

## Hiring Mom as my new maid 2

“More coffee, Master?”

I looked down at my side. “Hmm?”

“Coffee, Master,” my mother repeated patiently. There was a smile on her face whenever she was addressing me, revealing her cute dimples. “Do you want me to refill your cup?”

My gaze searched her, admiring what a gem of a woman I had for a slave. Alana was kneeling on a small pillow to my left, facing me, clothed in her usual attire—in a maid’s uniform. She had been on her knees for the past few hours, occasionally piping up to ask whether I needed something. In this case, coffee.

“Sure,” I told her, and immediately my mother rose to her feet, her movement quick, but also graceful.

I watched her take my cup away, my eyes lingering on her swaying ass as she exited the room, half wishing I could see her bare ass instead. I could just give the order and she would strip bare without a shred of hesitation, but I found it erotic to have my once strict and demanding mother wearing a uniform.

It made it clear who was now the head of the household. No guest would think twice about who was in the service of who and who was giving out the orders. The hierarchy was clear. And her willingness to wear a uniform to please me was a constant reminder of her new subservient position in life.

From a renowned dentist to her son’s personal servant and trophy cum dumpster. It was a steep downfall, or a big rise, depending on whose perspective it was.

My mother returned a minute later with the smell of fresh coffee. As if it was the most natural gesture to make, she lowered herself to her knees and offered me the cup with both palms outstretched.

“You coffee, Master,” she purred, settling back into her kneeling position after I took the cup from her open palms. Head low, back straight, hands clasped behind her back, and knees tucked in.

The utter vision of complete submission.

I sipped the coffee. It was hot with a sweet tang, just the way I like it. I murmured my approval, then reached down to cup my slave's cheek. She purred at my touch and leaned against my palm while keeping her balance.

Skating my hand down, I touched leather. Her thick black collar sat nicely around her neck, almost naturally, as if my mother was born to be collared.

I smiled. Maybe she was. If fate was real, it had to be in writing that my mother's destiny was to become my slave at the ripe age of thirty-eight. Sometimes, I forget she was almost forty. She had the body of someone half her age and certainly the energy of someone even younger than that.

Even though I had lowered her sex drive from the nine times a day maintenance, she still fucked like crazy, and the moans and screams coming from those rosy lips of hers... our neighbours would think it was just two horny teenagers fucking—that is, if they could hear us. I had the walls in the condo soundproofed for privacy's sake.

"Is my appearance satisfactory for you, Master?" my slave asked once I had been staring for too long.

She knew I was strict about her uniform. I insisted everything, from the knots on the back of her apron to the length of her hair, to be nothing less than perfect.

If not, I had the excuse to punish her. Her buttocks had been bright red the first week of her enslavement, but recently, I had barely had the need for the belt. It was an activity I had missed so I would conjure up excuses to use it, the most recent being that I had found a few specks of dust on my desk after she had cleaned my room.

But it wasn't just pure cruelty. Alana found sound sick pleasure in receiving punishment. If she didn't love it, she wouldn't orgasm, sometimes multiple times back-to-back, while I was ripping pelts into her tender flesh.

"Mhm," I replied, trailing a finger along the thick leather. I didn't bother checking for faults in her uniform today. I was sure everything was exactly how I liked it.

Leaning back in my chair, I cocked my head and studied her new French braid. I had always wondered what my mother would look like in a different style, so I finally had her grow out her hair a little and style it into a sexy double French braid and made her dye her hair jet black.

It looked good, better than her usual neat ponytail she had defaulted to for most of her life, but you could argue my mother would look good in anything. She could shave bald and hordes of men would still queue in line to fuck her.

She still kept her cute, nerdy glasses on, because it added to her attractiveness. Without it, she just looked hot, but wearing them, she looked like one of those sexy secretaries those billionaires CEOs show off.

I watched my mother kneeling perfectly still, her head bowed and her gaze cast down. She was used to me just staring at her for hours, so this was nothing new for her. She knew she was hot, and that I found her sexy as fuck. By influencing how she thinks and implementing suggestions with hypnosis, I had allowed her to really express herself.

