

Chapter 1

"Faith." I set the pendulum away. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Good. Listen to my voice. Only my voice and nothing else."

"Only..." Her eyes were closed, voice a monotone. "Only your voice..."

I preferred this version of Faith. She was more receptive, so unlike the frowning brat just moments ago.

Scooting closer, I looked down at my client laying on the couch, eyes closed, neck lolled to the side, her barely concealed chest rising and falling steadily.

I grimaced at her ear piercings and all those awful tattoos. Even how she dressed was offensive—just pieces of strings and fabrics covering her tits, her outfit completed with the very definition of a *miniskirt*.

I sighed. She was going to take *a lot* of work.

"Your name is Faith," I said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes."

"You're nineteen years old."

"Yes."

I afforded a quick glance at my notes. "You love eating popcorn and dark chocolate."

"Yes."

What I was doing was boring, but important. People always assumed hypnosis was 'mind control' and that hypnotists can make their subjects do whatever they wanted. Right and wrong. I couldn't make Faith do what she didn't want to do or force her to believe in something she didn't agree with.

But there was a trick to it. When people were hypnotized, the conscious—and smart—part of their brains shut down, leaving only the unconscious. And since the unconscious mind didn't have the best critical thinking skills, a skilled hypnotist could abuse that fact.

What I was doing was exactly that; manipulating the more receptive part of her mind. By making simple statements that had Faith agreeing with me, her mind would eventually settle into a more suggestible state. After all, everything I have said so far was correct, so everything I said next *had* to be right.

That went on for another three minutes. Me telling her hard facts and her agreeing with me.

Eventually she was saying 'Yes' without any split second pauses, telling me she wasn't thinking much anymore and just agreeing with me.

"Faith." I tapped a finger on my knee, finally done with the boring part. "Do you remember what we spoke about during our last session?"

She paused for a while, and I could almost feel her hypnotized mind processing the question.

"Yes," she finally said.

"What did we learn?"

A soft smile appeared on her lips. "That I love sex."

"No." I shook my head. "You don't love sex. You love the *feeling* of sex. You love the pleasure it gives you."

She nodded. "Yes, that's right."

"You love pleasure," I corrected her. "Not sex."

"Yes."

"What do you love?"

Her answer was instant. "Pleasure."

"Correct." I sat back on my chair and exhaled, allowing my gaze another journey down her petite body.

I had to admit, Faith was pretty. And once upon a time, she was probably as innocent as the name she had been christened with. But falling into the wrong crowd in university had corrupted her beyond repair.

Almost beyond repair. That's why her parents brought her to me.

Okay. Time to get to work.

I brought a hand to her thigh, nudging it apart. "Spread your legs."

She did so without protest, and I dipped my hand under her mini-skirt, clicking my tongue when I touched wetness.

I couldn't resist a smile. "Naughty girl."

Faith sucked in a breath when I ran my thumb over her pantied pussy, and when I found her clit and made small circles.

If it wasn't for the soundproofed walls installed around my office, her parents outside would definitely have heard her moans.

My methods might be unconventional, but no one could doubt the results.

"Is this what you want, Faith?" I asked, watching her writhe and gasp. "Pleasure?"

"Yesssss..."

I nudged her panties aside and slid two fingers inside her, almost moaning myself when I felt her walls clamping around me.

Jesus, she was tight.

"Oh... god..." Faith started pumping her hips, aching to have me deeper inside her. "Ah..."

"Focus, Faith," I grunted. "Capture this feeling. This pleasure. Can you do that?"

"Yes..." I watched her arch her back off the couch, hips pumping against my hand. "Ah... I love this."

I grit my teeth, working her pussy, my thumb on her clit. "Doesn't this feel amazing?"

"Yessssss..." She lolled her head back, her moans growing louder and louder.

For the vast majority of people, pleasure was their strongest motive and Faith was no exception. It was vital to find a person's desire because it was the ultimate motivation to push someone towards a big change—a shift in mindset and core values.

If I wanted to hypnotize someone to quit smoking, I would bridge the connection of *displeasure* to the smell of cigarettes.

If I wanted someone to lose weight, I would form a connection with pleasure to the action of working out.

I already pinpointed Faith's primal desire. All I needed to do next was connect that craving of pleasure and bridge it to something else. In this case, her parents wanted to fix her disobedience problem. They wanted their innocent, obedient daughter back, and they were paying me good money to accomplish that.

For a whole minute, I continued fingering her, whispering in her ear, refining her focus to the pleasure she was feeling. And when I was sure she was close to breaking, I spoke out.

"Do you want to cum, Faith?"

Instead of answering, she fucked my hand harder and faster.

"Faith."

"Yes... please!" Her eyes flickered open, but only whites showed. "Please! PLEASE!"

"Answer this one question and I'll let you cum."

She whimpered in response.

