

Chapter Eight

Day Fifty-two

By the time I finished work and reached the front door of the apartment, I was hard as a rock.

Despite my mind being worn down from hypnotizing people all day, my body knew what was coming in the next few minutes.

I could hear every pounding of my heart as I fished for my keys and inserted it into the keyhole.

I twisted.

Sucking in a much needed breath, then exhaling, I pushed open the front door, stepping inside the apartment, greeted by the new life I had created for myself over the past month and a half.

A wave of deliciousness hit me. Beef, vegetables, and Kimchi.

Sighing happily, I closed the front door, just in time for my beautiful mother to come into view.

I was so used to seeing her in her red. She looked fucking hot in her tight stewardess uniform, but in my eyes, red was always a warning sign. It signaled to me that Mom had no time for me.

But seeing her looking like that...

Spatula in hand, wearing a simple dress and a clean white apron, her hair styled up in a simply loose ponytail. Not done up stylishly, as per her uniform.

I preferred Mom looking like this. Like a simple housewife, ready to please.

"You're back." Mom beamed at me with a motherly smile. She started walking towards me, and when we were near, I braced for what was coming.

After all, I had programmed her on *exactly* how to greet the man of the house.

“Welcome home, baby,” Mom said, as she stroked my cheek, her motherly smile turning into more of a sexy smirk.

“Glad to be back,” I replied, then dipped my head down just as Mom tip-toed up.

Our lips met.

This wasn’t a motherly kiss.

Mom was hungry. She banded both her arms around my neck to pull me in tighter, kissing me with a fervor no mother shouldn’t.

But in her mind, this was right.

She loved me, and this was the most appropriate way to show me love and gratitude. After all, I was paying the bills and bringing in bread.

I was the man of the house. And she was the woman, *my woman*, that had to cook, clean, and provide me with endless love and support.

Mom finally drew back, her full lips glistening with our mixed saliva. She was still smiling.

“You’re tired,” she said, drawing her words to a soft, seductive whisper. “Come and rest on the couch. I’m just done cooking.”

“Sure thing, Mom.”

Trailing her fingers down my arm, Mom took my hand, then led me forward, across the living room and towards the couch I always hypnotized her in.

She sat me down, and she was about to turn away when I grabbed her wrist.

Mom looked at me with those wide brown eyes, already knowing what I wanted.

“Baby, I need to finish cooking.”

“Is it urgent?” I asked, still holding my wrist and not letting her go.

She sounded unsure. “No...”

But that was all the answer I needed. I pulled her in without warning, making her drop the spatula with a gasp.

She stumbled towards me, and I admit I was a little rough with her. I had my own mother on her knees, and before she knew it, I was gripping the back of her head and roughing her up towards my cock.

Mom let out a little whimper of protest. She knew it was useless to resist me.

As long as I wasn't doing anything 'wrong' in her eyes, like shoving my cock in her pussy, which I *badly* wanted to do. Everything else was a green light to her.

Being the best Mother there was, she unbuckled my belt for me, unzipped my work pants, and tugged my pants and boxers down to my knees.

As usual, I was throbbing with need. So much pre-cum had pooled to my tip, it was leaking along the sides of my cock.

We locked eyes. Brown on brown. Mom parted her lips wide, knowing what she had to do. I pushed her head forwards, sucking in a breath as soon as warmth enveloped me.

Her tongue was already doing wonders. She sucked all my pre-cum up, swallowed my seed, then licked me all around, forcing me to squeeze my eyes close and moan her out.

“Mom...” I was heaving with need, wanting nothing more than ever than to shove my cock down a different hole. Flexing my hips forward, I force fed my mother more of me, heard her gag and strain as she accommodated my size.

If her throat felt this fucking amazing, then I couldn't imagine how her pussy would feel.

Mom tried to respond to me, but all she could do was gargle, saliva already leaking down the edges of her lips.

Seeing her like that, so helpless and submissive, had me razor close to the edge.

“Mom...” I rasped, noticing the heaviness of my voice. I never sounded like this. Only Mom could have me this riled up with desire. “Hold still while I fuck your face. Do... do you understand?”

She nodded.

“That’s a good girl.” I pressed my balls against her lips, and her choked moan had me shuddering in delight. “You’re a good girl. A good housewife for me, aren’t you, Mom?”

Another nod. Another cock-gagged moan.

“That’s right,” I grunted, pulling my hips back before slamming my cock back down to where it belonged.

