

Chapter Eleven

Day Eighty-three

Heading to work was proving increasingly difficult.

The sun had just risen, and she was sleeping soundly.

Usually, I would let her sleep, but my morning wood was throbbing in need and I knew there was no way around it.

If I was late for work, so be it.

My breaths were already picking up, knowing the sheer amount of raw pleasure I would be feeling just moments later.

Taking my rock hard cock in hand, I eased my way inside her, entering my sleeping Mother and groaning out my pleasure as her pussy walls accepted the intrusion, her body already used to the abuse.

“Mhmm...” Mom was already stirring awake, and I pressed my hips forward, waking her up fully.

“M-Master?” She sucked in a breath, sounding alert for a second before she realized why she had woken up.

“Good morning, Mommy,” I greeted her, banding my hands around her waist to secure those wonderful tits. I couldn’t stop touching Mom. Whenever I could, I always had to be feeling up some part of her body.

“Morning...” she breathed, her pussy already slicked with wetness, her breaths picking up. “M-Master.”

“You feel great today, Mommy,” I told her as she took me to my balls like the good Mother she was. “So tight. So fucking warm.”

Mom whimpered in response, writhing against my cock, moving her hips back and forth.

It didn't take long for me to cum. Mom's pussy never disappointed, and the sounds she made as I fucked her... the groans, the mewls, the sinful moans...

I came hard and fast, pouring my load deep into her.

Mom took me in stride, still swaying her hips against me.

Once that was done, all I wanted to do was lay in bed and cuddle with her.

But I had an early hypnotherapy session planned in a little over an hour. With a groan, I forced myself out of bed and headed towards the bathroom to perform my morning ritual.

Mom joined me in the shower.

As water rained down on us, Mom didn't even hesitate before she pressed her lips against mine, giving me a deep, claiming kiss that only women in love would give to their own husbands.

But I was her husband. I had married my own Mother. Conjured up a full-blown wedding in her mind that she still assumed was real.

Everything was real to Mom. Her romantic love for me, her sudden sexual desires for her own son, her increasingly growing devotion.

I dissolved into the kiss, my hands roaming around her wet body, finding their way to her tits and ass, enjoying Mom the way all sons should enjoy their mothers.

She was the first to break the kiss, but she didn't stop there. She trailed her way down my jaw, my neck, my chest, offering featherlight kisses all the way down until her lips made contact with my cock.

"Suck me off, Mommy," I told her, although I was certain she was going to do that anyway because Mom was already on her knees before I could finish my sentence.

She started off lovingly, giving my tip a sweet peck, then another. I sighed, warm tingles spreading from the area she had kissed me.

Keeping her beautiful brown eyes fixed on mine, Mom drew her tongue out and licked me from top to bottom, even paying attention to my balls, coating me in her warm saliva.

I groaned.*Fuck.*

Mom savored my cockhead with quick swipes of her velvet tongue, then explored my length with slow licks before she took me in her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she accepted every inch of my cock.

“Mommy,” I moaned, leaning against the tiled walls for support as my knees grew weak.

Mom hummed in response, happily bobbing her head back and forth.

It was almost impossible to last inside any of Mom’s holes, and this session wasn’t an exception.

Mom’s eyes went wide as I came, but she had a great gag reflex. She swallowed my seed, her hands drawing up to squeeze my heavy balls, urging more cum out of me until she had sucked me dry.

I drew my cock out of her with a wet ‘pop’. Mom stayed on her knees, cum dripping down her lips, but the shower soon washed away our sinful evidence.

“You’re such a good Mommy,” I told my beaming pet. “I love how you suck my cock.”

“T-Thank you, Master,” she said, her voice a little deep from all the cock sucking. “I live to please you.”

“Hello, Master.”

I shivered as I heard her sexy voice purring in my ear.

I still had a couple of hours to go before I could close up shop, and I thought calling Mom during the brief intermission between clients would kill time.

“Hello, Mommy,” I replied, my cock uncomfortably hard under my tight dress pants. “Have you cooked yet?”

“I’m actually preparing the vegetables right now.”

“Drop that. I’m bringing you out tonight.”

“Tonight?” There was no hiding the utter glee in her voice.

