

## **Teacher 4**

### **Chapter Four**

I couldn't really sleep that night. Thoughts of what I was doing to my mother swirled around in my head. Hadn't I said the worst I would do to her was make her my casual sex partner?

And yet, here I was, using Karen's tape on her without knowing what it would potentially do to her mind. A part of me wanted to go out to the living room and stop the tape before it could permanently change her. There was no good outcome for this. If it doesn't work, and I broke Mom's mind, then my conscience had to weigh in that guilt forever.

And if it does work and I transform my mother into my personal lust filled sex toy, then I might as well have sold my soul to the devil.

An hour passed. Two. Three.

Sleep was impossible, and so I did what my mind had been screaming at me to do. I got out of bed and walked into the eerily silent living room at one in the morning.

Mom was still at the same spot where I had left her—naked on the couch, with her body leaning way forward and her dark hair a messy cascade around her. I circled to her front and propped her back up into a sitting position.

Her eyes were closed and her lips were hanging, causing drool to drip off her chin and pool on the ground. I could hear the faint sounds of bible verses playing from her earphones. Her conscious mind would hear them, but her unconscious mind would take the hypnotic commands hidden in the verses. It was such an ingenious design recently created by hypnotherapists.

If their clients want to stop a bad habit like smoking, they would be given hypnotic recordings—usually hidden in songs—to listen to. The smoker would then be prescribed to listen to the recordings during their day-to-day life, and eventually, they would magically find smoking extremely undesirable. Of course, I was simplifying it. The process was long, and they still need to constantly attend their hypnotherapy sessions.

But I had the means to speed up the process one hundredfold, or at least that was what I theorized. Nobody had ever experimented like this before. Using the super drug, the subject's mind would be open and be extremely suggestible. Combining the drug with this potent hypnotherapy method... anything could happen. Whether or not it worked, I was going to find out with Mom.

If she ended up braindead... well... I couldn't think of that possibility. I had to be confident with my methods.

This was going to work, and I was going to be a monster for it. Just a week ago and I would never have thought I was capable of doing something like this, but I was a man, and men have raging hormonal drives that needed to be filled.

I reminded myself of the hypnotic suggestion I was force feeding my mother's mind with, especially the main one:

**Tom is my Master.**

**Tom is my Master.**

**Tom is my Master.**

**Tom is my Master.**

It was insane, and I was a sick fuck for even attempting this. But just imagining my mother as my personal slave...

What would that be like? No more chores. Sex every day, whenever and wherever I wanted. However I wanted. Not having to lift a finger to do anything anymore. Homemade meals. The complete and utter devotion of an insanely attractive woman.

But I still felt bad. Mom was always good to me. She did everything she could to give me the best life possible, and here I was, using top-secret government technology to transform her into something she wasn't.

What happened to me?

*Stop the tapes now before it's too late. She doesn't deserve this. You know this.*

I took some tissue papers and cleaned her face. Mom groaned and shifted a little as I wiped her drool away. I studied her for a while, my mouth watering at all her curves that seemed too good to be of this world, her perfect symmetrical supermodel's facial features, her teardrop tits that so many women had to go into surgery to imitate. But I knew Mom was all natural. She just won the genetic lottery. Unfortunately for me, I must have received all my genetics from my dad, because I knew I was just an average looker.

"I'm sorry, Mom," I told her. "I wish things were different, but you are just..." I placed a thumb on her lower lip and wiped fresh saliva away.

"I want you," I told her. "I secretly wanted you ever since I could remember, but I always denied the truth. But now..." I sighed as I trailed off into silence.

"I'm sorry," I told her again before pecking her softly on the lips. Mom didn't react. It felt like I was kissing a corpse. Her lips were cold and stiff, but her sweet taste was still there, lingering on my lips as I pulled away. "I'm so sorry. But I will take care of you." My hands trailed down to her breasts, and I gave her right tit a gentle squeeze. "I promise."

With that, I went back to bed, haunted by my own desires and thoughts, and waited for sleep to overtake me.

\* \* \*

I heard Mom before I felt her.

It was six in the morning, marked by the neighbor's chickens.

