

Chapter 3

Day Ten

It was another uninspiring day at the office.

Client one wanted to lose weight. Client two had a gambling problem. Client three had trouble focusing on tasks, and the last client had insomnia.

When fifteen year old me thought of hypnosis, I imagined putting hot girls to sleep and then making them fall in love with me. Childish, I know.

The last thing I expected was to spend my days putting overweight women and troubled men into a trance just to sort out their problems.

It was boring and uninspiring.

The lift opened, and I trudged through the hallway towards my apartment, the weary day heavy on my mind until I unlocked the door and stepped inside. Something was off.

Someone was cooking.

Right. How could I forget about Mom? She must have already quit her job because why else would she be at home at six in the evening?

That was quick. I didn't expect her to pull the trigger so hastily, especially since I knew how much her job meant to her.

My 'salary' must have given her a lot of comfort to act like that.

I closed the front door and breathed in the delicious aroma. How long had it been since Mom had stepped into the kitchen? How long had it been since she was actually home when I was?

Setting my briefcase on the couch, I beelined towards the kitchen and what I saw was just nothing short of wonder. Mom was hard at work, an apron wrapped around her waist, making Jjigae—a Korean stew.

She hasn't noticed me yet, so I leaned against the wall and enjoyed the sight as I watched Mom in her true essence. All mothers should be at home, making their son's life easier instead of being away and working hard jobs.

And even though it had been years since Mom had cooked, she was a natural, effortlessly multitasking between maintaining the temperature of the soup and stir-frying the pork.

A part of me wanted to snap a picture and send it to my sister, Amara. She would probably think the photo was ai-generated or something and I chuckled at the thought. But I didn't want to give Amara any hints of Mom's sudden behavior change, because she was still a work in progress. She would only see the new, improved Mom when she returned from college.

Mom turned around and finally noticed me.

"I didn't hear you come home." She gave me a warm smile before going back to work. "Dinner's almost ready."

"Okay..." I cleared my throat. "You don't have a flight?"

"Actually..." She dipped a spoon in the soup and used her finger to collect a sample to taste. "I quit my job."

"What? I faked surprised. "Why?"

"I've been thinking about it. You're actually earning that much, right?"

"Yes."

"If you're bringing home that amount of money, then I think it makes sense for me to finally... you know." She turned around and our eyes locked. God. Even at forty-one, Mom was a beauty. "Retire. I think my time is better suited here, at home."

"So you will be cooking dinner again?"

She pointed the spoon at me. "And cleaning your room. Making sure our home is nice and homey for you when you get home."

I swallowed my smile. "That's nice. That's very nice."

"Finally." Mom sighed, then continued cooking. "It's about time for you and our sister to grow up. I hope Amara will earn as highly as you, but at least I can relax a little now. I can have my morning jobs. I can see my friends again." A pause. "It feels like I can finally start living."

"You deserve it," I told her.

I wanted to watch her for longer, but Mom might think that was weird, so I left for my room.

It had been only eight days since I hypnotized her and there was already a massive change at home. I wondered what life would be like after thirty days? Three months?

I whistled as I walked into my room. It was spotlessly clean, everything put in place, my laundry basket empty. With a happy sigh, I jumped into bed and laid there satisfied. Returning home to the smell of dinner and a made bed was one of the things in life I didn't know I needed. I felt like a king, and I closed my eyes, feeling myself float into bliss.

A knock on the door woke me up.

"Luke?" My Mom's sweet voice floated towards me.

Blinking, I sat up and saw her standing by the door.

"Yeah?"

"Dinner's ready."

Everything felt like a pleasant dream and I half-expected to jolt awake at any moment.

When I came home, I felt tired and heavy. But right then, my body felt light, and I couldn't help but manage a smile as I ate the homemade dinner. Mom was sitting across from me, chopsticks in hand, eating her own meal.

We didn't make conversation. I just enjoyed her presence. When we finished our meals, Mom cleaned up the dishes while I headed to my room. As I laid on my comfy bed, I still remembered the session I had with Mom yesterday. So far, she has been following every instruction except...

I recalled the last instruction I gave her.

"You will give me massages because it will help me."

The thought of having Mom giving me a massage had me bolting outside towards the living room couch. I turned Netflix on, but my mind wasn't on the television. My attention was towards the kitchen. Mom was humming some song as she washed the dishes.

I waited.

Finally, the tap turned off, and the footsteps came.

And as soon as she came into view, I stretched my arms high and faked a yawn.

Mom looked at me. "Tired?"

"Sore," I sighed, rubbing my right shoulder. "I had been sitting all day."

"Hmm." She came forward, every step towards me making my heart pound harder. Mom came behind the sofa, and before I knew it, her warm hands were on my shoulders.

