

Chapter Nine

Day Fifty-Five

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

I would never tire of watching Mom’s eyes roll back and her naked body going limp.

Mother was at the edge of complete corruption. There was just one last boundary until she was nothing more than my plaything.

“Mom,” I started our session, unable to take my eyes off her tits, especially where her nipples were erect, the cool air conditioning keeping them hard. “Can you hear me?”

Her monotone voice greeted me. “Yes.”

The goal of the session was simple.

Force Mom to break her last boundary with me. Get her to accept that having sex with her own son was normal, and even something to be proud of.

“Mom.” I didn’t bother sitting away from my entranced subject. I sat beside my mother, hands already busy with her busty body, groping those tits I had been so addicted to when I was a boy. “Who is the man in this house?”

Her reply was immediate. “You are.”

“And you are my housewife, correct?”

Mom, being the traditional mother she was, immediately agreed.

“Yes.”

“What’s your role in this house?”

“To make life easier for you.”

“To serve me,” I corrected her. “To serve the man of the house.”

“Yes.”

I squeezed her tits, smiling when my hypnotized mother leaked out a small moan.

“And what does serving me mean?”

“To make you happy.”

“Correct.” My smile widened. “And what can make me happy? Name some examples.”

“Give you a blowjob.”

Fuck. That was the first thing on my mother’s mind?

I had trained her right.

“Yes.” To reward her, I dipped my hand in between her legs, urging another moan out of my pet. Her monotone was breaking. “What else?”

“Let you cum on my tits and face.”

“Correct.” I stroked her clit with my thumb, gathering her incredible wetness my mother had produced for me. “I’m a man, and men enjoy sexual pleasure from a woman.”

“Yes.”

It was time to take advantage of my mother’s dull logic while asleep.

“You’re the only woman in the house, correct?”

“Yes...” My hand was having an effect on her. She was gasping and moaning as I dipped myself in and out of her tight hole that I couldn’t fuck. Just yet.

“As the only woman in the house, wouldn’t your natural role be fulfilling my sexual desires?”

“To an extent,” Mom replied.

I frowned. I knew convincing Mom to have sex with me would be difficult, but this was annoying.

“What do you mean ‘to an extent’?”

Mom bit her lips. “Just not sex.”

I sighed. “Why not sex?”

“Because it doesn’t make sense.”

“What do you mean?”

“Sex is sacred. It’s only meant for husband and wife.”

Meant for husband and wife.

I thought about what she said.

What if...

I withdrew my fingers, and Mom whimpered at the loss of contact. What a slut.

“So...” I looked down at my beautiful mother. “If we were married, would sex make sense?”

“Yes.”

Married to my mother, huh?

It didn’t need to be official. I just *needed* her to believe we were married.

And that was very possible through hypnosis.

Time to get to work.

Day Sixty

“Mom?”

“Yes, darling?”

I smiled. She never called me ‘darling’ before. She was also never at home.

But there she was, the utter vision of a housewife. Feather duster in hand. Her hair tied back into a neat ponytail.

But best of all, she was naked. Tits out and dusting the sofas as if it was just another day.

Leaning against the wall, I continued staring at her nakedness, loving what I saw.

“What do you think of marriage?” I asked.

“Marriage?” Mom stopped what she was doing and turned to me. “What do you mean?”

Mom had always been a single mother, raising both Amara and me her whole life. We didn’t know who our father was. Somebody just saw a hot air stewardess, brought her to a hotel room, and that was that.

I believed every single woman once had this fantasy about their perfect wedding day and living their happily ever after. I just wondered if Mom still held onto that fantasy. Even though she was forty-one, any straight man with a pair of eyes would *love* to marry her just so she would be in their bed.

“I mean, would you still like to get married?”

Mom laughed, and I watched her tits jiggle.

“I think I’m way past that, darling,” Mom told me. “I have you and Amara. I don’t think I have any time to myself.”

“But if you had the chance,” I insisted. “Would you get married and have this huge wedding?”

Mom smiled. “Yeah. I’d love that.”

Perfect.

I walked up to her. "Sleepy time, Mom."

She fell into my arms.

"Imagine this, Mom." She felt so fragile, laying on my lap. Removing her hair band, I let her waves come loose and continued stroking her. "You're married to me."

"To... you?"

