

Hiring Mom as my new maid

Chapter 3

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

Each word was punctuated with a savage thrust as I rammed my cock into my mother. Wiping beads of sweat dripping from my forehead, I dug my nails into her thighs and gritted my teeth as I felt my climax rising.

Mom was bent forward on an ottoman while I stood behind her, slamming into her, my heavy balls hitting the lower curve of her ass, creating a rhythmic slap from every thrust forward. The sound was mixed in with my grunts filling up the room, music to my ears. But aside from her body jerking forward, mom was unmoving and deathly silent.

I finished with another grunt, spilling my hot seed into my mother and filling her up. With the edge taken off and feeling much more relaxed now, I pulled out from my mother, wiped more sweat away, and then placed my hands on my hips to catch my breath.

Doing all the work while having sex was some pretty intense aerobic exercise. That reminded me, I had to start going to the gym. It wasn't far from where I lived, and I could find some fit chick to hypnotize and fuck while getting fitter.

It was a win-win.

I hadn't done a hypnotist show in a while or placed a woman into a trance. I didn't expect it, but having mom to satisfy all my cravings had made me into somewhat of a hermit. I haven't been out of the house in ages, and I had no desire to fuck anyone else.

Mom was enough for me.

And now, I had my aunt to play with. It might be years before I develop an impulse for the touch of another woman.

I glanced over at Mom. She was exactly where I had left her, naked and bent over the ottoman, not moving a muscle. Her glasses had fallen off, so I moved in and placed it back.

Moving to her front, I squatted down and tilted her pretty chin up, raising her gaze up to mine.

Her eyelids were half closed and her dark pupils were unfocused, staring past me. Drool was seeping from the right edge of her lip and I swiped her clean using a thumb.

“Alana,” I said, keeping my voice low and steady, my breathing back to normal. “Can you hear me?”

A dull, monotone response. “Yes.”

I chuckled. I hadn’t put her in a trance in a while, but she was as responsive as ever. I hadn’t had the need to hypnotize her again because there was no reason to. Alana had morphed into an extremely submissive and obedient companion whose entire world revolved around me.

She was never disobedient and very willing to please me.

So why did I have the sudden urge to put her under again?

The answer was obvious.

My aunt. Her older sister.

They were always close and loved each other to death. My mother hadn’t shown any objection or gave me even a slight bit of protest when I had brought forth the idea of making Mary *mine*. To transform her into a fuck puppet just like I did to my mother.

Mom had actually been encouraging to the idea, even excited by the fact that I was going to bring her sister into our little family. But, no matter how agreeing she was to me, how obedient of a slave she was, there was no telling of her inner thoughts.

And there was only one way to reveal someone’s true intention. Only one method of extracting the truth out of someone.

Hypnosis.

And I was both keen and fearful of finding out where the true loyalty of my mother really lied.

I focused back on my slave. Drool had pooled around the edges of her lip again. This time, I used my tongue to clean her before speaking.

“Alana, what is your purpose in life?” I asked, licking my lips. Fuck, my mother tasted good.

The reply was immediate.

“To serve my Master.”

“That’s right. You love your Master, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

I sucked in air, feeling my heart speeding up. This was it. I was going to ask the big question.

“Even more than your sister, Mary?”

Again, no hesitation.

“Yes.”

I smiled. All my worries had been for nothing. My mother was truly the most loyal servant.

“You’re okay with your Master enslaving your sister?” I asked, more directly this time.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because I do what my Master wants.” She hiccuped, and I frowned. I didn’t know people could get hiccups in a trance. “And my Master wants her.”

I reached up and cupped her cheeks. They felt so soft and smooth.

“You will never betray your Master, won’t you?”

“Never.”

Even through her monotone, there was an intensity through her promise.

Using my thumb, I made small circles on her cheek. "Your Master is your God."

"My Master is my God."

