

## Baby Steps - Trancing Emily

### Chapter 1 of 8

I took in a deep breath, readied myself, then rapped my knuckles on the wooden door. This was madness. Total and utter madness. It would never work. I was about to risk everything. *Everything*. And for what?

The door opened and, standing there with a tired smile on her face, was Emily. My beautiful daughter.

Pale blue eyes, fiery red hair. Pale skin with plenty of cute little freckles dotted over her face. There were dark shadows under her eyes, a sign of how little sleep she'd been getting recently. She was wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt, which seemed barely able to contain the voluptuous breasts beneath.

She was breathtakingly beautiful. Absolutely stunning.

"Hey princess," I smiled. "Mom told me that you're having trouble studying."

Emily nodded, her smile faltering slightly. My wife had told me more than that, of course. She'd told me how stressed Emily had been recently, what with upcoming College exams and life choices and all that fun early adulthood stuff.

"Oh," Emily said quietly. "Yeah."

"I might be able to help you with that."

Her eyebrows rose. "What do you mean?"

People like to think that there are limitations when it comes to hypnosis. You can't make someone do something they don't want to, or that they're morally opposed to. That much is true. But what so few realise about hypnosis is its ability to *change* a person, its potential to rewrite someone's entire personality.

You can't compel a devout priest to steal from the church, that won't fly. You can however rewrite that priest's beliefs in such a way that he'll think stealing from the church is his holy duty.

It's not easy. And it's not quick. It would take months and countless inductions. But it could be done.

I hoped.

That was my thinking as I lulled my daughter into her first trance - the long game.

The plan was simple. Hypnotise both my daughter and my wife on a near-daily basis. Each time, I'd inch their subconscious minds ever closer to my end goal. Assuming it all worked the way I wanted it to, that was.

Baby steps.

First step was to hypnotise Emily. I'd help her with her studying, relax and calm her, make sure she didn't remember anything said during the trance, wake her up feeling nice and refreshed and ready to hit the books with renewed vigour. Nothing untoward. Not yet.

She fell into the trance with surprising ease. Laying on her bed, breathing steadily, her voice answering in an emotionless monotone to my initial questions of 'how are you feeling?' and 'what is your name?' filling me with a blazing, exciting hope.

"Emily Monford," she answered dutifully.

"Very good," I soothed, "you're doing very well princess. Keep listening to my voice, that's right."

I slipped my hand into a pocket and retrieved my phone, set it to record audio, put it down on my lap. I wanted to keep records of every trance - an audio log I could listen to after the fact.

And then I set to work.

"Thanks Dad!" Emily beamed.

It was evening of the next day. I'd just gotten home from work to find Emily waiting

for me, a great big smile on her face. Not looking quite as tired and weary as she had last night.

"What for?" I said, playing dumb.

Emily rolled her eyes, looking absolutely adorable as she did so. "For helping me study last night. It worked! Class today was a easy."

"Oh," I smiled. "That was nothing."

Making it seem like hypnosis was no big deal would help convince her that it wasn't anything special. A little push towards normalizing it. The more normal it was, and the less strange, the more opportunities I'd have to use it. A tiny push. Baby steps.

"Though," I added quickly, "I'll need to do it again today if you want it to keep working."

Emily frowned for a moment, uncertain, then shrugged and continued her beaming. "Okay. Can we wait until after dinner? I'm starving."

I beamed right back. "Sure thing, princess."

### ~emily\_02.mp3~

"How do you feel about me hypnotising you?" I asked, taking the opportunity to admire Emily's body. I couldn't see much more than her figure, thanks to the clothing. But what I could see, those ample curves, was plenty enough for my imagination to work with.

Emily's mouth twitched, her eyelids fluttering slightly as she battled with the question - what I thought should be an easy enough question to answer. I was worried for a moment that she might wake up. Finally, she answered.

"Conflicted."

Interesting. And not entirely unexpected.

"Conflicted how?"

More struggling, her eyelids fluttering a lot more this time, her body shifting and moving almost imperceptibly. But it was too much for my liking.

"Forget that question," I said coolly. "Empty your mind. Calm and relaxed. That's right, nice and relaxed."

I spent a few minutes bringing her down into a safe, stable trance again. Evidently, I'd asked for too much - too broad a question. I needed to be more careful with my questions and wording. Ask questions that were simple to answer and that had simple answers. The less thought-provoking, the better.

When Emily was ready, we continued.

"What do you like about me hypnotising you?" I asked, ready to jump in again if Emily started breaking the trance again.

"Help with revising," Emily stated dully without issue.

"And what do you dislike about being hypnotised?"

