

## Chapter 2

“Are you sure this won’t take long?”

I forced a smile. “I’m sure.”

“And this will help me stay more focused at work?”

Mom hadn’t completely bought into this whole hypnosis thing. I didn’t blame her, I would be too.

“Yes.”

Mom sat back in her chair and rubbed her chin. “Okay, if you say so.”

I sat on my chair directly opposite her and held out an emerald, so bright and green, reminding me of Ms Thompson’s sexy gaze.

It wasn’t a real emerald, just a bright green synthetic glass, but it would do the trick.

“Okay, Mom,” I began. “I want you to look at the emerald.”

“Okay, just don’t make me quack like a duck.”

I looked at her. “What?”

“Quack like a duck. You know, like in those hypnosis shows.”

I managed a strained smile. “Don’t worry, I won’t.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Mom smiled, but it was tight-lipped. She was biting her lower lip and tapping her foot in an unsteady rhythm.

“You need to relax in order for this to work,” I told her, ignoring the sexy lip biting. It was a huge turn on, but I needed to focus. “Don’t worry, you won’t feel a thing.”

Mom took several deep breaths, then refocused her attention back on the stone.

“Just relax.” I started speaking slower and softer. “Relax. Look at the emerald. Concentrate on it. Look at its shape, its colour, how beautiful the stone is.” I paused for a while to allow her to follow my instructions.

“Now, concentrate on your body. I want you to concentrate on every sensation and stimulus that you feel right now. Feel your hands on your lap. The weight of them, feel your fingertips. Concentrate on your breathing, the way your chest rises and falls. Rises and falls, slower and slower, over and over again. That’s it. Good. Keep looking at the emerald, Mom.”

I could tell it was working. Mom’s eyelids started to drop and her breaths were getting heavier. I watched as saliva pooled on the right edge of her rosy lip.

Fuck, I was getting turned on. This was not good.

I tried to concentrate on the task instead of my growing boner.

“Your eyelids are getting heavier and heavier, aren’t they? You want to fall asleep, but you want to keep looking at emerald, don’t you? Only the emerald. Everything else is a blur. You can only hear my voice. Everything else is a drone. Your eyes are burning. You want to close them so badly, but you can’t. You want to keep staring at the emerald because it feels good. Looking at it feels so good.”

Mom’s breaths started getting heavier still. I could see her eyes glazing over. A single tear rolled down her cheek. She opened her mouth.

“Beautiful.”

“What is?”

“Emerald.” Mom’s words were a bit slurred, but not a monotone. “The emerald.”

“Yes, it is. Keep looking at the emerald. That’s it. Your eyes are getting heavier still. Very heavy. Keep breathing. In and out. In and out. That’s it. Good girl. The emerald is starting to dance and shimmer in your vision. You want to look at something else, but you must keep staring at the stone. You want to. Focus on the colour, the shape, how beautiful the stone is. That’s it. In and out. In and out.”

I watched as Mom's hands dropped to her sides, her fingers limp. Her jaw started dropping too, and she was breathing through her mouth now. Deep, slow, heavy breaths. Her eyes were completely glazed over and unblinking. All her focus was on the gemstone in my hand. More tears rolled down her cheeks, and she was drooling, saliva dripping down from her chin and onto the carpet.

I expected the hypnosis to work, but not this well. Mom was completely and utterly under my spell. Was she just a natural, submissive subject? The thought made my cock twitch.

Mom slumped forward, exposing her breasts, her nipples unexpectedly hard.

Weird. Was she... turned on?

I took an involuntary glance under her blouse. Mom's breasts were smaller than Ms Thompson's, but I would be a fool to think they were anything less than amazing.

I had seen them before when I was younger. They were still the same now: perfect, beautiful C-cup teardrops that deserve to be worshiped. All natural too and just the right size to hold under your palms, or rest your head upon.

I kept staring at her breasts, transfixed by the beauty of them. For the first time in my life, I was thinking of Mom as a woman, not as my mother. Fuck, she was hot, with well-proportioned bone structure and symmetrical facial features. Combined with a body that was debatably better than my teacher's...