I groaned, stretching my arms over my head and preparing for a huge yawn when I heard my door creaking open. I froze. I wanted to sit up and see who it was, but it obviously was Mom. Who else could it be? But the tapes should be playing for twelve hours straight and it had only been eight. She should still be deep in a trance. Had the recordings been cut short? Or was Mom just done with listening to them?

I felt the mattress dip as Mom crawled into bed with me, going under the covers. Her fingers were icy cold as she gripped the sides of my legs to pull my pants down. I had never worn underwear to bed, so my cock came free. I was so fucking hard, even before I felt her manicured fingernails touching my shaft.

I couldn't see Mom. I was lying face up, staring at the ceiling. She was under the blanket, in between my legs. But I could smell her. Throughout her life, Mom had always worn the same perfume, an expensive bottle of Chanel. It smelled of rose with an underlying sweet layer of jasmine. She didn't smell as seductive as Ms Thompson—all sweet, smooth and creamy—but she sure as hell turned heads everywhere she went.

Her rose scent invaded my senses as her fingers closed around my shaft in a firm iron grip. Mom began pumping me. Slowly at first, then gaining speed and rhythm.

My heart began thumping in my chest and my breathing became ragged as I felt her other hand reach for my balls, cupping and gently squeezing them. I had gotten a couple of handjobs in my life, but my mother was on a different level with her skillful fingers and tongue. My eyes snapped shut, and I groaned low when I felt the tip of her warm, wet tongue grazing against my cock. Mom lapped up the pre-cum oozing at my slit, then swirled around my crown as if it was an ice cream cone.

“Mom—fuck.” My breathing was turning into labored gasps. I arched my back, throwing my head back against the pillow as my mother pleased me into ecstasy.

I didn't need to experience a blowjob to know that Mom knew exactly what she was doing. Her tongue swirled and lapped around my head in expert strokes, lubricating my entire length while her fingers pumped my cock and kneaded my heavy balls.

How many blowjobs had Mom given in her life? She was so fucking good at it. Mom had a long string of boyfriends and I once walked in on her riding a dick when I came home early from classes. The mental image was still ingrained in my mind.

Mom ecstatically gyrating her hips, her tits bouncing up and down while she filled up the house with her boyfriend's name.

I must have masturbated hundreds of times, imagining her moaning out my name instead, though I eventually forced myself to stop because I was well aware of how sickening it was to get off to that.

Yet, here I was, getting an early morning blowjob in bed from my mother, a completely normal mom just days ago, now my willing and hungry cock sucking slut. God only knows what was going on through her mind right then. How much had I scrambled up her brain with the super drugs and subliminal hypnotic recordings?

I held on to my release as best as I could, but I was getting closer and closer. It just felt so damn good. Mom sucked, licked and lapped at the top half of my length, while her hands did wonders to the rest.

I thought it couldn't get any better than this until Mom took it further. With one quick bob of her head, she took all of me in, pushing my cock all the way down her throat. I felt her cheeks hollowing as she bobbed her head even faster, her tongue swirling at the underside of my cock, both of her hands now on my balls.

I couldn't take it any longer. Not with my cock buried so fucking deep inside her throat. Mom moaned out something muffled, and the realization that she was moaning out my name sent me over the edge. My whole body tightened and tensed up, holding back my release for a couple of seconds before I couldn't take it anymore and with a loud cry, I shot out ropes of hot cum down her throat.

Mom swallowed everything. And I meant everything. After milking out my entire orgasm, she took my cock out and started lapping up every inch of my still rock hard cock, paying extra attention to my slit, which was still spurting out cum. I thought I was going to orgasm again as I felt her skillful tongue licking, sucking and pleasuring my hypersensitive skin.

After a couple of minutes of that, Mom released my cock, and I felt her crawling up with her breasts sliding up my body with the heat of her pussy teasing my skin.

Mom slid out of the blanket and came into view, her dark hair messy and her eyes filled with lust. She was panting heavily as she straddled me, her hot cunt just inches below my cock, still slick with her saliva.

We stared at each other for a while, both of our gazes filled with hunger, the air heavy and hot with sexual tension, and the realization dawning on me. Mom had just given me the best blowjob of my life. Did the hypnotic tapes work? Was she addicted to pleasing me now? Had she considered me her Master and Owner? While I was pondering upon a million questions, Mom opened her swollen lips and spoke, answering all my questions.

