

Chapter Ten

Day Sixty-nine

Finally.

Mom moaned and flexed her hips forward, offering her own son unrestricted access to her pussy.

This was it. I was doing the one thing all sons wished they could do to their hot mothers.

“Eun...” Mom parted her pink lips. Gasp.

Tight was an understatement. Her pussy clenched around my tip, her warm walls pulsing around me as I brought my cock inside her body.

Mom wasn't just a natural beauty. She pushed beyond her talents, dieting and exercising her entire life. It explained why she had smooth, creamy skin and the best bubble ass on planet Earth.

And she was all mine.

“Oh...” Her brown eyes were wide with shock, as if she couldn't actually believe I was inside her.

“Mommy...” I exhaled, gripping her amazing hips and forcing another inch into her. “You feel... fucking amazing.”

“Please...” The first bead of sweat dripped down her forehead. “D-Don't call me Mommy. It's... it's so wrong.”

“Mommy,” I repeated, pushing deeper.

When she gasped, I dipped low and joined our lips as one.

Our lips meeting in a frantic dance, her body betraying her words.

Her moans were so wild, and I swallowed them all, slamming my cock deeper into her pussy, feeling pure bliss.

God.

I didn't want to cum, especially so early, but I couldn't bottle up all the pleasure rushing through me. I moaned into her mouth, pumping my hips back and forth as fast as I could, and then Mom started shrieking.

She trashed under me. "EUN!"

Holy fuck, Mom could cum.

"MHMMMM!" She dragged her nails along my back, her body shaking, her hips thrusting forward, our bodies working as one as I poured my seed into my mother.

As I moaned, I could only think of a singular thought.

What if I got Mom pregnant?

I have marked her face in cum before, and at that time, I thought I had owned her completely.

Mom was *mine*, and I had this urge to show that to the entire world.

But getting her pregnant? There was no better way to display that she was owned and dominated.

"Eun..." Mom broke the kiss in a gasp, but strands of saliva still had our lips connected. "Oh god..."

I was still inside her, and with a grunt, I pulled out and rolled off the couch. I had to bookmark this event, and I knew a way to do just that.

I stumbled forward, completely out of breath myself. After a struggle, I managed to grab my phone from the table, and I wasted no time opening the camera app.

"Mommy." I panted, turning back to my freshly fucked Mother. "Spread your legs."

Mom stared at me. "Who... who are you sending that to?"

“Just spread your legs.”

“Eun... I need to know.” She pursed her swollen lips. “Who are you sending that to?”

I groaned. I was still horny as fuck. My rock hard cock was an easy indication of that. But my lust turned to annoyance.

Why was Mom asking so many questions? She should be a good girl and listen to her husband.

There was only one way to solve her disobedience.

I looked at her. “Sleepy time, Mom.”

She groaned softly, her pupils rolling back over her head, showing whites.

“Mommy, can you hear me?”

“Yes...”

“You’re my wife.”

“Yes.”

“As my wife, what is your role in this household?”

“Cook for you. Clean for you.”

“Serve me,” I corrected her.

“Yes.”

“Wives should serve their husbands.”

“Yes.”

“Wives do as they are told.”

“Yes.”

“When I tell you to do something, you should do it.”

“Yes.”

“Should you ask questions?”

“No.”

“That’s right. Good wives don’t talk back to their husbands. Good wives do as they are told.”

“Yes.”

“When I tell you to do something, you won’t ask questions.”

“Yes.”

Good.

I snapped my fingers. “Wake up.”

Mom jolted awake with a jerk.

She blinked at me. “D-Did I fall asleep?”

“You did,” I said, pointing my phone at her. “Now spread your legs.”

Mom wasn’t happy with the command, but she didn’t ask questions this time. Frowning, she spread those thighs, revealing a pink, swollen pussy.

I had blown so much cum it had overfilled her pretty hole.

Chuckling, I snapped a few photos, so tempted to send it to my little sister.

