

Baby Steps - Trancing Emily

Chapter 3 of 8

Emily looked surprisingly happy for someone who'd just sat an important exam. A self-satisfied smile, bright eyes, a happy energy in her walk.

Evidently, today's exam had gone well.

There's this thing I've noticed about people and their emotions over the years. Moods are infectious. If someone is agitated and angry, those around them are more likely to adopt agitation and anger themselves. Same with happiness and bright energy. I could feel Emily's mood, and feel it lift my own. As, apparently, could Helen.

The air seemed to hum with positivity.

And yet, even with all the easy-going joy, I could feel a nagging discontent deep inside me.

Today was Monday. Emily's last exam was Friday. That gave me exactly four nights, four trances, to make her want to continue having hypnotic sessions. If I couldn't do that, it was the end of the road.

I couldn't accept that.

Here I was, a once in a lifetime chance to make every sordid fantasy I had into a reality. All I needed was a continuous stream of trances. All I needed was time.

And I had four sessions to make that happen.

I embraced the uncertainty for a moment, allowed myself to think I might fail. Used those feelings to motivate me, push me forward towards my goal.

Emily would be mine. I refused to accept anything less.

I'd convince her subconscious to want more trances. We'd continue these sessions until she was mine. Utterly, completely, unquestionably mine.

And, along the way, I'd find a way to do the same with Helen.

This opportunity might never show itself again, I would not squander it. I would succeed.

~emily_10.mp3~

"Did your exam go well today?"

I knew the answer. Helen had asked during dinner. It seemed like she had breezed through the test. If she'd passed or not we wouldn't know for months, but Emily seemed certain she'd aced it.

"Yes," Emily said blankly.

"You wouldn't have done so well if not for my helping you with hypnosis." A statement of fact, not a question. It was possibly true, but placing that statement in her mind prior to asking her if it were true would incline her towards believing it was. "Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"It's good that I've been hypnotising you, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You're happier because I've been hypnotising you, yes?"

"Yes."

"My hypnotising you makes you happier, yes?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"You hypnotising me makes me happier."

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Tuesday was much the same as Monday with Emily blitzing through the exams. Lots of smiles and confidence. Only today, Helen seemed a lot more sombre and thoughtful. I caught her looking my way several times.

Something about the way she was glancing at me, those lost in thought moments, made me very uncomfortable.

I was being paranoid, I told myself.

It was nothing.

Just my imagination. There were a thousand things she might be thinking about. Assuming it was what I was doing with Emily, what I was planning, was foolish. I didn't know, so it was idiotic to worry.

Emotions block out reason and logic. Set them aside.

I needed to know what Helen was thinking. It was probably nothing important or relevant, but I wasn't willing to risk it.

But how could I figure out what was on her mind?

I'm no mind reader, and I couldn't put her into a trance without her compliance.

Which left her internet history. Most people, when they have thoughts or questions in need of answering, use a simple internet search. Helen was no different. All I needed to do was check her history and I'd have some inkling into her current disposition.

This is where my love of structure and order came in quite handy. The home router was set up to record logs of all internet traffic. It was the simplest thing in the world to figure out which devices were my wife's laptop and phone and go through their browsing history. What I found was deeply concerning.

Helen had been looking into hypnosis.

Worrying.

She'd been searching for information on how it worked, if it was safe, what it could do. One search even used the words 'mind control'. Helen wanted to know if hypnosis could be used to strip a person of their free will - make them do things they didn't want to.

Evidently, my wife was suspicious of my activities with Emily.

Thankfully, after checking every single one of the sites she'd visited for answers, I could relax a little. None of them provided accurate information. Most simply claimed that you couldn't be made to do something you didn't want to. True, but not the full truth. And not enough to alleviate my wife's suspicion - the searches had been done days ago, the night before we left for the waterpark.

Helen was a problem, then. She could destroy everything. A few words from her and my sessions with Emily would come to an abrupt end.

So, what could I do the change that?

Ease off on hypnotising Emily for a while. That was one answer. A shit answer. I didn't have the luxury of time. I couldn't afford to stop hypnotising Emily, not for a single night.

I could explain things to Helen in such a way as to remove her worries. Only, if I did so out of the blue, it might end up creating *more* suspicion.

No, the best thing I could do was observe the situation and work out how to get Helen into a trance. From there, I could erase every doubt and worry she had. I wouldn't give up. It was all or nothing at this point.

For now, I'd continue as normal.

Which meant it was time to trance Emily once again.

"When someone is nice to you, what do you do?"

"Be nice back," Emily spoke in that same monotone. I was beginning to get used to it at this point. With any luck, I'd hear much, much more of it in the future.

"I've been very nice to you recently, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"That means you have to be very nice back to me, doesn't it?"

