

Chapter Five

Day Twenty-two

For the first time in my time of being a hypnotherapist, I took a leave to go home.

I couldn't sleep last night, not with the fact that my mother had just given me a handjob.

My own mother.

It was two in the afternoon and I was already feeling the effects of my lack of sleep. I knew exactly what would help me. Relaxing on my living room couch while Mom did her amazing work on me.

So I canceled the rest of my appointments and headed home. My heart was still racing. It felt like I'd not calmed down since that last night.

I have never felt a woman's touch, and Mom being my first was just something else. As I drove back home, I swore I could still feel her tentative fingers around my cock, her soft gasps as Mom saw the effect she was having on me, and then her expression as I came everywhere.

I still remembered her face. I had covered her face in cum. On her chin, her cheek, her hair. I could recall her shocked brown eyes, her parted lips, her heavy breaths as the realization of what she did slowly sunk in.

She looked like she was in shock, but as she cleaned the mess up and served me dinner, Mom didn't seem like she had regretted the decision. She even seemed a little relieved that she could cause me that much pleasure, and I encouraged her decision by repeatedly telling her how happy I was feeling and told her how great of a mother she was.

When I reached home, Mom wasn't there to open the door for me. Stepping inside revealed she wasn't home, which only meant two things.

Either she was stocking up on groceries, or Mom was out exercising.

After all, I had programmed her to not leave the house unless it was for those core reasons. As a mother, she needed to focus on what was important. Me. But I understood the need to take care of herself.

Having Mom not present should already be something I was used to. But the last few weeks had spoiled me and I trudged through the house, wondering what I should do while I waited for her return.

I ended up showering for a long time, and fortunately, Mom came back just in time as I stepped out of the bathroom.

I had a towel wrapped around my waist, but I still headed out, and Mom flinched back and gasped when she saw me half-naked.

"I felt unwell, so I came home early," I explained. "Just had a shower."

"Oh." Judging by her sports attire, she had just gone out for a run. "Do you feel better? I'll get dinner ready!"

"Could you give me my massage first? I know it's a bit early..." Her expression told me she didn't like what she was hearing, but I continued. "But I feel sick and a massage would help a lot."

She bit her bottom lip. "I need to take a shower first."

I didn't have time for this. Why was she giving me so much resistance? It was frustrating.

"Sleepy time, Mom."

Her water bottle and her phone fell from her grip, crashing to the ground. I ignored those, catching Mom as she went stiff, then moving her to the usual spot on the couch.

I didn't bother hiding the frustration in my voice. "Mom, can you hear me?"

Her monotone voice filled up the living room. "Yes."

"Mom." I had to remind her of her duties. "What is a mother's role?"

"To take care of her children."

"Yes," I agreed. "And are you taking care of me when I'm sick, asking for a massage, and you telling me that you need to attend to your needs first?"

It took a while for her hypnotized mind to process the question. But her long overdue answer instantly had me in a better mood.

"No."

"Correct," I told her. "And why is that?"

I could tell her why it was wrong, but it would be so much more powerful if she said it herself.

Another minute went by as she struggled with the question.

“And why is that?” I pushed.

“Because...” She was frowning, and her right eyelid was twitching. But I pushed. “Because... a mother should prioritize her children’s needs first.”

“Correct. Grace always, always puts her son’s needs first before hers. That’s why she’s an amazing mother. Isn’t that right?”

She was back to answering me instantly.

“Yes.”

“As a mother, you should put my needs first.”

“Yes.”

“If I come home and tell you I want a massage, what do you do?”

“I’ll give you a massage.”

“Good. You’re an amazing Mother.”

Her smile reappeared. She seemed completely relaxed again.

“Thank you.”

I woke her up.

Mom didn’t understand why she was on the couch, but I ignored her question and sat on the other couch that was facing the TV.

“Mom, could you give me a massage?”

“Oh.” She blinked, trying to understand the sudden memory loss she just had. “Oh... okay. Sure.”

Mom had just finished her jog, and she smelled *unbelievable*. She had a sports bra on, showing her toned stomach, and with the evening rays coming through the windows, I realized she actually had visible abs if she flexed.

Mom really had worked hard on her body. Lean and muscular. Toned and fit. It was no wonder her airline wanted to keep her as a stewardess. I'd bet she was pure eye candy on all her flights.

I sighed and relaxed as Mom started on my shoulders. But when she moved on to my back and spent too long there, I grew impatient. I still had the towel around my waist, and the white cloth wasn't doing any justice for hiding my erection.

I was so fucking hard, and Mom knew it.

"Mom?" I looked at her.

"Yes, darling?"

