

Chapter Seven

Day Forty

Even in a trance, Mom was kissing me back.

Well, kind of.

It wasn't the passion filled hungry kiss like in the movies. But as I tasted her soft lips, she responded by parting her lips and mumbling a low monotone groan.

It had been forty days of corrupting my own mother.

I have convinced her to quit her flight attendant job, give me massages, make out with me, and I even made her be okay with blowing my load all over her beautiful face.

But there were still boundaries I couldn't cross.

Drive my cock down her throat, touch the most prized parts of her ungodly sexy body. Lose my virginity to her.

I had to break Mom down slowly. This session was to remove an additional boundary from the list. Get her closer to full corruption.

Pulling back from her lips, I started the session. "Mom, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

I had a plan in my mind, but I have no guarantee that Mom would respond well. She had woken up at the mere mention of giving me a blowjob.

I had to keep a watchful eye on her.

"Mom," I said. "I don't have a girlfriend right now."

If she wasn't in a trance, Mom would surely raise an eyebrow at the odd questioning.

But instead, she answered me in that sexy monotone, not aware of where she was or what I was doing to her.

“Yes.”

“I have never been in a relationship.”

Her monotone filled the room.

“Yes.”

“As a mother, how do you feel about that?”

Mom was a traditional Korean woman. That was why it wasn't difficult to turn her into a housewife once I showed 'proof' that I could financially take care of the family.

And since I was becoming the man of the house, it would also mean that she expected me to find a partner soon.

“Sad,” my mother told me. “I wish you had a girlfriend.”

“You're my mother.”

“Yes.”

“As my mother, would it be uncomfortable for me to confide in you my sexual frustrations about not having any partners?”

Mom had to think about it for a moment. But she reopened her pink lips not long after, and I just wanted to kiss her again.

It was an addicting feeling to make out with your gorgeous mother.

“I guess not,” she admitted.

Leaning forward, I reaffirmed her decision.

“It's not weird to talk about my sexual frustrations with you.”

She responded much sooner.

“No.”

“Good. Because I’m very sexually frustrated, and your handjobs have been helping me immensely.”

“I guess so.”

“You’re an amazing mother for helping me with my sexual frustrations.”

“Thank you.”

“But I’m still a young man, and even with your help, I still get frustrated.”

I exhaled. Here goes nothing.

“Would it make sense for you to offer additional help for my needs?”

Mom responded almost immediately, surprising me.

“Yes.”

“Mom.” I blinked, not believing she had just agreed so quickly. “You’ll help me ease my sexual frustrations.”

She took much longer to reply this time, her hypnotized brain digesting my statement.

“Only...” Drool was starting to leak down the right edge of her lips. “Only if it makes sense.”

Interesting.

I shifted my chair forward. “Handjobs make sense because you’re giving me a massage.”

“Yes.”

I didn’t dare say ‘blowjobs.’

Not yet.

I thought of something else.

“Kissing makes sense because you’re just showing me your love.”

“Yes.”

I would have laughed if the situation wasn’t so intense. I had really made my mother believe in my own ridiculous reasoning.

“If...” I gulped. “If I touch you. Would that make sense?”

I watched as a drool seeped down her chin. Her eyelids fluttered open. It was only for a split second, but it was enough to have me flinching back.

Shit.

Her monotone voice followed through. “Touch me in what way?”

“What if...” I began, then stopped myself. I had to thread carefully.

Clearing my throat, I spoke the words.

“Mom, I am sexually frustrated and I need a touch of a woman. Does that make sense?”

“Yes.”

“And since you’re the closest woman to me and since you’re my mother, would it make sense for you to help ease my sexual frustrations?”

“Yes.”

“So if I hold your hands, that would be fine.”

“Yes.”

“If I touch your back, that would be fine.”

“Yes.”

“If I touch your lips, that would be fine.”

“Yes.”

“If I touch your legs, that would be fine.”

“Yes.”

I was reaching danger territory.

“If I touch your chest, that would be fine.”

I held my breath.

“Yes.”

Really? She was fine with that.

“Mom.” I had to make sure. “If I touch your chest, that would be fine.”

Her answer was immediate. “Yes.”

I was so curious. “Why would it be fine?”

“Because you’re a man, and I understand that you would be curious about a woman’s chest. I’ll be helping you ease your frustrations.” She paused. “Right?”