Another little trick there. Emily didn't 'have' to be nice back, not literally. It wasn't a law. And even if it were, laws can be broken. You don't 'have' to pay taxes. You weren't compelled against your will. But words stretch beyond their literal meaning. 'Have' is not an absolute, there's leeway in the word's meaning. So even though you didn't 'have' to pay taxes or obey the law, you still *had* to. Emily didn't *have* to be nice to me. But if she saw it as a rule of behaviour, a social law, she'd *feel* like she had to.

That was all I needed. For her, on some level, to believe she *needed* to repay my perceived generosity. As long as that was there, I could morph it, amplify it, twist it to my own ends.

"Yes."

"Say it," I ordered.

"I have to be very nice to you."

Now, all I needed to do was push and reinforce that. The more I helped her, the more she'd want to return the favour to me.

I'd already noticed subtle changes in Emily, in the form of her desire to help me. Since the night before the waterpark trip, when I'd first implanted the suggestion, she'd been going out of her way to be helpful. Fetching a tube of toothpaste so that I didn't have to, taking out the trash for me, cleaning the dishes when I asked her to. Little things.

The more I hypnotised and 'helped' her, the more she'd want to help me. The more grateful she was, the more she'd be willing to do for me.

There were limitations - I couldn't ask her to bend over and spread her legs. Not yet, at least. The 'nice things' she'd do for me had to be lesser than or equivalent to the 'nice things' I was doing for her.

In time, that would mean her on her knees.

For now, it meant her being that extra bit sweeter.

No that I was complaining.

"It makes you feel good when you do nice things for me, doesn't it?" I said, planting the seeds of submission in Emily's mind. It would be a long time until those flowers bloomed and blossomed but, when they did, it would be beautiful.

"Yes," Emily replied, passionless.

"Good girl."

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On Wednesday, Emily seemed a little more exhausted. Hypnosis can only do so much to make exams easier, and can only help with stress to a certain degree. Emily, it would appear, had reached those limits. She flopped down onto a dining table chair with a thump and slumped.

"Are you okay, princess?" I asked.

Emily nodded, allowing herself a small smile. "Yeah. Just a bit tired."

"How was the exam?"

I wasn't all that interested in how well she'd done, which is probably a bad thing coming from a father. Emily was smart, she'd be able to pass most of her exams without help. She agreed to the hypnosis sessions less because she thought she'd fail and more to achieve her maximum potential. I was sure she'd pass.

My concern was Emily thinking that the trances weren't working. If she believed hypnosis wasn't helping enough, she wouldn't want to continue.

"Fine," Emily sighed. "I passed. I think."

I nodded, though didn't speak.

One of the worst things about what I was doing - using hypnosis in this way - was that I needed to be subtle and secretive. I had to avoid anything that might be perceived as unusual or suspicious. Right now, I could tell Emily that I'd be able to de-stress and relax her with hypnosis, only doing so might make me seem too eager.

Instead, I headed into the living room, where Helen sat watching TV, and opened up my laptop. I was running out of time. Two more sessions; one later today and one tomorrow. If I didn't convince Emily's subconscious to want more trances after that, it was over.

I needed a plan. A solid plan. I needed certainty.

But there was no certainty. I knew how unlikely all this was to succeed from the beginning, and was well aware of the risks. I took a chance, and it had worked out for me so far. Perhaps I was being too cautious. Perhaps I should be taking more risks.

I could try implanting an addiction, make her *need* hypnosis and trances. It would get the job done, assuming Emily came to me to sate the addiction and didn't seek professional help. Two sessions wasn't enough to make a very powerful addiction, but it might just be enough for her to come to me.

It was tempting.

But no, it was too risky. If Emily caught on, I was done. And even if Emily didn't catch on to what I was doing, Helen might. As long as she was suspicious, I couldn't take any big risks. I couldn't alter Emily in any noticeable way.

Somehow, I'd have to deal with Helen.

The sooner, the better.

Before I could type down ideas and plans, Emily entered the room. She walked straight for me, looking a little nervous.

"Hey dad," she said, looking at me with big eyes. "Could you do the thing again?"

I raised an eyebrow. The thing? Did she mean hypnosis?

"I know it's early," Emily continued, sounding anxious. "It's okay if you don't."

"Sure," I interrupted. Her coming to me and asking was good. Very good. If she did that after her exams, even better. I closed my laptop and set it aside, stood. "Lead the way."

As I left the room, following close behind Emily, I could feel Helen watching.

~emily_12.mp3~

"You came to me today and wanted me to hypnotise you, yes?"

"Yes."

"You wanted me to hypnotise you, yes?"

"Yes."

"Why is that, princess?"

Emily didn't answer right away, she paused for a few seconds in thought.

"It helps. And it feels nice."

"Nice how?" I urged. This was exactly the line of thought I wanted to cement into her thinking.

"Relaxing," Emily said softly.

Risks. Now was the time for risks. If I played things too safe, I'd never get what I wanted.

"Hypnosis helps you relax. It feels nice. Right?"

