

Baby Steps - Trancing Emily

Chapter 4 of 8

Soft. Surprisingly firm. Maybe that was down to the fact that she was wearing a bra and tight shirt, or maybe Emily's breasts were naturally firm despite their sheer size.

Helen has large breasts, and over the years I've fondled them countless times. Save for the firmness, Emily's melons felt the exact same. Soft cushions of joy.

This was Emily. My daughter.

I'd fantasised about Emily for so long. Imagined groping her just like this, imagined lifting her top and sliding my face between these beautiful, humongous tits.

Temptation. Desire like I'd never felt before.

I could lift her shirt now, unstrap her bra. I could play with Emily's tits directly, taste them, snap a few quick pictures. She was utterly powerless, a living doll in the palm of my hand.

But no, that was a step too far.

Taking off clothes was too risky. Too much risk of her waking up, too likely that she'd notice her clothes felt odd afterwards. I have plenty of experience taking bras off, and no experience of putting them back on. The risk of her noticing something felt different with her clothes was too high.

I gave Emily one last grope, squeezing her breast and watching the restricted jiggling as I released it.

One day, I'd watch her bare tits bounce and jiggle. I'd watch her lips open in moans of ecstasy and listen to her beg for my...

Careful, I cautioned myself, getting worked up now would not be wise. I needed to be thinking straight. I needed to be thinking with my head, not my dick. There would be time for *those* fantasies later.

Begrudgingly, I began the process of waking Emily from her oblivion.

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Sitting up alone in bed, saving the new recording onto my laptop, I pondered how far I'd come with Emily in the last few weeks.

I'd gotten her to start believing that she should repay all the 'good' things I'd been doing for her. I'd gotten rid of her worries over losing control, started altering her opinion that hypnosis was weird. I'd started convincing her subconscious to trust me with control, and that giving control to me would lead to good things. Given her a score of reasons to want to continue being hypnotised.

And, at the end of the day, I still failed to guarantee future trances.

The ball was in Emily's court now. I could do nothing but wait and hope and pray. Without more reinforcement, I gave it a week until my suggestions and changes started coming undone. Within a month they'd all be gone.

The most worrying part of that prospect was Emily's memory. Until now, every trance I'd had her in, I'd made sure to implant a gap in her memory - a way of ensuring she didn't remember what was said during. If that came undone, there was a very real chance that she'd remember this last trance, the groping.

Not a pleasant prospect.

And, again, there was nothing I could do but wait.

I started going through the audiologs, listening for anything that I might have missed before. It was a feat of distraction, I didn't expect to learn anything new. I just needed something to keep my mind occupied. Worrying would do me no good at this point. Either Emily would come to me for another trance, or she would not. It was that simple.

Time passed, dinner and evening came and went. I looked at Emily, searching for any hint of what she might do after she'd sat her last exam tomorrow. I saw nothing other than an easy-going, relaxed young woman.

She gave me a nice smile, went back to her room.

Eventually, I called it a night and went to bed. Helen followed immediately behind me. She had a 'we need to talk?' look on her face. Fantastic. At least she seemed apprehensive, likely not wanting any kind of confrontation.

I stripped down to my boxers - long gone were the days when I could sleep naked, Helen had seen to that - and climbed into bed, turning my lamp off as I did.

Helen followed; wearing a boring, lifeless nightie. She slipped into bed next to me, though didn't turn her lamp off. That could only mean she was intent on talking. I turned away from her, closed my eyes and feigned trying to sleep. With any luck, that would put her off saying anything.

It didn't.

"David," Helen said, her voice sounding oddly meek for the confrontation I was expecting. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"What about?" I replied, unenthusiastic. I didn't move.

"Hypnosis."

Fantastic. Just fantastic. I turned to face my wife, ready for the incoming shit-storm.

What I saw was entirely unexpected. Helen looked nervous, a shy excitement was painted on her face. Not the expression of someone looking to call out their husband on hypnotising their daughter for illicit purposes. Certainly not the expression I was expecting.

"I've been looking into it," Helen began, speaking in a near-incoherent rush, "and I've seen how much it's helped Emily. I mean all you have to do is look at her to see- well, anyway, I was wondering if you could tell me more about it."

