

HYPNOTIZING THE FAMILY

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This is my first attempt at a hypnosis story. Let me know what you think.

As always, all story characters engaged in sexual activities are eighteen years of age or older.

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Cameron Pierce and Sai Amin met at a high school technology conference in New York and although Sai lived in India and Cameron the United States, their friendship thrived. When Sai told Cameron about an internship in Noida, India's information technology center, Cameron applied. Cameron told everyone it was a once in a lifetime opportunity, which it was, but he had another reason: Cameron was sick of his family.

Cameron's father Russ worked constantly. His mother Christine, a still stunning former beauty queen, made no effort to hide her preference for Julie, Cameron's sister, endlessly praising her and siding with her in every dispute. Julie was a complete pain in the ass. She'd always been pretty, Cameron couldn't recall a time when people didn't comment on it, and only grew prettier. As long as he could remember Cameron had been pestered by guys he didn't know, guys he didn't like, guys who otherwise treated him like dirt, about Julie. They'd corner him at school or show up at the house, trying to use Cameron to make time with Julie.

At 18 Julie was the platonic form of a California beach blonde: five feet ten inches tall, 135 pounds, long wavy naturally blonde hair, round face with sky blue crystalline eyes, full lips, slim waist, wide hips, round C breasts.

The endless attention and adulation had had their effect on Julie; it was not good. Self-centered, bitchy, conceited, and, manipulative, when Julie noticed Cameron at all, she treated him like a servant.

Then it got worse. Six months before Cameron had conceded to a former friend, after much badgering, that yeah, his sister was pretty. The ex-friend, in an (unsuccessful) attempt to curry her favor, told Julie, who then treated any flickering gaze, real or imagined, from Cameron as an excuse to complain to their Mom about her pervert of a brother "checking her out."

Yeah, he was sick of his family.

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Noida was everything Cameron dreamed and Sai's family generous, large, and gregarious, feted Cameron like royalty. There was, however, one odd thing. At the frequent family gatherings an old man, doted on by two or three ravishing young women, was present, but the family barely interacted with him. When Cameron asked about him, he was dismissed as a harmless kook who clung to the old ways.

One day, while out walking, Cameron came upon the old man returning from the market with two of his women. Recognizing Cameron, he invited him to accompany them.

"Our young American visitor, are you enjoying your time in our country?"

"Very much sir."

Cameron found he enjoyed talking to the old man. Cameron had assumed he was borderline senile, but he was bright, alert, and his English – one of seven languages he spoke – impeccable. His name was Maadhav Mattu, but was called Uncle by most everyone who knew him. He asked Cameron to so address him.

Cameron learned that Maadhav already knew much about him. When they arrived at Maadhav's home, which was larger and more ornate than Cameron would have guessed from the man's humble appearance, Cameron was invited to stay for dinner. The food was delicious and the women serving them anticipated their every need. When done Maadhav led Cameron to the courtyard; two cups of hot tea were waiting.

"My family leads you to believe I'm a crazy old man, do they not?"

The answer was yes, but Cameron said, "They speak of you with great respect."

The old man laughed, aware of the lie.

"That is wise of you. Never insult an old man without an excellent reason."

A woman refilled their tea.

Gesturing to the house and woman, the old man said, "Do you wish to know how I have achieved all this?"

"Yes Uncle."

"In your country you call it hypnosis."

Hypnosis, if it existed at all, which Cameron questioned, was a silly game used to make people cluck like a chicken as a passing amusement. Doubt flashed across his face.

Maadhav said, "I see you do not believe. In your country hypnosis is a parlor trick, used to make people do silly things so other people can laugh. No dignity. Properly done, hypnosis re-conditions the mind. Would you like me to teach you?"

Cameron didn't believe, but he liked the old man and could think of few things more pleasant than coming to his home, being cared for by his women, and a meal like the one he just ate.

"Yes."

Cameron discovered he was wrong. Hypnosis was real. He was also a natural at it.

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Cameron was picked up at the airport by his Mom, Julie, and Robin.

Robin, Julie's best friend, if not quite the arrogant bitch his sister was, was not far behind. If Julie was a California beach babe, Robin was majestic, regal. Smooth, near-black skin, hair cut short, high broad cheekbones, full crimson lips, straight well sized-nose, strong jaw, and slightly tilted intelligent brown eyes, Robin walked into every room like she owned it. It was something of an act, like any high school girl she had her insecurities, but she hid them well and she and Julie sat atop the social heap of their high school, feared more than liked. Robin's parents were divorced and her father a prominent and endlessly busy surgeon; Robin spent so much time at Julie's house she was practically a member of the family.

His sister had not changed.

"Welcome back nerd."

Neither had Robin.

"Yeah, hey nerd."

Cameron did not bite. "Julie, Robin, its good to see you again."

"Brother, while honesty compels me to acknowledge that it is always a treat to cast ome's eyes upon Robin and I – we should charge – but when your brother does it? I fear you're still a pervert."

Julie and Robin laughed, Christine said, "Julie, be nice to your brother," then added, "Cameron, when I told Julie and Robin I was picking you up at the airport, they asked to ride along, they wanted to stop at Town Center and shop. It shouldn't be more than a couple of hours. You don't mind, do you?"

Of course Cameron minded. After his long flight he had no desire to spend several hours at a shopping center with nothing to do.

"No, that would be fine."

Julie, disappointed she hadn't gotten a rise out of Cameron, dug in again. "A big old box of something arrived yesterday, sent by a weird name. Mad Dog Matthews or something."

"Maadhav Mattu," Cameron said, "he was a member of the family I stayed with."

Julie said, "Thanks for the correction dork-o. I figured it was a present for me so I opened it up and gross, it was a bunch of dead weeds. I tossed it in your room. Oh, by the way, while you were gone you and I switched rooms;

I moved into yours, put your stuff in mine. I mean, yours was bigger and nicer and you were off on your nerd-venture."

Christine said, "Oh yes dear, I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you."

