

## **Pleasing Him**

by Pandora Box

She intrigued me before I even opened her mind - she was at least forty, gorgeous, and dressed to pick up. None of this is uncommon in itself, but (without my influence) it's odd to see women *that* blatantly dressed, rarer still when they're that age, and unprecedented to see someone that attractive trying so hard.

I sat down beside her. Her hand was on my crotch before I'd even placed a drink order, and her tongue down my ear before it arrived. It wasn't until the cab ride home - her home, at her insistence - that I entered her mind, and was surprised to see the work of a younger, clumsier me.

*Inception* is an odd film. Two things about it surprised me - the first was that it was enjoyable throughout, a rare feat in a popcorn flick. The second was its accuracy. For the first time, I wondered if I wasn't alone, if perhaps Christopher Nolan has discovered my unique ability as well. It would certainly explain how he managed to get funding for a movie that doesn't treat the audience like idiots, and it would definitely explain how he got that cast.

The vast majority of the film is, of course, completely wrong. Layers of dreams, architects, totems, that's all the realm of science fiction. But there was one part, one concept that stood out to me, made me wonder if I wasn't the first.

When you place an idea in someone's mind, on some level, their brain is aware of it. It's not equipped to outright reject a thought, but it can detect that it's out of place, and so it obsesses over it. It tries to approach it from every angle, it tries to justify it, it can't stop niggling away at it. And when a brain is obsessing over an idea, it becomes the first thing that a person thinks about when they wake up, the last thought on their mind when they go to sleep.

It grows to define them. It changes who they are and bends the course of their life towards the thought, the idea that you've put in their head. It becomes their obsession, their passion. Their life.

It was seventeen years earlier that I had first met Mrs. Page. A cursory scan of her brain had given me her name, even then, before I truly started to explore my skills. Seventeen years ago, I was only discovering my power, and was nowhere near finding its limits.

When I first met Mrs. Page, it had only been for a few seconds, but that few seconds would go on to define two entire lives. I had been testing out my talent - she was as attractive then as she was now and had easily caught my attention. I had learned to read surface information and had quickly determined who the most important people in her life were.

I should have been more specific, really. I'm not a pervert (well - not *that* kind of pervert) but I was probably still high off the buzz of altering my own mother and must have simply thought that I should share the joy.

Five words. That's all it took. Nowadays I'm subtler, but there's something to admire in the stark simplicity of it. If I was altering her today, I would have cluttered it up, buried it a little, and included some additional commands to email me regularly with updates, photos. But seventeen years ago, I simply added five new words, one thought, and I was on my way.

She probably didn't even notice me. If she did, it was just a fleeting thought, wondering what one so young was doing with a gold tooth. There was no eye contact, nothing to separate me from anyone else in the crowd. Nothing to suggest that I was responsible for defining her entire life from now on.

Now, sitting beside her in the cab, enjoying the warmth of her mouth as she "got me ready", I took a trip down her memory lane, and saw how those five words had changed everything. How one thought had gotten her from respectable-looking young lady to the woman who was

practically coming just from knowing I was hard.

“Pleasing him turns you on.”

I’d left the ‘him’ deliberately vague. Even then, in my early days, I knew how the human mind worked - she could have interpreted it as God, or as her husband. Whoever she most thought of as ‘him’ would be given the gift of Marion’s arousal. But I hadn’t expected the most important male in her life to be her best friend’s son. Marion Page was a single woman. Amy, her best friend, had a son, Tom, who was just turning one. Amy’s mother was looking after him while she and Marion stepped out to gather food for the party.

It was the last birthday party she’d ever be involved with.

Marion shook her head, as if shying away from a fly, and headed back to her car. *Pleasing him turns you on.* What an odd thought. Of course she wanted to help look after Amy’s son - his father may have been long gone, but Amy had resolved to be the best possible mother she could be. He was Amy’s world, and Marion was determined to support her. As her best friend, it was the least Marion could do – right? Ever since Amy found out she was pregnant and the father took off, Marion had thought of herself as a second parent, and she loved little Tom as if he were her own. She dismissed the strange thought from her (conscious) mind, and it wasn’t until later that night when she saw the look of joy on Tom’s face that it returned.

Watching Amy’s son happily open presents, Marion couldn’t help but be aware that her heartrate had increased, her skin was flushed. It was true - pleasing him turned her on.

Marion made an excuse to leave the room and sank back against a wall. What was wrong with her??

The next few months, she claimed illness. Any excuse not to spend time with Amy and her son, she took. Amy took it hard – it was bad enough trying to raise a child as a single parent, but to lose her best friend at the same time? Marion tried everything - she read, she went out with friends, she painted. But all the time, the thought never escaped her. “Pleasing him turns you on.”

