

Chapter 1

Tuesday, Jan 21

Dear Diary,

I needed to sleep. I *really* needed to sleep. It was already way past my bedtime and I am spending the early morning staring at my laptop screen and going over the list of hypnotic suggestions I made for Mom and Kate.

Kate's Hypnotic tape:

I like Kevin

I trust Kevin

I think Kevin is nice

I think about Kevin

I should treat Kevin nicely

I want to spend more time with Kevin.

Mom's Hypnotic tape:

Kevin is amazing

Kevin is good

Kevin is wonderful

Kevin is everything

Kevin is sexy

I am sexually attracted to Kevin

I want Kevin to touch me

I want Kevin to kiss me

I want Kevin to fuck me

I am completely and utterly in love with Kevin

God, I wanted to use Mom's tape on my sister. But I wanted to test the waters first, see whether the hypnotic recordings would actually affect their minds.

And sadly for Mom, she was the guinea pig. Kate was one in a billion. Cheer captain, prom queen, gym freak, Instagram model, the hot pharmacist's assistant...

I couldn't afford to fuck around when it came to my beautiful sister.

But for my mother, I could go all in. My mother was sexy too, but my sister was much younger and possessed a more fertile body.

Was this all I wanted in their first tapes?

Would this get my bitchy sister to finally be nice to me?

Would this be enough to get my own mother to have sex with me?

So many questions and only one way to find out.

I will update you tomorrow. Too tired to write the rest of my thoughts out.

Wednesday, Jan 22

Dear Diary,

Today was Kate's birthday. I waited all day for my sister to come back, but she was out late celebrating with her friends and Mark, her stupid jock boyfriend.

I honestly don't get what she saw in him. Just because he was athletic and handsome? That was all he had. I bet she wouldn't mind if HE went through her panties.

Yeah, I got bored and really horny waiting for Kate to come back, so I made the fatal mistake and went through her panties drawer. Of course, my sister arrived back home

at that exact time and caught me sniffing red handed. I didn't even hear Mark's car pull up in the driveway, or the front door opening.

My sister wasn't bigger than me, but she made herself terrifying. I thought she was going to murder me right inside her room. Luckily, I escaped with only some nail marks on my arms and a bright red palm print on my right cheek. My face still stings, but honestly, it was worth it.

Because now I knew Kate owned extremely naughty lingerie.

I couldn't stop masturbating for hours thinking about how that bright red laced set would look on her curvy body.

Now I really *really* hoped the hypnotic recordings would work. I lusted after my sister ever since she came back from college looking completely different than when I saw her left.

I finally managed the courage to knock on Kate's door to give my sister her birthday present. As expected, she didn't answer me, so I left the gift in front of her door. I hoped she would accept the iPod and start listening to the recordings as soon as she opened the box.

Mom looked more surprised when I gave her a present, but accepted it with a forced smile. I used to have a huge crush on her when I was younger. It didn't help that my mother always wore the tightest outfits and prance around the house in just a crop top and skin tight yoga pants.

My mother would make for a very good sex slave. She knew how to clean and cook and she had decades of experience with sex. She could tutor me how to fuck. I was almost a hundred percent certain the tapes were going to work. The people in the forum said it would.

They even posted video proof showing the results of them brainwashing their wives, girlfriends, crushes, co-workers, and even their bosses into their loyal sex slaves. But I still wanted to tread with caution when it came to messing with the brain, and Mom was my guinea pig.

I begged Mom to listen to the iPod tonight, only returning back to my room after she promised me she would. I spent the next hour masturbating to Kate's Instagram since it always gave me a good night's sleep. It was a daily ritual for me.

Thursday, Jan 23

Dear Diary,

Mom listened to the recordings!

She kept telling me that the playlist was 'super awesome,' and that she'd fallen asleep listening to it. I believed her. She had her earbuds in with the music blasting at full volume when I first saw her this morning. I wondered how she could even hear me.

And I think the hypnotic suggestions worked. There was something different about her. I couldn't really explain it. But while I was eating breakfast, she brushed her hand against mine to take her seat beside me. And while we were eating, she would rub her foot against my calves, excusing herself whenever we made contact for too long.