A moment passed before Emily answered, though there wasn't any struggle that I could see.

"I don't like not having control."

I nodded my head, contemplated what to say next. Where to lead this line of thought.

"Do you trust me?" I asked. Simple, open question.

"Yes," Emily said.

"Do you trust that I have your best interests in mind?"

"Yes."

"And that I want what's best for you?" Nudging.

"Yes."

"You trust me with hypnotising you, yes?"

"Yes."

"Which means you trust me with that control, don't you?"

A tiny hesitation, then, "Yes."

"Making decisions for yourself can be hard, stressful. Right?" I was banking on her recent stress about life to help me along with this one. And it did.

"Yes."

"Sometimes, it's nice when others make those decisions for you, like when you were younger. That way it's less stressful. It makes life simpler and easier. And happier. Wouldn't you agree?"

More hesitation. "Yes."

"So it can be nice to give up control to another, yes?"

Silence as Emily's subconscious worked through the logic of it.

"As long as they're someone you trust," I added. "Correct?"

A brief pause. "Yes."

It was by no means a confident, absolute certainty of a 'yes', but I'd take it.

"You trust me with control, yes?" Reaffirming.

"Yes."

"And giving up control can be good, when it's someone you trust. And you trust me. So giving up control - temporarily - to me can be good and can help make you happy, correct?"

"Yes."

"If something is good and makes you happy, it doesn't make sense not to like it, does it?"

"No."

Just a little bit more.

"If something is good and makes you happy, you should like that very much - not dislike it - right?"

"Yes."

"Then you should like it when you give up control to me temporarily, shouldn't you? After all, giving up control can be good and helps make you happy, and you trust me. Don't you?"

Another long pause. Then finally, "Yes."

One last push.

"Do you dislike not being in control when it's me you're giving up control to, right now?"

A deafeningly long silence. Emily's eyebrows tightened, her mind working fast. My heart was racing away, pounding in my chest. I was just about to cave and tell her to clear her mind before she woke up when Emily finally answered.

"No."

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"Thank you for helping Emily," my wife, Helen, said as I sat down next to her in the living room. "I know she's been worried a lot recently what with the exams coming up. I wish she'd talk to me more about it, but you know how teenagers are."

In our heyday, Helen had been one of the hottest women around. Raven hair and 'fuck me' eyes, a body to make porn-stars jealous and a smile that could kill. I hadn't been half bad myself, but Helen was on a whole other level. Nowadays, a lot of that raw sex appeal and eroticism had faded - sure, she still had a great body and beautiful face, only now it was less 'fuck me' eyes and more 'lets have a dinner party with the neighbours' eyes. She had gone from sexy goddess to hot young Mom to plain, homely wife.

As if to hammer my point home, she was wearing the same kind of nightie that a grandmother would wear - completely concealing her shapely body with drab flower-pattern cloth. And, underneath all that ugly cloth, I knew she was wearing equally boring and lifeless bra and panties.

What ever happened to the woman whose idea of a good cowgirl costume was boots, hat, lasso and nothing else?

What happened to the girl who sent me to sleep with her pussy and woke me up with her mouth?

At some point, sex had changed from being a challenge of endurance and fun, to being a first past the post chore. These days, missionary was the go-to and oral was a thing of the past.

That was something I intended to fix, too.

I hadn't worked out how to get Helen to agree to me hypnotising her yet. With Emily, it made sense. Help concentrating and stress-relief. Unorthodox, sure, but it fit. With Helen, who didn't need help concentrating or stress-relief - as far as I could tell, at least - I had nothing to work with.

Once I did have her in a trance, I could start implementing ideas, alterations, to make hypnosis something actively she wanted in general rather than for a specific need - like studying.

But I still needed that first trance. The first few had to make sense, and not seem at all strange, if this was to work.

And, if I hoped to change and alter Emily as much as I was planning, I'd *need* to reprogram Helen too. Teenage hormones could explain away some innocuous changes, but the I needed Helen not to question or think about the more drastic and taboo alterations.

"Is everything okay, dear?" Helen said, dragging me out of my thoughts. She sounded concerned.

I nodded my head. "Yeah. Just work stuff."

After my wife had gone to bed, I opened up my laptop and plugged my phone into it. As I saved the second recording to my hard drive, I considered how the session had gone.

Well. I'd made progress, if only a little.

Baby steps, I reminded myself. Progress, even small, was a very good thing. Enough small steps, and you'd complete a marathon. All you needed was patience and willpower.

I'd successfully used a mental loophole, a logical trap, to convince Emily's subconscious not to dislike hypnosis. Which didn't necessarily mean she wouldn't still dislike it - it just gave her a reason not to dislike it quite as much. I'd need to reinforce it over the next few sessions, add to it, until she was fully comfortable being hypnotised by me.

