

Chapter 1

—Three months before the events of Corrupting Little Sister—

Happy Birthday, big bro! Almost halfway to thirty! Are your bones creaking yet? Haha, hope you have a good one :D

I re-read the text for the twentieth time, my gaze lingering on the last line.

Hope you have a good one :D

It was the only birthday greeting I had received. The only one—and sent to me from thousands of miles away. I guessed everyone around me had forgotten. Not that I had a lot of friends, but still, they should have remembered.

I had texted her a thanks, but I should have called her instead. I kept telling myself she was busy and I delayed the call until it was too late. My little sister was in university, studying hard and achieving her usual perfect grades.

Fuck, I should have called.

I heard the front door unlocking, then opening, and I put my phone away. And then the faint clicks of high heels had me getting out of bed.

My mother greeted me with my real name when she heard me. But she wasn't looking in my direction, too focused on removing her high heels.

I greeted her back, then stood there like an idiot, wondering when she would remember my special day.

I knew it was immature to expect a 'Happy Birthday'. It was already odd to be living with your own mother—especially when I just hit twenty-four—but in our culture, we weren't pressured to move out until we were married.

"Have you eaten?" my mother asked me in Korean.

"No," I replied to her, in English as usual.

"You should eat something," she told me. With a silent sigh, she headed to her favorite location to nap, slumping down on the couch. "God, I'm tired."

"You need to stop pushing yourself." I sat down on the opposite couch, studying my mother. She was still in her stewardess uniform, her red scarf around her neck, her beautiful hair down to her shoulders.

Mom was forty, but she still had flawless skin and a lean figure kept in shape by constant visits to the gym. People always assumed she was my older sister, and I had no idea how she still managed to look like that, especially since she was always overworked and stressed out.

We were silent for a long while, with my mother trying to relax and me trying to find the right words.

Has she really forgotten my birthday?

I finally broke the silence, asking if she had eaten.

“Only a bit,” she replied, still in Korean. She brought her fingers up to her temples, rubbing away a headache.

“Do you want to go out and have some supper?”

“Now? At this time?” She reopened her eyes. “I can’t. I have a flight in seven hours.”

Before I could say anything, she stood up, said a tired ‘Good night,’ then retired to her room.

Wow. Okay.

I couldn’t be angry at my mother since I could empathize why she must have forgotten her own son’s birthday. She had better things to worry about, and her well placed anxiety was the sole reason she managed to raise Amara and me as a single mother.

But a large part of me was disappointed. It was a Saturday and yet she was working until late into the night.

Hell, I have rarely seen my mother in normal clothes anymore, always in her red uniform.

I didn’t get it. She didn’t even need to work this much. My hypnotherapy clinic brought in decent money, and Amara had a scholarship that fully funded her education. So why was she still obsessed with working?

Somehow, I had to help her see the truth.

But it would be difficult to convince her. If she still wouldn’t retire when her children were financially fine, then I didn’t know what it would take to—

Of course. The answer had been staring me in the face.

I was a hypnotherapist. All I had to do was hypnotize my mother. I could ease her stress and hopefully convince her to retire. She would be less stubborn while under trance.

I nodded to myself. Decision made.

"Hypnotize me?" My mother shook her head and breezed past me, luggage in tow. "Darling, I just finished my flight and I need sleep. Could this wait?"

She slumped down on the couch and rubbed her temples, apparently still having that headache of hers.

I sat on the couch, this time right beside her. "I can help you with your exhaustion and I can help you with your stress. Make you relax better. That's what I do. Help people."

She closed her eyes. "I don't know. I just need some sleep and I'll be fine."

"Please." Reaching over, I touched her hand, and she opened her eyes. "Let me help you. Just try this once. If it doesn't help, then I'll stop bothering you."

"You're not bothering me." She sighed. "I'm just—" She went silent suddenly, and I watched as she thought it over.

"I can even help ease that headache of yours," I offered.