Eating breakfast while having a serious hard-on was torture. And it wasn't just physical contact. My mother kept glancing my way. I would look at her, and she would offer a sly smile before turning away.

After breakfast, I told her I was glad that she enjoyed her present so much and almost jumped when Mom suddenly hugged me. She had never done that before. I will be honest, I thought I was rock hard at the dining table, but with her huge breasts pressing tightly against my chest and her soft hair tickling my neck, I almost came in my pants.

She hugged me for a long time and wouldn't let go.

I didn't want to risk anything then, so I didn't grope or touch her ass or anything, even though my cock was killing me and it was blatantly obvious that she was horny. My mother was heaving breaths when she finally let me go, and when I leaned forward a little, she closed her eyes and parted her lips, as if I was going to kiss her. I was just trying to get a better view of her breasts.

Thinking about it again... fuck... I was such an idiot. I should have made a move. My mother was literally offering herself to me. Damn it. When she returns home from work tonight, I will definitely do something.

It would be better anyway since the hypnotic suggestions would be more firmly implemented in her mind by then. Mom told me she was planning to listen to the playlist the whole day in her office.

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Mom arrived home much earlier than usual. I didn't even notice her opening the front door. I was sitting on the living room couch, phone in hand, when she walked up to me, leaned down, and kissed me fully on the lips, her tongue aggressive prodding me to open for her.

It was so unexpected that I dropped my phone and pushed her back. That was when I noticed her eyes. They were wide with lust, and she was breathing heavily, practically panting.

Mom's face was a mixture of emotions. She started stammering apologies, her hands on her lips like she couldn't believe she had just kissed me.

When I finally recovered from the initial shock, the realization hit me like a truck.

My mother just kissed me. The hypnotic suggestions worked.

She was still sputtering apologies when I pulled her back in and reclaimed her lips. It was my first time kissing a woman, so I didn't really know what I was doing.

But her lips felt so soft and there was this slight pang of sweetness when I sucked on them. Mom started kissing me back furiously and time came to a stand still. I remembered my heart thundering in my eardrums, her body—with all those beautiful curves Kate inherited—being crushed against mine, then her hands being shoved at the back of my head and I felt her tongue again... oh fuck her tongue.

I didn't know why I lost sexual interest in my mother. She was a thing of beauty. She took excellent care of her body by working out a lot and following a strict diet regime. Her skin care routine was a laundry list, too. I guess it all worked out beautifully, because although my mother was in her mid-forties, she looked half her age, oftentimes being mistaken for being Kate's older sister. Nobody could even fathom that my mother actually gave birth to her.

Now I knew why all my mother's ex-boyfriends were so broken up when she ended things off with them.

I was in heaven, trapped in euphoria, as my mother worked her magic on me. All lips, tongue, and hands. Smelling like a goddess with her peach scented shampoo.

We kissed for what seemed like hours until Mom ripped herself away from me. She maintained eye contact as she drew back, still panting hard, her lips red and swollen.

I wanted to ask her why she stopped, but then I heard a car pulling up in the driveway.

I thought Mom would run away or something, considering what we just did, but she made a grab for the remote, turned on the television, and then settled next to me with our knees touching just as Kate came in, completely oblivious to what just had happened.

Mom was still breathing hard. Her breasts were rising and falling heavily, her flowing black hair ruffled up. Kate should have seen that, or at least noticed my raging boner, which I was trying to hide desperately. But my sister just plopped down on the couch opposite us, her attention set on the television, looking exhausted.

I tried to distract myself from what had just happened. I asked Kate if she had listened to the recording yet. She gave me a flat 'no,' barely glancing in my direction. Mom cut in and told her it was fantastic and that she should listen to it. My sister nodded thoughtfully.

As the minutes passed, Mom was scooting closer to me. Thoughts raced through me when her thigh touched mine. I looked over at Kate, wondering if she had noticed anything, but she was glued to her phone.

How could she not know the obvious tension in the room? It felt as if a thick blanket was wrapped around us, making me sweat and shift on the couch.