My mother never showed it to me before, but she was an extremely submissive person. I had used hypnosis to bring that personality out and focus it towards only one person—me.

I felt my erection growing under my shorts as I evaluated her with discriminating eyes. My mother must have noticed, because like a switch, she brought her gaze up just a little.

“Master,” she whispered, her voice silky and soft. She gestured to the tent under my pants with a small nod. “May I? Please?”

When I didn’t say anything, which was a green light, my mother went on all fours and crawled towards me, her dark eyes colored with hunger. When she reached my desk chair, she pulled my shorts down, revealing throbbing hardness.

“Master,” she said, settling on her knees and tilting her head up when I leaned down.

I captured her lips, a low moan escaping me when I tasted the familiar flavor of light fresh mint on my tongue and smelled submission. It was a new perfume I had been having her use, a flowery mix of jasmine and mandarin. It was perfect for the new her.

I angled myself to get a better taste as I kissed her deeper, pressing my tongue past her lips and meeting hers. We twirled around and then exchanged strokes, long and deep, our kiss passionate and our hot breaths mingling. Her fingers closed around my cock and she started pumping me slowly.

Her smile was radiant when we finally broke apart, and I saw her perfect whites. Everything about my mother was perfect.

I sighed, relaxing back in my chair as my mother transferred her attention to my cock. As I always did when I felt the familiar warm sensation, a moan escaped me as her tongue licked up and down my shaft, then around, lubricating my entire cock with her saliva. My balls came next, and I tried to hold back the rapidly rising pressure I was feeling as my mother used her excellent blowjob skills, perfected from the thousands of times she had given me head over the past six months.

Probably in the ten of thousands, but I wasn't keeping count.

And no matter the countless times I had received head from her, I could never last long. I blew my load into her mouth and down her throat as I struggled to keep my moans and groans to a minimum.

We were expecting someone to arrive at our doorstep soon, and I didn't want the first thing she heard was me moaning my lungs out.

When I groaned out my finish, I breathed hard and fast, my lungs trying to keep up. A true professional as she was, my mother was already back to her kneeling position, having already swallowed my entire load, just as I expected from her.

She really was the most perfect slave any Master could ask for.

I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the delicate touch of her fingers still around my cock. It was to keep me hard and ready, in case I wanted a round two. Usually, I would fuck her after a fantastic blowjob, just to give her a little reward, but mostly it was for my own benefit to feel her exquisite pussy. Today wasn't an exception.

I stood up and her hand dropped behind her back, resuming position. Judging by how excited she looked, she knew exactly what I was going to say.

"Bed," I barked the word out, and the joy forming in her face was indescribable.

"Oh, Master," she squealed out, the silkiness of her voice gone, replaced by childlike excitement. She got up to her feet with that graceful quickness of hers, and then she was on all fours on my bed, her apron folded underneath her, and her ass pointed towards me.

Chuckling and shaking my head, I stalked towards my bed. Mom wore no undergarments under her uniform, so I could always have easy access. Riding her black skirt up, I pressed a hand on her ass, feeling her trembling with excitement.

She hadn't been this eager to fuck for the first few months of her enslavement. Earlier on, all she wanted out of sex was to relieve the pain she was enduring without my cock inside her. I wanted her to be my personal maid and glorified cum dumpster, so I had made it painful to go without sex with me, and addictive to the point of ecstasy when I fucked her. I also made it so I was the sole bearer of her addiction.

She couldn't receive pleasure with or around anyone else. That was to make sure she was kept loyal to me.

What I didn't expect was for us to grow an actual relationship. Over the past six months since her enslavement, we had developed a strong bond. Most of it was due to the unintended side effect of making me her only source of happiness. With all of her interest now gone and nothing to make her excited, except me, my mother developed an unhealthy dependency on me.

She would almost never leave my side. We do everything together, from sleeping to showering, and the only times she was out of my sight was when she was doing chores or fetching the weekly groceries. Other than that, she was glued to my side.

I guess treating her well helped her growing obsession with me. Aside from the occasional belt beating, I made love to her like I would to a woman I was in a committed relationship with. I would spend time with her like I would do to a normal girlfriend. When she was not in kneeling mode, we would go on dates to fancy restaurants or watch Netflix, cuddling on the couch together.