Cameron said, "I understand Mom, you have a lot on your mind," then turned to his sister, "It's tea."

Robin said. "Is it that gross Indian tea? The kind that's not in a tea bag, but you put in the bottom of the cup and it just floats around and gets between your teeth. Yuck."

Unoffended, Cameron said, "Yes Robin, I guess its an acquired taste."

The conversation in the car turned to the high school prom. Julie and Robin were to be its queens and Christine, who had been prom queen herself, joined in, the three women gossiped giggled reminisced. Cameron, tired from his flight, closed his eyes, half-listening to the women, wondering when, or if, any of them would recall he turned eighteen the night of the prom.

At home Cameron toted his luggage up to his new room. Julie, Robin, and whoever their boyfriends-du-jour had been at the time hadn't really moved his stuff into the room, scattered would be more accurate. His trophy for winning the state science fair, along with several other things, were broken. The tea, however, was intact. Used in hypnosis, it was a relexant, it helped open the mind. When he left India Cameron was still debating whether he would use it on his family; now he knew he would. All would be well.

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Cameron bided his time. Then, three weeks after he returned home, his mother walked in holding an empty Starbucks cup, complaining for the second time that week that she was addicted to the White Chocolate Mocha Frappuccino and that they kept her from losing those last five pounds.

Cameron looked up from his computer.

"Mom, I might be able to help with that."

"How?"

"In India, I met this man. He taught me some, I'm not sure what to call it, relaxation techniques, power of suggestion, hypnotism. It might help you say no to the Frappuccinos."

Julie, who had been half-listening while texting Robin, pounced. "Yeah right, my brother the hypnotist, master of the mystical, Dr. Very-Strange, making Mom quack like a duck."

Christine, however, was interested, she really wanted to lose that weight.

"Why didn't you mention it earlier?"

Nodding at his sister, Cameron said, "I wasn't looking forward to the abuse."

Julie smiled triumphantly.

"Will it work?"

"Can't be sure. We'd try a limited suggestion first, like giving it up for a day, see how it goes."

"Mom, I can't believe you're taking this dweeb seriously. Are you going to let King Dork-O in your head? He might nerd-ize you, turn you into one of them, zombie-fy you."

"Julie, be nice to your brother."

Cameron said, "Julie, if you're concerned you and Robin can sit in, keep an eye on things. If I try to make Mom quack like a duck you can wrestle me to the ground."

"So that's what this is all about? Mom, it's all a plan to wrestle me. What a perv!"

* * * *

They gathered in the living room. Christine sat in her favorite, most comfortable, chair, Julie and Robin on a couch facing her from across the room. Electronic devices were turned off. All four drank Cameron's tea, although Julie and Robin consented only after much fussing and Cameron agreeing to strain the leaves from their cups.

Cameron said, "Before we start, there is one think I'd ask. If this works, please don't tell anyone. We can talk about it among ourselves, but I don't want the kids in school lining up for help to kick their least favorite habit."

Julie and Robin, who definitely did not want anyone to know they were participating in this experiment with nerd-boy, readily agreed.

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Cameron sat in front of his mother and instructed her to place her hands, palm down, on one of his hands. After she did so he said, "Look at my eyes, continue looking. I will count to three. When I do press down on my hand; I'll press up against yours. Don't think, just do.

"One..., two..., three.... Push, push, push, a little harder."

As she did Cameron placed his free hand over Christine's eyes, as if shading them from the sun, then gradually moved his hand down. Christine's eyes, following its progress, drifted shut; Cameron walked her through the initial phase of the hypnosis, inducing a state of relaxation, taking her to a safe place, by a brook, perfect temperature and humidity, the sounds of birds and running water, the smell of the forest.

His voice, synchronized to his mother's breathing, was slow, low, soothing.

He added details to his story, had her relax each body part, any lingering tension evaporated.

"You feel a heavy irresistible relaxation, growing stronger, you cannot say no to it, you don't want to say no it. It's inevitable, you are sinking down, shutting down; sinking down, shutting down; sinking down, shutting down. It's wonderful, surrendering completely; the deeper you go, the deeper you want to go.

"You are resting comfortably in a deep, serene state, your body feels good, your mind is peaceful, you are secure and happy.

"Tomorrow, when you feel an urge to stop at Starbucks you will recall, relive this feeling, remember how good it was, let it fill you up; then you'll find it easy to say no. You'll know you'll succeed, that its impossible to fail, that its just the beginning of so many wonderful changes in your life."

Cameron looked over his shoulder; Julie and Robin's heads were lolled forward. Although not as deep, they were, like his mother, in a hypnotic state feeling a halcyon joy. There was some chance that when they awoke they'd object, wondering what had happened to them, but Cameron discounted that. They's never admit to being accidentally hypnotized by nerd-boy.

"I am going to count from one to five. At the count of five you will be wide awake. You will feel wonderful."

At five all three women lifted their heads, blinked, reoriented themselves. They felt a deep contentment and listened to Cameron relate what he'd done, answer a few questions, and arranged for them to meet the following day so Christine could report on what happened.

Julie and Robin felt so good that it took them two hours to start insulting Cameron again.

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The next day Christine, bubbling with excitement, sat down with Cameron, Julie, and Robin.

"It happened just like Cameron said it would. I was driving by the Starbucks, the one I always stop at, started angling over, like I was on auto-pilot, and those feelings I had yesterday, that happy peaceful joy filled me, it was easy to say no, I kept driving."

"Beginners luck," Julie smarted off.

Robin laughed.

Christine said, "Julie be nice to your brother," and turned to Cameron, "Can we do it again?"

"Let's make sure Julie's not right. It did what it was supposed to do, but let's take a day off and make sure if didn't do something it wasn't supposed to, that there were no unintended consequences."

Christine was disappointed, but what Cameron said made sense; it was best to play it safe.

And although she'd never admit it, Julie, recalling how good she felt during the hypnosis, sorta regretted the delay, but still a chance to insult her brother could not be missed.

"What Nerd-O is saying Mom is that there is still a better than even chance you'll start clucking like a chicken.