"Could you just skip to the end? I'm... uh, I need some relief down there. Badly, as you can see."

"Oh..." I could immediately feel her mood switching.

She was sitting cross-legged behind me, and I turned around so my erection pointed at her.

"Oh," she repeated the word, all her attention down south.

"Let me..." I started to unwrap the towel, watching Mom as I did so.

She was biting her lip nervously, but her eyes showed acceptance. She was okay with this, and as I tossed the towel away, now completely naked in front of my own mother.

Mom just stared at my upright cock, gulped. She started to reach for me...

I settled back on my elbows, ready for her, and as soon as she made contact with my sensitive skin, I couldn't help but just lose it a little.

I couldn't believe that in just a few weeks, my life had completely transformed. Mom went from being an absent mother to giving me daily handjobs. It was insane to think about, yet this was my new reality.

I should have hypnotized her years ago. Get Amara in a trance, too. It had been so long since I had seen my little sister, and I couldn't wait to take my pendulum and experience what I was experiencing right then, but with a younger version of the woman right in front of me.

I loved them both, but I had to focus on Mom first.

"You..." Mom cleared her throat. She had a soft grip around me, and she was stroking my rock hard cock. "You really like this, don't you?"

Duh.

"Yes..." I heaved. "I love this."

"Am I doing this right?"

"Yes, but..." I looked at her, but Mom was still trying to avoid any eye contact. "Could you hold me tighter? Grip me a little harder."

She did so, and my cock jerked in her hands.

"Yes..." I closed my eyes. "Like that. Shit, Mom... it feels so good."

"Don't swear," she said, finally looking at me with that little frown on her face. But she continued stroking me, and I was already so close to the edge. "I don't like that."

"Of course," I breathed, feeling a little lightheaded. "Mom... could you... could you go a little faster?"

She did so without a word.

"Faster," I gasped. We locked eyes. I was so fucking close. "Faster."

She sped up. Mom was *properly* jerking me off.

"Fuck!" I screamed, not being able to control myself as I felt myself implode. "Mom!"

Mom clearly wasn't ready. She looked down, and for a split second, I saw her expression go from unsure to complete shock and I splattered all over her face.

I was shooting ropes after ropes of white. I was shooting high, and I was exploding nonstop. But Mom never stopped, and I took in the huge sudden waves of pleasure that rocked my entire being until I was myself again.

"Eun!" Mom complained, then immediately stood up to her in her bathroom as I laid there, gasping for breath, feeling like an entirely new man.

When Mom returned, her face was clear again, but before she went on her hands and knees to clean the floor, I stopped her.

"Sleepy time, Mom."

She fell stiffly into my arms. I knew I shouldn't be shutting her brain down so quickly, but I wasn't thinking straight.

I laid her back down on her spot on the couch.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

"Yes." Her voice was so flat, so devoid of any emotions.

There was no denying that I was on a power trip. I just came all over her. But I was still on this addictive high, and I was not looking forward to the crash I knew would come soon after.

But right then, I felt like an emperor.

I was going to conquer my mother. I was going to make her my sex slave. I was going to put myself in her mind as this dominating figure that had to be obeyed and revered at all times.

There was no stopping me.

"Mom, how did you feel after you made me cum?"

"Weird. Unsure of myself."

I took a second to catch my breath. "You just gave me pleasure, and you made me very happy. Shouldn't that make you feel proud?"

She didn't answer that.

"I'm happy, Mom. I'm the happiest I've ever been in my life. You should be proud."

"I..." She shifted on the couch. "I guess so."

"I'm happy, Mom." Leaning in, I stroked her hair and breathed her in. God, she smelled fucking amazing. "I'm so happy, and you're the best mother ever."

"Thank you." She sounded so robotic, but for some reason, it was so sexy hearing her like that.

"You should be proud of making me happy. Correct?"

"... yes"

She still sounded unsure.

Okay. I had to find a way to bridge into her subconscious somehow and make her believe she was doing the right thing.

"If you make me happy, you're a good mother. Correct?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to be a good mother?"

"Yes."

"You want to be a good mother."

"Yes."

"Making me happy makes you a good mother." I paused. "Correct?"

"Yes."

"You just made me so happy." I looked at her. She showed no signs of resisting. Mom was still, just laying there, as if she was actually sleeping. "You should be proud."

"I..." Her head lolled to the side. "I should."

"Yes, you should. You made me happy, so you did your job as Mother. Correct?"

"Yes..."

"When you massage me, you're happy."

"Yes."

"When you massage my cock, you're happy."

"Yes."

No hesitation from her. I got through.

Fuck yeah!

"When I cum, you're happy because you made me happy."