“Yes!” I answered way too quickly. “O-Of course. Yes. Yes, you would.”

“Then it’s fine.”

“What about your butt?” I bit my lips, suddenly filled with nerves. “As a man, I’d be interested in butts too.”

What was I saying? I was a guy in his mid-thirties talking about this to my own mother.

At least nobody was witnessing this. It was just me and Mom who would have no memories of this conversation.

“I guess that’s fine, too.”

I sat up in my chair. "Touching your butt is fine."

"Yes."

What about your pussy?

I wanted to spill that thought out. But I just knew that if I said it, Mom would be jolt awake.

I had to take what I got.

I have already broken yet another boundary between us. And it wasn't like I couldn't experiment and try reaching for her pussy when she was fully conscious.

If she reacted badly, then I knew she would react horribly too during the trance. So I would take my winnings and cash out while I could.

"Mom..." I stared at the gorgeous woman right in front of me. She was forty, yet with her youthful complexion and amazingly fair skin, not a wrinkle in sight, Mom could easily pass off as a woman in her early thirties. "I'm going to count to three..."

When Mom woke up, I was a bundle of impatience.

I didn't want to wait until dinner when she gave me my massage. I needed to test out if my commands had successfully settled inside her consciousness.

Like as she always did when waking up from a trance, she sat up slowly, blinking away her confusion.

"Eun..?" She glanced at me as I sat down beside her on the couch. "What... what were you saying?"

We were in the middle of a conversation before I had put her to sleep.

"Umm..." I couldn't recall what we were talking about. "I was just saying that I have paid all the bills, so you don't need to worry."

“Oh. Good.” She exhaled, and I couldn’t help but watch her tits bounce under that shirt. “Thank you, dear.”

“No problem.” I reached forward and made first contact with her thighs. I was hyper aware of her reactions, but Mom just continued blinking.

I moved up to her hips.

“Hmm?” She turned to me, and I almost pulled my hand away. But I stayed firm. “What is it, dear?”

“Nothing, Mom,” I said, giving her slim hips a soft squeeze.

That had Mom narrowing her eyes at me. I didn’t know what possessed me to keep going, but I continued my journey upwards.

She wasn’t wearing a bra.

Mom wasn’t stopping me. I moved up.

And up...

I touched the bottom of her tit.

Mom immediately reacted, and not in the way I wanted her to.

She grabbed my wrist and jerked me away from her chest.

“Eun...” She glared at me, and although her eyes and voice showed annoyance, it was just that. She was annoyed. Not angry or shocked that I had just touched her tits. “This is inappropriate.”

“Sorry.” I looked away, but I could tell my Mother was still looking at me.

“Are you okay?” She finally asked. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing...” I cleared my throat. “I’m just... umm... a little frustrated.”

“I can tell.” She sighed, and when I looked back at her, she was thinking something over.

Was she...

Mom looked up at me. "Would it help if I give you a handjob right now?"

"Yes." A thousand times, yes.

She blew out a breath. "Lay down. Let Mommy take care of you."

I grit my teeth as pleasure streaked through me.

Mom was getting *really* good at handjobs.

The way she stroked my cock, her eyes fully focused on the task at hand...

I was going to have an amazing orgasm, but I was still desperate to know if my programming had worked. The way Mom had reacted was not enough for me to decide if the session was successful or not.

So I got up from my position and sat up against the couch. Mom gave me a look.

"Not good enough?" she asked.

"No, it's amazing." I forced a small smile. "But..."

She raised a sexy eyebrow. "But?"

I couldn't believe what I was going to say. But at that point, nothing was crazy.

My own mother was on her knees below me, one hand on my cock, while the other was lightly squeezing my balls.

I said the words.

"I want to touch your tits."

She frowned, clearly not happy with the suggestion. She thought it through while keeping her eyes on me, but when she sighed and let go of my cock to stand up, I knew I had won her over.

“Eun.” For a moment, her stern side returned. She glared at me. “No one can know about this. Do you understand?”

What did she mean by that? Just a second ago, my cock was in her hands.

But I just nodded, curious to know what she was going to do.

Mom looked at me over for several more seconds, before she nodded, sighed again, then in one swift motion, cleared her shirt over her head.