“That’s right, Mommy.” Even though I was alone in my office, I still felt the need to whisper out my replies, well aware of how wrong this all was. “I want you to wear that sexy low cut black dress I bought for you last week.”

She giggled girlishly, suddenly sounding decades younger. “The same dress you bought because you said it made my boobs look bigger?”

I grinned. “That one.”

For a few intense seconds, there was just silence on the line. Then I heard Mom’s heavy breaths.

“Master…” she breathed.

“Yes, Mommy?”

“I’m so wet right now.”

“Show me.”

Immediately, my phone vibrated, requesting an invitation to video chat.

I pressed ‘accept’.

Seconds later, Mom’s pussy filled up my screen.

She was telling the truth.

I chuckled as I saw arousal dripping down her thighs.

“I can’t wait for you to fuck me, Master,” she whimpered out.

“I will,” I promised, in agony myself that my fuck toy was miles away. Temptation was in front of me, yet I couldn’t do anything about it. “For now, I want you to go touch yourself, but under no circumstance can you cum. Do you understand, slave?”

She was already following orders, and I watched with delight as she slid two fingers inside her own pussy.

“Yes, Master...”

“Good girl. Good Mommy.” I could hear the bell ringing outside, my next client arriving. “I got to go. Remember, when I return home, I want you to see you in that dress. No panties. Understood, slut?”

“Yes...” The phone shot up, and I saw my Mother’s beautiful face wrapped in pleasure. “Yes, Master.”

I loved my new relationship with Mom.

I was going to tell Mom everything.

About the hypnosis, about the whole brainwashing operation I had been forcing on her for months.

Even though I had secured Mom’s total devotion towards me, I just wanted to take it a step further.

What if she knew about what I have been doing to her for months... and I forced her to accept it?

That would be *hot*.

As I took the lift up and headed home towards the apartment, Mom was already expecting me, opening the front door and offering me her brightest smile.

I wasn’t lying when I said the dress made her boobs look much bigger. The neckline of the dress was lenient, exposing so much of her tits that if Mom moved wrong, her nipples might slip out.

Mom greeted me out in the hallway with a deep kiss that would no doubt confuse any of our neighbors.

“Welcome home, Master,” Mom whispered in between kisses, and I responded by going around her hips and squeezing that amazing ass of hers.

We were out in the hallway. Anyone could spot us making out like this, but I couldn’t care less. In fact, I wanted the world to see how much I had changed Mom for the better.

She was happier, more loving, and best of all—sexier.

Mom had always been disciplined, but sometimes she still missed a workout session every once in a while.

Now she made sure dieting and working out was her top priority besides serving me. Over the last couple of months, Mom had gotten even leaner, her curves sexier, her stamina better.

“Come.” I broke the kiss first, licked my lips to savor Mom’s sweetness, then took her hand, leading us into the house.

“Aren’t we going out, Master?” Mom asked as I closed and locked the front door.

I looked at my beautiful slave.

“We are,” I said, then I clicked my fingers. “Sleepy time, Mom.”

She fell limp into my arms, and I carried my beauty back to the sofa, laying her down.

I spent a few moments admiring Mom, noticing how perfectly she had applied her makeup. She really didn’t look her age, and I had to remind myself how grateful lucky I was to be fucking her.

Most sons didn’t have that luxury of a hot Mother, and I pitied them for it.

“Mom,” I began the session, nervous at what I had to do to secure her loyalty towards me. “Can you hear me, beautiful?”

The monotone reply was immediate.

“Yes, Master.”

For the next ten minutes, I walked her through our most romantic date yet. I drove her to a luxury five-star hotel where the food was delicious and the service was immaculate.

I would be flirting with her throughout the dinner, touching her thighs under the table, rubbing my feet along her legs, complementing how beautiful she was, whispering into her ear how much I wanted to bend her over the table and fuck her in front of everybody.

By the time we 'returned' home, Mom was drenched.

"Mommy," I continued. "What do you think of our date?"

"I loved it," she replied, her voice still a monotone. "Thank you so much, Master."

"No problem." I slipped my hand under her dress and grabbed her ass. "Mommy, sit up."

Withdrawing my hand, I helped her get up to a sitting position.