"Yes."

“When I cum, you’re happy.”

“Yes.”

I smiled. Today was a job well done.

Day Thirty

One month in my new life.

I wake up. I drive to work.

I hypnotize people. I hypnotize more people.

Then I return home to my beautiful smiling mother and a steaming home-cooked meal. After I eat, I would sit on the couch and she would perform her massage, always ending in a handjob better than the last.

I loved my life. But I wasn’t done yet.

I had just finished yet another delicious dinner. I sat on the couch while Mom took the dishes to the sink and washed them.

Usually, that would take her ten minutes before she would return to me. I would always be hard—I always get hard the moment I see her opening the front door with that bright smile on her face.

I waited for her.

Ten minutes later, I heard Mom’s footsteps, and then she was sitting next to me.

I looked at her. She smiled.

“Ready?” my gorgeous mother asked.

I nodded. “Yeah.”

She went for my shoulders, but I stopped her, diverting her hand to my cock.

"Again?" she asked. "I realize you've been skipping the majority of your massage."

"I just think I feel best when you give me your handjobs," I told her.

Mom wasn't even flinching at the word anymore. She just nodded, peeled off my shorts. Only my boxers separated me from her. Mom reached for my erection, and I closed my eyes as she felt me through the thin fabric.

This was new. Mom never bothered with foreplay.

Usually, she just went straight into it, but now was actually teasing me, and *fuck*, her fingers felt amazing.

She played with my cock, squeezed me softly, teased my leaking tip. All I could do was moan. She finally ended her minute long torture by peeling off my boxers, leaving me my bottom half completely bare.

"Relax," she purred, and I opened my eyes to see my mother staring at me, the soft smile still on her face. "Just relax and enjoy, darling."

Gritting my teeth, I laid down on the couch and just *felt* her.

Mom started by sliding the soft pad of her thumb across my tip, gathering up all my pre-cum. She continued stroking me, slowly at first, but as time went on, she started squeezing me tighter and stroking me harder and faster.

Within minutes, I was cumming all over her. Mom actually brought up the idea to use tissues to prevent the mess I made, but a quick hypnosis session convinced her to let me spill my seed all over her.

When I reopened my eyes, I saw the perfect image. My semen all over her eyes, nose, lips. Her hair was stained in my seed. She groaned, wiped my cum from her eyes, then started to get up to clean herself.

This time, I didn't let her.

"Sleepy time, Mom."

She fell back onto the couch, limp and unmoving. I struggled up to a sitting position, then sat my mother up before starting the session.

God, she looked even more gorgeous with her face painted over like that. Beautiful. Just simply... *beautiful*.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

I readied myself for that sexy monotone voice.

It came a second later.

"Yes."

"You're doing a good job as a mother." I rucked a lock of hair away behind her ear. "I love you."

"I love you too."

I shivered. It was odd hearing her say that with zero emotion behind the words.

"It is very inefficient to have my cum spilled all over you." I paused. "Correct?"

Her answer was immediately. She was probably annoyed with it too.

"Yes."

"There is another way to clean up. Would you like to know what it is?"

"Yes."

Even in her monotone, she seemed eager.

I was being obvious, but she was under trance with half of her mind shut off. Of course, she couldn't put two and two together.

I went straight for the kill. I have already normalized handjobs. She had seen me naked every day for the past week. A blowjob shouldn't be too far of a stretch.

"You could use your mouth."

The reaction was immediate. Her eyelids fluttered and her face scrunched up.

I was about to ease her into a more relaxed state, but then she did the unexpected. Mom opened her eyes and then jolted up as if she had just woke from a nightmare.

"Oh..." She rubbed temples like she was having a headache. "Eun...?"

Then she realized her fingers were sticky. She looked at her hands. Blinked. "What...?"

"Mom, hi." I forced a tight smile. "Thank you for the massage. It was wonderful."

She looked at me blankly. "I just gave you a massage? I..." She frowned. "I don't remember."

"You did." I forced a smile, trying to hide my disappointment. So blowjobs were a big no-no to her.

It was a bummer that I couldn't take a shortcut towards it and have my cock down her throat the very next day.

I had to be patient. Patience was the key to this.

"I..." Mom shook her head, still trying to figure out what was happening. "I... I think I'll go take a shower."

"You do that. Thank you, Mom." When she looked at me, I smiled again. "For the massage. It was wonderful."

"Okay..." She got up on unsteady legs, then she was stumbling to her room for her shower.

Fuck.

Whatever. If it took more sessions until I could further numb her moral boundaries, then so be it.

It was decided.

For the next session, I would be introducing my mother to the wonderful idea of incest.