"When your parents make you do something, how do you feel? How do you feel if your father told you to clean the dishes, or when your mother tell you not to show too much skin?"

"I... I hate it."

"Do you feel annoyed?"

"Very..." She grunted, hammering her hips against my hand, but I kept her at edge, refusing to give her the orgasm she craved.

"Please..." she gasped. "Please."

"The next time you obey your parents, you will feel this pleasure you're feeling at this very moment. But you'll only feel it just for a split second. That is not enough for you, Faith. You'll want more and more."

She continued moaning. I continued speaking.

"You won't feel this pleasure the next time you have sex. Whenever you seek pleasure through sex, masturbation, or intimacy, you'll feel numbness instead. The only way you can feel pleasure is when you obey your parents. Do you understand?"

"Please—" She choked a breath out. "P-Please."

"Faith," I repeated patiently, watching the young beauty relish in her ecstasy. "Do you understand?"

"Yes!" she gasped. "Yes!"

"Repeat what I said."

"When..." She was having difficulty speaking, grunting softly between words. "When I obey my parents... ah... I—I will feel pleasure."

"Good girl." I inserted another finger inside her. "Cum now."

I woke Faith up and gave her a glass of water.

She took it without a thanks and gulped the entire thing down, probably confused by her sudden thirst.

"How do you feel?" I asked, taking the empty glass back from her.

She offered a lopsided shrug. "Good, I guess."

"Alright." I rose to my feet and nodded to the coffee table between us. "You can take some of the snacks if you want. Otherwise, I'll see you next week."

She stood up too and sighed loudly, probably annoyed she had to waste time coming here every week. For her, these weekly sessions were forced upon by her parents to cure her body dysmorphia. It was the only excuse they could conjure up to make her come.

Faith didn't take the snacks I'd offered. Instead, she went straight for the exit, and I had to catch up, opening the door and nodding politely as she breezed past me to reception. Her parents stood up when they saw us and I motioned for them to come in.

When we were seated, her parents, especially her father, had a lot of questions for me.

"Your daughter is progressing fantastically," I reassured them. "You can finally take action this week. What I did this session was give her a pleasure trigger. It will activate whenever she obeys either one of you two. Start slow. Maybe tell her to open the door for you or maybe tell her to—"

I stopped when I saw their faces.

The father spoke first. "She doesn't listen to us. She wouldn't do any of those things."

"Find a way," I told them. "Maybe give her money as an incentive. Five dollars to fetch a glass of water."

Both of them nodded thoughtfully as they mulled over my suggestion.

"And then..." The father chose his words carefully, concern filling his features. "Would... would she start behaving?"

"Yes. But you need to start slow. Soon, she'd connect the trigger with obedience, and then you'll see a massive change with your daughter. But it starts slow. Do some practice this week, and for the next session, I'll do more refining work on her. You can update me through email." I stood up and offered my best reassuring smile. "Don't worry. This will work. She will be the good girl you always wanted her to be."

Faith's mother started tearing up, and her husband took her hand, squeezing.

I led them out and then locked up my office, giving myself a silent pat on the back for another job well done.

I still had Faith in my mind by the time I reached my apartment. I swore I could still hear those eager grunts as I finger fucked her tight cunt.

Unlocking my apartment door, I stepped inside, smiling when I smelled dinner.

Luckily I had a woman to take care of my cravings.

Right on cue, I heard heels clicking towards me. A second later, *she* appeared around the corner, completely naked except for high heels.

"You're back," she greeted me in Korean, closing the distance between us, hips swaying, tits swinging. I dropped my briefcase just as she wrapped her arm around my neck, bringing our lips together.

She broke the kiss after a while, and her next words were in English.

"Welcome home, *Master*."

It felt so *wrong* for her to call me that, but that what made it feel so fucking good.

“And hard,” she commented, using her other hand to reach between my legs, cupping my erection through my pants. “You’re always hard.”

“Mom...” I closed my eyes, as she undid my trousers and slipped a hand underneath.

“Do you want me to serve you dinner now?” My mother asked, stroking my cock, her thumb sliding happily over my tip.

Fuck.

Pressing her teardrop tits against my chest, she leaned in, nubbling my earlobes, whispering more filth. “Or do you want *me* first?”

We both knew the answer to that.

“Come,” I growled, kicking my pants away, and leading her towards the room where we spent most of our time together.

Mom giggled as I pulled her towards the Master bedroom, and then she yelped when I turned her around and bent her over the bed, forcing her tits against the mattress.

Like always, she was drenched for me, her pink pussy glistening under the bedroom lights. I didn’t waste any time. Discarding my boxers, I guided my rock hard cock into her cunt, and our moans entwined as I entered my darling mother.

I couldn’t believe it was just only a year since I first hypnotized her. A whole year since I turned an overworked air stewardess into my vision of a perfect mother.