As I put my phone down, Mom closed her legs shut and looked at me.

“Baby...” She cleared her throat. “That... that was nice.”

“It was.” I held out my hand. “Stand up. Let’s take it to the bedroom.”

She raised a sexy brow. "You... you still want to go?"

"Of course," I said, leading us to the Master bedroom so I could fuck her more.

Day Seventy-five

Mom didn't greet me outside the door when I returned home from work.

Instead, an even better sight welcomed me home.

As I unlocked the front door and pushed through, I saw my own mother in black lingerie, kneeling before me, her long hair tied into two pigtails.

"Welcome home," Mom started, bowing her head. "S-Sir."

Even though she stuttered the word, I couldn't hold back my smile. She had followed instructions. Coming home to a sight like this would be every husband's dream.

"Hello, Mommy." I walked up to her, my pants already down. I spent a second stroking my pet before I pushed my thumb through her lips, parting her mouth open.

Like a good wife, Mom understood the assignment, and I closed my eyes, replacing my thumb with my rock hard cock, sighing as familiar warmth enveloped me.

"Is dinner ready?" I grunted.

She nodded, tongue swirling around my cock.

"Good girl." I sighed again, running my hand through her luscious hair, across her flushed cheeks, down her fine shoulders. "You're such a good housewife."

It didn't take long for me to cum, and Mom had her dinner right there and then.

Pulling my pants back up, I strode towards the dining table while Mom headed to the kitchen to serve my piping hot meal.

But as she set the plates down on the table, I could tell something was off. She wasn't looking at me, and her usual smile wasn't there.

I spanked her ass, and she sucked in a sharp breath. "What's wrong?"

"I..." Her cheeks went even pinker. "Is now a good time to talk?"

I nodded towards the chair opposite me. "Sit."

Gingerly, Mom pulled the chair back and slowly sat down, her hands clasped on her lap.

"What is it?"

"We..." She cleared her throat. "I feel like we haven't been romantic in a while."

"We fuck daily, Mommy. Multiple times."

My cock has never been happier. Never mind the fact that she was my mother, she had the body to please every man. Big round tits without a hint of sag, creamy smooth skin, a bubble ass, and a pussy that seemed to always be tight and wet for me.

"Yes..." She looked away. "But that's not romantic."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

I knew what she meant. I just wanted her to confirm.

"We haven't been on dates, baby." She sighed. "Instead of a loving wife... I-I feel like your sex slave."

"You're my sex slave."

"I..." Mom bit down on her lips. "It's my job to give you pleasure whenever you ask. And if you want me to kneel down and greet you like that every day, then I'll do it if it makes you happy." She paused, chewing on those beautiful plump lips. "But I'm still your wife."

"Right." I stood up.

Rounding to her side, I took her chin, and the gesture made Mom offer me a gorgeous smile. One full of love and hope.

But her smile disappeared when I said the next words.

“Sleepy time, Mom.”

She fell into my arms, and I left dinner on the table to carry my wife to the couch.

“Mom, can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

I knew I had to have this session with her sooner or later. The first few days of our ‘honeymoon’ was a sex filled fantasy.

But the mood quickly changed when Mom started asking when our next date would be. She would also often joke that I don’t come home with flowers.

It was plain obvious she was expecting more.

I could have easily fulfilled her expectations by materializing more fake dates in her mind. Mom would be happy, but it would also mean that I would be feeding into her wants.

She wanted a romantic partner. I wanted a slave.

If I kept having fake dates with her, she wouldn’t act as my slave.

I had to set the tone for our relationship.

“Mom,” I began. “Do you think you’re a good wife?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t think you’re a good wife.”

“What...” She almost woke up. Her face twitched, but I was with her in an instant, stroking her beautiful face, shushing her.

“... why?” Mom said after a while.

“I want a divorce.”

“No!” I didn’t know how she didn’t snap out of her trance, but as Mom flinched beside me, I continued stroking her, giving her my affection.

It didn’t seem to calm her down one bit.