I didn't expect that at all, so Mom had to forgive me as I gawked at her. I have never seen her naked. As her tits bounce free from her tight T-shirt, all I could do was just... stare, completely mesmerized at those globes of sex.

Her nipples were hard, her areolas large. Mom had amazing tits, not extremely large and obscene like those pornstars. But she was big enough for them to be pure eye candy to look at.

“Remember...” Mom whispered, kneeling down again to get close to me. “No one can know about this.”

I couldn't talk, so I just nodded. If my cock was rock hard then, the rest of my blood seemed to rush its way down as I just looked on at utter perfection.

“You know...” Mom took my wrist and pulled me into those amazing globes. She stared up at me, deep brown eyes twinkling.

“You are always obsessed with...” she cleared her throat, not wanting to say ‘tits.’ “When you were a baby, you loved to suck on it all the time.”

She used to breastfeed me? On... those?

I must have been the luckiest baby alive.

Even now... I saw not a hint of sag or aging on her tits. They still looked fucking incredible, and I was in full salivating mode as Mom had me feeling up her left tit.

She even let go of me, allowing me to grab hold of those beauties. I squeezed and fondled those heavenly pillows, watching Mom hold herself back.

It was clear she was enjoying it, too.

Mom parted her lips, her breaths getting heavier, her eyes glazing over.

I squeezed, and Mom did the same. She reached for my cock, squeezed me in her ever warm grip, started stroking me again.

“Eun...” she breathed. “This is so...” she gasped when I clutched her gorgeous tits harder. “... so *wrong*.”

“I’m just sexually frustrated, Mom,” I explained in a pant, playing into her programming. I wanted to fuck her. So badly. “This is okay. You’re helping me.”

“Am I?” She sounded so unsure.

“Yes,” I gasped as I felt her thumb on my tip, gathering up all my pre-cum. “You’re definitely helping me, Mom.”

“Then that’s all that matters.” She bit her lips, still looking up at me, eyes unsure, but resigned.

Mom was struggling with her blurred morals, and I didn’t know what came over me, but I left her tit to reach up and take her chin.

Mom gasped when I took hold of her, but she didn’t fight back or stop stroking my cock when I pulled her up and forward—towards me. She even closed her eyes and tilted her head as I joined our lips together.

This time, she was a lot more receptive to the kiss. Mom was my first kiss—first everything—and I was fully aware I wasn’t the best at making love to a woman. But Mom was a saint, patient as ever, still stroking my cock, still pleasing me like a mother should to her only son.

This wasn’t the mother-son kiss we had been sharing for a week now.

This was a full-blown lover’s kiss.

She sucked on my lips, alternating between the top and the bottom, creating wonderful sounds. And when I gasped and moaned at how good her lips felt, she just smiled and continued kissing me.

Damn. She was showing her true colors. Mom was a fucking amazing kisser.

I wanted tongue action, but Mom pulled back before I could make a move. Her smile widened, and then she leaned in just for a final quick peck before she settled back on her knees.

“Do you feel better?” Mom asked me. But from the way she was smiling, she damn well knew the answer to that.

I just nodded, completely out of breath and totally blown away at the amazing experience. That was our first *real* kiss.

No amount of hypnosis could take away what I just experienced.

It wouldn't be too far-fetched to say that the kiss might have just been the single greatest experience of my life.

Even better than the first handjob. The kiss was everything. Magical, sweet, choked filled with the love and attention I yearned so much from her.

And the best part was... she actually *enjoyed* it.

Her smile was enough evidence of that.

“Good,” Mom said, then focused back on my cock. She stroked me slowly, her touches light, giving me shivers.

“Mom?”

“Hmm?”

“Can I...” The way I was looking at Mom, I wasn't hiding anything away from her. She should know right then and there how much I wanted her. “Can I cum all over your tits?”

“Chest,” she corrected me.

“No, Mom.” I shook my head. “Those are *tits* and you have the most amazing ones.”

She chuckled and shook her head. But when she saw I was completely serious, her smile faded and Mom bit down on her lips, mulling it over.

“What’s the difference between on your face or on your tits?” I said, pushing my reasoning. “It’s the same.”

“I guess so.” She cleared her throat, then began stroking me faster. “Just... just tell me when you are close.”

I gave her right tit a hard squeeze. Mom must have not expected it because she gasped loudly.

As we locked eyes, I offered my beautiful mother a smile and a promise.

“I will.”