

Chapter Six

Day Thirty-One

Somehow, I had to bring up the idea of incest to Mom.

But... how?

The mere idea of giving me a blowjob had snapped her out of her trance. If she drew a hard line there, how could I find a way to blur her moral boundaries enough to make her want to have sex with me?

But I had to try.

I didn't spend an entire month just wasting my efforts.

I still remember hypnotizing her for the first time.

How did it go from 'I want Mom to spend less time at work and more time with me,' to 'I need to make Mom okay with fucking her only son?'

The very thought itself was revolting, but there was no turning back for me.

I had already broken the barrier of redemption. She had already touched my cock. Already gave me the best orgasm of my life.

I couldn't stop.

One thing was for sure. If blowjobs were a big no-no to Mom, I had to ease in the idea of incest.

Very slowly.

It was the start of the weekend, and I hadn't stepped out of my room, my mind a whirl of what had happened the night before.

Was I too overconfident? I was so sure Mom, in her hypnotized stupor, would agree to the blowjob. I'd have the time of my life with my cock down her throat.

Stupid me for thinking things were that simple.

“Darling!” I heard Mom calling me from the living room. “Darling, are you awake?”

I was up from bed and walking to the door, opening it a crack.

Judging by Mom’s outfit, it was clear she was heading out for her morning cardio. With her black sleeveless tank top and matching dark leggings, her figure was on full display.

I couldn’t believe I had such a sexy woman as a mother.

“Hey.” Mom smiled at me, showing me a glimpse of her pearly whites. “I’m going out for a jog. Do you want to come?”

Come... with her? I glanced down at my belly.

I wasn’t fat, but compared to my mother or my little sister... I was an embarrassment.

Both of them did sports from a very young age, and both of them followed diet plans and gym routines, creating unintentional pressure towards me, because every time a new person saw the difference between them and me, I would get bombarded with the silent stares that held the same question.

‘Why are they so hot, and why are you so... average? Are you adopted?’

I returned her smile. “No, it’s okay.”

Mom turned around. She was about to head out when I made my decision.

Pulling open the door and stepping out, I stopped her.

“Hey, Mom?”

She paused to look at me, beautiful brown eyes filled with curiosity. “Hmm?”

“One sec.” I almost jogged up to her. And when we were close, I spoke the words that had her going limp.

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

My mother fell right into my arms, and just then, despite the setbacks and my growing frustrations, I knew that, somehow, I was going to succeed in corrupting her.

“Mom, can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

Her monotone voice made me shudder. Even though there was no emotion behind her words, I just couldn’t stop feeling excited at hearing her speak like that.

Her dead words always meant one thing. That her mind was vulnerable and open to more brainwashing.

“Mom,” I started. “Would it be weird if I asked for a handjob right now?”

When Mom frowned, I already knew what she was going to say before the words even left her lips.

“Yes.”

I bit my lips. “And why is that?”

“Because it’s in the morning. You just woke up and—”

“But what if I’m still tired? And grumpy? You know how much I love your handjobs.”

Mom was silent for a bit. She was thinking, debating whether it was appropriate to jack your son off in the early morning.

“Do you want me to feel happy?” I asked, hoping to push her into accepting. “Isn’t that what mothers do?”

“Yes.”

“A handjob would make me very happy. Do you want me to feel happy?”

“Yes.”

“So, what will you do?”

Mom took a couple of seconds to reach her answer.

“Give you a handjob.”

“That’s right.”

I didn’t wait. Standing up, I took off my pants, and then stood over Mom with my rock hard cock.

Mom couldn’t see, so I had to guide her limp hand to my cock, and when she felt me, her subconscious took over.

I grit my teeth and held back a groan as she gripped the base of my cock in a sloppy grip and began offering slow, lazy strokes.

A hypnotized handjob. That would be a first.

And while she didn’t give the same enthusiasm when she was awake and aware, the fact that she was stroking my cock while under a trance was more than enough for me to go over the edge, and I tried my best to hold back as waves after waves of pleasure rocked me.

Fuck.

Focus.

“Mom,” I breathed, noticing the growing heaviness of my own voice. “Do you remember Grace? The perfect mother?”

“Yes.”

“Grace gives her son massages and handjobs every time her son asks. Grace is such a great mother, correct?”