She blew out a breath. "Can you really do that?"

"Of course. Let me help you. Please."

She was silent again, making my heart sprint. Why was I so nervous?

Ten seconds passed. Twenty seconds. Finally, my mother nodded.

"How long would this take?"

I was already on my feet, heading to my room to retrieve my crystal pendulum and the tea I had already prepared.

"Not long," I told her. "Thirty minutes max."

She raised an eyebrow when I handed the cup, staring down at the herb concoction I had brewed. "What's this?"

"It's for relaxation. It's made from all natural herbs, and it's healthy."

"Okay..." She raised the cup up to her nose, sniffed it once, paused, then brought the drink to her lips, sipping.

"It tastes like tea, right?" I asked.

She nodded, taking another slow sip.

I was telling the truth. The drink was indeed all natural, brewed from numerous herbs and different types of dried roots. One of the main ingredients was valerian root—a sedative herb, famous for having hypnotic effects and useful for treating insomnia. Mixing the root with certain other herbs and specific roots would multiply the hypnotic effect tenfold.

The most difficult part of hypnosis was making subjects fall into a trance—especially when it was their first time getting hypnotized. The mind wasn't used to being brought into such a suggestive state, and most patients always get nervous, making my job so much more difficult.

The herbal drink solved both problems.

"Drink it all, Mom," I told her. "Then we'll begin."

After a minute, Mom set the cup down and nodded at me. She started to say something, but the words froze on her lips. I saw her eyes going wide.

She almost fell forward, but I reacted fast, holding her shoulders. The tea had already taken effect.

"It's okay, Mom," I reassured her, laying her on her back and placing a small pillow behind her neck, propping her head up. "This is normal and the feeling will pass soon. Just relax."

"What..." Mom's words were a little slurred, and she was struggling to keep her eyes open. "What is... happening?"

"It's okay," I said, bringing my crystal pendulum into view. "Mom, it's okay. Just relax."

She said nothing. I could only hear her breaths.

"Just relax," I repeated, swinging the pendulum in front of her. Her eyes immediately followed the crystal.

Left, right. Left, right.

"Keep your eyes on the crystal, Mom."

“Eun...” My mother only said my real name if she was serious. I could tell she was trying to look at me, but her body was refusing her orders. Her brown irises remained on the crystal.

“Shh... it’s okay. Keep your eyes on the crystal. Relax, and follow the crystal.”

Left, right.

Left, right.

I knew if I told her what the herb would actually do, she wouldn’t drink it. I felt a little bad, but all of this was to help her.

And she wouldn’t remember a thing anyway.

“Help...” Mom spoke out, but her speech was slurred.

I kept the crystal swinging in front of her.

Left. Right.

Left. Right.

“Relax, Mom,” I kept repeating the word. “Relax.”

I could tell it was working. Her eyelids were twitching, and her jaw was slack, lips ajar.

“Don’t you feel relaxed, Mom? Doesn’t it feel good to be this relaxed?”

Her eyelids twitched.

“Eun...” My name came out in a heavy slur—her last spark of resistance.

“Relax.” I whispered, swinging the crystal, watching my mother fall deeper and deeper into my control. “It feels good to be relaxed, doesn’t it?”

She wasn’t speaking anymore. Her eyes were glued to the swinging crystal, the fight in her snuffed out.

Left and right. Left and right.

“Your eyelids are getting heavier and heavier, aren’t they? You want to fall asleep, but you can’t stop looking at the crystal.”

Left. Right.

Left. Right.

“You want to sleep, but you can’t close your eyes. No matter how hard you try, you have to stay awake. You have to keep looking at the crystal.”

Her eyelids twitched again, and I could see her pupils dilating and glazing over, a telltale sign her consciousness was falling into a deep sleep.

“That’s right,” I continued. “Keep looking at the crystal. Your eyes are getting heavier. Very heavy. Keep breathing. In and out. In and out. That’s it. Good.”