Mom’s eyes went wide. She gagged, but I held her still, pulling my hips back and sending another hard thrust forward.

Mom jerked. Moaned.

She was a vision. With tears springing out from her eyes, cheeks flushed, ponytail a mess, lips trembling.

God, she was sexy.

I snapped my eyes shut and continued ravaging her throat. Pounding back and forth. In and out.

I was vocal with my delight, moaning, cheered on by my mother’s own cock-gagged moans filling up our living room.

When I busted, I didn’t warn her. The only sign I gave was a shout and Mom yelped as I poured down her tight throat. She gagged, choked from her own son’s cum.

I released her when I was done. Mom pulled away, cum and drool stringing from her lips to the tip of my cock.

“That was...” I slumped against the sofa, completely spent. “Mom, you’re such a great cock sucker.”

“T-Thank you...” One side of her apron had come off, and I couldn’t help but admire the disheveled state I had put her in. “I’m glad I could please you.”

“Go...” It was hard to break, yet alone talk. “Go clean up and serve me my dinner.”

She stood up on shaky knees, stumbled once, only saved by holding onto the armrest of the couch. Nodding her compliance, Mom turned around and slowly made her way back to the kitchen.

“Is everything fine?” Mom asked as she refilled my glass.

“Yeah.” I gave her a small smile.

Ever since I had made Mom okay with me feeling up her body, all I have done was refine her desire to please me and help with my sexual frustrations.

“I’m glad.” Mom returned my smile.

“Though...” I didn’t hide the lustful look I gave her. She was still in her dress and apron, and I just thought of a bright idea.

“Yes?” Mom chewed her bottom lip, immediately noticing the look I was giving her.

She had already accepted that I saw her as this object of lust. I made her okay with that.

After all, mothers should fulfill their son’s sexual frustrations.

“It would be nicer if you removed that apron.” I couldn’t stop my grin from widening. “And that dress.”

“Eun...” Mom looked horrified. “But...”

“But?” I raised an eyebrow, challenging her. I had to stand my ground. She wasn’t in control anymore.

Mom didn’t want the challenge. She averted her gaze to the side, then looked down at her feet.

She attempted a last resistance.

"It's pretty cold here," she whispered.

"But I want to see you naked," I told her, not pulling any punches. I was in this intoxicating haze of lust and desire, and nothing could stop me. "I'm a guy and I'm single. You should know that I have needs."

"I guess so..." She was really chewing that lower lip. "Umm..."

I kept my eyes on my beautiful mother, waiting for her decision.

She made it a few seconds later.

"O-Okay..." Mom was still refusing eye contact. "But... can you look away?"

What was the point of that? I was going to see her naked, anyway.

But I relented. I would rather not go through the trouble of putting her in a trance and making her okay with me looking. If I couldn't see her undress, so be it. At least I got to have the end result.

Setting down my chopsticks, I turned my back towards her.

There was silence, probably from Mom looking at me, figuring if I would really keep to my promise.

But I was a man of my word, and a few beats later, I heard her shuffle her feet behind me, and then more movements.

Every second that passed felt like an eternity.

Had she already taken off her clothes? Was Mom in her underwear?

Had she—

"Okay, you can turn around now."

A second ago, I was in a rush to see those tits out and her pussy in full view.

But right then... all I wanted was for the moment to stretch out.

I turned around. Slowly. Taking in every detail of the walls, the couches at the far side of the living room, the TV.

But when I got to *her*.

My god.

I have seen her tits before. Beautiful round tits, perky nipples, and with light blue, almost greenish veins running along those melons, not a hint of sag to them.

Mom was in her early forties, but she didn't look that way.

Not with her skin, not with her tits, and definitely not with her pussy.

Those pink lips. She was clean shaven too. I guess I was staring down south for too long because Mom suddenly had both her hands covering her pride.

"Sorry," I muttered, finally forcing myself to blink. "You're... you're very beautiful, Mom."

Mom still tried to cover up, palms over her sex, arms over her hard nipples. "It's not right for you to look at me like that."

Of course it wasn't. But I had blurred her morals.

"Is it?" I challenged her, regaining my confidence. "You know how sexually frustrated I've been, Mom. Looking at you like this really makes you a good mother."

"Does it?" She frowned, not sure to believe me or not.

I pushed the idea I have been reinforcing in her for so long. "Yes, it does. There's nothing wrong with you showing me your naked body. You're beautiful, and you're helping me. There's no shame in that."