I shook my head. No, this was my mom. She was a looker, yes. I would be blind if I said otherwise. But still, she was my mother. She may be a woman that drew lustful stares constantly, but I had to draw the line somewhere. And I probably already crossed that line, or I am teetering at the edge, because what I was about to do to her was beyond anything morally right.

With a sigh and a last glance at her tits, I went back to work.

"Now, Mom, as you stare at the emerald, imagine a door." I paused. "Do you see it?"

Mom instantly responded. "Yes."

I had expected her tone to be completely monotonous by now since that is a sure sign that the subject is completely under a trance, but other than a little slurring, her tone was nothing unusual.

Maybe she isn't hypnotized. Was she awake?

I waved my other hand in front of her eyes, but she looked past it, completely transfixed at the gemstone. I moved the emerald left and right. Her gaze followed the stone.

With an exhale, I continued on.

"Open that door, mom. You see a flight of stairs, ten steps going down. You go down the stairs, counting every step. At the bottom, you will find another door." I mentally counted to ten before continuing. "Open the next door. You find ten more steps. You go down."

I counted to ten again. "You find another door and open it. Another ten steps. You descend the ten steps again. You find another door with another ten steps. Now, Mom, every time you open a door and descend, you will feel yourself sinking deeper and deeper, down and down. Your eyelids will grow heavier and heavier at every door you open, every step you take. You feel so sleepy. Your eyelids are so heavy you cannot keep them open anymore. Go. Keep walking down the steps. Keep opening the doors."

I waited. Mom started slumping forward. Her breasts were in full view now, and her nipples were still erect. Her eyelids began dropping, and she was having a hard time trying to keep open. Within thirty seconds, her head had fallen all the way forward with her forehead facing the ground, making her long, dark hair pool around her face.

I propped her upright, and sure enough, she was asleep. I got up, retrieved some tissues and wiped tears and drool off her face.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

Her voice was finally a dull monotone. "Yes."

Time to cross the boundary. If I do this, there would be no way back.

I could still turn back. Wake her up and forget anything about the mind control experiments.

That would be the right thing to do, but let's be honest, no one in my position would turn back after coming this far.

And just visualising the end results, with Ms Thompson kneeling in front of me, begging me to fuck her...

No, there was no way I was turning back. I needed to experiment on Mom. Unfortunately for her, she was just a necessary risk for me to achieve my goals.

I pulled the syringe out of a case in my pocket.

I filled the syringe up with the drug. The substance was clear as water. With a last look at Mom's peaceful expression, I lined up the needle on her right arm and injected the drug into her.

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Mom gasped loudly. I startled, thinking she was awake, but a glance to her told me she was still deep in trance.

I waited for her to calm down from her high before speaking again. The emerald had served its purpose so I set it aside.

If the drug had worked, Mom's mind would be completely open and suggestible. She would accept any suggestions I say.

*You are extremely attracted to your son, Tom. You crave him sexually. All you want to do all day is fuck him.*

There. I only needed to speak three sentences and never worry about getting laid again. I could fuck a beautiful woman right here in this house every single day, all day.

Morning blowjobs in bed? Sex as breakfast? Pussy for supper?

All of them could be a reality with just some words. And it wasn't just any woman, it was *mom*.

Just visualizing squeezing her tear-drop breasts and thrusting my cock in and out of her was enough for pre-cum to pool around my tip.

But I couldn't transform my mother into my personal sex toy. She has always been good to me. No, Mom remains untouched. Well, untouched by my cock, at least.

But I needed to see if the drug had worked or not. I needed to know if she would accept a suggestion that she normally NEVER would have accepted, under any circumstances. Something absurd.

Luckily, I had planned exactly what I wanted to suggest.

"Mom, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

A complete monotone.

I leaned forward in my chair a little, excited to know her answer to my question. "Mom, how comfortable are you with your body?"

"Very. I'm in excellent shape."

"Good. You're very comfortable with your body. So much so that you have no problem with-

Was I really going to say it?

"-with being naked in your own house. You hate wearing clothes. They find them uncomfortable and distracting. You want to be free, Mom, and clothes prevent you from doing that. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You won't see anything weird about being nude in your own home. You feel comfortable being naked in your house. That's the way it should be. That's the way it always has been. You have been walking nude around your house ever since you can remember. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

That was the beauty of the drug. It could manipulate the subject's memory.