My smile widened. My mother was always a religious nut, so replacing the image of God in her mind as me would intensify her loyalty a hundredfold.

I didn't need to do this, but I was just a naturally untrusting person.

"You worship Him," I said, looking at her blank expression.

"I worship Him."

"You will do anything He tells you to do."

"I will do anything He tells me to do."

"Your body belongs to Him."

"My body belongs to Him."

"Your mind belongs to Him."

"My mind belongs to Him."

"Your soul belongs to Him."

"My soul belongs to Him."

"Good girl." I leaned forward and captured her lips. Even in a trance, my mother reacted, her lips moving against mine.

I withdrew and snapped my fingers. "Wake up."

My mother blinked once. Twice. Three times.

I stood up while she groaned, a hand clutched on her temple, looking around.

“Master,” she said, when she spotted me. She sounded dazed. “Why... why am I here?”

“Nothing much,” I answered her, helping her up to her feet.

Before she could say anything, I grabbed her neck and squeezed lightly. She gasped as I backed her into a wall. Her lips were already waiting before I kissed her, feeling her hands wrapping themselves around my body as she pulled me closer.

The kiss was slow. Her lips met mine, our breaths mixing as we pressed our lips together. I gripped her ass and the small of her back while she held my shoulders.

She brushed her lips against mine tenderly, then parted them and started sucking on my lips. I moaned out my pleasure, and she swallowed them all. When I thought it couldn't get any better than this, her tongue came forward, brushing and licking my lips. Then she edged her way through the slit.

I murmured something I couldn't recall, then parted my lips, allowing her in. Excitement heated my skin as she played with my tongue, shifting between fast and sensual licks.

We stood there, our lips together, our breaths mingling, our bodies grinding until I finally withdrew, breathing hard for the second time in the span of ten minutes. A smile played on my mother's face. All questions about why she was in my bedroom evaporated from her mind. She knew I loved it. Of course I would. She kissed like a goddess.

My mom reached for my cock, and with just a few strokes and light squeezes, I was hard and ready again, as if a switch within me had been flicked on.

She took a quick glance to the side, towards my bed. It was clear what she wanted, and all I needed to do was nod or say a word.

Sex had never been easier.

I didn't need a second to make a decision. Every single time mom had wanted to fuck, I fucked her, no matter how tired or sore I was.

Every. Single. Time.

She may be my slave, but sometimes, I felt like it was the other way round. I was enthralled by her beauty.

But before I took her to bed and fucked her brains out, there was a loud shout on the other side of the apartment.

Mom looked at me. We both know who it was.

"I'm sorry, Master," she told me, shaking her head and her breasts bounced with her. I would never tire of watching that. "Sometimes she can be a bit... stubborn."

"It's not your fault," I said, leaning forward and capturing her lips again, desperate for her exotic taste. It was drugging. Addictive.

Our kiss was interrupted by another sound. This time, it was banging.

My mother's scowl was apparent when I pulled back.

Sighing, I turned around and started towards the source of the annoyance. "Let's go see her, shall we?"

"What happened to you, Gabe?" my aunt snarled at me when I entered the room. I had never heard such venom coming from her, but I wasn't surprised. What I was doing to her was unforgivable.

But once everything was done, she would forgive me.

With her lips around my cock.

"You used to be a nice boy," she continued, pointing a nail at me. "Now look at you. A rapist and a kidnapper."

I sighed. No words needed to be exchanged. She would come into my view soon enough.

The room was a mess. I had her placed inside the guest room. Books were everywhere on the floor, a flower pot was smashed, and chairs were overturned.

"Let me out," my aunt demanded, her face a sight of rage. Strangely, she seemed even hotter when she was angry.

"You can leave," I said calmly, stepping aside and waving towards the door.

"I can't! I tried!" She jabbed a finger at me once again. "You did something to me and now I can't walk past the damn door."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

I knew exactly what my aunt was talking about; I just wanted to tease her. When she was under trance a few hours ago, I had tried to enslave her mind and get it done with. But my aunt was strong. She fought against my control with pure willpower and stubbornness.