I really wished Kate would just go to bed because Mom rested her chin on my shoulder and whispered about how she eager she was to see my cock and that she couldn't wait to fuck me. And for the first time in my life, I was more interested in my mother than my sister.

I almost cheered when Kate finally excused herself and slugged back towards her room. I told mom I wanted her to 'do it' in her room, and she just giggled excitedly.

I couldn't believe it. Not in a million years would I ever dreamt that my first would be my own mother.

With Kate gone, I regained confidence, reaching up and squeezing my mother's breasts. That got her giggling even more. Her tits felt so good. Firm yet soft.

They were the first pair of breasts I had ever touched and it was fucking amazing.

I was bursting with excitement as Mom led me back into her room. The moment the door was slammed shut, her lovely lips were back on mine. This time, I didn't freeze up. Instead, I reached for her breasts again, already addicted to how they felt, groaning out my pleasure as they mold beneath my palms. My mother allowed me to feel her up, even encouraging me by licking her way towards my ear and begging me to squeeze harder.

I didn't know how long I pinched, nip, squeezed, and massaged her tits. But after a while I was desperate to explore the rest of her body, so I skated my hand down and groped her ass.

Oh god, they were even firmer than her breasts. Full of toned muscles, but then she relaxed her cheeks and then the firmness molded into ample plumpness.

I have always wondered what gym girls' butt cheeks felt like. Well, now I know, and it didn't disappoint.

Mom broke the kiss and almost tore off her clothes. Before I could admire her body, she was on me, slipping her tongue past my lips, all the while unbuttoning my shirt, then my shorts.

Sex was NOTHING like I've imagined. It wasn't close to all the porn I've watched.

First off, it felt better than masturbating. Way, way better, Like a billion times better. Second, I always visualized being on top and taking control. Telling my bitch what to do and ordering her around.

In reality, everything happened so quickly and I didn't have a chance to do anything. I had no experience and all the porn in the world couldn't prepare me for this.

Mom shoved me onto the bed so hard it knocked the wind out of me. And before I could regain my composure, she was on top of me, taking my throbbing cock in one

hand, and then slipping it into her dripping pussy, producing a drawn-out moan from me and a sharp gasp from her.

She was incredibly wet, which I expected, but she was tight too. Extremely tight. And unlike masturbating, it felt like I slipped into liquid lava. Okay, it wasn't that hot, but being inside her felt like submerging into a bath that was heated to the perfect temperature.

Mom started riding me like crazy, moaning throughout, telling me how good she felt and how big I was. All I could do was moan back and squeeze her tits for everything they were worth. God, I never imagine sex would feel THIS good.

I tried my hardest to keep control, to not burst the second I was inside her. But it was impossible. Not with the buildup of kisses beforehand and the way she slammed her hips up and down on my cock. Mom started moaning even louder as I rode out my biggest orgasm, spurting out years of pent up sexual frustration into her.

My mother's moans suddenly turned shrill, and I felt her body locked up. Her pussy walls gripped me even tighter, squeezing around my spasming cock, and I swear to God, my orgasm resettled and I blasted more hot cum up her pussy.

I was completely drained after that, and I guessed Mom was too because she slumped down beside me, her hair a complete mess now, her milky skin shiny from the thin coat of sweat.

She smelled so good. A mix of peaches from her shampoo, vanilla from her perfume, saltiness from her sweat, and then something heavy from the after sex.

We stayed like that, with my cock still buried deep inside her. Mom smiled at me, nuzzled me close, then gave me a long, lingering kiss until sleep overtook both of us.

The Present

Friday, Jan 24

03:06 am

Dear diary,

So that was the craziest day in my life. I lost my virginity to the very person who birthed me. The hypnotic recordings were clearly working, and I couldn't be happier.

I am writing this at three in the morning. Mom is passed out beside me, still naked, and still looking so fucking sexy. I kind of want to wake her up right now and fuck her again, but my cock is actually pretty sore and my muscles aches.

I am not sure if that's normal or not, but she rode me pretty hard last night.

I will just let her sleep. Update you tomorrow.