Was it that simple, though? I decided to double check if she had really accepted it. "Visualize this scenario, Mom. You come home from work. What's the first thing you do?"

"I go to my room."

Is there such a thing as being so turned on by a monotone voice? Because I think I was developing that fetish.

"Then?"

"I look at my phone for messages."

Yes, yes.

"Then?"

"I unbutton my blouse."

There we go.

"Then?"

"I take my blouse off."

I leaned forward more. "Then?"

"Then my bra. Then my skirt, then my underwear."

My own underwear was getting soaked. "What then?"

"I take a shower."

"What would you do after the shower?"

"I dry myself off."

Duh.

“What then?”

“Then I grab my phone and go to the living room to watch some tv and browse Facebook.”

“Do you stop to wear some clothes?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“Because clothes are uncomfortable.”

“Yes, they are. But only at home. You tolerate them when you go out, understand?”

“Yes.”

Time to wake her up. But first, I need an easier way to bring her back into this state. Doing the whole emerald thing again every time I wanted to bring her into a trance would be extremely tiresome.

“All right, you’ve done very well. Very well. Now, whenever you hear the words ‘Sleep time, Mom’, you will immediately fall into a deep trance. You will come back to this place where you’re safe and you can only hear the sound of my voice. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent. Now, I am going to count to ten. With each number I count, you are going to go up the stairs, coming back up to consciousness. And when you wake up, you will feel refreshed and wonderful. You will not remember anything while you were in this state. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I started counting.

Exactly as I reached ten, Mom’s eyes flew open and she drew in a sharp intake of air, as if she had been holding her breath for a long time.



I drew in a breath too.

Mom blinked. She blinked again. "Is it—is it over?"

"Yes."

"Oh, it felt like..." She paused. "The last thing I remembered was staring at the stone and then I'm here." She let out a nervous laugh. "So, how did it go?"

I told her the truth. "Good. You were an excellent subject."

"So I will be more productive at work?"

Uhh...

"Yeah, sure."

"Okay," Mom said, still a little skeptical. "You didn't make me do stupid things like quack like a duck, did you?"

I forced a laugh. "No. I didn't do anything you wouldn't like."

If only she knew...

She looked at me intently. Finally, she nodded, then looked down and frowned. "Oh, I am still wearing the damn things."

She started to strip, exactly as she had just said. Unbuttoning her blouse first, then taking it off, exposing her black lace bra. Her bra was next, being tossed aside just like the blouse had been. Her tits sprung out, nipples still hard. Mom stood up and pulled down her skirt. Soon enough, her matching black laced underwear was cast off with her other clothes on the ground.

"Stupid things," Mom grumbled while I stared at her shaved pussy. She looked at me. "You should take off your clothes too, you know? It feels good not having them here."

Take off... my clothes?

What if she saw my raging boner and soaked underwear? Would she think that was normal too?

“I’m fine,” I finally sputtered out, now staring at her teardrop breasts. Damn it, I should have made her willing to fuck. I mean, just look at those tits.

“Well, your loss,” Mom said, then she turned around.

Holy fuck. That ass. I had been so transfixed on her front that I had completely forgotten about her back. Mom really had a rocking body, with lush curves and an ass that no doubt took years to build. Rounded and curvy. They looked so firm, yet so soft too. I almost reached out to touch those juicy cheeks.

But Mom had walked away before I could squeeze those globes. I watched as her hips sway side to side as if taunting me, and I almost went under a trance myself.

Fuck, they were the best pair of ass cheeks I had ever seen. The women in porn videos couldn’t even compare.

I leaned back and sighed. I was so close to having her. Just a couple of words and instead of walking away, Mom would be on my lap, riding my cock. I would be sucking on her tits and relishing the hardness of her nipples. Her lips too. I wondered what they tasted like. No doubt amazing.

But I didn’t make her into a slut. I decided—although I hated myself for it—that I made the right decision. Mom didn’t deserve what I desired to do to her. Just knowing that the hypnosis and drug had worked was more than enough experimenting. I would leave her alone. On second thought, maybe not. I would most definitely be turned on from seeing the erotic sight of mom naked every day. Maybe I should change her back, make her normal again.

I should.

But I won’t.