“Yes.”

“You do that too, and I love you for that. You make me very happy.”

“I try... my best.”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes.”

“Other than giving me massages and doing the chores around the house, how else do you show your love to me?”

Mom took a long time to process the question, but she never stopped her hypnotized handjob. It was sloppy and slow, but I was throbbing in her grip, so close to spurting my hot seed all over my beautiful Mother.

“How...” she finally said, her monotone voice filling up the living room. “How does Grace show her love?”

Bingo.

I smiled. “Grace shows her love by giving her son loads of affection. Kisses and hugs.”

“That sounds...” Her voice was so slurred. “... nice.”

“It does. I’d love it if you kiss and hug me, Mom.”

“I will do that.”

“You will follow Grace.”

“Yes.”

“Grace gives her son a lot of kisses. On his forehead, lips, cheeks.”

Even hypnotized, my mother caught that. “... lips?”

“Yes,” I confirmed, watching Mom closely. She still looked relaxed, so I continued. “You probably think it’s weird because it implies something sexual, yes?”

“Yes.”

“But is it sexual? If you love me so much, and you want to show that to me by kissing my lips, is that wrong or weird? It would show that you love me so much and I would be happy with that.”

“... you would?”

“Yes.” I smiled, then shuddered as she continued her lazy strokes on my cock. “I would love it if you kissed me. It would prove how much you love me.” Pausing, I let that sink in before delivering the finish. “You love me, right?”

Mom droned on. “Yes.”

“Then why don’t you show that? Why don’t you hug and kiss me?”

“Kissing on the lips might be weird.”

“It isn’t weird,” I disagreed. “The reason you think it is weird is because people might see it and judge you. Correct?”

“... yes.”

“But if we do it in private. If no one watches us, and you’re just showing that you love me, is that weird for a mother to kiss her own son?”

Mom thought about it so hard, she even stopped her handjob.

A second passed. Five seconds felt like five minutes.

But then she reopened her lips, and music came out.

“No.”

“It’s not weird for a Mother to kiss her son in private.”

“No.”

I have never kissed a girl yet, so making out with my sexy mother was a dream come true.

“You will show your love by giving me kisses in private.”

“Yes.”

“You love me.”

“Yes.”

“You will show that by kissing me.”

“Yes.”

“Good.” I looked at Mom. She seemed so relaxed, with her eyes closed, lips slightly parted. “Mom, I’m going to wake you up now. When you wake up, you will remember agreeing to give me a handjob, and you’ll put your heart into it. You love giving me handjobs because it makes me happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I woke her up.

I had to give a brief explanation why she was on the couch with my cock in her hand.

And as her ‘memories’ returned, she accepted her situation, and told me to lie down and relax.

“Why are you so stressed?” Mom asked, on her knees below me as I sat down on the couch.

“I’m not sure,” I said, feeling my eyelids flutter and my breathing growing heavier.

Shit. She was getting *really* good at handjobs. Her warm fingers glided along my rock hard cock, sending me waves of shivers.

“Well, I’m glad I can help.” She used a free hand to untie her hairband, causing her beautiful dark waves to fall onto her shoulders. “But I’m just worried about how many messages you asked from me. It used to be nightly, but now it’s twice a day?”

“I just love how you massage my cock.” I smiled at her. “It feels so good.”

“Hmm.”

“Can I cum on your face?” It was so fucking wild speaking those words to my Mother.

Instead of screaming at me, Mom just shot me a slight frown.

“I’m going for a jog, dear. I’d have to wash up.”

I gave her my best smile. “Please.”

Mom thought about it for a moment, but I knew I had won her over when she sighed.

“Fine.” She shifted closer to my cock, moving her face right over my tip. “But please, tell me when you’re going to... you know.”

“I’m close,” I gasped. Mom was giving me such intense eye contact. It was so hot. She was so hot. “Very... close.”

I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to fuck her *so badly*.

“Mom!” That was all the warning I could give before my cock started spasming.

Mom gasped when the first wave spurted out. She closed her eyes shut as I began pouring all over her beautiful face, covering everywhere.

Eyelashes, eyelids, nose, lips, cheeks, hair.

Fucking everywhere.

