

Define Insanity

Chapter 6

"Well?" Mom demanded. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

We were in the dining room. Her across the table from me, Dad sitting beside her. Chloe was at the table too, looking as radiant as ever.

"I guess..." I shrugged, a tiny smile tugging at my lips. "I just don't give a shit."

The glare she gave me would've made a lion shit itself.

I met the gaze, smile unwavering.

"Unbelievable," Mom sighed, shaking her head.

"Don't blame me," I said. "I'm simply a product of my upbringing. If I'm not the son you wanted, *you* should've raised me better. At the end of the day, this is all *your* fault."

The next few moments played out exactly as I'd imagined.

Mom and Dad sharing a look, him passive and her resigned. When she looked back at me, my mother's expression was firm. Her eyes cold, jaw tight.

"You're right," Mom said, struggling to say the words. "We raised you poorly. I failed as a mother."

Damned fuckin' straight she had.

I basked in that moment, my mother admitting failure. Then, before anyone thought to take the reins of conversation from me, direct it in a different direction, I spoke.

"The queen bitch failed at something. Hallelujah!"

She didn't snap at me for calling her a bitch, and neither did Dad. They both sat there, eyes on me, waiting.

"I did something deserving of punishment," I said, my gaze never leaving the judgemental, resigned irises of my mother. "But the way I act is your fault, your failure in raising me. So, logically, *you're* the one who should be punished."

Again, she didn't respond. The only reaction she gave was a tiny flinch, a slight narrowing of her eyes.

My mother was not the type of woman who liked taking orders.

Too bad for her. With the simple alterations I'd made to the world, to her mind, she'd have no say in what came next.

"But what would be an appropriate punishment for you?" I hummed, pursing my lips in faux thoughtfulness. "Something fitting the crime, obviously... But what punishment could possibly make up for me almost destroying your life's work?"

When I put it like that, being made to scrub floors for a few hours didn't seem like much of a punishment at all.

"How about..." I smiled wickedly. "Some good ol' fashion spanking?"

My mother sighed.

"Corporeal punishment," she muttered under her breath. "Of course you'd think of that. An ineffectual, violent punishment that's been proven to-"

"Shut it," I grunted, "and get that juicy ass over here."

I pushed my chair back from the dining table, tapped my lap.

She sighed again, slowly pushed herself to her feet.

Every pair of eyes followed her as she made her way around the dining table, approached me. Her hips swayed as she walked, entire body radiating sexuality and lust. Her face, though, was devoid of any naughtiness. Annoyance, disgust, indignation. All muted, hidden behind a mask of feigned indifference.

When she reached me, she stood still beside the chair for a few long seconds. Mustering up resolve, perhaps.

Then, face firm, she lowered herself – bent over my lap.

My first thought was the weight, the mass of her upper body on my legs, my knees. The next thought after that was on the positioning of her body. Her tummy on my upper

legs, huge tits hanging off one side, her legs on the other. Ass raised up in the air, head bowed down, face fully visible.

I'd get to see every wince and flinch.

My cock stirred. Hardened like glass.

"This is gonna be fun," I whispered to myself, grinning.

"It's not *supposed* to be 'fun', Barry," Mom snapped. "It's a punishment, not a party. Take it seriously."

God, I was going to enjoy this.

"Do you know why you're being punished today?" I asked loudly.

"Of course I do," Mom answered.

I reached down, began hiking up her lab coat.

"Say it. Tell everyone why you're being punished."

Mom's head turned, eyes looking to her husband and then her daughter.

"I'm being punished," she said, the words bitter in her mouth, "because my son went somewhere he's forbidden from going. Because he risked damaging the Temporal Processor's servers and running my experiment. I'm being punished because I failed at raising a reasonable, rational, mature, well-rounded son."

I tried not to take that last part personally. Even if it was personal – directed right at me, in fact.

Bitch.

When her lab coat was bunched up on her lower back, I reached for the hem of her black miniskirt.

"You failed as a mother."

