

## **Baby Steps - Trancing Emily**

### **Chapter 2 of 8**

My wife set down the house phone, ending the call she'd been having with one of our neighbours. She turned to me and smiled.

"Ally is in," she said gleefully. Amazing how a bit of mischief could turn a grown woman into a giddy, playful girl. "It took Katherine threatening her, but she's in!" There was a twinkle in Helen's eyes.

Who knew she'd be so eager?

That made it three for three. Emily, Tia and now Ally. My daughter and her two best friends.

Continuously I was amazed by how smoothly my plan was going so far. It was as if the universe itself was siding with me. The fact that Helen was so on-board, was actively making my plans come to fruition, blew my mind.

She didn't know the real reason behind it all, of course.

"Is everything packed and ready?" I asked.

Helen nodded enthusiastically. "I snuck into Emily's room earlier and got everything she'll need for the 'weekend study course'." She actually giggled. My middle-aged wife giggling like a schoolgirl.

"Good, good," I nodded. Stood up. "I should check on Emily. See if she needs any help studying."

It sounded odd and forced even to me, but Helen didn't seem to notice. She just grinned and nodded. The excited, playful look on her face made her look ten years younger. And sexy.

~emily\_08.mp3~

"How do you feel about the weekend course me and your mother have set up for you?" I asked, genuinely curious.

Emily shifted slightly. "I don't like it."

I smiled.

"Why don't you like it?"

A frown creased Emily's brow. "More work when I don't need it," she said - somehow making lifeless monotone sound annoyed.

I considered. Weighing the options before me.

"You're right," I said, making my mind up. "It is unnecessary. What you need is rest and relaxation before your exams start. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Emily said.

"It's better when people help you relax and make you feel nice and stress-free, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"People who help take your stress away, who help you study and make you feel good, they're nice people aren't they?"

"Yes."

"When people are nice, you should be nice back, right?"

"Yes."

"And the nicer they are to you, the nicer you should be to them, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Someone has been very, very nice to you recently. They've been helping you with studying for your exams, and helping you with stress, and helping you to sleep. Yes?"

"Yes."

"Who is that someone?" Nudges. Little nudges.

"You," Emily said softly.

"And who am I?"

This one could go one of two ways that I could think of. Either she'd say I was David Monford, or she'd say I was her father. It all depended on how literally minded she was, and how she perceived me on a subconscious level. Whichever way she leaned would decide on how I'd alter her in future.

If she saw me as David Monford, I'd slowly remove her seeing me as a father. She'd still be aware I was, I wouldn't change that. But her seeing me as a man rather than a father figure would be how I'd lead her into bed.

Alternatively, if she saw me as her father more than a regular man, I'd shift that family love into something else entirely.

"My dad."

So she saw me as her father more than as a man. Good to know.

"So, since I've been so nice to you. Extra nice and kind. What does that mean you should do?"

Emily seemed to struggle with the question for a second. "I should be extra nice and kind back."

"Good girl."

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Emily was not a morning person. I'd gone to dump our bags and luggage into the trunk of the car, checking and double-checking everything was set. Not easy to do with only a phone and the pre-dawn light to see by. When I walked back into the kitchen, I was greeted by an amused looking wife and a grumpy daughter.

"Cheer up," Helen was saying. "It's only for two days."

Emily grumbled something into her sandwich. I didn't catch a word, but it certainly didn't sound jovial.

"Missing toothpaste," I announced. "Everything else is there, I think."

Helen nodded, preparing snacks for the trip. "Emily, could you get the toothpaste please?"

Emily glared at Helen, turned away and grunted. It seemed my daughter was a fan of the 'ignore your parents when they ask you to do something you don't want to' tactic. I could feel Helen's amusement. As could Emily, I imagine - and where my wife's attitude entertained me, it infuriated our sulking daughter.

"I'll get it," I said. No point in causing drama over a tube of toothpaste.

And then something odd happened. Emily, who a moment before had been defiantly sulking, shot to her feet. "No, that's okay," she said smiling sweetly at me. "I'll get it."

It was the hypnotic suggestion. Emily was being *extra nice* to me. It had to be.

It worked.

My wife looked over at me as Emily left the room, eyebrows raised in bemusement at our daughter's sudden change in disposition.

I shrugged, pretending ignorance. "Teenagers." I said, as if that explained everything.

Helen snorted, went back to preparing snacks.

We picked up Ally and Tia, Helen slipping briefly into each of their homes to 'say hello' to their parents. Then we were off. The drive was two and a half hours, complete with road-trip music and the girls chatting in the back, occasionally using their phones to check the social medias.

I glanced into the rear-view window.

My eyes, instantly drawn to Emily, bulged. She wasn't wearing a bra. How did I know that? She was wearing a seatbelt. And the seatbelt trailed down her shoulder, over her chest, to her hip. And when I say 'over her chest', I mean between. Thank God for tight seatbelts and thank all things holy for loose-fitting shirts. The image I saw before me left little to the imagination. Emily's seatbelt was actively emphasising the gigantic melons on either side of it. They were, quite simply, perfect. Mountains of happiness.

