

Teacher 3

Chapter 3

Waking up to find Mom cooking breakfast naked in the kitchen was a sight I never thought I would experience.

My cock hardened as I watched her delicious ass sway around the kitchen. Her hair was unbound, making the dark strands fall over her breasts. They bounced delightfully as she retrieved the ingredients necessary to make an omelet.

She finally turned around and noticed me. "Morning."

"Morning," I said, my gaze on her teardrop tits, her nipples hard from the cool air.

We ate breakfast in relative silence. Mom was a great cook. The omelet was perfectly seasoned and the ham sausage had the right amount of chew. I just wished she'd cook more instead of always getting takeaways.

Mom went to her room to change after she cleared her plate, grumbling about having to wear 'those damn things again.'

"Tom!" I heard her call me a minute later. "I need your help!"

My mind started to imagine what 'help' she needed.

Tom, could you help with this? I visualized Mom sitting on her bed when I came in, legs spread open, showing me her beautiful cunt. *My pussy needs some stimulation, and I noticed your hard-on when we were having breakfast. So I thought you could... help me with this.*

Of course, she wasn't begging me to fuck her when I came into her room. I had only programmed her to not wear clothes around the house.

I went into Mom's room and saw her trying to put on a black sheath dress.

"Mind if you zip it for me?" Mom asked. "I can't reach my back."

“Sure.”

I placed a hand on the curve of her back for support, then used my other hand to zip the dress up.

“Thanks. You’re driving to school yourself today, right?”

“Yeah.”

Mom checked herself out in the mirror, striking a pose by turning sideways and placing a hand on her hip. I didn’t know how it was possible for my cock to get harder, but somehow it did. I studied how well the dress fitted her. It hugged all her wonderful curves just right and made her juicy ass stick out. Her breasts seemed even larger in the dress, showing an ample amount of bust that would for sure turn heads in her office.

I was already regretting not doing more during her first injection. Standing in front of me was a woman every man could only dream of fucking, and I could have made her mine. But Mom had worked hard to support me, and she was a wonderful mother. Making her my personal cum dumpster wasn’t a fate she deserved.

But I knew there was going to be a big issue. Having a raging boner and being sexually frustrated every second when I was at home was going to not be a pleasant experience. There was no way I would eventually get used to the sight of seeing her naked.

There was no way. She was too sexy.

I needed to do something. Either I had to change Mom back, which would not happen, because seeing her naked was an utter delight, or I could give in to my urges and make her mine. I needed to do one or the other. There was no in-between.

Then a thought came to me. What if there was a *third* option?

She didn’t need to have to suffer the same fate as Ms Thompson. I didn’t need to enslave her like I had been planning to do with my teacher.

I could make her have sex with me without it being a bad thing. Mom could still enjoy life, find another boyfriend, and generally be herself with the exception of *sometimes* having sex with her son. If we were both in the mood to fuck, then why not, right?

It didn't have to be a bad thing. Mom would enjoy it. After all, sex feels great.

It could be a win-win for us. I would just tinker with her moral boundaries. Make her think that fucking her own son was a normal thing and was just what mothers do when they needed some sexual release. I could satisfy my sexual cravings at home, and she could too. It would be a casual fuck-buddy kind of thing.

Was it selfish and wrong? Definitely. Was it greedy for me to experiment with Mom again? Definitely. But would it destroy Mom's life? Probably not.

Once she finds someone else, I would think that she would just... stop having sex with me. And I would be okay with that since my desires for her would have completely been satisfied, and by then, I would, hopefully, have Ms Thompson to focus my cravings on.

That didn't seem bad at all. I have to ponder about it some more.

But first, Ms Thompson. I went into my room and packed up two syringes, along with the emerald and the hypnotic tapes I made last night. Today was the day my sexual fantasies would become a reality.

Today would be the day I fuck my teacher.

"Given this line, how do I find the slope from point A to point B?"

I wasn't listening. Nobody was.

Well, that wasn't technically true. Yes, we were listening, but not to what she was saying. We were focused on her voice instead, all smooth and creamy. The voice of an angel.

Everything about Ms Thompson screamed seduction. Hell, even how she smelled was sexy—all sweet and feminine.

If there existed a perfect female specimen—it was her.

Mom wasn't that far off. There were some significant differences between them. Mom had long brown hair and dark eyes while Ms Thompson had medium length honey blonde hair and green eyes. Mom had the advantage of better curves and long, toned legs, while Ms Thompson had the bigger tits and ass. It was close, but if I had to choose, my Math lecturer would be the winner.