She didn't respond. Just looked down at the floor. Waited.

"You were too stupid to raise a son right. So many parents out there raise their kids just fine, but you failed. So much for you being a genius..."

Her head snapped up. She shot a hot glare right at me.

I smirked at her. Savoured her indignation.

"You're a stupid mother. A bimbo mommy. All tits and ass, and no brains."

Her glare sent shivers of ecstasy running down my spine.

"Say it," I commanded, peeling the miniskirt up her butt.

"I'm a stupid mother," Mom snapped. "A bimbo mommy. I'm all tits and ass, with no brains."

Black, fishnet stockings and a red, g-string thong.

Clothing that made my mother's ass *pop*.

Her round cheeks swelled out. Firm, perfectly shaped buttocks with a deep, tight valley between them. An ass that made my mouth water and my cock throb.

I gripped her fishnet stocking, yanked them down roughly.

"Again," I commanded.

"I'm a stupid mother," she said quickly, voice catching in her throat. A lot of the anger, I noticed, had slipped away from her voice. Replaced with fear or embarrassment or shame. "I'm a bimbo. I'm all tits and ass, no brains."

"A *bimbo* mommy," I corrected. "You really are dumb as shit, aren't you?"

"A bimbo mommy," she gasped.

My hand caressed one of her big asscheeks. Gentle. Almost lovingly. I spread my fingertips over the smooth, pale skin.

"You're a bimbo mommy," I said softly. "You deserve this."

"I'm a bimbo mommy," Mom whispered, fear and panic making their way into her voice now. "I deserve this."

I lifted my hand away from her ass, raised it up high.

"You have no idea how long I've dreamed about this."

Before she could speak, I swung my hand, slapped her ass as hard as I could.

"Ah!" Mom gasped. An erotic, high-pitched yelp.

My hand stung as I lifted it again, palm hot. Before she had a chance to recover from the first spank, my hand was coming down for the second.

"Bitch," I grunted, raising my hand again.

Smack!

"Cunt."

Smack!

"Sexy."

Smack!

"Whore!"

Across the table, Dad watched with a frown. A few feet to one side, Chloe sat grinning.

Up my hand came, then it swatted right back down.

There was a *whoosh* of air, then the sound of the collision. A loud, brutal *slap*. Followed instantly by a gasp or grunt or whine. Mom trembled on my lap. She clenched her ass, as if that'd protect her from my onslaught. Every time I spanked her, her pale, reddening skin rippled from the impact.

I was in heaven.

"You're a bimbo mommy," I growled, raising my hand. "Say it!"

"I'm a bimbo mommy!" Mom wailed.

Down my hand came.

Slap!

She gasped and let out a little, pained groan.

"Again!" I snapped.

"I'm a bimbo mommy!"

And up my hand went again.

I lost myself in the act. Swatting my mother's ass over and over again, ignoring the pain and tingles in my hand, ignoring everything else in the world. It was just me and Mom, her bent over my knees, presenting her ass to me for judgement.

I spoke – commanded her to say things. And she did.

"I'm a stupid bitch!" Mom cried out.

"I'm a useless cunt!"

"I'm a bimbo mommy!"

"I deserve this!"

"I'm a bad mother!"

"This is where I belong!"

It only stopped when my arm got too heavy to lift. I struggled to raise it high enough, grunted as I put the last of my strength into it, brought it down one last time.

Smack!

Mom gasped, entire body flinching.

Her naked ass was red, pink lines from my fingers and deep crimson areas from where the palm of my hand had struck. Her body was limp on my lap, ready to topple off and fall to the ground like a ragdoll. She was panting heavily, face hidden behind a veil of long, sweaty, blonde hair.

It took a surprisingly long amount of time for me to realise my boxers were damp. The boner I'd had earlier was gone. Deflated.

I'd jizzed myself.

I burst out laughing. Maniacal, gleeful laughter.