Confusion broke through her monotone, but I was watching her closely. She still looked relatively calm under the trance, giving me the green light to push my sick fantasy.

"Yes." I ran my thumb along her jawline, feeling her shudder. "Wouldn't that make sense? You're my housewife. And as the man of the house, I'm providing for you and Amara."

"But..." Mom still sounded understandably confused. "You're my son."

"What's the point of marriage, Mom?"

"To bear children. I already have children."

"That's not the only reason for marriage," I said. "Marriage is the joining of two souls." I pressed a thumb against her plump lips, and Mom parted them open, allowing me in. "Don't you want to be with me forever?"

What I was pushing might be ludicrous. I was convincing my own mother to marry me. It was crazy, but what I learned through hypnosis was that nothing was far fetched.

In the end, the idea of impossibility was all in the mind.

"Yes," Mom said, but she had to think it over.

"Then wouldn't it make sense to marry me?"

“But...” Mom ran her tongue along my thumb. Fuck, it was so hot. “You’re my son. I’m not supposed to marry my son.”

“According to who?” I challenged her.

“E-Everyone.”

“But we aren’t everyone,” I said. “We don’t need to follow everyone’s rules. I mean, you’re allowing me to cum on your face. Is that what everyone does?”

Mom had to admit I was right.

“... no.”

“So you can agree that our family is unique. We make our own rules.”

“Yes.”

Exhaling, I spend the next few moments stroking her, feeling her silky skin. Eventually, my hands found their way back to her tits, and I squeezed those sex globes as hard as I could without waking her up.

“Eun...” Mom groaned.

“You like that Mom, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“So we have established that we are a unique family, and want to spend the rest of our lives together. We enjoy each other sexually.” I paused, letting my statements sink in. “Do you still think marriage is a far fetched idea?”

“No.”

I smiled. Great.

“But...” Mom spoke out, and my smile faded. “We can’t just marry.”

I sighed. “Why?”

“There has to be a lead up. We have to be madly in love.”

“Don’t you love me?”

“I do. But we have to have a relationship first. Dates, movie night, romantic walks in the park.”

So Mom was one of those romantic girls. Alright. But was there any way around these... necessities?

I just wanted to fuck her. Not bring her out on long, romantic dates.

But...

There was a way.

I didn’t actually need to go on dates with her. I can just have it all happen in her mind.

“Mom...” I was back to her face, stroking her amazing jawline. “Would you be opposed to us dating?”

“I...” Mom swallowed. “Not really. No.”

“So you’re okay with us dating?”

“I guess.”

That wasn’t enough. She needed to be fully into the idea.

I rounded back to the start. “We are a unique family, correct?”

“Yes.”

“And you want to spend the rest of your life with me. You are thinking of marrying me.”

Obviously, Mom never thought of marrying me. But some verbal tricks were always useful, especially when Mom wasn’t thinking straight.

“Yes.”

I chuckled. “You want to marry me.”

“Yes.”

“But you want to have a romantic relationship with me first.”

The next ‘Yes’ was much stronger.

I couldn’t believe it. I had successfully convinced my own mother to marry me. All in order for her to accept having me.

“Good.” I smiled my victory, still stroking her smooth skin and soft hair. “Now, Mom. I want you to see us on a romantic date together. It’s our first date and I brought you roses...”

Day Sixty-two

“Hi honey!” I have never seen Mom so happy to see me returning from work.

She had even waited for me by the door, and just as she heard my footsteps, she unlocked the front door, and greeted me out in the hallway with a hug and a full on kiss on the lips, tongue at all.

Luckily, we were alone outside. What would our neighbors think if they saw us? They all knew she was my mother. But I guessed Mom’s programming made her less ashamed about her urges.

“Mom...” I was the one who had to push Mom away. We had been making out for almost a minute, and I was anxious someone would actually spot us. “Let’s get inside.”

Mom giggled, grabbed my hand, and pulled me inside. It was like she was young again. There was an aura of vitality to her. I could see it on her face. Even when she wore no makeup, I swore she looked years younger.

It just proved that what I was doing to her was only positive. Mom was happier. I was *definitely* happier. And soon my little sister would share in that joy.

“I cooked you the beef stew you liked,” Mom told me, still holding my hand, as if she really didn’t want to let go. “Do you want it served now?”