Left and right. Left and right.

“Mom. I’m going to count down from three, snapping my fingers as I go from each digit. Every time you hear my snap, you’ll feel even more relaxed. And when you hear the third and final slap, you will go to sleep. Do you understand?”

“Yes...”

“Three.” *Snap*

Her eyelids twitched.

“Two.” *Snap*

Her breathing slowed.

“One.”

SNAP!

Her eyes closed shut. Her body went limp. Time fell to a halt.

Was I dreaming? Had Mom actually agreed to getting hypnotized? Had I actually hypnotized my own mother? I stared at her, taking in the moment.

Mom was a mesmerizing sight. She was still wearing her bright red stewardess uniform. Her makeup was immaculate, her hair done up perfectly, and drool was all over her pretty chin.

Was I—

I glanced down. *Fuck* I was hard. *Really* fucking hard.

Mom was hypnotized. Completely under my control. I could do things to her. I could—

No. No, no, no!

Not again. Every time I hypnotized an attractive client, my impulses would flare up. But I had always held down. After all, it would be *wrong*.

But the fact that the subject was my own mother made my temptations so much worse. This was my mother. Someone I knew so well and loved with all my heart. And I couldn't ignore the obvious fact.

Mom was *hot*. There was no doubt who Amara had inherited her beauty from.

We were at home and safe. No one would know if I—

No. Get to work.

"Mom." My voice was hoarse, and I didn't realize my hands were shaking until I set the pendulum away.

It felt like I was doing something *evil* although my intentions with her were pure. At least that was what I was telling myself.

"Yes?"

There was no emotion behind the single word. Yet, she might have well purred it out into my ear because her monotone had me breathing hard, cock throbbing.

I trudged on.

"Your name is Hana." I paused, then spoke out her full name in Korean. "Is that correct?"

"Yes," she replied in Korean.

"You're a mother to two children. Correct? Speak in English."

"Yes."

"You work as an air stewardess. Am I right?"

"Yes."

What I was doing was important. I had to guide my mother into a more suggestive state of mind. Hypnosis wasn't just 'mind control' as the public viewed it to be. I couldn't make my mother do things she didn't want to do, or force my beliefs on her if she didn't agree with me.

But since the conscious part of her brain—the smart part of her brain—was asleep, I could abuse the fact that her unconscious mind couldn't form complex rational thoughts.

If I kept stating facts she knew to be undeniably true, then everything I will say *had* to be true.

I continued telling her facts about herself, and soon, she was saying 'Yes' without any pauses, telling me she wasn't thinking much anymore.

Her mind was open, and it was time to properly begin.

"Mom..." I exhaled a long breath, my eyes taking all of her in. Mom really had an amazing figure, one that girls in their twenties would be jealous of. It was all lean curves and smooth skin, and I took a beat to compose myself, once again trying not to give into my urges.

It took a while.

"Mom," I began again, voice still shaky. "What makes you the happiest in life?"

There was no hesitation in her answer, which was surprising because usually I had to take time to guide someone into finding their deepest desire.

"Providing for my children."

What?

Okay.

"Would... umm." Shit. Her answer caught me off guard, and I was stumbling on my own words. "Umm..."

Fuck.

I composed myself, gathering my thoughts. Her deepest desire was to provide for us? I mean, it was true. Since my sister and I were young, all Mom did was work so she could pay the bills and put food on the table.

That was why I was hypnotizing her. The goal was to make her work less and spend more time relaxing. She deserved it.

“Okay.” I started again, forming an idea of where I wanted to push this conversation.
“Providing for your children means being a good parent, right?”

No hesitation to her reply. “Yes.”

“So instead of saying providing for your children makes you the happiest, would a better way to rephrase be that... being a good mother makes you the happiest?”

She only took a brief moment to think it over.

“Yes.”

“You want to be a good mother to your children.”

“Yes.”