Everyone in the room looked at me like I was crazy. Dad's eyes were wide, his mouth hanging open. Chloe was giving me a side-eye look that made it seem like she wanted to back away. And Mom... She'd managed to fight off the limpness, ignore the strain, and had turned her head to look at me.

Through strands of blonde hair, I saw her round, pained, disgusted eyes.
Which only made me laugh all the harder.

It was a simple - yet brilliant - idea.

I was sick of being punished. I wanted to punish Mom. So why not flip things around? Make *her* be the one receiving punishment. It didn't even require all that much in the way of alterations either. Just one, simple idea. That she – as my mother – was responsible for my actions.

Any punishment that'd been due for me, was now hers to bear.

And who better to mete out her punishments than me? The one she'd so thoroughly failed.

It was almost poetic.

After her spanking, I gave the bitch a few hours to recover.

Then, when I got bored of waiting, I went in search of her.

It didn't take long to find her.

She was, predictably, in her office. That wide, open room filled with desks and projects and accolades. When I barged into the room, I found her sitting at her computer desk, eyes on the monitor with glasses down her nose. Acting like nothing had happened earlier, like she wasn't sitting on a bruised and battered ass.

"Get up," I said loudly, "and take off your clothes."

She looked up at me, didn't move.

"Now, slut!"

"Language!" Mom snapped. "Watch your tone, Barry. Don't think that the punishment earlier changes anything. If you want to continue living here with us-"

I stopped listening. Mind racing for answers. Finding them before I could even finish thinking the question.

Mom thought it was over and done with. Punishment received.

Not a chance.

She went silent as I turned, walked over to one of the room's desks. When I snatched up a blueprint, she shouted my name. A silly attempt to scold me. Prevent me from causing any more 'trouble'.

I turned, watched her face as I tore the blueprint to pieces.

It was, if I wasn't mistaken, a blueprint for the Temporal Processor with hand-written notations strewn about it. Priceless and irreplaceable.

"Barry!" Mom screamed, jumping to her feet. "How dare-"

"It's your fault," I said loudly, silencing her. "You're the one who raised me. I'm this way because of you. You need to be punished for raising such an asshole, don't you?"

She glared at me. Didn't refute it.

"Now," I said, a new smile tugging at my lips. "Take your clothes off. All of it."

She trembled where she stood. Face red with rage.

For a long few moments, I was certain she'd refuse. Would start screaming and raving. Hell, I was ready for her to straight up start attacking me. Now *that* would've been interesting!

When every day was a reset, I found myself caring less and less about individual events and actions. So what if Mom attacked me? In a few hours, she wouldn't remember any of this. None of it would've happened. All her attacking me would do was make this loop a little more interesting.

She didn't attack me, though. Didn't shout or scream.

Glaring daggers at me, face red-hot, she dropped her shoulders and started taking her clothes off.

The lab coat first. Sliding off her shoulders with ease.

That sight – my mother not wearing her lab coat – was titillating all by itself. Her not

wearing that thing? It was more scandalous than anything else I could imagine.

Under the lab coat, she wore a simple blouse. So thin and white that it might as well have been transparent. Buttoned up neatly, only the topmost buttons left undone – exposing a valley of deliciously shadowed cleavage. Under that blouse, clearly visible through the thin fabric, she had on a slutty bra. Red with black lining, a lacy lingerie bra that squeezed her massive tits beautifully.

She reached slowly for the blouse, taking as long as she possibly could to undo each button. Her hands trembled all the while; out of rage or fear, I had no idea. She could take as long as she liked, though. Why rush things when I could watch and savour every sinful second?

When the last button of her blouse came undone, she slipped it from her shoulders. Refused to meet my eyes as I gazed at her.

Next, she went for the miniskirt.

Slipping her thumbs under the waistband, she wiggled her hips and lowered the skirt. Curiously, those hip-wiggles were distinctively seductive. Motions I'd expect to see on a stripper, not my angry mother.

Alterations from previous days – making it so that Mom and Chloe moved seductively, and were completely unaware of the fact – were still in effect. Things would stay that way until I changed them, made alterations to alter previous alterations. *If* I ever decided to change them.