Ms Thompson looked around the classroom. "Does anyone know?"

"I know," someone from the back called out. It was Kevin, the star quarterback of our football team and the guy every girl in our school had a crush on.

"What is it, Kevin?" Ms Thompson asked, her smile straining. Kevin was also the most outspoken one in class, and would often hit on her. "How do you find the slope of the curve?"

"I don't know, Miss, but I certainly can find the slope of your curve."

Everyone laughed. Everyone except Ms Thompson, who sighed and shook her head. "Anyone else?"

No one raised their hands. Everyone was just staring at her, lust in their eyes. The girls just giggled and whispered to each other, finding what Kevin had said hilarious.

"Tom?"

My head shot up. Everyone looked at me.

"Yes?" I said, my voice cracking. A few people laughed.

She pointed to the chalkboard with a ruler. "What is the slope of the curve from point A to point B?"

I looked at the graph.

“Half,” I answered.

“Correct.” Ms Thompson smiled, and I had to smile too. She looked way prettier when she smiled. Her dimples would show and her green eyes would light up. “Good job, Tom.”

“Nerd,” Kevin called out, and everyone laughed again.

Class was soon over. Calculus was the last class today, so everyone was packing up to return home. I packed up slowly because I knew Ms Thompson would stay back late to grade papers and do whatever teachers do.

A few minutes passed, and I was left with Ms Thompson and Kevin, who was perched on her desk and talking to her.

I walked up to them.

“... does your number end with an 889?” Kevin was asking an annoyed Ms Thompson.

She sighed, but managed a strained smile. “No, Kevin. Can you please go back home now? I have work to do, and I think Tom wants to ask me something.”

The jock looked back over his shoulder and frowned. Collecting his wallet and phone from her desk, he walked past me, bumping my shoulder and almost tripping me backward.

“I’m sorry about him, Tom,” she said, glancing at the door. “Some students can be... difficult.”

She looked at me and offered a genuine smile. “What can I do for you?”

“One second.” I walked towards the door, closed and locked it. Ms Thompson gave me a weird look, but said nothing.

I walked back to her desk, hoping she couldn't hear my thundering heart. Hypnotizing her was going to be more much difficult than Mom. I couldn't just walk up to her and say 'Hey, can I hypnotize you?' like I had done with my mother.

I had to use a much more difficult method. A technique that stage hypnotists used a lot.

"So what is it you want?"

"I just wanted to ask about the upcoming test," I started, reaching over and quickly tapping her right shoulder. At the same time, I clicked my tongue.

Ms Thompson recoiled back and frowned at me. It was the first frown I had seen from her. "What was that, Tom?"

"There was a fly there," I explained. Fuck, it felt like my heart was going to burst out of my chest.

She didn't seem very convinced, but accepted the excuse with a small nod. "What is it you want to know about the test?"

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the emerald. It caught the evening light and her eyes immediately latched onto the gem. "I was wondering if the test covers page 120 of our textbook, too."

"Yes, it does," she said, her gaze still on the stone. "I told you guys already. And what is that?"

"Oh, it's an emerald my grandfather gave me. I used it as a lucky charm before exams." I handed the emerald to her, and she took it. Using the moment of distraction, I tapped her right shoulder and clicked my tongue again.

She tore her gaze from the stone and stood up, glaring at me. "Tom, this is very inappropriate. I thought you were better than this. You should leave—now."

"Sorry," I said, walking around her desk and stopping in front of her. "I'm sorry. Can I have the emerald back?"

“Yes. Then, I want you to leave.”

She held out her hand, the stone in her fingers. I took it but didn't drop my arm, holding the stone in front of her eyes. It caught the light again.

The only indication that it was working was her chest. She was breathing heavier than normal. But that could just be her anger.

“Tom,” she started, looking at the emerald. “What are you doing?”

I toss the emerald to her. Her eyes went wide as she tried to catch it. The moment she did, I went forward, tapped her shoulder, and clicked my tongue again.

“Sleep,” I said in a commanding tone I did not feel.

The stone fell from her hands and Ms Thompson dropped forward a split second later. I caught her in my arms, the strain in my pants growing as I felt her breasts pressing against my chest. Fuck, she smelled really good.

I settled her down in her teacher's chair. Her eyes were closed shut, and she was breathing steadily through parted lips. With my heart pounding in my ears, I fished the syringes from my bag.

I had to use double the amount of the drug because her trance wouldn't be as deep as Mom's. I didn't have the luxury to trap her mind in a deep subspace like I had done with my mother. But it was fine. The end result would be the same, with her deep in a trance and her mind open to do whatever I wanted with it.