"Yes."

"It can help with more than studying and concentration. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"If you wanted to, you could us hypnosis after your exams. To help you relax and feel nice. Yes?"

A slight pause - trepidation - then; "Yes."

Time for the million dollar question. "Do you want to?"

This time there was a struggle. Frowning, twitching, eyelids fluttering. Not enough for me to backtrack the question, but too much for my liking all the same. After a few seconds, Emily answered.

"I don't know."

Damn. Not ideal, but hopeful. It wasn't a no.

I stopped to think.

The pros were all there. Relaxation, nice feelings, all the associated perks a trance could provide. I'd drilled all of them into Emily's mind. She knew all the reasons I could think of for her to want to continue.

The cons were why she was unsure. But what cons? She'd been uncertain about losing control, but I'd fixed that. Every day I'd reinforced that losing control is good when you're giving it to someone you trust.

So what was it?

'The thing'. She'd called it 'the thing'.

She didn't use the word 'hypnotise'. Why?

I searched through my memory, trying to recall a time when Emily had used any hypnosis related terminology. As far as I could remember, she never had. It couldn't be that simple, could it?

"Earlier, when you asked me to hypnotise you, you called it 'the thing', didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You feel uncomfortably saying it's hypnosis, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"Because," Emily struggled for a moment, "it's weird."

I really was that simple. Emily saw hypnosis as something weird, unusual. That's why she was uncertain about continuing.

It was that simple.

How on Earth had I overlooked *that*?

No matter. I knew now. And now I could fix it.

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"Hey dad," Emily said within minutes of me getting home, "could you, uh, hypnotise me again please?"

I smiled, told her to go to her room and wait for me.

It was Thursday. Tomorrow was Emily's last exam. This might well be the last chance I'd have to put her in a trance. It was make or break time.

I took a deep breath, got a glass of water, and headed to my daughter's room.

~emily_13.mp3~

I did the usual, reinforcing and solidifying suggestions. It was monotonous, repetitive, but

ultimately necessary. A hypnotic suggestion doesn't last long without being cemented in the mind over multiple sessions. The bigger the alteration being made, the more it needed hammering home.

If this was the last session I had with Emily, chances were that all the subtle suggestions I'd embedded into her subconscious would fade completely within weeks.

"How do you feel?" I asked, looking at the steady rise and fall of Emily's chest.

"Relaxed," came her lifeless reply.

I'd done everything I could this session. Any more repetition would be pointless. It was the time I usually brought her out of the trance with those relaxed, confident, content feelings. But something was stopping me today. The same thought running through my head: 'What if this is the last time?'

Staring at Emily's chest, those mountains of fun, I set caution aside and gave in to temptation.

"You know," I began, feeling my heart begin to race, "there's a trick that some people do with hypnosis. It involves a pin. What they do is get the person who's hypnotised and poke their arm with the pin. Do you know what happens?"

"No," Emily said.

"The person who has been hypnotised reacts. They twitch or move slightly. Because they can still feel it when they're in a trance."

Emily said nothing, simply absorbed the information like a sponge. That was good.

"Then, the hypnotist removes the ability to feel from the person who's hypnotised. They make it so that the person can't feel anything. Anything at all. And then they poke the person's arm with the pin again. And this time, the person doesn't feel it. They don't react."

Silence followed. I allowed Emily's mind a moment to process the information.

"We're going to try something similar now. To help relax your body completely. I'm going to reach out and touch you. I want you to tell me when you feel my hand touching you, okay?"

"Yes."

I took a steady, calming breath. Waited a few seconds, then moved my hand.

The moment my skin touched hers, Emily spoke in her monotone. "I feel it."

"Good girl," I said, pulling back my hand. "You're doing very well, princess. Now, we're going to make it so that you can't feel anything. We're going to relax your body completely and remove all sensations from your whole body."

I went on, telling her mind what to do, stripping away Emily's ability to sense touch or pain. Temporarily, mind. When she woke up, she'd be back to normal. But for the remainder of the trance, she'd feel and be aware of no physical contact.

"Remember," I said at last, fairly convinced that the suggestions had been successful, "if and when you feel my hand touching you, tell me. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I crossed the fingers of my left hand, praying a silent prayer for this to work, reached forward with my right hand and touched Emily's shirt-clad shoulder.

She didn't speak. Didn't react in any way.

"Can you feel anything physically right now?" I asked, needed to be sure.

"No," Emily responded.

I raised my hand, wanting to be totally sure she wouldn't feel anything or wake up. I touched her nose, tapped her forehead. Both times, there was no reaction.

It was working. Which meant...

Tentatively, I reached my hand out, not towards her face this time, but towards her chest and those glorious tits. I hesitated, my hand an inch away from my daughter's breast. Thought about the risk I was taking, the ramifications if Emily woke up.

Fuck it. In for a penny, in for a pound.

My hand made contact.