"Just relax," Mom said softly, her hands moving up and squeezing the back of my neck. I resisted the urge to moan as Mom massaged me.

"This is... nice," I sighed, relaxing into her grip.

"You've been working so hard," Mom said, her voice suddenly sounding lower. Sexier. Maybe it was just all in my mind, but it felt like she was seducing me. "I'm here to help you decompress."

This time, I couldn't hold back a low groan when she applied pressure onto my sore traps.

"That's..." Shit, talking was getting difficult. "That's your job, right?"

"Mmm hmm." Mom had me slightly leaning forward so she could thump her fist against my back. "Since I'm not working anymore, I want to help you in any way I can."

"Right..." I exhaled. "You're a good mother."

Her hands stilled. "You think I'm a good mother?"

"Of course. If you weren't, you wouldn't leave your job to make your son's life easier."

Mom resumed her wonderful massage, but otherwise she was silent.

I thought of what to say to continue the conversation, but she spoke up first.

"Actually, leaving my job wasn't an easy decision." She lapsed into another period of silence. "... but something was telling me it was finally the right time to leave. I don't know how to explain it, but retiring seemed like the best thing to do."

"It is." I affirmed her decision and crossed my legs to hide the hard-on I was growing. Shit, I didn't expect Mom's hands to feel *that* good. It was so warm. So soft and delicate. "I bet Amara would be pleased with your decision too."

"I haven't told her about it." She sighed, suddenly sounding far away, the sexiness in her voice disappearing. "I think it's best if we don't disturb her studies. She's working very hard to graduate."

I bit my lips. "Yeah."

"Okay." Mom gave my shoulders a light tap, and I glimpsed her checking the time. "I'm heading out."

"What?" I turned around. "Where are you going?"

"I made some plans with friends." She started walking away. "I'll be back before midnight."

No, no.

The whole reason for hypnotizing her was to keep her at home. With me. If she replaced her job with outside plans, then what difference would it make than her having a job? I might return home to dinner every evening, but I didn't just want homemade meals.

"Wait." I bolted up and caught up to Mom. "Before you go..."

"Hmm?" She looked at me. "What—"

"Sleepy time, Mom."

Her pupils rolled up, showing whites. I caught her as she fell, then carried my beautiful mother back to the sofa.

Her friends wouldn't be seeing her tonight.

I sat down on a stool and looked down at my hypnotized mother.

"Mom, can you hear me?" I could hear the frustrations of my own voice, and I did my best to compose my breathing.

"Yes."

How should I approach this? How can I make sure that Mom would actually be a stay-at-home mother and not make... plans.

Breathing didn't help my annoyance one bit, so I gave up, releasing all my emotions with a long, drawn-out sigh. That must have helped because at the same time, an idea clicked in my mind.

"Mom..." I began. "You want to be a good mother, right? That's why you quit your job."

"Yes."

No hesitation. Good.

"Helping me when I come home exhausted makes you feel good because you know a mother helps her son in any way she can."

"Yes."

"After I eat my dinner, I want to relax, so I sit on the couch. A good mother would help her son relax by giving him a good massage, right?" I remembered the perfect mother figure I had created for Mom. "Grace would give her son a massage."

"Yes."

"Grace is a good mother for giving her son a massage."

"Yes."

I exhaled. "Grace gives her son a massage until her son tells that he feels better. That makes Grace a good mother, correct?"

"Yes."

"Did I tell you I was feeling better?"

"No."

"Grace would not stop her massage until she is told to. That's what makes Grace a good mother."

My mother didn't reply.

Leaning in, I pushed the idea. "Grace is a good mother."

"Yes."

"Do you want to be more like Grace?"

Mom thought about it for a couple of seconds.

“Do...” Her words were so slurred, and I had to rein myself in. “Do you want me to be more like Grace?”

She... she was asking me?

That was good. That was very good.

“Yes,” I said. “I want you to be more like Grace. That would make me very happy. That would make you an excellent mother.”

“Then...” Drool was forming on the edges of her full lips. “I want to be like Grace.”

“Grace doesn’t stop her massage until she is told to.” I was breathing so hard, and Mom smelled so nice. “You’ll not stop massaging me until I tell you to stop.”

“Yes.”

I hammered her new programming in. “You’ll keep massaging me until I tell you to stop. Repeat what I said.”

“I...” The first drop of saliva slid down her lips. “I’ll keep massaging you until you tell me to stop.”

“You’re a good mother.” I looked at her lips, almost mesmerized by how soft they looked. “Grace also doesn’t go out of the house, unless it’s for her son. Grocery shopping, getting errands for her son. As a stay-at-home mother, Grace is fully focused on her son’s needs. Grace doesn’t have time for her friends because she knows to be a good mother. She has to be willing to make sacrifices.”