"Open your eyes," I told her.

Her eyelids lifted, showing glazed pupils. I was right in front of her, but her browns were looking past me. The only thing she was conscious of was my voice. Everything else didn't matter to her.

"Good Mommy. Now off the couch. Kneel before me."

She slid down to the ground, kneeling and drooling so much, I had to leave to retrieve some tissue papers.

"You're very sexy, Mommy," I whispered as I wiped the saliva from her tits, cleaning her up. "You're the sexiest Mother alive and the best fuck ever."

"Thank you, Master."

Deep in her mind, Mom still retained her lost memories. All I was going to do was release the floodgates that had been keeping them locked.

“Mom,” I said again, exhaling a long breath. “When I snap my fingers, you will consciously remember all your hypnosis sessions with me. You will know how much I’ve changed you into becoming my slave. Do you understand?”

Her monotone reply was instant. “Yes, Master.”

“But...” I shivered, knowing there was no going back from this. When I woke Mom up, I couldn’t confirm if she was going to react the way I wanted her to. “All of our dates and our wedding are real. We went on countless dates, and we had a huge wedding. You remember that, right, Mommy?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Repeat after me. Our dates and our wedding are real.”

“Our dates and our wedding are real.”

“Also...” I ran my thumb along her jawline. “Once you realize that I’ve spent months transforming you into my slave, you will accept it. I’ve made your life better, Mom. You were an absent mother. But you’re happy now and you love your new life.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Repeat it. I’m happy now and I love my new life.”

Saliva was starting to leak from her lips again. “I’m happy now and I love my new life.”

“When you recall your memories, how would you feel about the months I’ve spent brainwashing you?”

Mom didn’t hesitate. “I’ll be happy.”

“Why?”

Her eyes showed no emotion. “Because I love my new life.”

“When you wake up, you will accept your new life as my wife and my slave. Understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“You will be supportive of my decision to enslave you.”

“Yes, Master.”

“You’ll also be supportive of my decision to brainwash Amara, too. Since I’ve improved your life so much, wouldn’t it make sense for me to help Amara, too?”

“Yes, Master.”

“She is a bad sister to me, like you were a bad mother. But if I hypnotize her to serve me, she will be a good sister then. I have to help her.”

Even in her trance, Mom nodded.

“Yes, Master.”

Perfect.

One final thing.

“When I snap my fingers, your acceptance of your new life will trigger an orgasm. It will be overwhelming and it will continue until you almost pass out. Do you understand?”

I could actually command orgasms under hypnosis. I had found that out after a certain female client I once had.

“Yes, Master.”

This was it.

I had covered all my bases. I allowed Mom 90% of her memories back. The rest of her memories, our fake dates and the big wedding will forever be lost in the void of her mind.

Did I feel bad about manipulating Mom to this degree?

No. Not at all.

I raised my hand. Looked at Mom.

There was going back. I was going to risk everything on this one snap.

Holding my breath, I made my decision.

SNAP!

Life flooded back into her eyes. She looked up at me and her memories returned. Everything that I had done to her.

The hypnosis, the daily brainwashing sessions, the fact I had forced Mom to be fine with having sex with her own son.

And as she accepted her new life of submission, Mom folded forward and collapsed onto the ground, moaning as the orgasm overwhelmed her.

She was on the floor for a long while, her hand in between her legs, her body writhing and convulsing, ruining her new black dress.

When she finished, Mom laid there panting with fatigue, sweat dripping all over her.

I had to lift Mom up to her feet, and as she leaned against me, I asked her the question that was lingering on my mind.

“Mommy,” I said. “Do you remember everything?”

“Yes...” she heaved, dark strands of her hair sticking to her forehead. “... Master.”

“I hypnotized you,” I told her. “I brainwashed you. Molded you into my fuck toy.”

“Yes...”

“And you’re okay with it?”

She gave me a tired smile. “Yes, Master. This is for the better. I... I was an absent Mother, but I’m happier now. You made me happier now.”

“And you will serve me as my wife and slave for the rest of your life?”

She nodded. "I will."

"And you will help me do the same to your daughter?"

Her eyes only showed love and devotion.

"I will do anything to please you."

