

Chapter 2

Day five

“Mom, can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” I left my hypnotized mother and walked over to the tripod I had set up a distance away. Glancing at the camera monitor, I made sure everything was in frame.

It had been five days since I first hypnotized my Mother. It had also been five full days since I last saw her. She had been packed with international flights, and obviously I wasn't happy about her lack of presence at home.

When was the last time she had cooked for me? Cleaned my room? Dispose of the garbage?

Call me a traditionalist, but I felt like those duties should be reserved for the females of the household. Mom thinks she was a good mother—and she was—but there was always room for improvements, and my current goal was exactly that. Make Mom believe she could improve as a mother.

Stay at home more. Cook full meals for me. Serve my needs better.

The mere thought of returning home after a hard day of work with Mom waiting for me, homemade meal at the ready, was an enthralling vision. If I had a wife, that would be the ideal scenario, but I was single, so Mom had to fulfill that role—not working in airplanes, serving rich, entitled strangers.

Her place was at home.

Satisfied that the scene was ready, I clicked 'record' and returned to Mom, who hadn't moved an inch since I left her on the sofa. Her eyes were closed, her makeup was immaculate, and her chest was rising and dipping steadily. She looked so peaceful.

Usually I would journal a client's progress for documentation, but I thought of trying something new. Having a video reference of my mother's progress sounded much more appealing.

“Okay, Mom,” I started, sitting down on the chair I had placed right beside the sofa. “Let's get started.”

She shifted slightly. “Mmm...”

I would be lying if I said hearing her moan like that didn’t turn me on. I looked down at my beautiful mother.

She was still dressed fully in bright red—her flight uniform. As soon as she came through the front door with her luggage in tow, I was already waiting for her, greeting my mother with just a few words.

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

I had already waited way too long for our second hypnotherapy session, and unfortunately for Mom, she had zero say in the timing of our sessions.

“Mom,” I said, officially starting her programming. “Do you believe you’re a good mother?”

I held my breath. Please say—

“Yes.”

Fuck. I was holding hope she had changed her mind. It would make my life a hundred times easier.

I sighed. “Why do you think you are a good mother?”

“I raised my children right.” Her monotone voice droned on. “I provided for them when times were tough.”

That was true. But...

“But you’re seldom around your children. You don’t interact much with us.”

“Providing for them is more important.”

“But we can sustain ourselves already. We’re already adults, Mom. I’m earning a living. Amara has a fully paid scholarship, and she even has an allowance.”

Silence. Mom didn’t know how to answer that.

A good sign. It meant she still had doubts and her view of her being a good mother wasn’t cemented in her mind.

I could work with this.

"We miss you, Mom," I told her. "I miss you. Don't you think a good mother would spend time with her son?"

Silence again. I was about to push my point again when she spoke up.

"Yes."

I pumped my fist in a silent victory. Small wins. This would add up.

She spoke up again. Mom was being too talkative for a person being under hypnosis. It meant her subconscious was working on overdrive, and I shouldn't keep pushing her.

"But providing for them is more important."

No, it wasn't.

I almost said that aloud. Arguing with a hypnotized person wouldn't solve anything. I had to use her own logic and bring her around to mine.

I drew out a slow exhale, doing my best to gather my thoughts and compose myself. I needed to probe deeper into her thoughts. Find her logic and weaponize it against her.

"We are already financially stable, Mom. Why still provide for us when we don't need the extra help?"

"We need it for emergencies." Her voice was rising, and the monotone was slipping away. "There could be an accident, or maybe Amara might change her mind and go for a Masters and—"

Her eyes peeled open.

Shit.

My mother blinked, and I snapped into action, bolting up and going for the camera, which was still recording us.

"Luke?" She sat up with a groan. "W-What... when did I arrive home? I—I don't remember."

"Uhh..." I quickly carried the tripod away and placed it at the corner, out of her immediate view. She didn't remember anything. A blessing in disguise. "I think like an hour ago or something."

"An hour?" She sounded like she didn't believe me one bit. Glancing down at her watch, her frown deepened. "It can't be an hour."

"I'm not sure," I told her, watching my mother sit up, her face a mask of confusion. "But I heard you coming back not that long ago."

"And I slept on the sofa?" She shook her head. "I just passed out like that?"

"I guess so." I shrugged, trying to look calm, thankful she couldn't hear my thunderous heartbeats.

She thought about it for a few more moments before she got up, still massaging her temples. "I'm going to take a shower and change. Could you grab takeaway for both of us?"

"Yeah, sure."

She started to head to her room, but Mom stopped in her tracks when she saw her luggage still at the front door. With a shake of her head, she muttered something under her breath, retrieved the luggage and disappeared into her room, closing the door behind her.

Fuck. Me.

I really fucked up. I knew I was pushing her too much. It would take a bunch more sessions for her mind to get familiarized with being put in a trance, yet I was overconfident, assuming Mom was too deep under a trance to wake up even if there was a fire in the building.

Patience. That was what I needed.

Day Seven

I unlocked the front door and saw the most unusual, but a very welcoming sight—Mom lounging on the sofa in just a sports top and tight leggings.