My mother had always treated me well and loved me since I was a kid, so I had no reason to mistreat her, even though she now belonged to me like someone would own furniture. I still treated her with love and care, and overtime as a result, her kisses became hotter and deeper, and our sex became more intense.

There was no doubt about it. My mother had fallen head over heels for me. What started as mother love grew to an intense lover's intimacy, even though most of it was one-sided. I loved my mother and I would care for her till the day I died, but not to the extent she loved me. For her, it was borderline worship.

“Master,” she whispered, moaning the word out from her swollen lips. She had her head turned back, and was looking at me, her eyes half closed from the pleasure she was getting as I cupped and squeezed those juicy ass cheeks of hers.

I have felt, and fucked, a lot of asses in my life, all of them belonging to attractive women whom I’d hypnotized. But, mom’s ass... it was on a whole different level, and I would dare to say that it was the best part of her body, even better than those teardrop breasts of hers—which were already fucking gorgeous.

I admit, maybe my obsession with spanking her was just an excuse to feel those fantastic cheeks.

Not that I needed an excuse.

My other hand joined the fray as I kneaded and squeezed her plump cheeks. Years of building up her ass at the gym had been so worth it. I could feel the firm muscles in her ass, but they also felt soft and smooth, filled with meat.

I was touching heaven.

“Do we have time?” I asked, trailing my hands to the side of her ass, and kneading there too, massaging her luscious bottom. “Wouldn’t she be here soon?”

“We... have... time...” my mother stuttered in between heavy moans. She was still looking at me, her dark eyes half closed and unfocused.

“Are you sure?” But as soon as the words left my lips, I knew she was right. We both knew I was going to finish in her quickly.

But I shouldn’t feel that bad for my performance. No man had lasted long with my mother.

Maybe I would eventually get used to fucking her, but in the six months I owned her, with multiple times sex a day... even now, every time I entered her, every time I tasted her, and every time I felt those fantastic lips of hers... It always felt like my first time.

Mom just felt that good.

“Mmm.” Mom made a noise, far too engrossed at ass fondling her ass that she couldn’t really register my words.

She was already leaking juices, and her pussy was looking so pink and ready for me to dominate.

And like I always did for the past six months, I claimed what is rightfully mine. I hopped onto the bed, got on my knees, cock in hand, and lined myself up into her wetness, a groan escaping me as I stretched her familiar walls. I drove myself deeper and deeper into her. My heart was pounding and my breaths were loud and raspy as I drove myself to my hilt, making her utter me out in a similarly hoarse breath.

I shifted my hips forward, trying to go deeper still, trying to extract more pleasure from being inside her, but my balls were already pressed hard against the curve of her ass.

Sighing, I pulled back, then with no warning, slammed back right into her, the force causing my mother to jerk forward, and a surprised yelp of both pain and pleasure. We quickly synced up, and I was thrusting back and forth, our hips moving in union, my hands still kneading and cupping her ass.

Alana grunted enthusiastically on every thrust forward, her muscular, lean back glistening with beads of sweat.

As hard as I tried, I couldn't hold the building pressure that I was so familiar with feeling. I rode the pleasure in short waves, knowing the end was near.

"Dirty. Little. Slut." I bit the words out, each punctuated by a savage thrust.

"Slut." My mother repeated, her words unclear from the moans. "I'm—fuck—I'm a dirty slut."

"My. Dirty. Slut." I rammed my cock into her harder and faster, and she had to fist into the mattress to steady herself.

"Yours!" my slut screamed loud and long, her composure completely gone as an orgasm hit her. "Fucking yours forever."

"Mine," I spat out, then unraveled with her as I orgasmed a second later, spilling hot seeds deep into her.

I was slamming into her with wild abandon now, spurting out my entire load, and even going far beyond, as her walls clamped down around my spasming cock, milking me for more.

Feeling the last of my orgasm ebbing away, I slowed down my pumps, but my mother was still writhing in front of me. For her benefit, I sped up again, fucking her, until her orgasm died down almost a minute later. I pulled my cock out and dropped beside her, drained, a little sore, and slick with sweat.