“Did you enjoy that, Daddy?” she asked with a naughty glint in her eyes.

What caught me off guard wasn't the fact that my own mother just called me 'Daddy,' which was wrong on so many levels. It was the fact that she spoke in a mellifluous girly tone. And for some sick reason, that got me harder.

“Yes,” I said after a moment of shocked silence. “Yes,” I said again, feeling like an idiot. I was so fucking turned on and my cock was so stiff, pressing upright against her toned stomach.

Mom giggled. Actually giggled, before leaning down to kiss me.

“Relax, Daddy,” she told me, pushing the blanket away and revealing her delicious nude body, slick with sweat. Mom straightened up, grabbed my cock with one hand, then lined it up with her glistening hot cunt.

“Oh!” she moaned as she slowly lowered herself down my cock, one inch at a time until I was balls deep inside her. “You feel so good, Daddy.”

My mother started riding me, moving her hips slowly at first, then quickly gaining rhythm, causing both of us to fill up the room with our combined moans. I grabbed her bouncing tits, squeezing them for all they were worth, turning Mom's moans into screams. She fucked me harder and faster, throwing her head back into the air.

“Daddy! Oh—fuck. I am...” Mom looked back at me, her eyes dripping with tears, her breathing ragged and heavy, but she didn't stop dancing her hips, slamming my cock into her over and over and over. “Daddy, I'm so close!”

I didn't know what was happening anymore. I had just woken up and found my mother turned into a little girl, calling me her Daddy and now she was ecstatically riding me.

I felt my cock stiffen, and then I exploded with a curse. Mom made a sound of delight. She bit her lower lip and rode me harder, slamming her hips against me with primal ferocity.

A second later, Mom arched her back, and I felt her pussy tighten, wrapping and squeezing around my throbbing cock as I shot my entire load into her. Her fingernails dug into my sides as I squeezed her breasts harder, her wild screams and promises filling up our house as I filled her up.

I was still orgasming, and she was too, tears dripping down her chin and splashing onto my stomach. It was the best twenty seconds in my life, and I was sharing that moment with my own mother.

If only Mom didn't look like one of those supermodels and didn't possess the body of a sex goddess. Maybe things would have worked out differently for her. Yes, I was blaming my lapse in judgment on her for being too fucking sexy.

I looked at her, and she returned my gaze with a bright smile, showing her perfect whites, her dark eyes seemingly glowing. Her hair was a complete mess and tears and sweat were dripping down her body. But she looked happy. The happiest she had been recently. Wasn't that all that mattered? It must be, because it was too late now—the damage to her mind had been done, and it would take forever to reverse whatever the tapes did to her.

“You are happy, aren't you, Mo—” Should I even call her Mom anymore? She was calling me ‘Daddy’ now, and it would be the weirdest thing if I continued to call her that.

“You are happy, aren't you, Cindy?” I corrected myself, returning her smile.

“Of course, Daddy. Why do you even ask that?” She giggled girlishly, then leaned forward and pecked me on the lips, nibbling my lower lip as she pulled back. “I love having sex with you.” She giggled again. It was so bizarre experiencing Mom acting like this. Why was she, anyway? Nothing in the tapes suggested her to act like a little girl.

All I did was increase her sex drive and made her addicted to sex with me. That, and forcefully inserting thoughts of servitude into her.

Then a thought came to me. The tapes made the listener more submissive. That was the goal.

Was Mom... was this her submissive side?

I was still inside her and Mom was still on top of me, our lips touching and her perfect breasts squeezing against my chest.

“Daddy, are you ready for round two?”

So damn tempting. But...

“No, I need to get ready for class.”

I was excited at the thought of fucking Ms Thompson today. This time, there would be no distractions.

“It’s only just after six,” she whispered, her voice seductive, sending my cock to twitch inside her. She must have felt it because she started grinding against me lazily. “We still have two hours to do whatever we like.”

Should I? I wanted to save as much energy as possible for my math lecturer. But then again... Mom was willing and ready, and she was fucking hot.