My teacher gasped as I injected the first syringe into her. She gasped even louder at the second shot, her breaths becoming heavier and deeper. Her eyes fluttered open, showing glassy eyes.

“Karen,” I started, my breaths heavy too. I was so turned on. “Can you hear me?”

An immediate monotonous response. “Yes.”

“Karen, when you are in this state, you can only hear the sound of my voice. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“And when you hear the words, ‘Sleep time little Karen’ you will return to this state, where you feel completely relaxed and can only hear my voice. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

The dirty work was done. Now, to have some fun.

“Karen, are you single?”

“No.”

Shit.

“Who are you with? Who’s your partner?”

Tears started falling from her unblinking eyes, rolling down her cheeks.

“Don.”

Don? Lucky guy...

Curiosity got the better of me. “Do you and Don have sex often?”

“No. We’ve never had sex before.”

What?

“What?”

Never had sex? I looked at the stunning beauty in front of me. How was that possible?

“Karen, are you... are you a virgin?”

“Yes.”

She's a virgin?!

Oh boy, I have hit the jackpot.

“Why?”

“I believe that sex should be put on hold until marriage. Don agrees.”

What an idiot, I thought. What man wouldn't want to have sex with... this?

“Do you have sexual thoughts, Karen?”

“Yes, all the time.”

That was interesting.

“And what do you think about these thoughts?”

“I'm ashamed of those sinful thoughts. Usually, I would go to church to cleanse them.”

“Karen,” I started, “you're not shameful of these thoughts.”

“I'm not shameful...” she repeated in a monotone. Drool started falling from the edges of her full lips.

“Yes. You love these sexual thoughts. In fact, you are going to have more sexual thoughts, Karen. You would imagine yourself sucking cock, riding a cock, having sex in all positions. You will start having more of these thoughts constantly. But you're not ashamed or afraid of them, Karen. You want to explore them.”

Karen slipped a hand under her pencil skirt. Seconds later, she threw her head back and started moaning.

Shit, was she too loud? I looked back. The hallway lights were already closed and there were no sounds outside.

“Yes, Karen,” I urged her. “You want to have sex so bad. You often wonder how sex would feel like. Imagining a cock thrusting into your pussy gets you so turned on. You want cock, Karen. You want to be under a man.”

“Oh shit,” my teacher moaned out. She started moving her hips, ecstatically riding her own fingers.

“Stop,” I said. Immediately, her hand stopped moving.

“How do you feel?”

“Horny.” Karen was literally panting now, drool dripping off her chin. “So fucking turned on.”

I smiled when she said ‘fucking’. The word sounded so odd coming from her.

“Good girl. You relish these dirty thoughts. You’re a naughty girl, Karen.”

“I’m a naughty girl,” she repeated.

“You want to explore your urges. You want to lose your virginity. But with only one person. Me. Your sexual thoughts and erotic fantasies will center around me. You want to make me happy, Karen. You trust me completely. You want to please me.”

“Tom,” she muttered. “I want to fuck Tom.”

Implementing any more thoughts would be greedy. The government never influenced the subject’s mind after ten minutes of being in a trance. The first few subjects came out braindead after accepting too many suggestions. I couldn’t have that happen to her.

I had done enough already.

“Now, Karen. I’m going to count to ten. With each number that passes, you will feel yourself waking up. And when you return to consciousness, you won’t remember

anything while in this trance. But you will feel horny, Karen. The horniest you have ever felt in your entire life. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” she panted.

I took tissues out of my bag and wiped the tears and drool from her face. With that done, I counted to ten and waited. Ms Thompson blinked several times before squinting her green eyes at me.

“Tom?”

I forced a smile. “Hey.”

Her hand was still under her skirt. She resumed fingering herself. “Tom, fuck.” She zeroed in on my eyes. “Tom.”

I toyed with her. “Ms Thompson, what are you doing?”

“Tom,” she gasped. “Fuck, I—Tom, fuck me.”

I smiled, then started unbuttoning my shirt.

“Now, Ms Thompson?” I asked teasingly. “Here?”

“Yes, Tom. Please.” She withdrew her hand, her fingers dripping with her juices. She stood up and started unbuttoning her own blouse. “Please, Tom. I need you in—”

I didn’t wait for her to finish. With a growl, I turned her around and pushed her onto her desk, scattering papers everywhere.

Karen gripped the sides of her desk while I placed a hand in between her shoulder blades, forcing her to lean forward until her breasts touched the cold wooden surface.

Karen moaned when I reached under her skirt, and using all my strength, tore her panties off.