"Thank you, Master," my mother said to me as we wrapped ourselves in each other's arms. We were so close, our lips barely grazing and I could feel her heavy recovering breaths on my lips, feeling its warmth.

"No problem."

"I love you."

"I love you too," I told her, accepting the kiss when she closed her eyes and shifted forward half an inch.

There was no tongue action this time. It was just a light, sweet kiss and I could almost taste the tenderness and love she was delivering.

"I wish I was not on birth control," my mother said when there was a break in between lips. She resumed kissing me, and I allowed her to before pulling back slightly to reply to her.

"Stay on it until I order you otherwise," I told her, accepting her lips again when she leaned forward, hungry.

Along with her newfound obsession with me, there was another thing that had unexpectedly developed. She was keen on giving me a daughter.

"Yes, Master," she said when we broke up again. She tried to say it happily, but I could sense her disappointment.

"I'll think about it," I said, skating my hand up to her neck and feeling her thick collar. A finger went under it and I drew patterns on her bare neck.



“Our daughter will be perfect,” my mother whispered fiercely. “I will train her to serve You well. All she will know is You and how to best please You.”

“Okay,” I said, moving my hand up towards her swollen lips. I dragged my thumb across her bottom lip, smiling when she bit down on my finger teasingly.

There was no way I was ready for a responsibility like that now, or maybe ever. But I was truthful when I said I would think about it. The thought of owning a personal harem comprising only blood members was, truthfully, kind of erotic.

The doorbell rang, and mom turned to look outside the room. I could immediately feel the air shift around her and I felt her muscles tensed.

“Don’t worry,” I assured her, getting up from the bed and stretching. Fuck, that was good sex. “Everything will be fine.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, barely a whisper. Alana smoothed out the bed and then covered the mattress with a thin white veil so our guest wouldn’t see the wet spots on the bed. With that quickly done, she smoothed out her uniform and tidied up her braids.

The doorbell rang again.

“Go,” I said, nudging my head towards the door. “Bring her to me.”

She wanted to tidy herself up more, but a direct command from me was law. So, with a small exhale, my mother bowed low to me, then exited my bedroom/office to welcome our special guest.

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I settled in my chair, hearing the commotion outside in the living room. My shorts were back on and I had sprayed fresh fragrance into the room because it had been smelling of sex.

I wanted our esteemed guest to be as comfortable as possible. This meeting was bound to happen for months now, and now today was that day.

Nervousness was a foreign feeling to me. I knew I was in complete control, so I felt calm and composed as I waited for the commotion to stop outside. I couldn’t hear

exactly what was being said, but my mother was replying with brief responses in response to the other person's loud and lengthy questions.

Finally, they neared my office and I could hear my mother clearly, her voice back to being all silky and sexy.

"My Master will see you now."

Chattering outside the door from the guest. When my mother didn't respond, our visitor burst into the room with a scorn on pretty features.

I took a quick head-to-toe scan of my aunt. As always, she was dressed in a business suit. Today, it was a dark gray suit, matched with a tight gray pencil skirt which clung to her hips and showed long legs. She only had light makeup dabbed on her face, which suited her, because like mom, my aunt possessed a natural beauty that few women had.

With lush, long eyebrows, wavy dark blonde hair, and beautifully sharp features, all combined with a toned athletic figure, I would imagine men would be hard pressed to close a deal with her. A beauty like my aunt would surely deter concentration.

"Aunt Mary," I greeted my mother's elder sister and gestured to the chair in front of me. "Please, sit."

There was a fury in my aunt's eyes I have never seen from her before. She glared at me. "Why is your mom acting like this? Is this some kind of joke?"

I clicked my fingers, and mom entered the room. My aunt watched in disbelief as her sister passed her and went towards me, lowering herself to her knees on the small pillow beside my chair. She kept her head bowed, her hands behind her back, and her back straight.

"What..." Aunt Mary gestured towards my mom. "What is this, Gabe?"

I nodded to the seat in front of me. "Sit."

"Alana," my aunt said, ignoring my request. Her jaw twitched. "Why are you kneeling like that? Have you lost all self respect?"

My mom kept her gaze down.