Unfortunately, I didn't allow myself more than a second to look. Best not to draw attention to my ogling.

Next to Emily sat Ally, our neighbour and childhood best friend of Emily. She was short and petite, like a little doll. And next to her was Tia. Exotic, tanned skin, thick-rimmed glasses.

The two girls were pretty, no doubts about that. But Emily was by far and away the most beautiful of the lot. She'd gone without make-up today, lazily tying her red hair back into a messy ponytail. Even so, she was stunningly gorgeous.

Time passed surprisingly quickly, two hours disappearing without me noticing. The car had gotten steadily hotter as the sun rose. Emily had fallen asleep in the back, while the other two listened to modern (which is to say terrible) music.

Before I knew it, I was pulling into the parking lot, much to the glee of my wife and shock of our guests - Emily was still sleeping like a log, though she woke up when the car stopped moving.

Emily stretched - letting out a soft, satisfied moan - and looked about sleepily. "Are we there?"

"Yes!" Helen half-shouted, barely able to contain herself.

Confusion crossed Emily's face as she realised where we were. A brief moment of uncertainty, then comprehension dawned. Her eyes went wide, disbelieving.

Big blue pillars sat on either side of the entrance, shaped to look like foamy waves. In the background, all manner of slides and rides could be seen. The air buzzed with commotion as a steady stream of people made their way into the giant waterpark.

"Surprise!" Helen yelled happily, no longer needed to keep the secret. "With all the studying you've been doing recently, we thought you girls could do with a break."

I watched the rear-view silently, smiling to myself as Emily's face went from stunned shock to amazement and joy.

Perfect.

In order to make Emily's subconscious want to be hypnotised, I needed to give her one of several things.

First was an incentive. Something that hypnosis could help her with specifically. Working out, getting rid of a bad habit, helping with a diet. Something. Unfortunately, it seemed that she couldn't think of anything she needed any help with.

Second was enjoyment. If she enjoyed the sensations of a trance, if she liked the oblivion and the loss of control, then I could simply offer it as a tool to her for relaxation and she'd likely accept.

Third was addiction. This one involved giving her a compulsion or need to be hypnotised, and a temporary relief after the fact. It was the most risky. If Emily suddenly, or very quickly, gained this kind of addiction, it would raise dangerous questions.

Of the three options, only the second seemed viable.

And so I needed a situation, a reference point for a lack of control, that I could associate with enjoyment and pleasure.

Thus began my dastardly plan.

One; take control away from Emily by making plans for her that she had no choice in. Two; ensure that she didn't like the plans being made, so as to better contrast and

embolden her later enjoyment. Three; surprise her with the reality - proving that her surrendering control to me lead to good things. Four; cement this thinking into her subconscious.

That was the thinking, at least.

By upsetting and disappointing Emily with the 'weekend study course', and giving her no option other than to go, and then flipping that on its head with a weekend holiday, I'd done all but the last step.

A perfect plan, if I do say so myself. And with the waterpark's added bonuses of swimsuits, water and lovely angled views.

Inviting her friends had the dual purposes of making the experience more enjoyable for Emily, and making the whole thing more plausible to my wife.

Suggesting that the three of us go alone might raise a few eyebrows.

Something I was not expecting was Helen's enthusiasm for the plan. I'd pitched it as a stress-relieving break right before the exam week, a way for the girls to wind down so they'd be in top form. Not only did she buy it. She'd been putting more effort and planning into it than even I had. She'd been the one to call Ally's and Tia's parents. She'd called the motel and book two rooms for a night. She'd been the one to act strict and stern to Emily, which worked very well for me.

All in all, the plan was going swimmingly.

Helen took the girls to the female locker rooms, and I went to strip out of my jeans. I was already wearing swimming trunks underneath, and I was fine with keeping a t-shirt on. I didn't plan on getting too wet.

Instead, I'd be taking pictures. With an expensive new camera, too. Might as well get some nice, high definition photos and videos while we were here.

I headed to Helen's designated meeting spot and waited.

Things with Emily had been going very well recently. Better than I'd ever dared hope. But, even so, things were not looking totally perfect. This time next week, Emily would be done with her exams. Unless I wanted to wait half a year for this kind of opportunity to arise again, I needed to convince her to want more sessions soon.

And I couldn't be seen to be trying to convince her. She had to think it was her idea. Avoid all suspicion where possible.

Not to mention the Helen issue. If I wanted all my plans for Emily to come to fruition, I'd need Helen on board. Which meant I'd need to somehow start hypnotising her regularly too.

If I could get both into daily sessions, I'd be set. Time would take care of the rest.