I pushed Mom off me. She squealed excitedly and spread her legs wide open, showing me her still very wet and still very ready cunt. Jesus, my orgasm must have been extremely long because I had filled her up to the brim and my cum was leaking out of her pussy.

“No.” I shook my head, staring at her swollen pussy. “On all fours. Spread that ass wide.”

She squealed again, smiling gleefully before scrambling to obey my commands. “Yes, Daddy!”



That was it. That was proof that Mom wasn't 'Mom' anymore. She had told me anal was a big no-no for her, and here she was, willing to get rammed in the ass by her own son.

I went on my knees behind her, my hands feeling up her bottom. Mom, no, Cindy, may not have the largest ass, but her cheeks were sure as hell very firm and very smooth. Years and years of hard work in the gym had created... this.

Moans fell from Cindy's rosy lips as I felt up her ass, squeezing and pinching them in multiple places.

She gasped loudly when I pulled a hand back and brought it upon her right cheek.

"Did you like that?"

She nodded, arched her back, and wiggled her ass at me. "More, Daddy."

"Later," I said, feeling my cock growing harder when I was sure I had already reached my limits. Pre-cum was oozing off my tip and I just needed a hole to bury myself into. Now. No lubrication needed since my cock was dripping slick with her pussy juices.

I lined up my cock behind her, then slowly, inch by inch, pushed myself inside her. Cindy arched her back even lower, leaning forward until her breasts were crushed against the bed mattress.

I was already halfway in. I clenched my jaw and gritted my teeth. Her ass was so much tighter than her pussy, with her inner walls clamping down onto my cock, gripping my veiny skin.

Cindy bit down on my blanket, groaning and moaning loudly as I penetrated her. Slowly. Inch by inch, I forced myself further, pushing through her tight inner walls. I was almost there. With an exhale, I primed my hips and thrust in as hard as I could, driving my cock all the way to my balls, splitting my room with the sounds of her screams.

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After cumming inside her ass and making her lick my cock clean, we took a shower together and Cindy cooked me a delicious breakfast. I scrolled through Reddit on my phone, eating my scrambled eggs on toast while my mother fellated me under the table.

It was her idea, and I didn't say no.

After breakfast for me and a load of my cum for her, we got dressed and went to start our day.

"We are here, Daddy," Cindy exclaimed happily as we smoothed to a stop at my college's car park area. Mom was wearing her usual office attire again: a blouse that showed ample cleavage (more now, since she purposely unbuttoned an extra button just for me) and a tight pencil skirt that didn't quite reach her knees. She was also not wearing any panties. I knew that because she flashed me her soaking wet cunt when we had stopped at a red light.

I smiled at her and got ready to climb out when she leaned forward.

"What are you doing?" I asked quickly, moving away.

She stopped, frowning at me. "What do you mean? I want to kiss you."

"We're in your van. The windows aren't tinted."

Her frown deepened. "Yeah, so?"

I sighed and opened the door. "Bye."

I would have to fix her later. I thought she would just assume kissing your son in public was something you should NEVER do. But thinking back, it was my fault for saying 'there is nothing wrong with fucking your own son' and 'you're not ashamed of your urges.'

It was definitely my fault. I would fix her later, but for now, there were more important matters to attend to.

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“Anyone?” Ms Thompson’s silky smooth voice floated around the classroom.

After a few seconds of silence, a girl to my left raised her hand up.

Our lecturer smiled. “Yes, Amanda? Do you have the answer?”

“I’m sorry,” Amanda said, lowering her hand and biting on her pen cap. “Could you please repeat the question?”

“Of course.” Ms Thompson cleared her throat and pointed to a curve on the whiteboard with her ruler. “How do we find the equation of this secant line?”

Ms Thompson turned back to Amanda and a couple of people looked at her.

My classmate flushed and offered a small smile. “I’m sorry, Miss, but I don’t know.”

“It’s fine,” Ms Thompson replied, smiling sweetly. She was like a caring mother to most of us, even though there wasn’t much of an age difference between her and her students. Surveying the classroom, her cute dimples showed. “Anyone?”

Her eyes met mine, and before I could react, she blinked and turned away from me, her cheeks turning pink. Luckily, no one noticed the connection. Everyone just remained silent, their lustful gazes on her tits and hips instead of figuring out the simple question she was asking us.