After that, I'd give her a reasons to like and enjoy being hypnotised. I had a few ideas for that, all jotted down in files on my laptop in the subdirectory of the logs.

I am a very logical, analytical person. A computer programmer by trade as well as by nature. Ordered and organized and tactical. I was good at it. And if I could rewrite a computer program, with all its complexities and nuances, surely I could do that with a person too.

And who better than Emily and Helen?

Alright, so most people don't think about hypnotically altering their daughters, or wives, and turning them into the perfect little sex freaks. Most people don't desire their daughters period.

And, a year or two ago, neither did I.

I can't explain what caused my interest in Emily. The fact that she sexy as all hell?

Or that I'd been deprived in the sex department with Helen for so long? Or could it be that I saw her more as a woman than a daughter? Perhaps I was simply deprived.

Probably a mixture of all the above.

At first, when I realised I was aroused by Emily, I was disgusted with myself. I did my best to see her as an innocent young girl on the brink of adulthood, tried my hardest to suppress those desires and impulses. But, at the end of the day, I'm only human. Emily was gorgeous, and anyone who didn't think so was obviously 'batting for the other team', if you understand my meaning.

A moral crisis later, lots of nights debating and judging myself, and those feelings were still there. So I did the only thing I could to keep my sanity - I accepted them.

And I jacked it like I hadn't since I was a hormone-consumed teenage boy.

It was only recently I succumbed to the dark side fully. I saw opportunity - Emily struggling with school and studying - formulated a plan, and took the once in a lifetime risk.

I typed out some ideas, thoughts, and observations from my session with Emily. Saved it all, shut everything down, headed to bed.

### ~emily\_06.mp3~

"How do you feel about me hypnotising you?" I asked, hopeful.

"Thankful."

"Are you conflicted about me hypnotising you?"

"No."

Amazing how much a single word can fill you with excitement. It was working. So far, everything was going to plan.

"Do you enjoy the idea of my hypnotising you?"

"No."

Damn it.

It wasn't surprising, really. Nothing to get bogged down by.

"Do you dislike being hypnotised by me?"

"No."

Well, that was something at least.

I'd managed to completely erase all Emily's doubts about losing control. I'd continue reinforcing it over the next few trances, just to be sure, but that part was done. Next was the more difficult part. I had to make Emily *like* the trances. And not just like them, but to actively want to be hypnotised.

We'd been at it for close to a fortnight now. Emily's exams were drawing closer. After those exams passed, I'd no longer have a pretence to continue with the trances. I needed her to *want* them.

On the plus side, I did have a plan in the works to help with that. It was Tuesday today and I was in the midst of making arrangements for the weekend. Still, I couldn't guarantee that things would go to plan. I needed more...

"Other than your gratitude, are you indifferent to me hypnotising you?"

"Yes."

I could work with that.

"Thanks to my hypnotising you, you're less stressed and finding it easier to study, right?"

"Yes."

"And there have been no drawbacks. Me hypnotising you hasn't affected you in any way other than positive, correct?"

"Yes."

"So me hypnotising you is a positive thing, a good thing, isn't it?" I asked, crossing

my fingers.

"Yes."

"My hypnotising you is a good thing, correct?" I reiterated.

"Yes."

Now that was something I could definitely work with. I'd make sure to reinforce that over the next few sessions.

"Did you know that hypnosis can help with many things, not just studying and stress? It can help with all kinds of things. Like treating addictions, helping motivate a person do exercise, giving a person more self-confidence, and many other things."

Emily didn't answer - either she knew it had been a rhetorical question or I'd answered it enough that she felt she didn't need to.

"Hypnosis can be very useful. And, hypothetically, me hypnotising you could help you with a lot of different things. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Tomorrow, you're going to think about how useful hypnosis is. And you're going to think about ways that me hypnotising you can benefit you." In theory, that should work as well as the other ideas I'd implanted in her - focussing on study, opening her mind and relaxing to help her learn and remember, channelling the stress into her studying to maximize productivity. "You're going to make a mental list of any and every way that hypnosis might be able to help you in your daily life. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I'd find out soon enough if it worked.

It would be ideal if it was (almost) entirely her idea to continue these sessions after her exams. If not, I was sure I'd be able to 'convince' her. And maybe, somehow, use her to convince her mother to have some of her own helpful hypnosis sessions.

Both of them under my total control...

I allowed myself a small smile. Everything was going smoothly so far. If things kept up like this, it was only a matter of time before Emily was mine.