Eventually, after an hour of attempting to make her mine, and failing, I decided to try again another time. So, after implementing a trigger phrase for her to fall back under trance, like I had done with my mother, I had her carried to the guest room and spent some time inserting a mental block inside her mind. Whenever she tried to leave the room, whatever way it might be, she would physically be unable to. Her body would freeze up and she would backtrack her way back into the room.

I also added another mental block as an extra layer of security. Whenever she would try to explain her situation or spill my secrets to anyone, she would suddenly be speaking and writing gibberish, her literacy only restoring once she was alone.

I didn't want to take any chances. I would only feel comfortable once I was a hundred percent certain there wasn't an outcome that could fuck everything up. Even then, I would have a couple of backup plans, just in case.

"Release me," she spat, taking a threatening step towards me. Her hands were balled into fist, but I didn't even flinch.

There was another suggestion I had implemented in her mind. She couldn't physically harm me, but that didn't stop her from trying.

I watched her as she gritted her teeth, her jaw tight, her knuckles white, her body shaking. Finally, she let out a cry of frustration and took a step back, her nails digging into her scalp.

"What have you done to me?" she whispered, but her eyes weren't on me. They were cast down on the ground.

I smiled inwardly. That was her first surrender. The steel walls of her willpower were cracking. It was only a matter of time before she completely submitted to my will.

"It's okay," I told her. "You—"

"Shut the fuck up." She kicked her chin up to glare at me. Her eyes were back to their previous ferocity. "You..."

Then, her emotions went blank, the fire in her put out as quick as it came. She was staring past me. I didn't need to know what had gotten her attention. A second later, I smelled the wonderful mixture of mandarin and jasmine beside me.

"You..." my aunt pointed a shaky nail at my mother. Her gaze searched her younger sister's nude body. "You're naked. Why are you..."

I answered for my mother. "Because I want her naked."

My aunt ignored me, her gaze set on my mother. "Alana, please. Look at yourself. Look at what he made you into."

When my mother didn't reply, her voice became shrill. "Please, just listen to me. I know you are still in there. We can fight him, we can get help. It's not too late."

Mary finally looked at me when I sighed.

She still didn't get the message that my mother wasn't the same woman she had last seen. She wasn't Mother Alana anymore.

She was Slave Alana. And I needed to nail the picture in my aunt's thick skull.

"Slave Mary deep," I said her trigger word, and the effect was immediate. My aunt's eye rolled back into her head and her knees collapsed. I took a quick step forward and caught her in my hands before she could hit the ground.

I looked at my mom. Her expression was passive, but when she met my eyes, she offered me a smile. My mother had never seen me putting someone under, so I wondered what she was thinking.

Slave Mary deep was my aunt's trigger word. I wanted both my mother's and my aunt's triggers to be similar enough so it would be easy to remember them. But the most important thing was that no one else would ever say those words since I would imagine the phrase would be extremely uncommon.

I set my aunt down, her back to a wall and closed her eyelids, because her eyes were showing whites. "Mary, can you hear me?"

A dull monotone. "Yes."

"When you wake up, you will find yourself unable to look left and right. You can only look forward, straight ahead, until I say the words 'be free, Mary'. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You also find yourself unable to blink when you want to. You can only blink once every minute, and only for a moment. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, when I snap my fingers, you will wake up. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Snap.

My aunt woke up with a sharp inhale. Her eyes were wide as she looked at me, looming over her.

“I can’t...” Fear crossed my aunt’s words as her eyes darted everywhere. “I can’t move my head.”

“Only for a short moment,” I assured her. “I just want you to look at something.”

I looked over at mom and gestured for to come with a finger.

She nodded obediently, and I paced myself back, whispering for Mom to stand in front of me.