Mom was mine. Forever.

I led my exhausted Mother to our bedroom, stripped her off her dress and laid her on her back, with her legs spread wide.

I stripped my clothes off before I got on top of my Mother, entering her with a thrust.

"Mommy," I groaned, pushing forward, stretching out her abused cunt.

Mom was in agony herself, tossing and turning under me, biting her lips hard. "Y-Yes, Master?"

"Now that you know everything, are you still okay with us fucking?"

"Yes, Master." She nodded so fast, her hair whipping along with her. "I'm your slave. My body is yours. My pussy is yours. I'm yours."

Her words filled me up. I never felt as confident as I did right then.

I started thrusting in and out of her pussy, forcing Mom to go crazy.

"Ah!" She shrieked, pumping her hips back against me, yelling as I repeatedly hit a deep spot inside her.

"AH!"

I pound forward, groaning out my utter happiness.

"AH!" Mom shrieked again.

"Fuck!" I growled, thrusting hard and fast until I lost all control of rhythm and composure.

Mom came with me, shattering apart, urging me on with moans of my name as I shot ropes after ropes of cum deep inside her fertile body.

Day Ninety

Amara was returning home, and I had everything prepared for her.

The ingredients for the hypnotic herb, Mom's approval to brainwash my precious little sister, and best of all—all the time in the world to corrupt sweet Amara.

"She will be perfect, Master," Mom assured me as she sat on my lap and grind her slick pussy against my bare cock.

She was such a cock hungry slut, and I loved her for that.

We were both naked in our living room. Except for going out of her daily runs and working out in the gym, Mom was always bare, completely content with having her tits and ass out on display for me at all times.

"She will," I agreed, closing my eyes in anticipation of what was about to come.

Taking my rock hard cock in hand, I slipped it into Mom, and my dear Mother started her amazing work, bouncing on my cock.

"She... she will be obedient," Mom said in between gasps. "L-Like... me, Master."

I groaned. "Mommy?"

Mom yelped as I hit a spot inside her. "Y-Yes?"

"Once I enslave Amara, I'll get you and Amara pregnant. You will bear me beautiful children and, this time, you won't be absent from them. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes!" she squealed, her excitement contagious. She started bouncing faster, fucking me harder.

Damn.

“You’re still young, Mom,” I told her. “Still forty and still fertile. You have time.”

“I agree, Master.” She was gasping now, already close to the edge, but before I could explode inside my Mother, her phone rang on the table.

Amara.

I slapped Mom’s ass, urging her from my cock. “Answer it, slut.”

Mom stumbled forward, picked up the phone, and was back on my lap.

“Hi, Mommy!” I could hear my little sister on the line.

I haven’t seen her in forever, but from the pictures Mom showed me, Amara looked even hotter than when I last saw her.

“Hi darling,” Mom said, and she was about to continue when I slipped my cock inside her.

“Ah!”

“Mommy?” Amara sounded concerned. “What happened? Are you okay?”

I slapped Mom’s ass hard, ensuring my sister could hear it.

“I am!” Mom said, but her tone had changed, all raspy, her breathing staggered. “I am, darling.”

“Where are you right now?” Amara asked.

“At... at home, baby.”

“And what are you doing?”

Mom cleared her throat. “I’m doing some cardio. Some HIIT workout I found on YouTube.”

Good thinking, Mom.

“Oh, I see.” Amara believed her. Why wouldn’t she? “No wonder you sound out of breath.”

“I’m okay, darling,” Mom said. “When are you coming back home?”

“I just booked my flight, so in one week.”

I started thrusting.

“O-One week...?” Mom almost dropped the phone, but she held onto it tight, her tits bouncing as I slammed into her from below. “Okay... darling.”

“Wow, Mommy,” Amara laughed, a sound so innocent and sweet. “You must be in the middle of some intense workout. I’ll leave you to it then.”

I didn’t stop my assault, hammering my cock in and out of her pussy hole. I was so close, urged on by my beautiful sister’s voice.

“Okay!” Mom said, her tone way too high-pitched. “Okay... honey. B-Bye!”

“Bye, Mommy. Love you. See you soon!”

The line clicked off just as I came into our mother.