"Hey." She looked up from her iPad. "How was work?"

"Good, I guess." I walked over to her and set my briefcase down.

"My flight was canceled, so I thought I'd take some time to destress."

I nodded at her outfit. At forty-one, Mom had no right to have a body like that. "Going for a run?"

“Yeah, in a bit.”

“So... you have the whole day to yourself?”

“I do have a flight later on, but it’s late in the evening so—”

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

Her body went limp. The iPad fell from her grip, dropping to the ground. Luckily, the screen didn’t crack.

“Mom.” I set the iPad away, grabbed a chair, and sat down. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

I loved her monotone voice. In the oddest way, it sounded... sexy?

“Mom, I want you to visualize something.” Leaning in, I continued, having planned out this conversation ever since the failure of our last one. “There is a young, single mother with her two small children. Her name is Grace, and she has a young son and a younger daughter.” I paused to let her digest my words. “Can you see them?”

“Yes.”

“They are struggling financially. Grace is working three jobs to support her children. Can you see the mother working?”

“Yes.”

This time, I was fully focused, ignoring the sexy attire she had on and bringing all my attention to her expression. Mom remained relaxed, her breaths still steady, her voice still a complete monotone, giving me the green light to push forward.

“Fast forward until the children are adults. The boy, now a man, is working a job, and the girl, now a fully grown woman, is in a faraway country, completing her degree with her education fully paid for.” I paused a couple of beats. “The mother decided her duty should be shifted from working multiple jobs to supporting her children.” I paused again. “Would you consider Grace to be a good mother?”

No hesitation.

“Yes.”

Bingo.

I didn't need to convince Mom that she was a bad mother. It was possible to do that, but it would be extremely *difficult*. I would have to make her believe all her decades of hard work for us were not good enough.

I had to do the opposite. If I gave Mom a scenario of a good mother and let her relate to this imaginary woman, I could bring her to be more like this perfect mother.

“Grace isn't a bad mother.”

“No.”

“Grace spends all her free time helping her son. She cooks for him, cleans for him, greets him warmly when he comes home from work. Grace's son is happy that his Mother is so thoughtful with helping him. Grace is happy too, feeling like she is making an enormous impact on her son's life.”

I knew I was describing a wife, not a Mother. But in our culture, especially in my Mother's time, if the son hasn't been married yet, the mother would take the wife's role. And I knew Mom liked the traditional family dynamic, but she couldn't play the role of a housewife since there wasn't a natural breadwinner in our family.

I looked at Mom, letting my gaze wander down a little. Mom had good sized breasts. Not too large, but nothing to scoff at, too.

“Is...” I cleared my throat. “Is Grace a good mother?”

“Yes.”

“You're a good mother too, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Wouldn't you like to be a better mother? For your children?”

“Yes.”

“Would you like to be more like Grace? More relaxed? Happier?”

“I...” Mom lapsed into silence.

“Grace’s son is happy. He comes home every day with a smile on his face.” It was time to deliver the big hit. I breathed in. Exhaled.

“Wouldn’t you like me to come home everyday happy like that?”

A second passed. Two seconds.

Then,

“Yes.”

“But you can’t, can’t you?” I said. “You have a job that requires most of your attention.”

“Yes.”

Even though she replied in a monotone, I swore I could hear glimpses of regret in her tone.

“That’s fine,” I said. “But let’s say I bring home good money. Enough to grow a large emergency fund for the family. Would that ease a lot of your worries? Would that make you want to retire finally and be a stay at home Mom, like Grace?”

“Yes.”

Mom shifted on the sofa, and I knew I was on borrowed time.

“If your son is bringing in good money, you would be open to the idea of quitting your job.”

Her eyebrows twitched. Not good.

I quickly backtracked. “If your son is bringing in good money, you would be open to the idea of taking fewer flights and spending more time helping your son.”

Mom parted her lips. “Yes.”

I couldn’t hold back my grin. “How much would I have to bring home? Give me a figure.”

She told me.

Day Eight

Somehow, faking a document felt more wrong than hypnotizing my mother.

I had left my monthly income statement on the kitchen island—with the figure at the end greatly exaggerated. Mom had gone to the gym and should be returning home soon.

An hour later, I heard the jangling of keys, then the sound of the front door being unlocked. I waited for my cue, pacing back and forth in my room.

Any time now.

I was usually pretty patient, but it seemed like when it came to family matters, I would emotionally regress back a number of years.

Any time now.

She should—

“Luke!”

“Yeah?” It took all of me to not fling my door open and rush outside.

Instead, I did a few more rounds, pacing back and forth before I allowed myself out.

My mother was exactly in the position of what I had in mind. Standing over the kitchen island, eyes wide, face a mask of disbelief at the documents in her hands.

“Is this...” She looked at me. “Is this really how much you’re earning?”

“Oh.” I faked shame, walking over to her and signaling for the papers back. “I forgot I left them there.”

“Luke!” She waved the papers at me. “Is this after taxes? This is how much you’re earning?”

“Yeah.” I rubbed my neck, trying my best to not look her in the eyes.