“P-Please! Eun! Please don’t leave me.”

“But you’re not giving me what I want.”

“I’m sorry.” The first stream of tears leaked down her right eye. “I’m so sorry, baby. Please forgive me. I’ll... I’ll do better.”

“Mom, it’s just after marrying you. I realize I want something different. I don’t want a wife. I want a slave.”

Mom’s voice became shrill, her monotone breaking.

“I’ll be your slave!” Her eyes were open, tears streaming down her cheeks. I would have thought she had snapped out of her trance if it wasn’t for her glazed eyes.

“P-Please. Give... give me one more chance. I’ll serve you well.”

I ran my thumb along her chin, collecting tears. “You will?”

“Yes! Please...”

I pretended to think about it. “Okay.”

“T-Thank you... Thank you...” Even with unfocused eyes, she sank against me, offering an abundant kiss to the side of my throat. “Thank you. Thank you.”

I squeezed my eyes shut, enjoying the kisses.

I knew convincing Mom wouldn’t be too difficult. I held all the cards. She loved me too much, and she knew she was too old to get remarried.

At least that was what she believed. I had no doubt Mom could easily find someone with a click of her fingers. She was too beautiful. Too fucking sexy.

But she didn't need to know that.

"One more thing, Mommy." I kissed the top of her head.

She didn't stop her lovely pecks, intent on pleasing me as much as she could.
"Y-Yes?"

"Do you agree to be my slave?"

"Yes!" She said it too enthusiastically. "Of course! I'm your slave! Mommy is your slave."

I couldn't help but shiver. I never thought I would ever hear those words coming out of her mouth.

"As my slave, what should you refer to me as?"

She must have been half-out of the trance, because her mind was unusually sharp.

"Master."

I groaned.

"Say it again, Mommy."

"Master."

I squeezed my eyes shut.

"Again."

The word dripped from her tongue like sugar, her monotone all but gone.

"Master."

"Good Mommy." I shivered. "Now wake up and go on all fours."

Day Seventy-six

Did I feel bad?

Yeah.

Treating my lovely Mother like that was cruel, and the last thing I wanted was for her to be miserable, especially when she had provided for Amara and me for our entire life. She even sacrificed romantic relations and friendships.

Mom said she wanted dates, and I wasn't completely against the idea of bringing her out.

I just didn't want our relationship to be founded upon romantic interests. Dates, gifts, calling each other pet names.

I made it clear I wanted a slave wife, and since I forced Mom to accept that foundation in our relationship, then I was fine with being romantic from time to time.

As long as she knew her role in the household.

After I unlocked the front door, I hid the rose and overpriced box of chocolates behind my back.

I didn't think I would ever get tired of seeing Mom kneeling before me, head down, hands on her lap. It was the perfect house greeting, but she made it even better by opening those amazing lips.

"Welcome home, Master."

"Hello, Mommy." I kicked the door shut behind me and produced my gifts for her. "Look."

She gasped, a sound full of glee and pure joy.

"Oh my god!!" She got up on her feet without me giving her permission to do so, but I would forgive her this one time.

“I...” Mom stared at me, and I didn’t expect the tears before she started sobbing. “I...”

“Hey...” I hugged her, but Mom had other intentions.

She pressed her lips up against me, the hunger so deep, I had to gasp for breath as our tongues went to war.

Fuck.

It felt like hours had passed by the time we broke apart.

She had never kissed me like that before. The closest had been from our wedding night, but even then...

Mom was full of surprises.

“Thank you, Master,” she sobbed, accepting the gifts as I handed them out to her. “I love you so much.”

“I love you, Mommy,” I told her. “I have another surprise.”

Her eyes went wide. “Really?”

“I have a reservation at Rosé in an hour and a half.” I had to smile too when she smiled through her tears. “So why don’t we take a shower first?”

“I don’t know what to say...” More tears burned their way to the front of her eyes. “T-Thank you.”