“Have you lost a bet? Is that it?”

No response. Mom didn't even move a muscle.

“She won't say a word unless I give her permission to,” I told my aunt coolly. “Sit. I'll explain.”

Switching her glare at me, she contemplated doing what I said for a few moments. Finally, she sighed an exasperated sigh and sat down. She kept her arms crossed.

As she sat down, on cue, leaned forward and fired up the Newton's cradle pendulum on my desk. I pulled on the left pendulum and released it. My aunt watched me, her brow furrowing as she was trying to figure out what I was doing. The left pendulum swung to the right, hitting the other steel balls and causing the furthest ball to the right to swing into motion.

Soon, it became a steady motion of left and right. Left and right. The sounds of the steel balls hitting each other filled up the otherwise silent room.

“My mother,” I started to say, looking at my aunt who was still keeping her gaze fixated on the cradle. “She took up a job offer as my maid. She felt like she was not going forward in life as a dentist, and agreed that her time was better spent at home, serving me.”

Left, right. Left, right.

My aunt looked at me, but only for a brief moment. As she talked, her gaze kept getting pulled back towards the swinging pendulum.

“That doesn't make sense at all. Why would she even consider a ridiculous offer like that?”

“Like I said, she sees more value in serving her son than wasting her time outside.”

“What?” She sounded dubious and furious at the same time. She's wearing a collar, for god's sake. Why is she wearing a fucking collar?”

“Because I told her to,” I said simply.

“You know what I think, Gabe?” She was struggling to keep her gaze on me and not the pendulum. The rhythmic sound of the tap tap as the balls hit each other was a drone in the background now. “You do these hypnotist shows where you hypnotize people and make them do things. Now my sister suddenly quit her secure job and subject herself to this... humiliation.”

“I understand what you’re implying,” I said, layering my voice with the hypnotic tone I had mastered over the years. “And I did use some hypnosis to convince Alana to take up the job offer, but I didn’t do much.”

Left, right. Left, right.

“What you are doing...” my aunt’s entire focus was on the swinging pendulum by now. She had stopped trying to pry her eyes away from it. “It’s... illegal. Look at your mother! She’s not supposed to be like this!”

“Like what?” I challenged her. “Useful and non bothersome?”

“No.” I watched my aunt try to look up at me, to meet my eyes as I stared intently at her. She failed. “She’s so... not herself.”

“Maybe you don’t know her as much as you think,” I told my aunt. I looked over at my mom and placed a hand on top of her head, patting her, like one would do to a pet. “Alana is more herself than ever before. Isn’t that right, Alana?”

“Yes, Master,” my mom replied, her dark eyes still cast on the ground.

“Alana,” my aunt said, her voice straining. There were beads of sweat forming on her forehead, but she couldn’t look away from the metal balls, no matter how hard she was resisting. “Stop calling him Master, please. Listen to yourself.”

“You can answer,” I said, addressing my mom. I continued stroking her head.

My mom finally looked up. “I address him as Master because he is my Master and Owner. I made that decision myself.”

“No,” my aunt managed to shake her head. “No, listen to yourself, Alana. He did something to you. This is not you. Please! Snap out of it.”

Left, right. Left, right.

“There’s nothing for me to snap out of, Mary,” my mother replied. “I haven’t changed. Master is right when he says all he did was let out the true me. This is the real me, sis. Always have been.”

“No.” My aunt was crying now, tears pooling at the edges of her eyes. “Please, Mary. Please, for my sake. Please stop this.”

I felt my mother shake her head. “No, it’s going to be okay, sis. Once Master convinces you that this is actually a good thing, then you will understand.”

“Understand? Good thing? What—what are you saying?”

Before my mother could reply, I snapped my fingers and her attention switched to me in an instant.

“Leave,” I told her and returned my hand to my sides.

With a nod, my mother raised herself to her feet, then leaned down to kiss me. I accepted the kiss. It was just a light peck, but the gesture of it was more important. My mom was telling me she had complete trust in me to do whatever I was going to do to her beloved sister.

I watched my mother go, her ass swaying sexily. She exited the room, her three inch high heels clicking on the tile, and closed the door behind her.