Once the miniskirt was freed from Mom's wide hips, it dropped to the floor easily enough. Revealing a g-string thong with the same red and black lace as her bra.

She stood there for a moment, eyes on the ground. Clad in her matching bra and thong, fishnet stockings and high-heeled shoes, a pair of wide-rimmed glasses. Hair tied back. Her hourglass figure exposed, skin flawless and unblemished. No stretch marks from the pregnancies two decades past, nor marks on her huge tits from the strain of their weight. No spots or birthmarks or freckles or moles. Nothing.

She was absolutely perfect. A flawless specimen.

Brains, looks, personality.

The three key ingredients every woman needed. And my mother had two of them in abundance. The third? Not so much.

"I'm waiting," I said, eyeing her up and down.

Mom flinched. Glared at me. Reached around her back.

I didn't hear the bra clasp being undone, but I saw the exact moment it happened. How the bra straps slackened, the strain and tension releasing. Her hands reappeared from behind her, took hold of the bra's shoulder straps, slid them aside.

The bra dropped.

Perfection.

The two most beautiful, amazing tits I'd ever laid eyes on. Heavy and huge, sagging ever so slightly, with pretty pink nipples and wide, puffy areola.

It took all my willpower not to launch myself at her, grab those massive tits and have my fun with them. Groping and folding, sucking those mouth-watering nipples. An image flashed through my mind of slapping those tits, watching them dance.

My hand flexed by itself, tingled at the thought.

I held myself back. Watched with glee as Mom leaned forward and began tugging down her fishnet stockings. Her tits hung down from her chest, dangling there. Swinging like pendulums.

Mom's stockings came down, revealing yet more smooth, pale skin. And, after she'd stepped out of her shoes and stockings, it came time for the last piece. Her thong. She shut her eyes tight, hooked her thumbs under the waistband, slowly pulled them down.

I forced myself to wait. To stand there, back straight, and not walk into the bathroom.

I could hear the water running on the other side.

The shower.

How long had it been? Twenty minutes? More?

I'd told her to wash up, put on some nice perfume and to doll herself up a little.

Make herself presentable.

Surely that shouldn't take *this* long. Right?

I stood there for another twenty minutes, battling demons that were compelling me to barge into the bathroom, take her right there and then. But, finally, the door opened. And out she stepped, looking as stunningly hott as I'd ever seen her.

Mom. Wearing white, bridal lingerie. Bra and panties and garter belt, a little floral-lace band around one wrist.

Dolled up and ready to go.

The only part of the picture I wasn't fond of was the glare. But she'd lose that quickly enough.

"Good," I smiled, eyes roaming her stunning body. "Very good."

"Let's just get this over with," Mom sighed. "I've got work that needs doing. The sooner I get back to it-"

"Hey!" I barked, offended. "I'm not some one-pump chump. Your work is gonna have to wait 'til tomorrow. For the rest of today, you're mine."

Her only response was to sigh again.

"I'm gonna go warm the bed," I told her. "Set the mood 'n' all that. Go find Chloe and Dad, tell 'em we're gonna be fucking for the next few hours and not to disturb us. Got it?"

"Yes," Mom sighed. "Are you *sure* this is the punishment you think is most appropriate?"

"Don't question me, slut. Just go do as your told. And... And while you're at it, be sure to remind everyone just how much of a stupid, bimbo whore you are."

"Fine," Mom sighed, stepping away from me. She made it a few steps before she paused, looked back over her shoulder. With her face twisted in a way that made it look like she was eating something very sour, she spoke again. "I'm a stupid, bimbo whore."

"I'm well aware," I smirked.

She turned her back on me, continued on. Off to fulfil the task I'd given. Her 'punishment'. Or part of it, at least.

Smiling, whistling to myself, I headed the other way down the corridor. Walking towards Mom and Dad's bedroom.

Where better to fuck my Mom for the first time than on her own bed?