“Hurry, Tom.” She grinded her ass backward and against my cock. “Please. I need you now.”

I crumbled her red panties then shoved them into my pants. Reaching under her skirt again, I started feeling up her soaking pussy, running circles around her clit.

“Please, Tom. Please, please, please, please.”

I grinned. That’s what I wanted to hear. Ms Thompson begging to get fucked had always been a fantasy of mine.

I lifted her gray pencil skirt up high, exposing her full cheeks. I unbuttoned my pants and pulled down my underwear, springing my rock hard cock free.

I started teasing Karen again, using my cock to run circles around her sex. My tip slipped inside her for a second before I pulled out.

“Please, Tom.” She was crying now. “Please just fuck me.”

“What would you do for this cock?” I asked her, circling my tip around her clit.

“Anything,” she gasped, half turning to face me and showing me her eyes that were alight with tears and lust. “I’ll do anything.”

“Good girl,” I said, feeling drunk with power. I cupped her delicious ass cheeks and squeezed. They felt warm and smooth and fucking amazing. Ms Thompson inhaled sharply, her lower lips trembling.

“Turn back around, bitch,” I told her, pushing her back down. “I’m going to take your virginity now.”

With an excited squeal, my teacher arched her back and pressed her tits against her desk, giving me a good angle of her soaking wet cunt.

I was going to take my teacher’s virginity doggy style. Holy fuck.

I lined my cock up against her dripping sex, inhaled deeply to prepare to thrust in with all my might...

KNOCK KNOCK

I jumped back, and so did Ms Thompson.

“Karen,” a man's voice sounded from outside, “are you in there?”

Ms Thompson pulled her skirt back down, then started buttoning her blouse. I did the same, buttoning up my shirt and pulling my pants back up.

A knock again. “Karen?” A few seconds later, we heard him walking away.

“You should go, Tom,” my teacher said, crouching to scoop fallen papers off the floor.

“But—”

“Go.” Tears were still dripping down her face. She used the back of her hand to wipe them off.

With a final look at her, I left the classroom.

I drove back home in a rush. I was so fucking pissed at myself. I could have had her. I could have been inside her, balls deep, fucking her on her own table. Instead, I took my own sweet time and teased her.

I also forgot to give her the hypnotic tapes. If I had, she would be much more willing to fuck me tomorrow. My mind raced at what she could do. She might quit her job and stop coming to school to avoid me or something. I might never see her again. I really fucked up.

My cock hadn't deflated. I was so horny and angry. So sexually frustrated.

I reached home and unlocked the front door. Was Mom home? She had to be. I dumped Karen's panties and the hypnotic tapes in the living room, went to my room to retrieve a syringe, then searched for Mom. I checked the living room, the kitchen, her room. Nothing. Finally, I heard her in the laundry room.

Mom was ironing my clothes, earphones in ear, and swaying her ass as she hummed a tune.

I couldn't help it. I was so angry and so fucking horny. I needed someone to relieve my sexual frustrations. I walked behind Mom and grabbed her ass cheeks.

She gasped, then turned around. "Tom, what—"

I kissed her, crashing my lips onto her, and squeezed her juicy ass as hard as I could. Mom tasted great. So sweet and savory, like a cake.

I fell backward when Mom shoved me. She was screaming now. "Tom, what the hell are—"

"Sleep time, Mom."

I caught her as she fell forward. I half dragged, half carried her naked body to the living room, laying her on the couch, then stripped myself nude before talking.

"Mom, can you hear me?" I didn't recognise my voice. It was so husky, so full of lust.

"Yes."

I knew I was hasty in doing this, but I didn't care anymore. I was so turned on and angry about everything.

I injected the drug into her arm. Like the first time, she gasped loudly, but unlike my teacher, her eyes didn't flutter open.

I didn't waste time. I was done playing. If this ruined her life, then whatever. For now, I only cared about fucking, and that's what I was going to get. At what cost? I didn't care.

I climbed on top of her, pre-cum dripping all over her stomach.

“Mom, from now on, you are going to be constantly turned on,” I said, the words coming out of my lips in a heated rush. “You want to fuck. That’s all you want to do. Your dreams and sexual fantasies will center only around me. All other men are unattractive and unfuckable in your eyes. You want me, Mom, you love me, and you are not ashamed of your urges. You don’t think there’s anything wrong with fucking your own son. In fact, you have been having sex with your son for as long as you can remember. It’s a regular thing for you. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“When I count to ten, you will wake up feeling the most turned on you have ever been in your life. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I counted to ten, and mom’s eyes fluttered open. She looked at me with wide eyes.