Had I seen the first years of Tom’s life, I can honestly say that I would never have gone near Marion, never have meddled. I am many things, but I’m not cruel, and as much as I love playing with people, they always leave me happier than we’ve met. Well, almost always. Not three months after our meeting, tragedy struck once more. Amy and her mother, killed in a car accident. Mercifully, Tom was with a nanny at the time, but Marion was named as his godmother, and he had no one else to turn to.

Her resolve, looking back through her memories, impressed me. “Pleasing him turns you on” was in constant battle with the other phrase that defined her, one that no one had externally placed in her mind “I will be a good mother to Amy’s child.”

The compromise her confused mind reached was simple. She did everything she could to set Tom up for a good life - she made sure he ate well, exercised regularly, had lots of friends. She sent him to a good school and taught him everything that she felt he needed to know to succeed in life. She was as caring and nurturing as anyone has ever been, but with one difference - she made sure that nothing she did brought him direct joy.

Once she learned what his favourite meal was, she never cooked it for him. She deprived him of the TV shows he liked, didn’t allow him to have friends over, never gave him sweets or hugs or sang him to sleep at night. She was the best guardian one could be, while simultaneously making his life a misery.

She slipped, once or twice throughout the years. She absentmindedly patted him on the head affectionately once, when he was five, but the spread of warmth throughout her body when she

saw him smile got her attention, and she never made that mistake again. She went along to each of his school plays, but after his beaming face spotted her in the crowd, the wetness that followed was like a kick in the stomach, and she never risked it again.

But constantly being on guard like that, deliberately having to deprive someone you love so much, that changes a person. And over the years, Marion became more and more bitter. It was done out of love for Amy's son - she knew it was wrong to feel turned on by Tom, and constantly making sure that he never got an ounce of pleasure from her turned Marion into a harsh and hostile person.

Placing a thought into someone's head is an interesting gambit. Once it's out of your hands, the possibilities for interpretation are endless. "Pleasing him turns you on" had, in Marion's head, become all-inclusive. "Pleasing him turns you on" meant, to her, that nothing else did, and so to add to Marion's joyless existence, she couldn't even find relief in masturbation. Any time she tried, her mind turned to Tom, and so that part of her life was soon shut off as well.

Raised by a sexless, bitter woman, Tom could easily have become a shadow, a weakling. But again, I was impressed: Tom grew up into a confident and self-assured young man. He was harder than he would have been without my interference, but Marion's abrasive way of raising him just made him stronger.

And so, the seventeen years of Tom's life after I first encountered Marion were spent angry and resentful, feeling unloved and unwanted. Marion's years were spent miserable, hating herself, and forced to be constantly cruel to the one person she loved most in the world.

The taxi pulled into Mrs. Page's house. She paid the fare and led me inside by the cock. I mentally explored the house as soon as we entered and was surprised to discover Tom lying awake in the room next to hers.

Probing Tom's mind didn't tell me anything new about his early years, except for a burning resentment for Marion and her actions that she either didn't realise or subconsciously blocked. But it did offer me his perspective on the events of his eighteenth birthday.

Marion, of course, hadn't thrown him a party. She had become aware, on some level, that spending time with her made Tom miserable, and so (in a move that even the most sadistic person would have found excessively harsh) she insisted that he spend the day with her on a walking tour of their town. Nothing but walking from one end of the town and back again, all under the claim that the exercise was "good for him".

Seventeen years of depriving Tom of pleasure had made Marion develop a unique sense of cruelty.

It was a Saturday, so she made sure that their route took them nowhere near the mall or the park or anywhere that could be an interesting or engaging walk. It was all back roads and suburbia, mostly without conversation.

They were less than a block away from his school when the storm hit.

Neither of them had brought wet weather gear, and they were a full half-hour away from anyone who could take them in, and an hour's run from their own house. Fortunately, Tom recognised the area, and directed them towards his chemistry classroom, which he knew had one window that never closed.

If it had been a shower or a drizzle then Marion could have brushed it off as "character-building" and insisted that they continue the walk, but after the first pieces of hail landed, she admitted that they needed to find somewhere to shelter from the weather and didn't even reprimand Tom when he broke the lock to let her through the classroom door.

They sat there in silence, shivering, watching the rain and the hail pelt down outside. Tom

briefly tried looking around for something to dry themselves off with, or a change of clothes, but short of a lighting a Bunsen burner his search uncovered nothing useful.

When the lights and electricity went out, it was all Marion could do not to swear. She glanced over at Tom and was surprised that for the first time since he was a baby, he looked... vulnerable.