“Yeah.” I couldn’t stop staring at Mom. Even though nothing had changed and she was just wearing a simple T-shirt, she looked so much hotter. Her energy was infectious. “Thank you, Mom.”

“No problem, sweetheart.” She let go of my hand, but not before leaning in and giving me one good kiss on the lips.

I watched Mom go, almost skipping her way to the kitchen.

For the past forty-eight hours, I’ve spent the majority of my time working in the office. It was a busy week, and I had a sudden influx of new clients.

When I wasn’t hypnotizing clients, I was hypnotizing Mom. In Mom’s eyes, we had been officially dating for two weeks now. The time frame didn’t make sense, but manipulating her memories was proving easier and easier.

“It’s hot!” Mom called out from behind me, carrying the piping hot meals.

I moved out to the way while Mom placed the plates on the dining table.

But I wasn’t hungry. I had waited all day for this evening.

“I hope you like it.” Mom smiled at me. “This is a new rece—”

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

“Mom, how long have we been dating?”

“One month.”

“Correct.” I ran my palm over her ass, feeling up all the plump muscles there. Mom really had an amazing package—tits, ass, face. She had it all. “And how many dates have we been on?”

“Fifteen.”

“Good.” I smiled, loving her monotone voice. “And do you love every single one?”

“Yes.”

“Would you say you’re in love with me?”

“I...” Mom smiled too. “I believe I am.”

“Would you have sex with me?”

“No, not until marriage.”

Fuck. I could spend time trying to work around her stubborn logic, but I decided it would be quicker to resume what I was doing. Conjure memories. It didn’t matter that it was fake. For Mom, everything was as real as it got.

“Are you thinking about marrying me already?”

“Yes,” she giggled, her monotone breaking for a second. “But it’s still too early.”

“How long would you say it’s enough before I propose?”

“At least six months.”

Six months, huh?

I could make six months fly by for Mom. Just give me a week.

Day Sixty-nine

I couldn't wait to come home. My cock was already rock hard, and my heart was already racing.

I had the ring in my pocket.

A sleek one-carat diamond ring I had spent a large portion of my savings on.

I could have easily bought a toy ring and have Mom think it was the most expensive diamond ring ever, but I preferred it to be real.

I was going to get married. To my own Mother.

Before I could even fish for my keys, the door opened, and my beautiful Mother greeted me with a smile.

She was wearing nothing but a bathrobe.

"Welcome home, honey."

I quickly stepped inside and took Mom's chin, tasting her lips. I felt the robe fall, and I used the opportunity to wrap my hand around her body and grabbed that ass of hers.

"How's work?" Mom gasped as we broke apart.

How long have we been kissing? I didn't know, and I didn't care.

"Good," I told Mom, who was pretty much acting like my wife at that point. She was giving me blowjobs and titjobs, twice, sometimes three times every evening, but Mom was still adamant I couldn't put it in until we had tied the knot. "Is dinner ready?"

I didn't need to ask. I could already smell the home-cooked meal.

"Yes, it is." Mom pecked me on the lips once more before she headed for the kitchen. "You know, darling, I really missed you. I haven't seen my friends in months and I feel lonely."

"You don't need friends," I told her. "You have me."

"Right!" She set the plates on the table.

And just as she turned around to me, I was already on one knee.

Mom gasped. Covered her mouth.

“Is this...” She stared at the ring box I was holding out to her. “No! Eun—don’t tell me...”

“I love you, Mom,” I told her. This felt real. All the dozens of dates I took Mom out? She has never been out of the house with me. All the romantic evenings were fabricated in her mind.

But this? I was actually on one knee. And the ring was definitely real.

What the hell. I was actually proposing to my own mother. All of this just to break that one stupid boundary remaining inside her.

“I love you,” I repeated. “And I want to spend the rest of my life with you. You’re my Mother, and I have been in love with you as long as I can remember. Will you marry me?”

“Yes!” she shrieked, then started jumping up and down, her tits bouncing along with her.

The next moment I was on my feet, with Mom’s lips back on mine. The kiss was aggressive, our tongues tussling, moans colliding.

Damn. Mom was a great kisser.

“Yes! Yes!” Mom moaned into my mouth as I clutched her hair in my fist, kissing her hard until it felt like her mouth was a part of mine.

When we finally broke apart, she looked like she was ready to fuck.