Mom was silent. But my words were affecting her, because slowly, very slowly, she parted her hands, and all was revealed to me once again.

God, she was beautiful. How was it possible that she was forty-one? She practically looked like an older sister.

“So...” Mom swayed her hips side to side, not sure what to do. “How do I look?”

“Beautiful.”

What else was there to say?

Mom bit her lips. Looked away.

Was... was Mom blushing?

I gestured over to the couch. “Why don’t we sit down on the couches?”

“You haven’t finished your meal.”

“Right.” I had completely forgotten that I had been eating.

I shook my head. “I’m not really hungry anymore.”

“Okay, I’ll clean up.” Mom walked forward and started clearing the plates. “Why don’t you relax and wait for me?”

I couldn’t help but break into a smile. Several thoughts ran through my head. None of them innocent.

“Of course.”

“Eun...” Mom grabbed my wrist, but she didn’t put any effort into stopping in as I squeezed those marvelous melons.

“You’re beautiful, Mom,” I panted back, using my other hand to grab that ass cheek of hers, too. Everything about Mom was smooth, soft, and perfect. “Gorgeous.”

“This...” I could feel her every breath against my neck. She pressed her forehead against the side of neck, trying her best not to show just how much she was enjoying it.
“... this isn’t right.”

“I’m happy,” I told her, turning to her and planting a kiss on the side of her head. “You make me happy.”

“I guess...” Mom bit down on her lower lips. Squeezed her eyes shut. “Eun...”

“You’re happy too, aren’t you, Mom?” I kissed her again, offering feather light pecks all the way down to her neck.

She gasped, unable to hold it in anymore, leaned into me as I gave her what she really wanted.

“You like this,” I told her in a matter-of-fact tone. “You love this.”

“P-Please.”

It sounded both like a beg to stop, yet also a plea to continue.

I chose the second option.

As I released her tits and ass, I drew my hands towards her thighs, Mom squeezed my wrist. Gasped as she realized what I was about to do.

But I continued on.

“Eun...”

I looked at her. Saw those wide eyes staring at me.

“You’d love this, Mom,” I told her. “Trust me.”

She shouldn’t trust me. I have never touched a woman there before.

She should know that, but instead...

Instead, Mother let off my wrist, and I saw in those deep dark browns of hers...

She wanted me to do it.

Mom was still staring at me, and I made sure she was still looking when I went in.

“Eun!” Her eyes went as wide as I ever saw them.

“Mom, you’re soaked.” I pushed two fingers inside her. She gasped, jerked against my hand. “So fucking soaked.”

“Eun...” The intensity left her eyes, replaced by this glazed, soft look. As if she was in a trance.

But she was conscious.

This was insane, and this was crazy.

But Mom was willingly allowing me to finger her.

I didn’t know what to do. I just dipped my fingers in deeper and deeper. Curled them in. Touched her in places no son should.

I thought I might be doing a bad job, but Mom was giving me her reviews.

Her gasps and groans and whimpers. And that low, sexy moaning...

God, Mom could *moan*.

Even if it wasn’t loud. Even if our neighbors wouldn’t hear us. Just the fact that she was trying to hold it all in, and failing, forced to let out those high-pitch whimpers, throwing her head back against the couch as my name leaked out from those sweet lips of hers.

I made sure to watch Mom as she came undone. She squeezed my fingers so tight, I had to moan with her, wishing it was my cock inside her instead.

But I took what I could get, and my god, I received more than I could ever ask for.

Her moans grew louder, sexier, and when she opened her eyes, I only could see whites.

“Mom.” I continued jamming my fingers in and out of her spasming cunt. She was twisting in my grasp, spasming uncontrollably as she orgasm, letting out all that pent up pleasure she must have held inside for all these years.

And I was with her, moving with her, moaning with her. And when Mom opened her eyes again, showing white, gasping my name loud and clear, I moved in for the kill.

I leaned in, seeking her lips. I found them a second later.

But that wasn't the best idea because Mom bit down hard on my lower lip. Ouch.

Then she was trashing in my grip, and all I could do was stay firm and swallow all those cries of ecstasy.

When she was done, Mom couldn't move. Didn't even make a sound. She just laid against me, our heavy breaths filling up the room.

I took the opportunity to undress and lay next to her, feeling her up. With our bodies covered in sweat and her lean, amazing curves all pressed up against me, I couldn't imagine a better place to be.

I pressed my erect cock against her ass, but Mom didn't say a word. We slept with each other for the first time.

Another boundary broken.

One last one to go.