I was in the middle of plotting and planning when Helen, Emily, Ally and Tia came into view. And, as if a gust of wind had happened by and taken my brain away on the breeze, every thought left my head.

Helen wore a full bathing suit - fit for a mother but disappointing knowing the body it concealed. It was black as her hair and made her look quite milf-tastic.

Both Ally and Tia wore bikinis, frilly and plain respectively. They both looked good, albeit their looks were taken away from by the girl who stood between them.

Emily looked breathtaking. Like her mother, she wore a modest bathing suit - this one a deep navy-blue. Only hers seemed barely to fit her. Her chest swelled out magnificently, her slender body on full display. Legs and arms completely bare, freckled face flushed, hair flowing down her shoulders. A stunning smile. She looked amazing. I think my mouth might have fall slightly open upon seeing her.

I was very thankful for the long t-shirt I was wearing. It would do wonders hiding the bulge in my trunks.

Probably a good thing Helen hadn't packed Emily a bikini.

Much as I would have enjoyed the sight of it, my 'appreciation' would have been on

full display.

I walked over to them, grinning.

Whatever mad genius invented waterparks, I thank thee. From the bottom of my heart.

Water slides. Splashing. Laughter and playing about, not caring that those lovely titties of theirs were bouncing and shaking almost freely. One attraction - what amounted to bumper cars on water, with a water cannon added into the mixture because why not? - was my favourite. I can't explain why, but seeing a reasonably powerful burst of water blast your wife's or daughter's breasts - even when bathing suits are hiding them from view - is extremely arousing. Hearing them gasp and laugh in joy, 'twas a magical sound.

And I got lots of lovely pictures and footage.

Eventually, however, it was time to head over to the motel.

The girls dived into their shared room, leaving me and Helen to ourselves. I got to work saving the many, many pictures I'd taken onto my laptop. Helen stared some small talk, telling me what she'd enjoyed about the day as if I hadn't been right there with her the entire time.

Then Helen said something that demanded my full attention.

"So," she said, curiosity painting her features. "How long have you been interested in hypnosis?"

I see.

I'd been expecting a conversation like this since that first evening with Emily. I'd told Helen what I'd done and how it would help, and she'd raised an eyebrow at me but said nothing. To be honest, I'd thought this conversation would come sooner.

"I'm not really," I said passively. "It's a tool I knew I could use to help Emily."

Helen didn't look convinced.

I had to tread carefully here. Suspicion would be the end of me. I wished I could see into my wife's mind.

She looked thoughtful, said nothing else.

I didn't know if that was good or bad for me.

The evening passed, we slept, woke up Sunday feeling refreshed. I handed Helen and the girls a bundle of cash, spending money, and left them to their devices.

When afternoon came about, we began the long drive home. The girls were a lot more animated this time, talking and laughing and blaring music. Eventually, tired from all the excitement, they settled down and fell asleep.

We dropped Ally and Tia off at their homes, headed home ourselves.

Everyone was pretty exhausted, but I knew I needed to hypnotise Emily tonight. I only had a few days left. I couldn't afford to waste any more nights.

I went to Emily's room before she could have a chance to fall asleep for the night.

~emily\_09.mp3~

"Did you enjoy your weekend?" I asked. Time to see if the last step of this plan would work.

"Yes."

"You didn't think you were going to enjoy it before, when you thought it was going to be all studying, did you?"

"No."

"You didn't want to go, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"But we made you go, me and your mother. We took all your control of the situation away and gave you no choice. Yes?"

"Yes."

So far, so good.

"And that ended up being a good thing. Do you remember that feeling you had when you realised where we'd taken you? That happy, excited feeling."

"Yes."

"It was good that you gave me control then, isn't it?"

Silence.

Damn. Needed more nudging.

"After all, if you hadn't given up control to me, you never would have gone and wouldn't have enjoyed yourself. It's good that you gave me control."

More silence. Emily's eyebrows fluttered. Her brow furrowed.

"Right?" I urged.

A little bit more struggling. Then, finally:

"Yes."

I let out a relieved sigh. The ploy had worked. Now to capitalize on it.

"It was good that you gave up control, yes?"

"Yes."

"Giving me control lead to you feeling happy, correct?"

"Yes."

"And you like being happy, don't you?"

"Yes."

"So," I said, drawing the logic dots together. "You giving me control made you happy. And you like being happy. So you liked me having control. Is that correct?"

A slight pause.

"Yes."

"You liked me having control?" I reiterated.

"Yes."

"And you trust me with control?"

"Yes."

"Hypnosis is like taking a person's control away, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And you trust me to hypnotise you and have that control?"

"Yes."

"And giving me control is good, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"So my hypnotising you is good, correct?"

Time to find out if this had all been worth it.

"Yes."

Excellent.

"Me being in control made you happy, and me hypnotising you means I'm in control. So me hypnotising you can make you happy. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Me hypnotising you can make you happy. Correct?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"You hypnotising me can make me happy."

"Good girl."