Cold and exhausted (both physically and emotionally) Tom was at the end of his rope. He huddled up into a ball and tried not to think about everything that he hated in his life.

“Well,” said Marion, at a loss for what to say. “Looks like we might be spending the night here.”

There was a long silence, and for the first time that either of them could remember, Tom let out a sob. His voice cracked as he dragged up the one moment of maternal comfort he could remember.

“Mommy...” Marion couldn’t remember him ever calling him that before. “Yes honey?”

“Could you sing me a lullaby?”

As Marion’s heart went out to Tom, her instincts flew out the window, and she responded.

“Of course, my darling.”

Even as she said it, knowing that Tom was drawing comfort from her made her go warm. But she pressed on, and put a hand out to grasp Tom’s.

“Hush little baby, don’t say a word. Mama’s gonna buy you a mockingbird...”

Marion’s voice was nothing special, but to Tom it suddenly represented everything Marion had never been.

“If that mockingbird won’t sing, Mama’s gonna buy you a diamond ring...”

Marion was aware that she shouldn’t be doing it. Not two lines in, her nipples were already rock-hard, and her cunt felt like it was on fire.

“If that diamond ring turns brass...”

She tried to concentrate on the words, tried not to moan. Seventeen years of sexual repression were suddenly catching up with her. She didn’t even have to look at Tom to realise what this must mean to him, what this must be doing to him.

“...Mama’s going to buy you a piece of ass.”

Without even realising it, her hand was no longer passively holding Tom’s, but stroking it, and her other hand had come up to her breasts.

“If that ass will not put out...”

The lines weren’t coming out as clearly anymore. She was starting to pant, her body reacting to both Tom’s obvious pleasure, and her own administrations. One hand was tweaking her nipples, her thighs were rubbing against each other. She was alternating between clutching Tom’s hand and playing with it, and it was all she could do to prevent herself from bringing it to her mouth and sucking on it...

“Marion?”

Tom must have worked something out. She knew that she just had to get through this last verse. If she could finish this last verse without jumping him, without pulling him deep inside of her and giving him that perverse, exquisite pleasure...

“Mama?”

Lightning struck, just as Marion turned to catch his eyes. Suddenly illuminated, she realised that he must have seen her pawing herself like an animal, panting and moaning like a bitch in heat.

She realised that he may even have been able to see her nipples, hard through two layers of

wet clothing. She snatched her hand away from him, and opened her mouth to say something, anything, that would stop her going down this path again...

Lightning struck once more, and Marion realised that nipples weren't the only erect extremity that could be seen through wet clothing.

Just that one, split-second glimpse of his guardian, that image of her as something more than a repressed old maid, that single snapshot of her as a real live warm-blooded woman, that had been enough to get Tom hard. And Marion had seen it.

She had given her best friend's son pleasure. She had given her best friend's son a LOT of pleasure.

Marion's lust immediately took over. Every other instinct was abandoned; her rational mind, her desire to protect Tom from her own sick desires, her self-control. All that mattered was getting fucked. Giving Tom more of that sweet sweet pleasure, and getting more herself.

Marion leaned in close and whispered in Tom's ear in a deep, husky voice.

"Did you like that, baby?"

One hand went down and felt that wet, hard penis through his shorts.

"Did you like seeing Mommy play with herself?"

She started to stroke it, as Tom stammered in disbelief.

"Would you like to see more?"

Without even waiting for an answer, she was taking off her clothes. It was still dark, but she quickly had his hands exploring what he couldn't see.

Seventeen years of repression combined with her one obsession of giving her best friend's son pleasure meant that Marion was orgasming before he'd even found her nipples. She was coming over and over again as he licked her wet skin wherever he could reach, as she took his cock in her mouth, in her pussy, wherever he could stick it.

The storm lasted almost two hours. Marion and Tom lasted eight, finally stopping from exhaustion and sleeping on the cold Chemistry classroom floor, both of them more satisfied than they'd ever been in their lives.

Had the next day been a school day, their story would have ended quite differently. Fortunately, they woke up around noon on Sunday, cleaned up as much as they could, and left for home to start again.

The next few years were a sexual blur, in both Tom's mind and his Marion's. She was willing to do literally anything for him, and for the first month after that night in his school, Tom's scholarly education took a backseat to his sexual education.

He had her in every position, and no matter what he did - spanking, melting wax, nipple clamps - she came every time. Tom was able to compensate for a decade and a half of hating her, but no matter how harsh he got, no matter how badly he treated her or how sadistic his actions, she knew that by being the recipient she was "pleasing" him, and her orgasms were loud and frequent.