I'd miscalculated.

This wasn't about Emily. All those looks I'd been getting from Helen, the looking into hypnosis, the odd vibe I'd been getting from her. I'd been wrong. It hadn't been suspicion - it had been simple, genuine curiosity.

"Sure," I said, masking my surprise as best I could. "What would you like to know?"

Helen leaned towards me, interest bright in her eyes. "What does it feel like?"

And in that one question, I saw the answer. How I was going to get Helen on board with my plans.

"I can show you, if you want."

~helen_01.mp3~

"What is your name?"

"Helen," my wife replied blankly.

Interesting. When I'd asked Emily, she'd called herself Emily Monford. Different minds worked in different ways. Something to keep in mind for the future.

"Who am I?" I asked.

"David."

"How many children do we have?"

"One," Helen answered.

"What is our child's name?"

"Emily."

All good so far. The purpose of asking simple questions was to prime Helen's mind towards answering quickly and honestly. I'd done something similar with Emily that first time. It was important to set a tone for the trances. I ask, you answer.

"How old are you?"

On and on it went, mindless question after mindless question. I wasn't keeping track of exactly how many I was asking, or what I was asking. I think I probably repeated some questions. Only when I was totally satisfied that Helen was in a full trance did I move on to the more pressing questions.

"Why did you want me to hypnotise you, Helen?"

Helen frowned. This wasn't a simple question like the others. It required some degree of active thought. Her mind took a moment in search of the answer.

"Curious," Helen said slowly. "I was... curious."

It would seem Helen, unlike Emily, had trouble searching her mind for answers while in a trance. Another thing to keep note of in future.

"Curiosity over what being hypnotised would feel like, or curiosity over if you could be hypnotised in the first place?"

Helen struggled for a moment before answering.

"Both."

I stopped for a moment, contemplating where to go from here. A single trance wouldn't work for my plans. But, as with Emily, I had no guarantee for further sessions. And, unlike Emily, I didn't have the luxury of weeks to hammer down pros and remove cons for Helen. There was this one session, fuelled by curiosity. Once the trance ended, Helen's curiosity would be sated and she'd have no reason to want another.

Unless I gave her more to be curious about.

"Have you ever seen a hypnotist stage show, either in person or on TV?" I asked.

"Yes."

No struggle or hesitation this time. Interesting.

"Was it in person, or on TV?"

"Both," Helen said after the briefest pause.

She'd been to a show in person? I hadn't known that. It must have been before we met, back when she was a child.

"Did the hypnotists ever make their subject believe that they were a chicken or some other animal?"

Chickens were the most popular. Embarrassing and not likely to pee on the stage.

"Yes."

"Hypnosis can not make you do something you're morally opposed to, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

Of course, morality - what you think is right and wrong - can change. And can be changed. Best not to mention that to Helen right now.

"But it can make someone lose control of themselves, like with turning them into chickens. Right?"

"Yes."

And now for the gamble. My plan hinged on the answer Helen gave to my next question. If it was a 'yes', I could work with it. If not, then I'd have to change tact. Try something else.

"We haven't had sex in a while. And even when we do have sex, it's boring and uninteresting. You've been feeling very deprived sexually lately, haven't you?"

I crossed my fingers and hoped as Helen struggled with the answer. Finally, she answered.

"Yes."

I let out a relieved sigh. It made sense, I couldn't be the only one in this relationship wanting a more fun, interesting sex life. Albeit, I doubted my wife had quite the same level of 'fun' and 'interesting' desires as I did.

"Hypnosis can be used to liven up our sex life."

A statement of fact, not a question.

"It can be kinky to have no control with your partner, can't it?" I asked, recalling times where Helen and I had toyed around with blindfolds and handcuffs. Too many years ago.

Helen struggled some more, gave an uncertain "Yes."

From there, it was easy. I made arguments for how fun playing with hypnosis could be, how it would enrich out stagnant sex lives, how she wasn't *really* losing control if she couldn't be made to do something she didn't want to. I planted the ideas in her head, and removed her memory of the trance, began the process of waking her.