“What are you...” my aunt’s breaths were ragged. “Gabe, what the fuck are you trying to do?”

I didn’t reply. I didn’t need to.

Actions spoke louder than words.

Placing a hand between my mother’s traps, I urged her forward and down, until her palms and knee were on the ground.

Leveling with gaze with my aunt's terrified eyes, I stripped my shirt off, tossing it aside. My shorts left me soon after, being discarded alongside my shirt.

My cock was hard and ready, throbbing with anticipation. Pre-cum had already oozed towards my tip in a small pool, and I wiped them off on my mother's ass. My mother responded by shifting her hips backwards, grinding her ass against my erection.

"Stop," my aunt said, her voice cracking. "Please stop this."

"Enjoy the show," I said, looking at my aunt. Tears were forming at the edges of her eyes and her bottom lip was trembling. She was trying her best to close her eyes, unsuccessfully.

Chuckling at the sorry sight, I looked down, slowly skating my thumb from the edges of her ass to in between where I robbed a finger inside the opening of her ass, taking my time to push through the tight ring of muscles.

It wasn't difficult. My mother had already lubed up nicely, and my thumb slipped into her with little friction.

A moan filled the room at my intrusion, a delightful sound of pure pleasure in my ears. For my aunt, I was sure it sounded like hell.

This would be my third time having anal sex with my mother. Not because it didn't feel good. The first two times felt fucking amazing. Her pussy was just too intoxicating to *not* fuck and felt infinitely better than her ass.

But I had to deliver a message to my aunt. And fucking her pussy just wouldn't cut it for me. But ravaging her ass instead... that would send the clear message that mom was *completely* and *utterly* mine and would snuff out any hope my aunt had left for her sister.

Withdrawing my thumb, I drew patterns on my mother's cheek. "You're all lubed up for me, slave."

My mother tilted her head to the side. "And clean too, Master. I made sure I was all ready for you."

I nodded and looked towards my aunt again. She was silently sobbing, her chest shaking. My mother and I were completely bare, my aunt the odd one out, still clothed in her business suit.

I should have stripped her bare, but it wouldn't be satisfying. When I get to see her naked for the first time, it would be her willingly taking her clothes off for me.

Holding my cock in a taut grip, I guided my throbbing length closer to her ring of muscles. I pushed into the crack of her ass, and my mother helped ease me in by gripping the sides of her cheeks and spreading them wider for me.

I entered her with a hiss, blowing out a breath of air through clenched teeth. I was always been nervous about anal, but I shouldn't be, because my god, it felt amazing.

Not as great as her intoxicating pussy walls clamping down on me, but I was comparing this to the unbeatable.

I hadn't entered her ass in quite a while now, so it was no surprise that she was tight. Really fucking tight.

Even with excessive lubing, the initial penetration from my thumb, and my mom spreading her cheeks as wide as they could go, I had to work to push forward.

Gritting my teeth and gripping her thighs, I dug my nails into her skin as I squeezed through her ring of muscles. I was already halfway in, slowly pushing deeper, inch by inch.

The room was silent aside from heavy breaths and low moans. My aunt watched, almost in a rapt trance, as soft moans and muted groans leapt from my mother's throat. I let out heavy inhales and sharp exhales as I inched deeper and deeper into her ass until I was balls deep inside her.

My mother shifted her hips left and right, and then, slowly, with as much care and tenderness as she could manage, she inched herself backwards, and somehow I went in deeper until it was impossible to go any further.

"Fuck," I moaned out, my words laced with lust. I battled to find some air and some words, but all I could spill out were more curses. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

My mother wasn't doing much better. Words seemed to have abandoned her and all the came out from those beautiful lips were erotic groans and low moans.

With my hands tight against her hips, I pulled down, just halfway, then shot back into her and I felt her shiver upon impact.