Mom didn’t work anymore. She stayed home everyday, keeping the apartment spotless, cooking for me, then waiting patiently for me to return home so I can fuck her in any way I want. However long I wanted.

“Baby...” Her groan was a mixture of pain and pleasure as I stretched her apart.

I could feel her quivering around my cock, feel the heat of her insides pressing around me. “Y-Yeah?”

“Are you happy?” she asked.

It was a dumb question. Who wouldn’t be happy fucking her?

“Of course I am.” To illustrate that, I gripped her ass and used her cheeks as leverage to find the perfect back and forth rhythm, fucking my mother slowly at first, intending on savoring every stroke.

“I’m glad.” Her breaths became patchy. “I... I want to make you happy.”

Even a year later, her programming hasn’t faded in the slightest.

“I’m the happiest son there is,” I told her.

She groaned, then turned to look at me. Her dark hair was a wild mess around her face, but I could still make out those gorgeous brown eyes gazing at me with a look of love.

I started pushing the pace, started fucking her harder and faster, eager to spill the pent up load I’ve been building all day into her.

“Ah...” Mom met every thrusts, timing her hips perfectly with mine. “Yes...”

“Mom,” I gritted my teeth, feeling her pussy squeeze and quiver. “Fuck...”

“I’m close.” I almost choked when she gripped me harder, squeezing my entire length. “You can do better, baby. Fuck me. Fuck Mommy until I scream for you.”

Mom had always been like that. She was so positive and always tried to push me to do my best.

I loved that about her.

With her words of encouragement, I let loose. I slammed my cock in and out of her so hard, her tits swayed with every thrust.

“Oh yes!” Mom cheered me on, clenching the bedsheets, knuckles white. “Just like that! Fuck me! YES! FUCK MOMMY!”

And then I was a goner, losing all control of rhythm.

Mom orgasmed with me, screamed and moaned with me.

She was perfect. I *made* her perfect, and I told her that as I unloaded into her, spilling seemingly endless ropes of cum into her clenching pussy. When I was finally empty, I slumped down onto her sweat slick body, kissing her neck, breathing her in.

“Baby...” Mom turned around to face me, panting hard. “That was amazing. I think—”

“Sleepy time, Mom.” I clicked my fingers, activating her trigger word.

The effect was immediate. Her eyelids slammed shut and her body went limp. I never tire of seeing that.

“Mom, can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

Her voice was a complete monotone, so different from her breathlessness just seconds earlier.

I took a second to collect myself. Sex with Mom was always intense.

“Mom.” I began. “Amara is landing tomorrow evening. Correct?”

“Yes.”

“There have been some... changes to this household over the last six months. Do you agree?”

“Yes.”

“And she might feel uncomfortable with these new changes. Do you remember how to behave while she’s around?”

“Yes.”

“You have to pretend to be your old self,” I reminded my hypnotized mother, not liking what I have to say, but having no choice in the matter. At least not yet. “You can’t refer to me as Master, you have to wear clothes while she’s at home, and you have to pretend to be your old self before I... improved you. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I grabbed one of her tit and squeezed. “Yes, what?”

“Yes, Master.”

Smiling, I slapped her other tit, watching it bounce.

We already had this talk as soon as I learned that my sister was returning home after her graduation. But I needed to run through the details with my mother one last time. I could have this conversation while she was conscious, but I never tire of seeing her under trance.

Mom knew I had been hypnotizing her and changing her over the past year. But she didn't mind. Of course she didn't.

"You were a bad mother before, weren't you? Never home, never cleaning the house, never making my meals, never paying attention to me."

"Yes," she whispered the word so low, I had to lean in to hear her.

"But you're an amazing mother now. I'm very happy with you."

"I'm happy too."

"I'm going to help her too, Mom. I'm going to hypnotize her. Make her more like you." I smiled, already knowing my mother's answer to my next question. "You don't mind, don't you?"

"No."

I pinched her nipple. "Why not?"

She whimpered. "Because she's a bad sister."

"Yes." I closed my eyes for a moment, relishing the power I had over her. It was *intoxicating*. "And?"

"To help her become a better sister, you need to hypnotize her."

"She'll become a good sister soon," I assured my mother, still playing with her tits. Mom had the perfect kind of breasts—not too large, but big enough to fill my palms.

"Yes. That's what I want."

"That's what you want," I agreed. "Okay. I'm going to wake you up on the count of three. When you hear the snap of my fingers, you'll wake up feeling refreshed and energized, and you'll remember everything. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I started counting.

Mom opened her eyes. She was confused for half a second before her memories returned.

"Oh." She blinked. "Baby... you don't need to worry. I know what to do."

"I know." I smacked her ass hard. "Now be a good girl and serve me dinner."

She giggled, then shot me a sexy lip-biting smile, brown eyes gleaming. "Yes, Master."