"Julie be nice to"

But Julie and Robin had already skipped out of the room.

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Christine arrived home the next day, Starbuck's cup in hand.

"There were no unintended consequences, I didn't start clucking. Instead, it was the same old thing; I stopped, bought coffee, slurped it down. Cammie, can we do it again?"

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Christine asked about a multi-day treatment as Cameron passed around the tea. He hesitated, said they should be cautious, for now one day at a time was best. Cameron walked his mother through the relaxation process; she slipped under faster than the day before. Cameron glanced over his shoulder. Julie and Robin's heads had rolled forward, their eyes closed.

"Tomorrow, when you feel the urge to stop you'll hear my voice suggesting you don't. When you hear it you'll feel as you do now, peaceful serene; when you follow my suggestion, those wonderful feelings will grow. You know you'll succeed, that it will be impossible for you to fail. There will be exciting and wonderful changes in your life."

Focused on how good they felt, the ladies failed to notice the change in Cameron's instructions. Yesterday he'd told his mother she'd find it easy to say no, today he told her she'd hear his voice in her head and follow his suggestion.

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On Wednesday Christine came home, excited; she'd approached the Starbucks, felt that same urge, then heard Cameron's voice. It had been easy to drive on by. She asked to be hypnotized again, but Cameron, citing caution, suggested they take a day off.

On Thursday Christine arrived home, Starbucks cup in hand. Cameron agreed to hypnotize her and make the instruction last two days, Friday and Saturday. Cameron passed out the tea and soon all three women were in a state of deep relaxation.

Then there was another change to his message.

"The next two days, when you feel a desire to stop at Starbucks, you'll hear my voice telling you no. You will comply with my voice, obey its instructions; it will be easy, it will be natural, it will make those wonderful feelings in you stronger, complete. You'll know you'll succeed, that it will be impossible for you to fail."

He walked his mother out of her trance, Julie and Robin following along. All three women stretched, felt fantastic. No one noticed the change in Cameron's message. Julie did not insult her brother the rest of the evening.

On Friday Christine came home celebrating, telling Cameron, Julie, and Robin how she'd driven right by the Starbucks.

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That night Julie and Robin went out with their boyfriends, partied hard, ate too much, drank way too much. At noon on Saturday Julie, still in bed, heard her phone buzz. She grabbed it, dropped it on the floor, picked it up, called up the message, but her eyes were too blurry to read it. She staggered to the bathroom, washed her face, took a pee, returned.

The message was from Robin: "U up"

Julie: "Yeah"

Robin: "Feel like shit"

Julie: "Yeah"

Robin: "Got on scale, gained 5 pounds, need to lose 10 before prom. Fuck"

Julie felt bloated.

Julie: "Im afraid to look"

Robin: "Need to go on diet, hit gym. Fuck"

Julie: "Yeah"

Robin: "How bout your brother"

Julie: "WTF"

Robin: "Hypnotize us. Like your Mom"

Julie: "Im not letting that douche bag in my head, no fuckin way"

Robin: "He aint that bad, better since getting back."

Julie paused; she had to admit Robin was right, her brother was growing on her, but she had a reputation to maintain

Julie: "Well, not as dorky, but still dorky"

Robin: "C-ya"

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That afternoon, by the pool, Robin worked on her friend, trying to convince her to let Cameron hypnotize them. The health club had scheduled a Women's Work Out the following day and while Robin and Julie had attended them before, they invariably wimped out by lunch. Maybe with Cameron's help they could go all day long.

"It be a great way to lose some weight."

Subjected to Robin's supplications Julie's resolve began to fade. It would be a one-time thing, she did want to lose a few pounds, and although she'd never admit it, when Cameron had hypnotized their mother Julie felt good inside; the sensation was quite pleasurable.

That's when Christine got home, celebrating how easy it had been, for the second day in a row, to say no to the Frappuccino.

"I heard Cameron's voice, all those wonderful feelings filled me up."

Robin suggested that Christine join them at the gym and the two women ganged up on Julie who, after playing hard to get and making her mother beg, agreed. The three of them headed for Cameron's room and Robin, tasked with asking, said, "Tomorrow's a Women's Work Out day at the gym. Julie and I are trying to slim up for the prom. Your Mom wants to join us. We were wondering, maybe your hypnosis could give us a boost, help us through the day."

Cameron turned to his sister. "You sure?"

"Well, Robin asked if I'd let you try your mumbo-jumbo on us. I think it's crap, but she's my best pal, so I told her sure, for her I'd do it."

"Julie be nice to your...."

Cameron said, "It's okay Mom," then, not wanting too seem to eager, said with some doubt in his voice, "I think I can help, but we'll need to change the commands."

Christine said, "What do you mean?"

"Well up til now we've worked with impulse control, my suggestion only had to last the few seconds it took you to drive by the Starbucks. Now it will need to reinforce behavior over several hours. It will be a deeper, more profound experience."

What Julie heard was her brother making an excuse, either because he couldn't do it or to piss her off, maybe both. She said, "Can you do it or not?"

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Cameron prepared the tea, again straining Robin and Julie's. After they'd finished he walked from one to the other, employing a more powerful relaxation technique. His mother slipped quickly and deeply into a trance, her several exposures to hypnosis had left her open and susceptible. With Julie and Robin he had to work a little longer, a little harder, but getting there was only a matter of time.

In this deep state of relaxation their conscious minds were peeled back, their subconscious wide open. Later, if they'd been asked to recall Cameron's exact words, they could have, but only after a struggle. What they clearly remembered was a feeling of happy calm serenity.

He addressed each woman individually, but made sure the others could hear; it would reinforce the message.

"You're feeling wonderful, relaxed, joyful. My voice fills your up, occupying all your thoughts, every crevice of your mind and soul. Tomorrow, when you go to the gym, you'll feel vigorous, strong, alive; you'll do all the exercises, all day long. That will please me. Whenever you start to feel like you can't continue, you'll hear my voice, telling you to work harder, not to quit. You will obey, it's natural to obey, to comply with my wishes; obedience, compliance, they please me, they make those perfect feelings inside you stronger. You know that with my help you'll succeed, it will be impossible to fail, that there will be many wonderful changes in your life."