I knew sex would be different the moment Mom stripped me naked, then led me towards our tiled shower.

With her wavy hair down to the top of her tits, her nipples perked up, and her sex already dripping, I didn’t know what I had awakened in her. But I was about to find out.

Mom turned on the shower, and as water fell all around us, smiled at me.

She initiated the sex.

Mom stalked forward, pressing her pussy against my cock and swaying her hips hypnotically, rubbing our sex together in the most agonizingly amazing way possible.

“Mom...” I groaned, gripping her slim hips. “This feels good...”

“I know...” Slowly, she turned around, and then pushed herself up to kiss me. “I love you, Master.”

“I love you too, Mommy.”

“Never leave me,” she told me, biting down on my lips, the sharp sensation forcing me to gasp. “Never ever fucking leave me.”

Mom swearing. That was a first.

I moved my hands up her body, groaning low as I felt full, round tits filling up my palms. “That depends. Will you be obedient?”

She was kissing me again, hard, forcing me back against the tiled wall.

“I’ll never disobey you again.”

“Will you be a good slave?”

“I’ll spend the rest of my life serving you in whatever ways you see fit.” I felt her fingers drawing down my body, and then she had my erection in her grip.

She started stroking.

“Fuck.” I squeezed my eyes.

“I’ll do whatever you want,” Mom swore. “I’ll worship you. I’m yours. Yours to command.” She started stroking me faster, kissing me harder. “Yours to use. Yours to own. Yours to fuck.”

Now this was the mother I wanted. Not the romantic woman who demanded dates and shit.

I took her throat. Squeezed. "You're mine."

She gasped into my mouth. "I'm yours."

"Kneel, Mommy."

Immediately, she broke the kiss and went to her knees without the slightest hesitation.

When I started into those deep brown eyes, I only saw worship and love.

I made the right decision to hurt Mom. Threaten her with divorce to get her to comply.

"Mommy..." My voice was so deep and raspy. I was so fucking turned on, I just wanted to ram my cock into her hole. Any hole she owned. I didn't care which one.

My voice was rough, hers was smooth as silk.

"Yes, Master?"

"If you serve me well, I'll reward you."

She nodded obediently. "I understand, Master."

"No, you don't." I smiled. "I'll get you pregnant."

The expression she gave me melted my heart.

One moment, she was this sexy, confident fox, kneeling before. And the next second, she was a mumbling mess.

"R-Really?" She shook her head. "Master?"

"Yes."

"I..." She seemed shocked. "I'd be honored to bear your child."

"Children," I corrected her and stroked her soft cheek. "You will give me many children."

Her smile said it all.

“I don’t know what to say, baby.”

“Say nothing,” I rasped, intoxicated by the control I have over my mother. “But…”

She stared at me. “B-But…?”

“I want our family to be together, Mommy. Amara is always away. Never here.” I paused, unsure if I should actually reveal my plans.

Fuck it.

“I don’t want a sister,” I told my Mother. “I want two wives. Two slaves.”

Mom looked up at me from her kneel, searching my eyes, wanting to know if I was serious.

“I want you to agree, Mommy,” I told her. “I want your approval for me to marry my sister.”

She shook her head. “Master?”

“I’m serious.”

I watched Mom look away, thinking it through.

They had always been close, and Mom was wrestling between logic and her brainwashing.

The latter won.

Mom looked back up at me, locking our gazes together.

“Yes, Master,” she told me. “I approve.”

That settled it.

Mom was officially mine.

No sane Mother would approve of this insanity, but here we were.

I had to reward her for her unyielding compliance.

“Good Mommy.” I gave her tits a squeeze. “You’re such a good slave.”

“Yes, Master.” Her voice grew high-pitched. Girly. Submissive. “I live to serve and obey.”

I grinned.

Mom blinked. “Master... may I ask how are you going to convince Amara to marry you?”

“Let me take care of that,” I told her. “You take care of my cock.”

She opened her mouth for me.

I still never learned how to last long with Mom. She felt *too* good. *Too* hot.