Tomorrow, as she went about her day, these ideas would pop up in her head of their own accord, and Helen would think they were all her own ideas. With a bit of luck, and gentle nudging, she'd come to me with these ideas. And, humble as I am, I would agree to hypnotise her.

The sex and kinky side of hypnosis might be fun but, ultimately, it was simply a means to an end. I'd use kinky sex as a pretence to hypnotise Helen and slowly reprogram her mind, same as I'd started doing with Emily.

That was the plan. Time would tell how well it worked, or if Helen took the bait at all.

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I took Friday off, as did Helen. It was Emily's last exam, and both Helen and I wanted to be there when she got out. Maybe take her somewhere nice as a reward for how hard she'd been trying.

We picked her up at around midday, driving her to a local restaurant. As tired as Emily was, she seemed happy. No doubt relieved that her exams were over.

"Everyone's getting together later," Emily said as we were eating. She glanced pointedly at Helen and a look passed between them. "Is it okay if I sleep over?"

Helen had always been the strict parent, the one Emily went to when asking for something. In this case, it was no doubt an end of exam party. A smaller party, I imagined. Just Emily and her close friends. Not one of the obnoxiously loud, countless teenagers and young adults getting wasted affairs that me and Helen used to enjoy back in the day. Unlike us, Emily was responsible.

My wife gave her consent, then started talking about holidays and vacations and family outings. It seemed the waterpark trip had awoken something in her. A flare for life and excitement and adventure that she'd lost at some point in the last two decades.

After heading home to change, Emily left for her and her friends' party. No mention of hypnosis. A shame, but not a death sentence. There was still time for her to come to me.

I tried not to think about it. Pointless dwelling on things you couldn't change.

When one door closes, another opens. Emily being out meant I was alone with Helen. She'd been shooting me sideways glances for most of the day. Curious and thoughtful glances. If I was right, she'd been contemplating the erotic aspects of hypnosis, following the tiny suggestions I'd implanted.

Back in the day, Helen had been a veritable sex kitten. It had been her, not me, to propose our most illicit and capricious sexual activities. And, even so, that little sex kitten I'd married had turned into a far too conservative housewife.

Everything had been amazing up until Emily had been born. And I do mean when she was born, not when she was conceived. Even pregnant, Helen had been insatiable. Then, after Emily's birth, she'd toned the sexual exploits back. She'd needed time to recover from pushing a human being out of her vagina she said and, well, the lull had never ended.

But the sex kitten I'd married was still in there somewhere.

It had to be.

That was the gamble I was making with Helen. I'd bet everything on that sexual part of my wife still existing deep down inside her. If I was right, on some level she'd want to be hypnotised for the sexual gratification. It was very much something a younger Helen would have been down for. And if I was wrong...

I'd have to find another way to hypnotise her.

And if Emily didn't come to me, I'd find a different way to hypnotise her, too.

I'd come too far to give up now.

Night brought good news. I was in the bedroom having told Helen I needed to work from home for a few hours, seeing as I hadn't gone in today. In reality, I was spying on Helen's internet activity in real time. And her searches were very positive.

'Hypnosis and sex'.

'Hypnosis dangers'.

'Mind control fetish'.

'Erotic hypnosis'.

It seemed that my plan was working, at least so far. Some nudging in the right direction and I might well be able to convince Helen to give it a try. Reawakening her inner sex kitten would be amazing, having the ability to reprogram her mind would be a hundred times better.

As midnight approached, Helen stopped browsing the internet. I heard her moving around the otherwise silent house, preparing for bed. I set my own laptop aside and waited.

Helen came into the room, wearing another drab nightgown, her jet black hair brushed neatly back. She stared at me oddly for a moment, then climbed into bed beside me.

It didn't seem like she was going to take the initiative.

If that was case, then I'd be the one to bring the subject up. Best to strike now, while the iron was hot.

"Emily's not here," I said casually.

Helen raised an eyebrow, smiled. "Really? I hadn't noticed."

It was sarcasm, but light-hearted and fun sarcasm.

"Do you know what that means?" I asked, smiling softly myself.

"Tell me," Helen said, playing along.

I leaned in conspiratorially, lowered my voice to a whisper. "We can be as loud as we want."