Cameron walked them out of their trance. The women stretched, rolled their heads, soon they were chatting away. Julie thought maybe, just maybe, she'd been too hard on her brother, he was better since getting back from his trip. After a couple of hours Julie and Robin thanked Cameron and left to prepare for their dates.

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That night, as he dressed for a party, Cameron's dad complained to Christine that work was an ever-increasing struggle, that he no longer had the stamina and concentration he once did. Julie listened politely, but her mind was on Cameron, it would have been fun to do something with him tonight.

Cameron stayed up late exchanging e-mails with Maadhav.

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Christine, up early the next morning, stuck her head in to wake Julie who was already awake and texting Robin.

Cameron was in the kitchen, eating oatmeal. Maadhav had recommended a test to see if the hypnosis was seeping into Christine's unconscious. Cameron had just the thing: a suggestion his mother, a week before, would not only have ignored, but wouldn't have heard, but something small enough not to catch anyone's attention.

Christine, in her work-out clothes, entered the kitchen and kissed her son atop the head.

"Good morning Cammie."

"Hey Mom, you're wearing the red outfit."

"Yes son, what do you think?"

"I prefer the blue."

"Really, I'll change." And that she did.

* * * *

The ladies got back from the gym exhausted and happy. None of them, even Christine during her beauty pageant days, had pushed themselves this hard for this long. Each of them had a suggestion for more hypnosis, but Cameron insisted they take a day off, just to make sure. When Christine got home the next night, sans Starbucks, she said when she approached the store, even without the hypnosis, she heard Cameron's voice in her head telling her to keep going, then it had been easy to do. Cameron, poker-faced, smiled inside; there could be no doubt that his will has colonized her mind.

He hypnotized the three of them twice more that week. On Tuesday he instructed them to eat right:

"You feel wonderful relaxed joyful. My voice fills your mind, occupies all your thoughts. Listen to it, for it expresses my desire, my will; a desire and will you long to serve and obey. It pleases me when you obey and you love pleasing me, it's the most important thing. Tomorrow you will eat only the food on your diet. It won't be hard; it's easy and natural to obey. You know when you obey it is impossible to fail."

On Thursday Julie and Robin, realizing what a bother they'd been about the tea, asked Cameron to prepare theirs exactly the way he drank his. He instructed them to eat right and exercise hard:

"You're feeling wonderful relaxed joyful. My voice fills your mind and soul. Tomorrow, through the weekend, you shall eat only the food on your diet; you shall go to the gym, work hard, hone your body. That is what I want and you love doing what I want; you love pleasing me, obeying me; when you do gratifying joyful sensual feelings fill you. When you obey, you succeed, it's impossible to fail."

Even if they had tried the ladies could no longer recall his instructions; instead the words lodged directly in their subconscious. What they remembered was the pleasure, the joy they felt when they surrendered control to Cameron and how, when they did what they were told, those same feelings welled back up in them.

At home Cameron's opinion was solicited for any decision: what to eat, what to wear, what to watch. At school Julie and Robin would drift away from their regular crowd to hang with Cammie. It wasn't cool, but it was fun. And Robin, showering before her Friday night date, caught her clit between two fingers and, knowing she really shouldn't (it was Cameron after all, Julie's baby brother) imagined taking him in her mouth – how big was he? – and brought herself off. Julie, on the other hand, cupped her mound with her hand before saner thoughts prevailed; who was the pervert now? Still, the prom would be a lot more fun if Cameron came.

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That night Julie and Robin were with their boyfriends at Robin's house – her father was out of town. They drank some wine, listened to some tunes, then the two couples split up to

make out. The girls, however, just couldn't get into it and when Julie saw Robin, topless, heading down the hall, she excused herself and followed her best friend.

It took but a glance for Julie to see Robin was as bored as she.

"It's not working for you tonight either?"

"No, I'm not sure what's going on."

"Yeah, I know what you mean."

"How 'bout we just suck them off. As much beer as they had, that should render them unconscious."

"Great idea."

Forty-five minutes later Julie and Robin were snuggled together, each other's pussy juice smeared on their lips and chin, their boyfriends inert, snoring down the hall. Julie's head was on her best friend's shoulder, who played with Julie's golden hair. Julie, feeling comfortable, decided to share a thought, something if she'd suggested it a few weeks ago Robin would have gagged, but things had changed.

"We need to get my brother a date to the prom. I mean it's his birthday and everything and it will be a lot more fun with him there."

Julie — she half-expected her friend to make fun of her — was surprised when Robin said, "Y'know, I've been thinking the same thing and," gesturing down the hall, "after tonight I'm thinking about me."

The next morning, wearing some of their skimpiest work-out clothes, Julie and Robin asked Cameron whether he wanted to go to the prom with them. Julie, after hearing Robin's confession, was ready to dump her own date. Why should Robin have all the fun? Cameron thanked the ladies, but said he'd made plans for that night which, for now, were a secret.

"And in any case, you told your boyfriends you'd go with them; I expect you to keep your commitment and be fun dates."

Playfully saluting, they said, "Yes sir." Both felt a delicious spark between their legs.

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Christine, Julie and Robin returned from the gym beaming. All three had gotten on the scale; all three were well on the way to their weight loss goal. When they saw Cameron in the pool swimming laps they rushed outside to tell him, effusive with praise and thanks.

"I appreciate it ladies, glad I could help. Why don't you join me in the pool and show off all this good work I'm responsible for."

The women hurried upstairs, picked out Julie's most revealing bikinis (Christine's were far too conservative), fixed their hair and make-up, hurried back down. Cameron, treading water, studied them. They were beautiful.

"You all look great. From now on let's celebrate your progress. Around the house, around me, wear clothes that show off all your hard work."