“Shall we?” I smiled at her, nodding towards our bedroom. “We can start early.”

“We talked about this, honey.” But Mom was smiling. “You can claim me on our wedding day. But for now...” She lowered herself to her knees.

That was the only time I would ever deny a blowjob from her. I was impatient, and I didn’t want to wait.

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

Mom collapsed on my feet.

Exhaling my nerves out, I hauled up in my arms and laid my fiancée down on the sofa, where I had hypnotized her probably almost a hundred times by then.

“Mom, can you hear me?”

Her monotone filled up the room. “Yes.”

“You’re excited to get married to me, your son.”

“Yes.” She even sounded excited.

“I want you to see yourself in a wedding hall. It’s the wedding of your dreams. It’s huge, it’s bright, and it’s crowded.” I paused to let her visualize the scene. “Can you see the wedding of your dreams?”

“Yes!” Her monotone was gone. She just sounded excited, her voice high-pitched and girly.

“You scan the crowd. Everybody you want to be there is in attendance, clapping for you, approving the marriage. Can you see everyone clapping?”

“Yes!”

I actually felt guilty.

For the next twenty minutes, I played out the best day of her life. Her brother walked her down the aisle towards me. Everybody was cheering.

She stepped up the stairs, smiling her brightest smile and looking stunning in her supposed dreamy wedding dress.

“And when we kissed...” I told Mom. “It was the best kiss we ever shared.”

“Yes...”

“How do you feel... *wife*?”

“The happiest I’ve ever been.”

“Do you want to fuck?”

“Yes!”

She sounded so excited. And a glance between her legs confirmed it. Mother wasn’t just drenched, she was *leaking*.

“After the ceremony, we returned home. You stripped naked, and...” I took a second to toss off my clothes. It was just me and Mother, completely nude. “You’re ready to give yourself to me. You’re ready to fuck, Mom.”

“Yesssss....”

She looked ready. Definitely sounded ready.

It was time to wake her up and finally take my prize. This plan had been in motion for over two months, and I could finally...

Finally lose my virginity.

To my own beautiful mother. Which son in the world could feel the pleasure I was about to feel?

And judging by how adamant Mom was not to spread her legs for me, no matter how much I conditioned her, she might as well be considered a virgin, too. It had been so long since she had taken cock and I couldn’t believe I was the one who would break her streak.

And to think the original reason for hypnotizing her was to spend more time with me.

What happened?

“When I count to three, you’re going to wake up, ready to fuck. Do you understand, Mom?”

“Yes.”

I had to hear her say it. To prove this wasn't a fluke or a crazy fever dream.

"When you wake up, what are you going to do?"

"Have sex with you."

"One." *Snap.*

"Two." *Snap.*

My cock was so hard.

Three.

SNAP

Mom groaned and shook her head, getting her bearings.

"H-Honey?" She blinked, then looked down on her nakedness. "W-What happened?"

"We just got back from the venue," I told my new wife. "You were about to show me what you can do?"

"Oh." She blinked once more before her smile filled up the room. "Of course. I'm so happy, baby. We're finally married." She giggled like a schoolgirl. "I can't believe I married you, my own son."

"I know." I sat on the couch with her and signaled for my mother to turn around. "Ready to fuck, Mommy?"

"Don't call me that!" She giggled, but got into position, going on all fours and offering me her horny cunt. "I'm your wife now."

"But you're still my mother," I heaved, gripping her hips, feeling lightheaded. "Forever my beautiful mother."

Mom moaned, as if she loved hearing that. I hypnotized her to accept being sexual with me, but she was still well aware of just how wrong it was.

This was happening. I was going to claim the person I have been secretly lusting over for so long.

In just two months, I turned an absent flight attendant mother into my own *wife*.

Hypnosis was actually magic.

“Mommy.”

“Yes, baby?” Mom whispered,

“I’m a virgin.”

She gasped and turned to look at me, wondering if I was serious. “Really, baby?”

“Yes.”

She took a second to process that, but then she shook her head, gave me the most motherly smile and wiggled her ass at me, offering her cunt to her own son.

“That’s okay, darling,” Mom purred. “Mommy hasn’t taken cock in so many years, too. We’re both beginners. Let’s learn together.”

“Let’s.” I took my cock in hand and pushed my hips forward, finally breaking Mom’s final boundary and making her mine.