Helen let out a loud, carefree laugh. The joyous, infectious kind of laugh that she'd been doing so much over the last week. I joined in with her, chuckling softly.

She remembered. I wondered if she would. See, it wasn't the first time we'd had the same conversation. Almost identical, in fact. Only last time it was Helen telling me that we could be as loud as we wanted, and it wasn't Emily that was out - it was Helen's parents.

Over twenty years, and we both still remembered that night.

Another thoughtful expression crossed Helen's face. She was considering asking about hypnosis. She wanted to ask about the sexual, erotic side of it. But something was stopping her.

"You know," I said, capitalizing on the situation, "there's more you can do with hypnosis than helping with stress."

Helen's eyes widened. "Oh?" she said, feigning ignorance.

I grinned.

Curiosity killed the cat and hypnotised the kitten. It was almost too easy to convince Helen into letting me hypnotise her again. It seemed she was just as erotically frustrated as I was. After telling her some of the possibilities, she all but begged me to put her under.

That's an exaggeration. In truth, she'd acted aloof and unsure, even as her eyes told me how much she wanted to try something new and exciting.

"What is your name?" I asked. Best to establish the question and answer format early.

"Helen."

"What is our daughter's name?"

"Emily."

"Where is Emily right now?"

A struggle. Odd, it should have been an easy question to answer. Why was she having difficulty?

"Connor's house," Helen said at last.

What?

Who the fuck was Connor?

My brain caught up with my reaction a few seconds later. Emily was at a boy's house. Helen knew about it. Which meant that this Connor person must be Emily's boyfriend.

That she even had a boyfriend was news to me.

It made sense. She was at that age. Older, really. Me and Helen had been younger when we'd started having sex. Still, it was a surprise. And not exactly a happy one.

Still, the fact that Emily was sexually active might come in handy with suggestions down the line.

I took a breath, filed the information away for later. Returned my attention to Helen.

"How old are you?"

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After Helen got her bearings, waking from the trance groggy and steadily shaking it off, she looked at me. I could see the uncertainty and disappointment in her eyes.

"I don't feel any different," she said.

"Oh, really?" I smiled. "Toffee."

Helen's reaction was instantaneous. Her eyes shot open in surprise, mouth dropping in a silent 'oh'. Her body jerked, her back arched. A slight, surprised sigh escaped her open lips.

That was the first of my temporary suggestions. The word 'toffee' causing a sudden wave of arousal and pleasure.

It was easy to implant a suggestion like that - one that Helen's mind was ready for and more than willing to receive, one that would only last for a few hours. It wouldn't change who she was, and any changes that it did make would revert within a day or two at most.

Reprogramming was much more difficult, a far longer process by far. To rewrite a person's identity without them noticing was no small task.

After getting over the immediate shock, Helen blushed. I imagine a part of her hadn't expected erotic hypnosis to actually work. She started to say something, a question about what I'd done and how I'd done it. I ignored it.

"Toffee," I said again.

Helen spasmed, actually moaned this time. Now that she was aware of what was happening, she could enjoy it in full.

I reached out to touch one of her breasts - her hardened nipples now visible against her nightgown. The moment my thumb brushed against the protrusion on Helen's nipple, she let out a loud gasp.

Heightened sensitivity. Another of the short-term suggestions. Helen leaned back and I set to work teasing her body, forcing an onslaught of pleasure on her.

Giving her an amazing experience here would ensure she came back for more later. More hypnotic sessions meant more true alterations to her. And the mind-blowing sex we were about to have, well, that was certainly a nice bonus.

Emily sent me a text the next day, just as I was leaving work and headed home, asking me to pick her up from a local retail centre.

I pulled up, opened the front passenger door for her to slip in, then set off on the way home. I was expecting a quiet drive, a few 'how was the part?' and 'how was your day' kind of small-talk questions, nothing big or unusual. But what Emily asked as I drove us home was something else entirely.

"Hey Dad," she spoke softly, sounding a little nervous. "When we get home, could you hypnotise me again? Not for college or anything like that. Just to help me wind down and relax."

I smiled softly at her, trying to mask the fireworks of victory and excitement exploding inside me.

"Sure thing, princess."