When I was finally done, Mom released my cock and got up to her feet, rushing over to the bathroom before I could say a word.

She didn’t seem too pleased with the fact that I came all over her. Again. But she was eager to please me, and god... was I pleased.

“Thank you,” I told her when she emerged from her room, her face all cleaned up, hair back in a neat ponytail. “I feel better now.”

“I hope so.” She looked at me. “Can I go for my run now?”

Asking for permission. She was saying it a little jokingly, as if it was a joke to ask me for consent, but this was good.

Soon, every time she wanted to step out the front door, she would be asking for consent.

“Sure,” I told her.

Then she left, leaving me with a still rock hard cock and the desire for more.

When Mom returned more than an hour later, I was waiting for her on the couch.

Like I had imagined, she was a sight to behold.

Abs and ass on display, sweaty, panting for breath.

I stood up and walked over to her to greet her, eager to test out her new programming.

“Nice run?” I asked as she closed the front door. I watched as her chest rose and fell, her breathing audible.

She smelled *incredible*.

“Yeah...” She exhaled, then looked at her smart watch. “I did 10k. Good time, too.”

“Nice.” I stood in front of her.

Mom knew I wanted something, and I could tell she was preparing for another handjob request.

But I wanted something new.

“What is it?” Mom asked me, dark eyes wary.

“Mom...” I sighed. “I just want to say that I love you.”

“Hmm?” Her eyes went wide. “What’s wrong?”

“No, nothing. I just wanted to say that because you’re such a good Mother and you have done so much for me and Amara.”

It took a moment for Mom to digest that. In our culture, it wasn’t common to say ‘I love you’s’ so openly, but Mom finally nodded, and her smile returned.

“You know I love you too, darling,” she told me.

I waited for it.

She stepped forward, arms open for a hug.

It wasn’t what I hoped for, but I could still make do.

I met my mother in an embrace, and I closed my eyes as I felt those amazing tits pressing against me. She was still sweaty, and fuck me, she smelled like sex.

Not that I ever had sex before.

When Mom tried to pull back to end the hug, I squeezed and kept her close. Mom looked at me, frowned, but she saw me staring at her lips, my intentions obvious.

Will she do it?

We were so close, lips just inches apart, our gazes locked, bodies touching.

Staring at her beautiful brown eyes, I saw emotions shifting, and then her eyes hardened.

She made her decision.

Mom leaned in. Fluttered her eyelids close. Angled her nose to the side.

She was actually—

Mom was going in for the kiss.

I didn’t know what to do. Even though I was hoping for this, this still would be my first time kissing a girl.

I stared at her. She was still leaning in. My pulse was kicking into overdrive, heart ramming against my ribcage.

I didn't know what the fuck to do.

I did my best, allowing my instinct to dictate everything. I leaned in too, and then I felt wetness on my lips.

Her lips felt... so soft. So fucking warm.

When she first gave me the first handjob, I had thought I had reached the pinnacle of human pleasure. I had never felt a woman's touch, and having Mom jacking me off was just reality going haywire.

But a kiss...

It was just something as simple as joining lips.

It didn't give me the same amount of raw pleasure as her making first contact with my cock, but...

Oddly, it felt... better?

This was more intimate. This was Mom displaying her love for me.

Mom didn't do the lover's kiss the movies showed. It happened all in an instant. I felt wetness. Then she pulled back, and I opened my eyes to see Mom smiling and wiping her lips with her thumb.

I kind of expected a full-blown French kiss, but I was too stunned to do anything but let her go as she stepped back, still wiping her bottom lip.

"That was nice," Mom said. "But I do hope you know that I love you, too."

She left to take a shower, leaving me standing there in the foyer.

I had just kissed Mom. It was a super simple peck on the lips, but still...

I had just broken yet another barrier between us.

I will be pushing my limits. A simple peck would soon turn into minute long make out sessions. If she was okay with pecks, then it wouldn't be too difficult for her to go crazy with kissing me.

After all, kissing means showing love. After one or two more hypnosis sessions, Mom should be okay with French kissing.

My lips were still tingling, and like Mom, I brought a hand up and swiped my lips. I swore I could taste her.

Sweet. Like a delicious cake.

A handjob. Then a kiss.

What was next in the books?

I already knew the answer to that.