“She kissed you.” My aunt didn’t phrase it like a question. She basically spat the statement out with venom.

I was surprised she saw the kiss, with her eyes being super glued to the pendulum. Maybe she had heard the peck when our lips had connected.

“Oh, we do more than just kiss, Aunt Mary.” The cradle was slowing down, so I restarted the swinging process.

Left, right. Left, right.

“Don’t tell me...”

“Yes, we do the naughty stuff, too. All of them.” I paused, putting a finger to my bottom lip. “Did you know your sister is wild in bed?”

“You’re a sick fucking bastard. What the fuck have you done with her?”

“I told you,” I said. “Nothing much. I just brought her real personality to the surface and changed how she thinks, just a little. Nothing major.”

“You’re going to jail, you sick cunt.” She was spitting the words out with pure hatred. “I’ll alert the authorities right now and—”

“Alert the authorities?” I said, interrupting her. “But you can’t even move right now, Aunt. So, how are you going to do that?”

“What?”

I almost laughed as I watched her struggle. Her lean shoulders were moving in an awkward manner as she tried to command her body to move.

“What did you do to me?” For the first time, there was fear in her voice.

Left, right. Left, right.

“Nothing,” I told her, standing up and around and behind her. “I just think you have a very foul mouth, Aunt Mary. I think you could benefit from some... re-education.”

“You fucking bitch!” my aunt was almost screaming. “Let me go!”

When I didn’t reply, she raised her volume a notch higher.

“Help! Help! Somebody help me!”

“You can shout all you want. But, just know that I had these walls soundproofed and mom is certainly not going to help.”

“Alana,” my aunt was screaming at the top of her lungs. Her gaze was still kept on the swinging metal balls. “Alana, help!”

I let her shout her breath away. After a few minutes of calling for help, she finally saw that no one was coming to aid her.

She resorted to begging. That surprised me. My aunt was a strong-willed woman, a trait that was necessary for her job as a lawyer.

“Please,” she sobbed out, her eyes glued to what was in front of her. “Please, Gabe. Don’t do this.”

I went around to her side, careful to not block her view of the swinging balls. “I’m not going to do anything you don’t want to do. I haven’t even touched you yet, and I certainly won’t fuck you until you beg me for it.”

“Beg? Why would I beg for you to...” The thought of us fucking seemed to cross her mind then because she started coughing.

“You’ll know soon enough,” I said, my gaze journeying the length of her long legs, then up, settling on her blouse. She did a fine job of selecting that business suit because it hugged all her curves just right. I wanted to tear off her clothes right there and fuck her. I could have, but my aunt was special, and I need to be patient for special women.

“Please.” My aunt was crying now, tears falling down her cheeks and ruining her makeup. “Please let me go. Let Alana go.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do that. Mom is very happy now. You’ll be happy too.” I leaned in and took a good whiff of her perfume. Crisp and clean. A business woman’s scent, one that excluded power and confidence. It suited my aunt, who always acted mature and professional.

“Don’t worry,” I said, when she didn’t reply. She was just openly sobbing. “I won’t keep you here for long. After a week, I will give you the choice to leave. And if you do, no one will stop you. But for this week only...” I parted her sleek wavy dark blonde hair, which was becoming a mess from all the crying. She looked different from my mother, with sharp, attractive features, a stark contrast to mom’s symmetrical face. “You will stay here with mom and me because I have a job offer for you.”

“Job?” Her sobs were dying now, and she blinked at the swinging cradle. “What are you talking about?”

I squatted down at her side, looking up at my aunt. Even with her makeup ruined, she was still attractive enough to model for a photoshoot.

“I have been thinking about moving houses,” I told her. “Someplace grander and bigger. But moving to a larger space means more chores, and one maid wouldn’t be enough, would it?”

My aunt inhaled sharply and sniffled a sob. She knew where I was going with this.

“I need a new maid,” I said. “Two would just be enough for the place I have in mind. So Aunt Mary, I have to ask you...”

I stood up and swiped the pad of my thumb across her trembling cheeks, wiping away dried tears. It was my first time touching her, and she already felt so good.

“Would you be my new maid?”

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