Maybe it was because I was saying long sentences, so her hypnotized mind couldn’t process it well. I repeated my statements slowly.

“Grace is a good mother because she makes sacrifices for her son.”

“Yes.”

“Grace is a good mother because she tends to her hard-working son’s needs.”

“Yes.”

“Grace is a good mother because she prioritizes her son.”

“Yes.”

I felt horrible, using Mom's caring nature over me and using it against her. But she needed to understand what a *true* mother does.

I switched the flow of the conversation, asking her a question.

“Which is more important to a mother. Her friends or her son?”

Mom's answer was instant.

“Her son.”

“If Grace's friends tell her to come out for a girl's night out, but Grace's son is weary from a hard day of work, which choices would Grace make?”

I could always see Mom's hypnotized mind processing the question.

The answer came out a moment later.

“Her son.”

“Correct. Grace is a good mother because she doesn't leave the house unless it's for her son.”

“But...”

I flinched when Mom started talking back. Her face hardened, and she spoke out her defiance. “But what about exercising? I need to go to the gym and go for my daily jog.”

“Yes,” I quickly said. “Yes, you're right. You're right, Mom.”

Her face softened. Phew.

“You're right,” I repeated. “You need to take care of yourself and your body. That's essential. But...” I watched her carefully, looking for any signs of abnormality. But Mom looked relaxed, and I pushed on. “Those are essential things. But is having a night out with your friends essential for you as a mother?”

The clock ticked. Three seconds passed. I stilled my breath. Five seconds. Ten seconds.

Mom parted her lips. “No.”

Bingo. I had her.

I finally afforded a smile. "You will not go out of the house unless it's for essentials."

"Yes."

Was I just a great hypnotist or was Mom this suggestible? It doesn't matter.

"Mom, when you wake up, you'll want to cancel your plans with your friends. You do not have any desire to go out anymore. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You'll want to keep massaging me because I'm tired and that's what good mothers do. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Good." I breathed a sigh of relief. Problem solved. Finally, Mom was seeing things my way. What was the point of going out if she was a stay-at-home mother?

I didn't get her logic. If she wanted to be the best mother possible, then she should be spending time with me, her son, not her fucking friends.

"I'm going to count down from three," I said. "You will hear a snap as I go from digit to digit..."

Day Seventeen

It has been a little over two weeks since I first hypnotized my mother.

And so far, everything was perfect. Aside from her gym workouts that she does every morning and her long jogs right after that, Mom stayed true to her programming.

For the past week, every time I stepped into the apartment after a long day of work, dinner greeted me, accompanied by a nice, relaxing massage on the couch. Mom would sit by me on the couch, rubbing my shoulders and back until I told her it was enough.

I had a clean room all the time, I never did the dishes or took out the trash and life has been easier.

But there were two major things that bothered me.

The whole reason why I started hypnotizing Mom was to spend more time with her. To talk to her more.

But I found myself not really making conversation with my mother. We did make some talk, but most of the time it was quiet while Netflix played on the screen. I just enjoyed her massages and the benefits of having Mom as pretty much my maid.

The worst part is... I enjoyed it that way. I liked it when she did her duty quietly and without a fuss. I enjoyed the peacefulness of a clean apartment.

I slowly came to the realization that I was falling away from my initial motivation. The worst part? I didn't care.

Mom was making my life so much easier, and I loved her more for that.

And the second major issue?

I made no attempts to deceive myself that Mom was a *very* attractive woman, even for her age. Especially for her age.

Every time I felt Mom's on my back, I couldn't hold back the *other* thoughts that would swirl around in my head. I was always hard, and I always tried my best to hide myself.

If Mom ever noticed, she never said anything. She would just keep silent, and only spoke up occasionally to ask me if I was more relaxed.

I didn't want to fuck Mom. The thought of fucking my own mother was... disgusting. But I had to face the facts. She was attractive. And her massages would turn me on so fucking much.

Fucking her was off the table. But what if I didn't need to commit incest?

If...

If Mom helped me masturbate, would that be incest? The definition of incest was 'sexual intercourse between a close family member or a close relative. Helping me get off wasn't sexual intercourse. Honestly, it could be constituted as a massage, just for the other part of my body.

I sighed as I felt Mom's hands on me. She was getting much better at her massages and I relaxed into her as she rubbed the sore spot on my lower back, easing the tension I was feeling there.

"You okay?" Mom asked.

“Yeah.” I closed my eyes. Her caress on my shoulders felt so fucking good. “I’m fine.”

A handjob wasn’t incest. Neither was a blowjob.

If I didn’t think those actions were incest, then—

Then I could convince Mom too.