screams of pleasure.

In the end, I did neither.

I left her laying there uncovered, clad in her t-shirt and jeans and socks, blanket to one side.

Covering her would've been nice, but it might've woken her.

Much better that she sleep, wake up tomorrow feeling refreshed and happy and oblivious. Besides, she didn't need a blanket. Not with all those clothes on.

Maybe next time, she'd go to bed wearing less. A lot less.

I could only hope.

The sound of crackling bacon and sizzling eggs filled the kitchen. I got to cutting a fresh loaf of bread as the rest of the breakfast cooked, buttering up each slice in preparation.

I wasn't much of a chef, but I was *fairly* certain I could handle some bacon and egg sandwiches.

Probably.

It didn't take long before the scents of frying bacon wafted up through the house, hopefully rousing my beautiful mother from her slumber. What better way to wake up, after all, than to a freshly cooked breakfast? With sunlight streaming in through open curtains and birds tweeting happily outside... Perfection.

When the bacon and eggs looked about done, I slapped them between two slices of freshly-baked bread and fetched an empty glass and the carton of orange juice I'd just bought.

I don't think I'd ever been so productive this early in the morning before. Not even ten yet, and I'd already gone out and bought some produce from a nearby shop and local bakery. Moving into this place, having a fresh start, was doing wonders for me.

Or, probably more accurate, desire for Emily was being a very powerful motivator for me.

If I wanted to manipulate her mind through hypnosis, I needed her to trust me. To rely on me. Which meant she couldn't see me as a child. I needed to appear grown-up, mature. No more getting up in the mid-afternoon and playing video games into the early hours of the morning.

I set the glass of orange juice down beside the sandwich plate, grabbed a blueberry muffin from a four-pack I'd bought and placed it on the counter too.

Breakfast in bed for Emily.

Now all I needed to do was find a tray to serve it all on.

One quick glance at several cardboard boxes filled with bubble-wrapped kitchen crap was enough to make me wince.

It'd take *ages* going through all those boxes, pulling everything out so I could get to the bottom of each one. By the time I found a serving tray - if we even *had* any - the sandwiches would be cold and the juice would be warm.

So... Plan B.

I didn't *have* a Plan B.

Improvise.

Now *that* I could do.

An empty box from the living room, quickly folded up into a makeshift tray. Easy. All I needed to do now was take it all up to Emily, wake her up if needed, and bask in the gratitude she had to give.

Simple.

The day passed quickly. Unboxing and organising, a break to go shopping for bits and pieces we didn't have – ethernet cables and a chopping board and the like. Mostly, it was just me and her getting on with things. Putting up curtains and cleaning dusty kitchen cabinets and getting the internet up and running.

Stacy stuck to sulking in her room, only coming out when she needed to eat or use the bathroom. But that was fine. Ideal, even. The less my bitchy sister was around, the more time I'd have alone with Emily.

Watching her build up a sweat throughout the day was *lovely*.

She'd decided to wear a thin, white sundress today. Puffy shoulder sleeves and a tight waistband, with a skirt than fanned out around her knees. A plain, casual sundress that – on her – looked absolutely amazing. Save for slippers and socks and underwear, she had nothing else on. No shorts under the dress that I could tell.

As the day progressed, her pale skin began to glisten with sweat. Beads sliding down her forehead and cheeks and chin, dripping onto her magnificent chest. More than a few times, I caught her panting from exertion.

Neither of us were used to the climate around here yet. The hotter weather, the dry air. Even simple tasks were exhausting.

Still, watching Emily gulping down chilled water, hearing her sighs of satisfaction, was nice. A little perk to spending so much time and effort labouring through the day.

"It's a shame the pool isn't filled," Emily said at one point, drawing my full attention, "going for a dip would've been a great way to cool off."

Sorting out the empty pool shot right up in my list of priorities.

Emily in a bathing suit? Yes please.

As the sun went down, the heat began to fade. Before long, it was pitch-black outside and cold inside. Emily put on an old, leather jacket, got herself a woolly blanket. I slumped down on the sofa next to her, let out a deep sigh of relief.

"Almost done," I said, looking around at the fully furnished living room. "Just need to vacuum and sort out some of the minor stuff." Like the pool.

"Mm'hm," Emily hummed contentedly.

For a long while after that, there was silence. Emily was too worn out for conversation, much preferring to sit there and relax before bed. When I glanced her way, she had her eyes closed, a small smile on her lips, a bottle of water on her lap. Lower half covered in a blanket, upper half wearing that old jacket.

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur," I said before I could stop myself.

"Hmm?" Emily hummed.

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur."

The smile slipped from her face, replaced with the same neutral indifference as last night. Features going blank and slack and empty. Her shoulders slumped, body relaxing.

With all the subtlety and finesse of a ninja, I reached into my pocket for my phone. Pulled it out and began recording.

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur," I said again.