“What makes you happiest in life is to be a good mother to your children.”

“Yes.”

“Your greatest pleasure in life is to be a good mother to your children.”

“Yes.”

“Your greatest pleasure in life is to be a good mother to your son. Me.”

“Yes.”

I swallowed. “Would you say you’re a good mother?”

This time, she didn’t answer immediately. It took a whole thirty seconds of tense silence before she reopened her lips.

“Yes.”

Shit. A roadblock.

I mean, she *was* a good mother. An amazing mother. But I needed her to think that she wasn’t.

If she believes she was a good mother, it would be much harder to influence her. If she already thought she was doing a good job, why make any changes?

I needed to create doubt in her mind. Then I could change her.

And the fact she had to take a moment to think about whether she was a good parent was a good sign. It meant her answer wasn't absolute, and she still had doubts.

I had to exploit that.

But that would require more time, and I needed to wake her up soon. Hypnosis sessions usually only lasted thirty minutes at the maximum. Any longer could be dangerous for the subject. The conscious mind wasn't used to being shut down for this long.

But before I wake her up... one more thing.

"Mom, how do you feel right now?"

"Relaxed..." she breathed, chest rising and falling. I had to fight not to stare.

"Do you want to feel like this all the time?"

"Yes." No hesitation.

"You will. The next time I say the words 'Sleepy time, Mom' and when you hear the snap of my fingers, you will return to this state, where you are relaxed and safe. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Done. It was finally time to wake her up.

"Mom, I'm going to count up to three, snapping my fingers as I go from each digit. Every time you hear my snap, you'll feel yourself waking up. And when you hear me saying 'three' and hear the final snap, you will wake up feeling refreshed and energized." I paused. "The last thing you remember is coming home and taking a nap at your favorite spot on the couch. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Standing up, I put the teacup and pendulum away, not wanting her to see those. It could mess with the false memory I gave her and trigger her real memories.

When I returned, Mom was still in the same position—laying down, looking so vulnerable, drool all over her chin. I took a moment to retrieve some tissue paper and wiped her saliva away.

Finishing that, I started waking her up.

“One.” *Snap.*

Mom shifted.

“Two.” *Snap.*

She groaned softly. Her eyelids twitched.

I gulped.

“Three.” *Snap.*

“Mmm...”

I was already on the opposite couch, phone in hand, Instagram on my screen.

“Darling?” She looked at me, blinking rapidly. She yawned then rubbed her eyes. “Mmm... how long was I asleep for?”

“Not long,” I replied. “Maybe an hour or something.”

She stretched her arms out wide, the motion pushing her tits out.

I force myself to look away, feeling my face burn. I was still hard, and luckily, Mom couldn’t see that.

“I don’t even remember coming back home,” Mom mumbled. “I must have been so tired. Didn’t really get much sleep last night.”

“You should get more rest,” I advised her.

“No need. Actually...” She stood up. “I feel great right now. I think I’ll change and go for a jog at the park.”

“Sure.”

Mom disappeared into her room and I stared after her, my eyes on her bubble ass, looking amazing against her tight red pencil skirt.

I have never really thought about Mom sexually, but hypnotizing her for the first time had awakened something in me.

If I thought about it, Mom and my sister, Amara, had always been objectively more attractive than all the girls I was crushing on.

But I couldn't do anything about it.

Sure, I could hypnotize Mom, numb her senses and fuck her on the couch. But If I do that, I'd have to go through the rest of my life knowing I had taken advantage of my mother like that.

That couldn't happen. That *wouldn't* happen.

I'd just continue hypnotizing Mom with the goal of making her a better mother. She would be at home more and working less. She would be happier that way.

I am doing it for her. Not for me.

"I am doing it for her," I repeated the words out loud. "Not for me."

I am doing it for her. Not for me.

I am doing it for her. Not for me.

I kept repeating the words like a mantra. But the more I said it, the more it felt like I was lying to myself.