Oddly enough, this sex-obsessed woman, always happy, always enthusiastic, and (in a change that he found harder to adjust to than their new sexual relationship) always tender and loving, was probably closer to the woman Marion would have been had I never crossed her path. The miserable, repressed woman who raised him was gone overnight, replaced by someone who loved him in every way and in every sense of the word.

Poor Tom, of course, had no idea what caused the sudden change in Marion's personality. He assumed, not unreasonably, that it had come from inside him, some kind of latent psychic ability. He tried everything on everyone - being soaked and cold, getting them to sing for him, he

even tried bringing a girl to the same place every year on his birthday, the anniversary of the night that changed his life, but nothing worked.

So he made the best of what he had - Marion was more than happy to teach him every sexual trick she knew (she even learnt a few more just to teach him) and to share all the knowledge she had of how to get a girl into bed. Less than a year after she threw herself at him, Tom had managed to earn a reputation around the school as quite the ladies' man. Marion, knowing that it was her shared wisdom that was giving her best friend's son pleasure, quite often hid in his closet and enjoyed herself just as much as he did, simply by watching.

She had found out every one of his fantasies and fulfilled them. If he'd wanted size H breasts, she would have gone out and gotten the implants the next day. As it was, she did everything she could to ensure that his life was as perfect as possible, and spent all of her time either at work, fucking Tom, or working out to keep her body as fit, trim and youthful as possible.

Inevitably, the thrill of having access to an older woman (even if she was the woman who raised him) started to wear off, and Tom found himself spending more and more time with the nubile young women closer to his own age, and less time using Marion's body for pleasure.

She still tried to please him in every way she could - for a while her nights were spent out at gay bars, picking up women and taking them home, with Tom taking his turn in the closet watching. Whenever possible, she would even try to convince her partner-for-the-night to let him join in.

But more and more, Tom's exploits excluded her. She was still happy that he was happy, but he'd started to make talk of moving out, heading interstate for college, and she knew that their days together were numbered.

The game that she was playing tonight, that was one of the few ways she still excited him. (aside from an occasional fuck when he couldn't be bothered leaving the house for sex.) It was a game I would have probably been happy to play even had I not been riding the emotions of all the participants.

Mrs. Page led me upstairs, and as she bounced up and down on my cock, I started to realise how the game would play. Her loud - unnaturally loud, even for an enthusiastic lover - moans and screams soon penetrated the house and woke up Tom's bed-partner.

I followed the reactions of both Tom and his girl of the night, Eve. It was a fascinating dance of emotions - Tom knew his way around both a woman's body and her ego. She started out disgusted, knowing that Marion was such a slut. But Tom knew where to prod, where to tweak, what to say and how to use his hands.

Within a few minutes, Eve was turned on and feeling competitive. In less than 10, she was riding Tom, enjoying his experienced member inside of her, expressing her enjoyment as loudly as she could.

I chuckled to myself as I filled up Marion, which triggered her orgasm. Tom had a hell of an imagination. Making a girl compete with your slutty guardian for volume isn't something that ever would have occurred to me, but I could definitely see the appeal. I almost considered lending him a power or two, just to see what a mind like his would do with it, but as my post-orgasmic high wore off, I reasoned that I had done more than enough for the young lad.

The four of us lay there, separated by only the thinnest walls in the house, Tom and I sharing a post-coital smile as we lay next to two very satisfied women.

As I got ready to leave, I noticed Mrs. Page lying in bed with her hips elevated. I realised I had served my purpose in their little sexual play and I was hardly expecting her to see me out,

but it took a few seconds of poking around in her mind before I realised what she was doing.

Pleasure is addictive, and obsession even more-so. Mrs. Page had never asked Tom whether he wanted children, taking his consistent use of contraception as an answer.

But with Tom leaving, Mrs. Page would be without a constant source of pleasure. Without Tom around to make happy, she would lose the twenty-four orgasmic glow that surrounded her. Short of following him to college (which would certainly cause displeasure and be self-defeating), there was nothing she could do to prevent her from being cut off from her source.

But if she was going to be meeting anonymous men in bars every night or two and taking them back anyway...

“Pleasing him turns you on,” I’d said. Her mind had picked the closest him in her life, Tom. But he was going to be gone, soon, and she would need a new ‘him’ to focus on. I smiled, put my hat on, got ready to leave the Page household. Forty wasn’t too old to have a child. This time, she’d do it right. This time she’d make sure that the kid had everything it needed, twenty-four seven. This time she’d be orgasming from the first kick.

I made a note of the address and took my leave.

I’d have to check back in again in a few years and see if I was a father.