Despite how I have been acting over the past week, truthfully, I hated lying—especially to my loved ones. I was afraid that if I looked straight at her, she might catch my deception, like she had done so many times in the past.

But avoiding eye contact added to my ‘shameful’ act, and when Mom shook her head in disbelief again, I knew I had her.

“Why didn’t you tell us?” she asked, looking over the statement again, clearly not believing what her eyes were telling her. “When did you start earning this much?”

“I just got lucky—I’ve been growing my clientele recently, so I increased my prices.”

“When?” she huffed.

“Umm... about six months ago?”

“Six months?” she muttered something under her breath, and I knew she was calculating the numbers. “Luke, please tell me you didn’t spend all of this.”

“No, Mom. I actually saved the majority of it.”

“Wow...” She dropped the papers on the kitchen island, then took a step back.

“Sorry I didn’t tell you,” I mumbled, gathering the paperwork and folding them up.

Mom took a seat on the sofa, at the exact spot where I usually hypnotized her. She was still shaking her head and breathing hard, so there was no doubt she had bought the lie.

“Luke...” she whispered. “This changes everything. I’ve been working so hard, trying to grow our emergency fund, but...” She shook her head again, blowing out a long breath.

I walked over to her and sat down, placing a hand on her knee. Mom was still in her workout clothes, and her leggings felt so *soft*.

"Mom, you don't have to work anymore," I told her. "Let me deal with the finances. It's okay."

She was silent for a moment, still deep in thought. Finally, she nodded.

"I can maybe take fewer shifts. Maybe now I can afford to relax more."

"Why don't you quit work altogether?"

"And do what?" She looked at me. "Stay at home all day? I can't do that."

"Why not? You deserve the break. And maybe you could help me out? Maybe you could start cooking again, so I don't always have to go for takeouts for both of us."

She thought about it. "Maybe."

That wasn't enough for me.

"Sleepy time, Mom."

I caught her as her body dropped sideways. Mom smelled amazing after her workout, and I laid her on my lap, stroking her head.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

Her monotone reply had me rock hard. She was lying on my cock, and I stifled the urge to do anything dumb.

"Yes."

"Do you remember Grace? The perfect mother with her happy children?"

"Yes."

"Grace worked hard for so many years to support her children. Then once her kids grew up, her son started earning a lot of money to support the family, so Grace decided

to retire and be a stay at home mother, cooking and cleaning up for her son.” I brushed my thumb along her soft cheek. “Is what Grace doing logical to you?”

It only took a few seconds before Mom answered me.

“Yes.”

“Grace is a good mother, correct? The perfect mother.”

“Yes.”

“Doesn’t Grace deserve her retirement?”

“Yes.”

“You’ve been working so hard over the years. Don’t you deserve your retirement, too?”

Mom stayed silent. I watched her closely, only continuing when I was sure she was still deep in trance.

“You like working, don’t you, Mom?”

“Yes.”

“I’m working extremely hard five days a week to bring in that amount of money. I come home tired and hungry every day. Wouldn’t it make more sense to free up more of my time and energy by helping me out? Grace is doing that, and she is an amazing mother. You want to be a better mother, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“So why don’t you help me?”

“I...” Her breathing was getting louder, but I soothed her by stroking her head, and soon she was calm again.

“You can’t do two things at once, Mom,” I told her. “You can’t split your time between your flights, especially since you work odd hours, and you can’t help me at the same

time. You have to choose one or the other.” I paused to let my words sink in. “Does that make sense?”

“Yes.”

“What would be the most logical choice? Continue your job as a stewardess and earn only a fraction of what I am making, or... supporting me?”

Surprisingly, her reply was instantaneous.

“Supporting you.”

“So wouldn't it be logical for you to leave your job?”

“Yes.”

Did—really? Did she just... accept quitting work?

I had to double check.

“You will quit your work in favor of helping me.”

“Yes.”

Okay. Was this... mission accomplished? This easy? It only took three full sessions with her and I managed to fulfill my mission of making her quit her job and become a stay at home Mom.

I should wake her up right then, and then continue on with my life, never hypnotizing her again. I already did my job.

I didn't wake her up. Instead, I pushed.

“What can you do to help me?”

“Cook for you.”

I smiled. “What else?”

“Clean for you.”

I was so fucking horny. “What else?”

Why was I pressing her for more? And why did it feel so good?

“I...”

“When I come home, I’m tired and sore.” My fingers went to her lips, and I summoned the courage to touch them, stroking my thumb across her lips. They felt so *plump* and *soft*. “Wouldn’t a massage help?”

“Yes.”

“So you would give me massages?”

“If that would help you.”

“It would help me.” I cleared my throat. “You will give me massages because it will help me.”

“Yes.”

Mission accomplished. I would come home every day with a clean room, a full meal waiting for me, and best of all—a private massage from a beautiful woman.

There was no need to hypnotize Mom ever again.

I should remove her trigger word and pretend nothing ever happened. I accomplished the mission and relieved Mom of her life stresses. She wouldn’t be overworked anymore, and I had my mother back again. When she wasn’t exercising, she would be at home, and I could finally spend quality time with her.

I thought about it.

No. There was still more I could do.

A lot more.