The ladies, imagining themselves in their hottest outfits, squealed in delight.

* * * *

Russ got home from the office around 5:00 P.M., made himself a drink, and found his wife, daughter, and her best friend hanging by the pool in micro-bikinis chatting with his son. Christine said, "Hey honey, I picked up some veal. It's Cameron's favorite. We're going to grill tonight. You want to do the honors."

"Sure."

* * * *

When it came to home-life work-obsessed Russ was not the most observant of men, but even he couldn't miss the changes. His daughter's ceaseless barrage of insults at Cameron had ended. She and Robin, who seemed to live there, pranced around in bikinis, sheer tight tops, and tiny cut offs; bras had become optional. His wife, on the other hand, was always dressed up; her clothes were classy, but also sexy and revealing, and she always wore heels. At night, when she'd undress, he noticed she was in stockings and garters and often, when she crossed her legs, even when Cameron was present, she displayed a glimpse of both. He knew the ladies had all been hitting the gym and eating better and understood them wanting to show off, but it seemed a bit much.

That night, in bed, he said to his wife, "Honey, when did Julie start being nice to Cameron."

Christine's response, bound by her promise to keep the hypnotism a secret, was carefully constructed.

"Julie wanted to lose weight for the prom, but was having no luck. Cameron started to help her, encourage her. It worked so well that Robin and I signed on. We're all eating better, working out, feel great. Cammie's been there for us and I guess Julie, and all of us, have developed a new respect for him."

Russ continued, "I've also noticed, it's hard not to, everyone's dressing...."

Russ stopped, not sure how to finish. Where was the line? Should he have noticed his daughter's best friend was bra-less?

Christine finished it for him. "Yeah, we've all been dressing up, showing off. Is it too much?"

Russ couldn't tell what she was thinking. Best to play it safe.

"No dear, you all look great."

Christine said, "Thanks honey," and changed the subject, "How's work?"

Russ, happy to have something else to talk about, returned to his old refrain, he was working harder and harder, but getting less and less accomplished. "I don't have the focus, the stamina, the concentration I used to."

As he talked Christine wondered, maybe Cameron could help, but Russ would likely resist anything so kooky as hypnotism. Best to soften him up first. She palmed his penis, got it hard, took it into her mouth, swallowed his cum, wondering whether Cameron had ever had his dick sucked?

* * * *

Christine, who was fixing Cameron's favorite breakfast, kissed her husband good-bye. As the garage door closed, Julie and Robin's heads peered around the corner of the stair case.

"All clear?"

"Yes."

Wearing black silk camisoles that showed plenty of cleavage they came down the stairs. Christine, who had carefully applied her make-up and combed her hair, took off her robe. She was in her shortest nightie. The women hugged.

"Morning girls. Last night I was thinking, Russ is always complaining about work. Maybe Cameron could hypnotize him, help him like he's helped us."

"You didn't tell your husband about the hypnosis did you Ms. Pierce? Cameron told us not to."

Christine laughed reassuringly. "Of course not; we must always obey Cammie. He would be unhappy if we didn't. But I was thinking about asking him. What do you think?"

Julie, who did love her father, imagined him feeling as good as she did.

"I think it's a great idea Mom."

* * * *

Christine, her erect nipples outlined in her nightie and carrying a breakfast tray, knocked on Cameron's bedroom door. As he ate she explained her husband's concerns about work.

"I was thinking Cammie, if you could hypnotize him, help him like you've helped us. You could explain it to him, I could vouch for how well it works. What do you think?"

"It's a great idea Mom, I'll talk to him tonight."

* * * *

Normally Russ, a careful conservative man, would have looked askance at the idea of being hypnotized, but that afternoon he'd come close to losing his biggest account. At his wife's urging he was sitting in the living room,

sipping from a cup of tea.

Cameron would hypnotize his father every day that week; he no longer needed to suggest taking days off to maintain credibility. His instructions were straightforward and simple: all Russ' focus, strength, and vigor would be devoted to work. There he would be full of energy and pep. He was not to worry about his home and family. At home Cameron would be in charge, there Russ' sole desire was to obey and serve.

When Christine, Julie, and Robin found out Cameron would be hypnotizing his father daily, they clamored for the same treatment and Cameron agreed. They loved being hypnotized; they loved the way it felt, loved the results. When hypnotized they were relaxed, felt wonderful, sexy. When they obeyed they felt even better.

By now Cameron's words completely bypassed their conscious minds, burrowing into their subconscious, which indefatigably remolded their conscious selves in accord with his instructions.

* * * *

At the end of the week Cameron was ready to fully merge Christine, Julie, and Robin's hypnotized and un-hypnotized states. Wearing matching teddys, their full plump breasts outlined in the silky fabric, they followed him to the living room; he quickly put them under, an elaborate prologue no longer necessary. He talked to each individually, but made sure all three could hear.

"Your purpose is to please me, obey me, serve me, to anticipate and satisfy all my needs and desires. My will is strong, yours is weak; your happiness comes from submitting to me; it is your natural state, it fills you with perfect contentment. You have surrendered your mind, your soul, your body; they belong to me, you shall care for them as my property. You are happy, joyful, with the changes I've brought to your life."

Cameron brought them back to consciousness, led them to the den where his father was watching television.

"I know you've all asking what I want for my birthday. Mom and I will go into the city for dinner and some dancing, we'll spend the night there."

* * * *

It was the night of the prom. Cameron was sitting on the living room couch, Julie and Robin modeling the lingerie they'd be wearing to the prom, making a final good-natured attempt to talk Cameron into being their date that evening.

Russ, who'd been waxing the car, walked in.

Cameron said, "Car done?"

"Yes son."

"Good, go check on Mom."

"Yes son."

* * * *

In the master bedroom Christie was sitting at her vanity, applying lipstick. She saw her husband open the door in the mirror, smacked her full red lips together, stood to face him.