When she didn't react to the words, I inhaled a breath.

"Emily," I said, "can you hear me?"

"Yes," she replied without emotion.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes."

"Who am I, Emily?"

"David," she answered quietly.

Slowly, I pushed myself up off the sofa. Moved so I was standing over my beautiful mother.

"I'm not the first person who's had you in a trance, am I?"

"No," she said, eyebrow twitching.

"Hypnosis requires trust," I said, watching her face closely. "You didn't ask me to put you into a trance, and you weren't aware of it happening. But it's not the first time *that's* happened either. The man who used to hypnotise you, he also put you into trances without you being aware of it."

That was true. I didn't know exactly how long he'd been doing it, but Dad had definitely put Emily into trances without her consent. It was the whole reason he'd made the trance command in the first place. He'd wanted to hypnotise Emily without her being aware of it – didn't want her to question any of it.

"That man, your previous owner, you trusted him. Trusted him completely. Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Even though he was trancing you without your consent, without you being aware of it, you trusted him. Right?"

"Yes," she answered, eyebrows narrowing.

"And it worked out for you. You benefited from it. I mean, you loved him and had a great relationship. Had kids with him. Your life was good. Great, even. You were happy, weren't you?"

"Yes..." Emily whispered.

"You were happy despite him trancing you," I said. "If anything, you were happy *because* he was trancing you."

That was probably true. From everything I'd learned, my mother had been happy back then. Living her best possible life with her ideal, perfect lover.

Yes, Dad had *made* her see things that way. But she'd been truly happy regardless.

"You were happy because you were being tranced," I said.

Such a beautiful face. Serene and relaxed. Full, plump lips that begged to be kissed.

"Say it," I commanded. "Say you were happy because you were being tranced."

"I was happy because I was being tranced."

"Being tranced made you happy. Even though you weren't aware of it happening, it brought joy and happiness into your life."

I reached down, brushed a stray strand of hair from her face.

"He could only do that – bring you joy and happiness – because you allowed yourself to trust him without question. You trusted him completely, and it led to you being happier than ever before. Isn't that right?"

"...Yes."

I sat down before ending the trance, made sure to sit exactly as I had been earlier. Since I'd never woken someone from a trance before – last night, I'd ended the trance by putting her to sleep fully – I wanted to make everything as seamless as possible.

Emily shifted in her seat, blinked her eyes open. Momentary confusion, then awareness.

"Did I..." She said, raising a hand to her head. "Did I just fall asleep?"

"Only for a few minutes," I shrugged. "It's been a busy day. I'm almost passing out myself."

A minute later, Emily was standing, walking towards the living room door. About to leave and go to bed, knock out for the night without any idea she'd been in a hypnotic trance. Completely oblivious to reality.

She stopped at the door, looked back at me.

"Thanks," she said softly, a tired smile tugging at her lips. "For helping out today. And for the breakfast. You didn't have to."

"I wanted to," I grinned. "It's about time I grew up, right? Be the man of the house and all that."

She stared at me for a long moment, a mother's love shining through beautiful irises. She nodded her head, smiled brightly.

"Goodnight," Emily said.

"G'night," I said back.

And then she was gone. Walking upstairs. Out of sight, but not out of mind.

I sat there for at least another hour thinking about her.

My plans and hopes and fears. A million different scenarios playing out in my head; everything from successfully seducing her, to her realising what I was doing and kicking me out. Images of her on top of me, moaning like a bitch in heat. And images of her scowling at me in disgust, betrayal and rage in irises too pretty for those harsh emotions.

Anything was possible. The good, and the bad.

With hypnosis – that magical little phrase I'd discovered – I had unrestricted access to my mother's subconscious mind.

But, until she trusted me completely, there was always the possibility of her mind rejecting me. Of her becoming aware of what I was doing, reacting badly to it. Until I gained that key ingredient – unquestioning trust – I'd be in a risky place.

So... How did I do it?

How did I make Emily trust me that deeply? Totally and completely. Unquestioningly. Without hesitation or doubt.

How could I get *that* to happen?

"She has to trust me somewhat already," I said to the empty room. "Otherwise, her mind would've rejected me straight away."

So, I didn't need to 'create' trust. More like... Build up the trust she already had towards me. Grow it to the point that she trusted me more than herself.

A spark.

The flare of an idea.

Because that was true, wasn't it?

I didn't need her to trust me absolutely. I didn't need her to put her heart and soul into trusting me. I just needed her to trust me *enough*. I needed her to trust me more than she trusted herself. To believe that I knew better than she did what'd be good for her. Make her *want* to rely on me.

Which meant all I *really* needed was to destroy Emily's trust in herself.

And I had the perfect tool at my disposal to do just that.

I got up, left the living room. But I didn't go up to my bedroom. Instead, I headed outside to the pool. When I looked back at the house, only one room's lights were still on.

A smile split my lips.

The view from Stacy's room would be *perfect*.