My lovely doll was wearing a bright yellow skirt today, which fortunately didn’t show much skin, and hugged all her curves in the right places. And that was more than enough for some students to start drooling.

“Maybe Tommy could answer, Miss,” someone called from the back. I didn’t need to turn to know who it was or figure out who ‘Tommy’ was.

Unfortunately, Ms Thompson didn’t catch on. Her smile dipped. “Tommy? Who’s Tommy?”

“Tom, the skinny nerd over there,” Kevin laughed, and a few of our classmates laughed along with him. “He should know the answer to your question.”

“Tom.” Her eyebrow raised, and she reluctantly turned to me. Her cheeks were getting more flushed by the second. “Tom, do you—do you know the answer?”

She was actually stammering at me in front of thirty people.

Just my fucking luck.

I shot a glare at the annoying jock. He just smirked back. I sighed, focusing my attention back to our blushing lecturer. “You have to find the two points on the line, then find the slope, then use the function definition to determine the solution.”

As I was talking, I realized how much of a nerd I actually was. I just proved the bastard’s point. Kevin clapped loudly and his boys followed along with him. The rest of the class just shifted uncomfortably. A girl at my front even offered me a sympathetic look. I wanted a hole to open under me so I could just sink under.

“Yes, that’s right.” Ms Thompson didn’t offer me a smile like she always did after I answered her questions correctly. She looked away and walked to the board, her ass swaying left and right through that tight yellow dress. She cleared her throat once she reached the chalkboard and wrote the solution down. “Thank you, Tom.”

I turned back to glare at Kevin again. I wasn’t going to show how afraid I was of him like the others were.

His smirk widened. “How’s Bridget Regan?”

That wasn’t a retort I had expected.

“Huh?” I said, surprised.

“Bridget Regan. Your smoking hot mom looks exactly like her. I heard she’s single.” The asshole did humping motions with his hips and the guys around him laughed. I just shot him a look of disgust and turned away.

Kevin seemed to be in a good mood today, repeatedly cutting our lecturer off to butt in his lame jokes, and even commented on how ‘fucking hot’ she looked in that ‘slutty dress’.

The room fell dead silent after he said that. Ms Thompson looked like she was on the verge of breaking down into tears, but she held on.

“Kevin, I need you to leave. Go to the disciplinary office. Now,” she told him, her bottom lips trembling.

The jock started apologizing but our lecturer kept firm. The class was dismissed shortly after that. And just like the day before, I waited until everyone filed out.

As the last person left, I closed the classroom door, locked it, then walked to Ms Thompson's desk. She was sitting behind it, both of her palms covering her face.

“Ms Thompson?”

She looked up, her eyes red and watery. “Tom? What are you doing here? You have classes to attend to.”

I circled around the desk. “I am sorry about Kevin. That guy is an asshole.”

In truth, I was indeed actually sympathetic to her situation. I had not seen it earlier, but now I know how tough it was for her to do her job. Hell, even to live. I had seen so many creeps trying to get Mom’s attention. Every time she walked outside, there always had to be that guy who catcalled her, or worse, followed her.

She nodded, tears dripping from the corners of her eyes. “It’s okay. It’s just part of my job.”

I moved closer to her and leaned forward to squeeze her thigh. “I understand.”

“Tom...” Her breathing started becoming heavier. “Be careful.”

I dropped my voice. “I can make you very happy, Karen.” I moved even closer and grabbed one arm, pulling her up so that she was now standing in front of me. Ms

Thompson was never tall, but I was not tall too, so we were exactly eye level. “Let me make you happy.”

“Tom... we can’t.”

But her body betrayed her. Her emerald eyes started glazing over and she tilted her head to the right as I moved in to kiss her.

Her lips tasted like heaven. So soft and wet and exotic. My hands cupped her wet cheeks, and hers came to my hips, clutching me there as I kissed her softly. I pushed my tongue through, forcefully trying to slip in, and she allowed the intrusion.