Christine, Russ thought, had never been more beautiful. She wore her lustrous near-black hair up; her pearl earrings were understated; her nails manicured and painted a rich sexy red; her make-up a little heavier than usual, perfect for an evening on the dance floor. She wore five inch Italian leather pumps, a black lacy bra, garters, stockings, and tiny black silk panties. Her careful attention to her diet and time in the gym had paid off. Absent a slight droop in her breasts, she'd reclaimed the body of her days as a beauty queen. Her musculature, in fact, was better than ever and while she'd always had a certain sexual energy, now she smoldered.

"Cameron sent me to check on you."

"Perfect timing. You can give me a hand."

She picked up the little black dress from the bed and squirmed into it, putting on a show for her husband, who stared appreciatively. She turned her back to him.

"Zip me up."

When done Christine turned and kissed her husband's cheek.

"Thank you. I hope this is the night; the night he takes me as his lover."

"I don't see how a man could resist you."

Lifting the hem of her dress, she pulled open her panties, revealing newly-waxed pubes. "I hope so. Do you think he'll like? Won't Julie and Robin be jealous if I'm the first?"

She lowered the hem. Russ made a few small adjustments to her dress and said, "That they will, they're down there right now making a last minute pitch that he let them dump their dates and take him to the prom."

Christine, picturing it in her mind, smiled. "I do need to thank you dear."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, not many husbands would willingly turn their wives over to their sons."

Russ laughed. "Don't give me too much credit. I've never been happier since I realized Cameron should control the household and everything in it."

* * * *

Dinner had been wonderful and Christine and her son were dancing; it was an old-fashioned place where the music was slow and you held the woman close. Christine was surprised by Cameron's grace – she didn't know dancing was a favorite activity of Sai's family – and she molded her body to his. When the band took a break she followed Cameron to a quiet corner and, for the first time, they kissed; she pushed her tongue inside his mouth, visiting the spots she'd been dreaming about.

Cameron moved his mouth to her ear. "Perhaps mother, we should return to the hotel."

On the elevator she kissed her son again and again; her spirits soared; finally it would happen, she'd give her body to her son, let him possess it, use it to bring him pleasure. She ended the kiss but her tongue stayed busy, nuzzling and licking his throat. She undid two shirt buttons, kissed his chest, pressed her face to it, undid another button, drew circles around his nipples with the tip of her tongue. Her hands slipped lower, caressing the bulge in his pants.

The elevator stopped, the door opened. After a glance confirmed the hall was empty, she palmed his crotch, dropped to her haunches, blocking the elevator's electric eye to keep its doors open.

"Does my beautiful son have something for his mother?"

Christine undid his belt, unbuttoned his pants, tugged. When they stubbornly stayed in place she took a tighter grip and pulled them to his knees. His cock sprang free, slapping Christine on the cheek.

"Oh Cammie, its beautiful."

She wrapped her fingers around it, cooed, slipped it between her lips, sucked on it, licked it, moved forward; it reached the back of her mouth. She looked up, letting her son see his mother with her face full of his thick meat, then moved back until only the cock-head was between her lips; she lashed it with slavish devotion. Before she could slide her face back over him the elevator buzzed; the door had been open too long. Cameron signaled for her to stand and Christine, taking hold of her son's arm, pressed her body to his, flattening her breasts on his side. Flushed, full of blood, nipples tight, Christine feared they might explode.

"Julie, Robin, they're going to be so jealous that I was first."

"Motherhood has its prerogatives."

Once inside their room she stroked his penis, delighting in the heat emanating from it, brought her mouth to his ear and in a voice throaty and full of need said, "What can your mother do for you?"

"She can suck my cock."

Christine knew how to suck cock, she had not managed to become a beauty queen without drinking a few judges' cum. She kissed her son, then slid her body down his, wrapped her lips around his shaft, licked, sucked, slurped, took it deep into her mouth. Her lips applied just the right amount of pressure; her tongue swirled around the cock-head; her brilliant blue eyes never left his face, monitoring his reactions. She stretched her jaw, took

more of him into her mouth, then, her lips compressed on his skin, her tongue dragging along its underside, she rocked back and he slipped from her mouth. She licked the tip of his penis, then rolled it against her face.

"Nice cock, son."

Cradling his scrotum with her hand, she gently sucked on each of his balls, holding it on the flat of her tongue, then kissed the cock-head, licked her lips, and took him back into her mouth. Cameron moaned as she slid her face over him, inch by delicious inch, until the crown entered her throat and her sweet soft lips pressed reached his testicles.

Cameron said a silent thank you to Maadhav. His indifferent mother was now a dutiful servant; his cock planted deep in her face. They'd soon be joined by his spectacular sister and her equally spectacular best friend, carping bitches converted into devoted slaves.

Being king was definitely better than being an afterthought.

Marveling, he rocked his cock in and out of his mother's throat. He'd jerked off a thousand times, but never imagined a sensation like this. How could anything be so tight and so soft at the same time? Christine hummed; the vibrations infused his dick. She cupped his testicles, moved her head up and down his shaft. His body shook and quivered, he moaned long and loud, his balls jerked and retracted into his body. She drove her face into him, pushing him deeper into her throat. Cameron grunted and came, shooting his jism down her throat and into her stomach. His knees shook and he jammed another few millimeters of his dick into Christine, anchoring himself on her face. Christine flexed her throat muscles and her lover-son deposited another spurt of his thick semen inside her. As Cameron pulled his cock from her throat she let a few drops of remaining cum pool on her tongue, savoring its taste.

His cock slipped from her mouth and Christine; after one last lick of the crown, rolled her tongue over her lips, capturing the sperm smeared across them, then took hold of his half-erect cock and masturbated him, running her thumb over the tip. Cameron's post-orgasmic dick was sensitive – he couldn't quite figure out whether this hurt or felt good – but he was not about to quibble.

His cock in her hand, she moved forward on her knees, steering him towards the bed, stopping occasionally to shower it with little licks and quick kisses

"I hope you want to keep going son, because I think we're just getting started."