Mom started gagging, but she was adamant on giving me the head possible. She did her best to control her gag reflex while I ravaged her throat, pumping in and out of her, going so deep, my balls were pressed up against her lips.

“Good slave.” I pulled free from her throat, and Mom had to go on all fours, coughing uncontrollably.

Rounding to her back, I didn’t waste time taking my cock and easing myself into my favorite pleasure source.

Mom loved it. Her moans soon overpowered her coughs, and then I was riding her, gripping her ass cheeks and pounding her pussy, enjoying the music we created together.

The beautiful slapping of flesh, the low moans and deep grunts, the additive rhythm of hard cock entering wet pussy.

I was in heaven, and then in rapture moments later, dumping my seed deep into my fertile Mother.

“So good...” Mom groaned, happily meeting my thrust with her own. “So.... fucking good.”

“That’s right, slave.” I couldn’t stop ejaculating. Sex with Mom never disappoints.

“I-I love you, Master.” Her voice went low and pleading. She forced a groan when she clenched around me again, milking me for everything I had. “Please... please never leave me.”

“I won’t, Mommy,” I promised her, closing my eyes and feeling utter bliss. “I promise I won’t.”

We had forty more minutes till dinner.

Enough time for Mom to get dressed in a sleek black dress that showed off those huge tits.

It was also enough time for a quick hypnosis session.

She slipped on her high heels and smiled wide at me, her makeup doing so much justice. God, Mom was so hot.

“Master...” She blinked her long lashes at me. “How do I look?”

She damn well knew she looked gorgeous.

“You’re fucking sexy.” I cleared my throat. No time to waste. “Sleepy time, Mom.”

She stumbled into my arms.

“Mommy.” I set her down on the couch once again. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes, Master.”

I took a few moments to *really* admire her. Mom really could pass as my older sister. Her skin was flawless, and she looked amazing for her age.

Clearing my throat, I began the quick session.

“Your role as my slave is to serve in any way possible, correct?”

Her monotone voice had me shuddering.

“Yes, Master.”

“To serve me diligently, you have to put all your thoughts and efforts into me. There’s no point in thinking about anything else. Agreed?”

“Yes, Master.”

“There’s no point putting effort or thought into anything else, correct?”

“Yes.”

“From now on, everything that doesn’t involve serving me isn’t important to you.” With Mom in that dress, with her makeup and lipstick on... it was impossible not to think to do *something*.

So I leaned down and claimed her lips. Even in her trance, she responded beautifully, sucking on my lower lip, moaning in that monotone.

“You have to maintain your figure to please, so you will step up with your exercise and diet regime. Do you understand?”

She moaned, still kissing me hard.

“Mom?”

“Yes... Master.”

“Your friends don’t matter. Nothing matters except my pleasure.”

She moaned again as I sucked on her tongue. “Yes...”

“You’re happy when you serve me. Repeat it.”

“I’m happy when I serve Master.”

“You’re happy when I have sex with you.”

“I’m happy when Master have sex with me.”

“You’re my slave.”

“I’m Master’s slave.”

“You live to make me happy.”

“I live to make Master happy.”

“Good girl.” I peeled back from her sweet lips. “Wake up, my beauty.”

Her browns met mine. “Hello, Master.”

“Hey.” I helped her up to her feet. “Let’s go. You deserve this treat for being such a good Mommy.”

She shivered. No matter how much I conditioned her to believe that it was okay to be in this relationship with me, deep down, she knew how wrong this was.

But there was nothing she could do. Mom was too far gone.

Soon, I will reveal everything to her. Tell her the truth. Give back her memories. Then force her to accept it.

“T-Thank you, Master. I’m honored.”

“You should be,” I chuckled, giving her ass a good spank, which had her stumbling forward in those long high heels.

She gasped, rubbed her bum.

Walking forward and taking her tits without a care of decency, I kissed her once more.

Mom just moaned and kissed me back, completely content with being my plaything.