Ms Thompson sighed and my tongue came through, exploring her insides, then finding her tongue soon after. Her sweet and feminine taste exploded in my mouth as our tongues sparred together so naturally—like it was meant to be. Gaining confidence, I moved my hands down from her face, sliding down her neck, down her curves, then finding her big, beautiful ass. I squeezed her cheeks hard, just like I had with Mom.

She seemed to love that. My teacher moaned as I felt her ass cheeks up, squeezing and kneading them in multiple places. I even threw in some light slapping here and there, and she wiggled her ass, both of us lips still together, the air around us feeling heavier as our breaths mingled.

Gaining even more confidence, I grabbed a fistful of her dress, pulling it up and slipping my other hand under her dress, sliding up her bare legs and finding cotton.

Cotton that was soaked with her wetness.

I hooked my thumb over her panties, started to pull them down...

“Tom—stop,” she started, but I swallowed her words, my tongue finding hers again. I slid her panties down her legs, but thought of something better. Just like I had the last time, I used all my strength and ripped the undergarment off of her.

The next thing I knew, I was being shoved away. Ms Thompson's eyes were wide, her lips swollen and her emerald eyes... fearful?

“Tom, please,” she said, her voice soft and her lips trembling. “You need to leave.”

Fuck me. Ms Thompson was making it frustrating for me. Why doesn't she submit as easily as my mother?

“Go.” She moved towards me and shoved me again, towards the exit. “Go now. Please.”

I have had enough. “Sleep time little Karen.”

I caught her as she fell forward and settled her back in her chair. Her eyes were now half closed and her eyes were glassy and glazed over.

I had to do it quickly. It was still in the middle of the day and many people were still roaming the halls outside. Not to mention, she probably had to teach another class soon.

“Karen, listen to me carefully,” I started, ignoring her erotically creamy perfume. Not now. “You get excited whenever you are near Tom. He is your favorite student, and you think he is special. You get turned on by him, Karen. And now you want to invite him over to your place because you desperately want to get to know him better. Do you understand?”

I didn't want to inject her because I didn't have much time and it would be a waste of a shot. Even without the drug, being under this deep trance made her extremely suggestible and she would wake up very horny. The last thing I wanted was Karen teaching her next class while under the drug's influence. Someone would definitely realize something was off about her.

The drawback was my suggestions not being strong enough without the help of the drug. I had no idea if she would accept what I had said, but it was worth the try.

Ms Thompson answered after a brief pause. “Yes.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Invite Tom over to my place.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to get to know him better, and—”

My eyes perked up. I waited for my beauty to say more.”

“... I want to spend more alone time with him.”

I couldn't help but smile. “Good girl. Okay, Karen, I am going to count to ten. When I reach ‘ten,’ you are going to wake up. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I counted to ten, and her eyes snapped into life. She shook her head and clutched at her temples, blinking rapidly.

“Tom?” she finally said, looking up at me. “What are you still doing here?”

“Nothing,” I told her. “I am just heading out.”

I turned away and slowly walked towards the door, hoping to god she would stop me.

She did.

“Wait.”

I turned around, trying my hardest not to show any expression but curiosity. “Yes, Ms Thompson?”

“Karen,” she said, her fingers linking up on her lap, her thumbs twiddling nervously. “You can call me Karen when we are alone. I’m not that much older than you, anyway.”

I smiled. “Karen.”

“So, Tom...” She coughed into her fist and tore her gaze away from mine. It was so endearing seeing her like this. “I was just wondering if you could... if you would...”



I stayed quiet, silently urging her on.

She coughed into her fist again, then looked at me. “Do you want to like... hang out or something?”

“I would love to. When?”

“Are you free tonight?”

I faked surprise. “Tonight?”

“Yes...” Karen was looking so nervous, I thought she might burst. “I mean, nevermind.” She stood up. “This is inappropriate and unprofessional and I—”

“Where is your place located?” I asked her quickly.

She was silent for a few moments, looking at the ground. When I thought she had changed her mind and I needed to make her go into a trance for a second attempt, she spoke up. “I live nearby, in a small condo.” She quickly told me her location, and her phone number. I jolted the info down on my phone, bid her farewell, and walked out of the classroom, feeling like a man who just won a war.

Time to go home, retrieve my super drug and my hypnotic tapes, and pay little Karen a visit.