“Tom, what—where am I?” Then she realized I was on top of her, both of us naked.

“Tom, what are you doing?”

I leaned down and kissed her again. She froze for a second, but then her new programming took over. Mom kissed me back, hard, like she had been desperate for me for years. Her hands went to the sides of my neck while my hands slipped under her to explore those delicious ass cheeks.

She sighed, and I used the opportunity to slip my tongue into her, her sweet and savory taste exploding in my taste buds.

I broke the kiss and looked at her. Mom looked at me back, her eyes still wide and wild. “Fuck me.”

And I did. Wasting no time, I aimed my cock at her pussy, then thrust all the way in. Her slick heat grabbed onto me. Mom gasped, squeezing her eyes shut, her grip on my back tightening, her fingernails digging into my skin.

She was tight. Fuck, Mom was tight.

I pulled my cock out, then thrust back in again, and again, and again. Mom threw her head back and moaned out my name, ecstatically grinding her hips against mine as I pounded into her.

I cut those moans short as I attacked her lips. I was so aggressive, so primal. I forcefully pushed my tongue into her, seeking hers. A small whimper escaped my mother's lips every time I penetrated her, begging me to slow down, but I never did.

I felt the rise of my orgasm as I slammed into her over and over, fucking her with brutal intensity, getting all my frustrations out.

I threw my head back and groaned as I exploded my entire load into her.

"Tom!" Mom moaned, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she felt her own orgasm too. "Oh, my god! Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Mom came a second later, our moans wrapped together, our tongues stroking and licking. I moaned louder as her inner walls tightened and squeezed around my spasming cock. Her hands were on my balls now, squeezing them too, and it was clear she was finding some sick pleasure in fucking her son, trying to milk more cum out of me. I have never felt this good before, never had an orgasm that lasted this long.

"That was great!" Mom grinned at me once we regained our breaths. She was hot and sweaty and looked like a sex goddess. I pulled out of her and sat up, the realization dawning on me.

I just fucked my Mom, and it felt fucking amazing. The best sex I have had in my life—by far.

Mom groaned as she sat up. I watched as a drop of my cum leaked out from her swollen pussy, going down her thighs and pooling on the couch.

“We should do it again tonight, Tom. Before I take a shower.” She gathered her messy hair up in a ponytail, then stood up, stretching her arms out. “Your cock feels good, as always.”

I nodded, staring at her ass. I could see my red handprint on her right cheek. The words tumbled out of my mouth. “I want to fuck you in your ass later.”

“My ass?” She laughed. “Tom, you very well know anal is a big no-no to me.”

“Fine,” I said. I stood up and attempted to kiss her again, but Mom pulled away.

“Not now, Tom. I got work to do. Tonight, okay?”

I frowned. I could already see problems with making her a casual sex partner. Sex with her was *amazing*, but what if she wasn’t in the mood when I was? I wanted anal with her and she didn’t want it. No, this wouldn’t work out. I wanted more.

“Mom?” I said as she was walking away.

She turned back around. “Hmm?”

“Sleep time, Mom.”

I rushed forward as she slumped to the side, catching her before she could hit her head. I already doomed my soul by fucking her, so what was wrong with taking one step further?

I sat her up on the couch where we just fucked and retrieved Karen’s hypnotic tape from where I left them.

Mom looked so peaceful, and she didn’t deserve what I was going to do to her. But whatever, she would still be ‘mom’ but with a couple of major changes. I would treat her well. She would be happy. Very happy.

I injected her with the drug again and slipped the earphones over her ears. I was not sure how well the tapes would work, especially with the drug in her system.

The tapes were Christian bible songs that had cleverly hidden subliminal messages in them. The messages were intended to play on her consciousness and not when the subject was deep in a trance. But there was not really any harm in trying, anyway. Mom was unfortunately, yet again, a guinea pig for me.

With a last look at her features, so calm and relaxed, I pressed 'play'.

Karen's first tape would play on loop for six hours and would further reinforce her lust for me:

I love Tom

Tom is sexy

Tom is wonderful

Tom is everything

I want to fuck Tom

I feel horny all the time

I want Tom's cock

I want to taste Tom's cum

I am a fuck toy

I love to fuck Tom

Karen's second tape would play on loop for another six hours and would introduce thoughts of servitude:

Tom is my Master

I want to serve Tom

I want Tom to think for me

I am Tom's slave

Tom is good to me

Tom is my Master

Tom is my Master

Tom is my Master

Tom is my Master

Tom is my Master