By the time they reached the bed Cameron was hard. Rising to her feet, Christine reached behind herself, pulled her zipper down, shrugged the dress off, let it fall to the floor, stepped out of it, displaying her black lacy bra, black garter belt, stockings, and silk panties.

Cameron smiled. Her panties were wet; her hard swollen nipples visible through her sheer bra. She was dressed exactly as he'd hoped but that was hardly a surprise; discerning what he wanted was now her primary calling.

Giving into Christine's gentle push Cameron slid up the bed, his hard cock flopping back and forth, and rested his head on a pillow.

Christine, basking in his happy stare, placed her hands on hips and curtsied. "I hope my body, my outfit, they please you?"

"They do mother."

"That makes me happy. I exist to serve you. I, the girls, we've been wondering. How do we address you? Master? Sir?"

"Cameron will do for now. Now come here."

Christine clambered onto the bed and crawled forward on all fours, her cleavage evident in the skimpy bra. When she reached his dick she got up on her knees, pulled aside her panties, and brushed her pussy lips on the cock-head, smearing it with her heavy flowing cream. She shifted a bit and her labia enveloped the crown.

"You're so big Cammie."

She moved again and his dick nudged against her pussy lips. Cameron groaned; her pussy felt like sweet liquid flame, tight and slick and softer than anything imaginable.

Christine, joyous at Cameron's happy delight, crooned in a strained voice, "Unnhhh Cammie, I love your cock," spread her knees, and holding her panties to the side with a manicured finger, rotated her pussy lips on the cock-head, then, Cameron holding her by the tiny swell of her hips below her waist, descended, impaling herself on him. She moved ever so slow, wanting to remember every perfect moment. When he was all the way inside Christine reached down, took his hands in hers, and drew them up her body, sliding across her soft skin, slick with sweat. She pushed them under her bra and he palmed her full meaty breasts.

Eyes closed, head back, she said in a voice mesmeric, "I belong to you son; I exist to serve you."

Cameron squeezed; Christine moaned her approval. He teased her swollen nipples; she ground her bald cunt against his coarse pubic hair, gently vibrating her body on his cock, her cunt muscles embraced and massaged his happy member.

Cameron fondled her swollen nipples.

Christine, correctly believing her son was relatively inexperienced, felt free to give a little advice.

"Pinch 'em."

Cameron twisted the nipples until he felt her blood pulse through them.

Purring in delight, Christine, her shapely legs tucked under her body, languorously pistoned up and down his rod. He'd already come once, now she could take her time, draw-out lengthen intensify his pleasure. She recalled her conversations with Julie and Robin, first in hints and allusions, now frank and explicit, about how good they felt in Cameron's presence, a joy and peace unlike anything they'd known, how they wanted nothing more than to serve Cameron, to dedicate their minds and souls, and their bodies, to him. He had chosen her to be his first and

as she filled herself with his dick, she knew she'd been right: her body was designed to please her son. Her toned calf muscles bulged as she moved up and down, clamping down on her son's dick with her cunt muscles. When only the cock-head was inside her Christine would hesitate, her labia kissing and sucking Cameron's cock, pulsing on his sensitive flesh until, with deliberate patience, she slid back down his length, enveloping Cameron's erection in the steamy wet flesh of her tight pussy.

"Mommy belongs to you."

Cameron, laying on his back, took a deep whiff; the air was thick with the pungent scent of sweat and pussy; pants and groans echoed off the ceiling. Cameron, reveling in his mother's tight hot cunt, was in a happy sexual fog. She fucked him fast, fucked him slow, flooded his senses with incredible ecstatic delectation.

Christine fucked on and on, completely beholden to her desire for her son, service to him the only thing that really mattered. She felt a contentment she'd never known before; she would celebrate her body – a tool to please her son – like she never had before. Her carnal desires grew, kept growing; her pussy tightened on his throbbing cock, she brought him to the edge of orgasm, adjusted her motion, slowed down, brought him to another peak.

* * * *

Russ, readying the master bedroom for his son, spent the evening moving his personal effects to the guest bedroom. He was surprised when Robin and Julie arrived home a bit after 11:00 P.M.

"You girls ditch the guys?"

"No Daddy, Cameron told us we couldn't and we'd never disobey. He said we had to be good dates. And well, y'know, guys want to do two things on their prom night: drink and screw their dates. We did exactly what Cammie said, we gave our dates what they wanted, making sure they always had a drink in their hand. Unfortunately, they got so drunk they passed out and we had to take them home. Their parents thanked us for being so careful."

"And did you add a little sweetener to their drinks to make sure they did?"

Smiling guiltily, Julie hugged her father.

"Oh Daddy, I can't believe you'd think such a thing."

Robin, impatient to get on the road, said, "Mr. Pierce, we're going to drive into the city to join Cameron and your wife. I told my Dad I'd be spending the night here. You'll cover for me, won't you?"

"Of course."

Kissing him on the cheek, Robin said, "Thanks Mr. Pierce, you're the best."

* * * *

Christine and Cameron, immersed in their long fuck, were hauled back to reality when Julie, leaning against the doorjamb, said in a slurred excited voice, "Hey guys."

Christine froze in the middle of her downward motion, three-quarters of Cameron's penis buried in her pussy. Julie and Robin were in their prom dresses, holding the bags they'd packed earlier in the day. Julie pulled a strap of her dress from her shoulder, exposing a braless breast.

Christine slid down the remainder of Cameron's penis, then raised herself again. Robin, eyes on the conjoined lovers, pulled the other strap free – the dress settled at Julie's waist – and slipped her arms around her friend and tweaked her hard nipples.

"Omigod Julie, your brother has a really nice dick."

The two beautiful young women stepped into the room, closing the door behind them.

"Hey Mom, you gonna share that cock with us, aren't you?"

Christine looked down at Cameron; he nodded.

Pistoning back up her son's cock, she said, "Of course girls, but Mommy's got priority."

Their eyes fixed on the two lovers, Robin and Julie casually finished undressing.