A cry split the room as my mother absorbed the impact. I looked towards my aunt. She seemed dazed and sickly, but her eyes were nailed on us, and I could only wonder the expression she was seeing on her sister's face while getting fucked in the ass.

I drew back and plunged balls deep inside my mother again. Her muscles were getting looser with every thrust and all I wanted now in the world was to cum inside her ass. Everything other than that singular goal in mind suddenly felt not important.

So, I thrust harder and faster, working my hips with hers, feeling my climax accelerating at a dangerous pace. Her thighs were getting slick as my mother beaded with sweat, working hard to move with me, taking in all my thrusts with erotic sways and seductive groans.

I was lost now, completely lost in the experience. Biting my lip and furrowing my brow, I thrust in as hard as I could, drawing a sharp cry of pain from my slut. I didn't hear it. I couldn't. My mind was a delirium, everything around me black and white, a background blur, and every noise a low buzz.

I fucked on and on, driving all my might into thrusting in and out as I rode my bitch. My climax was teetering on the edge, and I ground my teeth to keep it that way for as long as I could. But it all came crumbling down after a few more thrusts and I came with a shout.

I unravel in a series of moans and screams, exploding my entire load into her ass. I had just orgasmed not even an hour before, so I had thought my balls would be half empty, but the amount of semen that came torrenting out astonished me.

I filled her up to the brim, white liquid seeping out from her asshole and onto the ground. My mother stiffened, and then she cried out just as loud as I had a moment ago. Her orgasm hit her hard and her knees collapsed, making us both fall forward.

I landed on her, but I didn't stop cumming. It flowed out of me in drawn out waves of pure pleasure until it slowly ebbed to a stop at a shiver that I felt all the way down to my toes.

Our harsh breathing became the only sound in the room. Sparing the energy to look up, my aunt was still in the corner, wide eyed, a hand covering her mouth. I couldn't tell what she was thinking, but it wouldn't matter, anyway.

Groaning, I pulled my cock out of my mother and helped her up. She stood on shaky legs, hands on my shoulder for support. Chuckling, I reached up and cupped her cheeks, pulling her in for a sweet kiss.

"Thank you," my slave murmured, after we broke apart. In reality, I should be the one thanking her, but my mother had developed a habit of showing her appreciation for me after every fuck.

"No problem," I replied, squeezing her right tit as a gesture of my affection before I nodded towards the door. "You can leave us now."

My mother nodded and left without a glance back at her sister. I watched her go, cum trailing at the back of her legs, her ass red from where my hands had gripped her.

What a sight.

I had forgotten my aunt was in the room with me until I heard her shift. Turning to look back at her, I couldn't help but feel amused. Watching your little sister getting fucked in the ass by her son would be a memory she would never forget. It would be burned into the center of her mind forever.

“Be free, Mary,” I said, snapping my fingers.

I had expected her to move her head, blink, or just... do anything. But she just sat there in the corner with her knees up to her chest, unmoving. I doubted that my command didn't work until I saw her blink twice in rapid succession and she finally spoke.

“What the fuck have you done to her, Gabe?” my aunt said, her voice so low and strained, I had to lean in to hear her. “What have you done?”

I shrug nonchalantly. “I just shifted her thinking more towards my view of things.”

“And that is...?”

I watched her throat move as she gulped. Even her throat looked perfect, slim and long, with smooth, toned skin. It would look even better with a thick black leather collar.

“That I should be served by beautiful women.” I lowered myself down to her level. My cock was still hard and erect, and it was pointing directly at her. “And that's where you come into the equation.”

“Fuck you.”

I chuckled. “Yes, that's what you are going to do, eventually.”

“I'll never be your slave. Never.” She spat out the last word with so much conviction, it caught me off guard. She still had so much willpower after what she just witnessed.

It was admirable, really.

“We will see.”

With a groan, I sat down and crossed my legs, sitting directly in front of her. I rubbed my hands together and inhaled deeply.

It was time.

“Slave Mary deep.”