Cameron and Christine recommenced fucking and Christine, thrilled by the audience, was soon lost in an avalanche of sensations. Her head rocked back and forth, her black hair – on Cameron's suggestion she was growing it out again – swirled about, her breasts bounced, her fingers raked across her son's chest.

"God I love it, love that cock, fill me up stud."

Cameron lay back, intent on drawing every possible pleasure he could from the experience. His mother's splendid blow job had taken the edge off and now he took the time to savor the sweet sensations of his mother's cunt. Christine, on the other hand, grew ever more frenetic, moaning loudly each time she slid down the length of Cameron's dick. She began to shake, pulled her bra aside, dug her fingers into the flesh of her ample breasts, and went slack-jawed as a series of orgasms overtook her. One succeeded another; she arched her back, pushed her pelvis down, took Cameron a fraction deeper into her body, threw her head back and wailed in sexual ecstasy, shuddering again and again as bolts of pleasure tore through her gut.

Why, she wondered, as a rainbow danced through her mind, had it taken her so long to understand that her life's function, her body's function, was service to her son?

She collapsed atop him and her mouth found his, their tongues danced together, her meaty breasts rolled against his chest. She began moving her hips, running her cunt up and down his cock, resuming their incestuous dance. Her hands on his chest, she levered herself back up; the string of saliva extending between their parted lips stretched, then broke and splattered against her breasts. Once upright she moved quickly, riding her son like a wild bronco. Cameron watched, his mother a glorious vision of pure carnality-- her hair flew wildly, her breasts

swayed, her skin covered with a sheen of sweat, her jaw and lips twisted in lust and pleasure – as she bounced on his cock.

"Baby brother, how do you feel about a little Sapphic sideshow?"

Julie naked, was sitting on the couch, legs spread. Robin, naked, was on the floor eating her pussy.

A lot of guys suspected that Robin and Julie had a little lesbian thing on the side, all of them wanted to watch, but Robin and Julie had always denied it. Both were happy they'd saved it for Cameron.

Robin, looking over her shoulder, said "We're always happy to put on a demonstration, I mean if this kind of thing turns you on?"

Despite its omnipresent availability on the beauty pageant circuit, Christine had never tried girl-on-girl action, but a quick glance at her son's happy face showed he dug it. At the thought it would please him, Christine wondered, what did Robin taste like?

They fucked on and soon another orgasm was building within Christine; her movements grew jerky and uncoordinated. Moaning, "Fu-fu-fuck meeeee, Cameron. Give me... give me mo... OH GOD, FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG DICK," she drove her hips into her son and forced his cock into her womb. Her pussy tightened, Christine's mind filled with an array of colors; her face went slack – she'd never known such pleasure – and whimpering, "I'm cumming.... I love your cock, I love your cock, I love your cock," she came.

Cameron thought his mother, in the throes of her orgasm, had never looked more beautiful, and with her wet fiery pussy pulsating on his cock Cameron could hold back no longer. With a growl of lust, he thrust his hips up and flooded her with jets of hot seed.

As she was filled with her son's sperm Christine came again; her body shook through an ecstatic final seizure, then she flopped down, writhing atop her son, licking and sucking her way from his neck to his mouth. She took a deep breath; their tongues intertwined.

And through this shared orgasmic bliss they heard Julie jibber as she came on Robin's mouth.

Spent and exhausted, Christine's kisses grew less desperate, softer and sweeter. She whispered, "I never imagined sex could be so good my darling," then rolled off her son, her pussy sliding off his cock with a nasty wet plop.

On her back, breathing heavily, breasts rising and falling, Christine staring at the ceiling said, "We are three lucky sluts."

Julie and Robin, who, cuddled together, had been sitting on the couch, waiting their turn. sauntered over to the bed, licked the cunt juice from Cameron's cock, kissed each other, and said, "That we are."

* * * *

It was a typical morning at the Pierce residence. Christine, wearing thigh high stockings, four and one-half inch black stiletto heels, and a gold chain around her waist, was mixing fresh blackberries into steel cut oatmeal. Her husband, finishing his second cup of coffee, admired her ass; he couldn't recall his wife ever looking this good. He also couldn't recall feeling this good; he'd lost thirty pounds and for the first time in years his mind was razor sharp and focused entirely on work. Business was booming; a few days before he closed a deal on the BMW that would be Cameron's graduation present.

Julie, wearing a sheer gauzy white shirt and nothing else, entered the kitchen. Smelling of sex, she pecked her father's cheek, who noted that only the bottom two buttons of the shirt were fastened; one breast was fully exposed, the other's hard nipple clearly outlined in the fabric.

Christine covering the finished oatmeal, kissed her daughter – full lips working against full lips – and asked, "Is Cammie ready?"

Julie paused and absent-mindedly fingered her pussy, still full of Cameron's cum, recalling her best friend's happy yelps as, her face pressed to the shower wall, she came on Cammie's cock and her brother's powerful grunts when he filled Robin with his seed. Her mind drifted further back, to Cameron fucking her before Robin replaced her in the shower.

"Young lady, your mother asked you a question."

Snapping back to reality Julie said, "Oh, I'm sorry. He should be in a minute. He and Robin were just finishing. And Daddy, thank you again for buying that super-sized hot water heater. It sure came in handy this morning."

"Your welcome Angel. After all Cameron has done for me, I'm just glad I could help."

Russ smiled inside. He was proud of the hot water heater, it was something he'd thought of on his own – no one had asked for it --when he realized how much Cameron liked sex in the shower.

"Good morning everyone."

It was Cameron, appearing as if on cue. His hair wet, he wore a silk robe; Robin, wearing a white tee-shirt that clung to her still damp body in all the right places, was with him.

Christine said, "I made your favorite dear."

"Thanks Mom."

Russ, heading for the office, said, "See you all later."

As they ate the women suggested that it might be a good day for Cameron, Robin, and Julie to play hooky, but Cameron nixed the idea. He had convinced that red-headed first year teacher Janice LaCombe, already nicknamed Janice LaBoom by the guys, that he could help her with her smoking problem. Their first session was that day.

