

## Baby Steps - Trancing Emily

### Chapter 5 of 8

Emily. Oh, Emily. Watching her as I started the induction, I couldn't help but remember what my wife had said. Emily had a boyfriend. No doubt she'd gotten laid last night. If she was anything like her mother, probably once or twice today, too.

Looking at her body, seeing the curves, those wonderful melons, that pretty face, I couldn't blame a guy for wanting in on it. / wanted in on it.

After the initial shock and surprised passed, I'd given the newly revealed information some consideration. Emily being sexually active wasn't a bad thing. It might well be useful down the line, when it came time to turn her into my plaything. Her knowing about sex, how to please men, would certainly be welcome.

If she were still a virgin, Emily would be far less open to talking about anything sexual - even in a trance. It still wouldn't be easy - I was her father, after all. But it would make thing a little less difficult at least.

As Emily fell into the trance, answering my simple questions with mindless ease, I pulled out my phone and started recording the audio.

~emily\_14.mp3~

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Relaxed," came Emily's emotionless response.

"Would you like to continue having these sessions?"

Her eyelids fluttered. "Yes."

Victory. Right there, in one word, was my future. As long as these trances continued, and barring any unforeseen circumstances, I'd be able to achieve everything I planned. Now that Emily had a solid desire to be hypnotised, I could strengthen it. I could ensure this continued as long as I needed.

"You like the feelings you get after I've hypnotised you, don't you? They help you relax and make you happy."

"Yes."

"You like being relaxed and happy, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Which means you must like being hypnotised by me, right?"

"Yes."

"Do you like being hypnotised by me?"

"Yes."

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As evening arrived, I reviewed the data I'd gathered. The progress I was making. It was good, great even. But, so far, I'd not done a lot to alter Emily in any significant way. I'd made her feel a compulsion to repay kindness to me, and I'd given her a desire for more trances.

Both were a good start, but it was time for something more. A change that I'd be able to see.

Emily was always wearing shirts and tops that hid her chest. Rarely did she ever wear something that revealed any sort of cleavage. She wore tight tops, sure, and clothes that revealed how amazing her body was. But she never wore anything at all suggestive or provocative that I'd ever seen.

Even at the waterpark, she'd worn a conservative bathing suit instead of a bikini.

That was no good. No good at all.

But how to change it? I couldn't make Emily want to show herself off until I knew why she wasn't already doing it. Simply put, I needed to know why she was hiding that body of hers so much when it was entirely unnecessary.

Helen. I'd ask Helen. She'd know.

And, judging from the smile that had been plastered on her face since last night, I doubted she'd have any reservations about me putting her under again tonight.

### ~helen\_03.mp3~

"Did you enjoy our little holiday at the waterpark?"

"Yes," my wife said.

"You wore a bathing suit, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why did you wear a one-piece bathing suit and not a bikini?"

It was something I was actually interested know, and not just as topic I could lead seamlessly into Emily's attire. Helen had a great body, a gracefully mature rival to Emily's youthful figure. Sure, Helen's breasts had a bit more sag to them, as to be expected with their size and her age. But she still had a body most women envied and most men lusted after. Why hide it away as she had?

"My breasts."

I raised an eyebrow. "What about them?"

"They would fall out of a bikini," Helen said. She seemed to have a little difficulty explaining, judging from the slight twitching her body was doing.

I'd never considered that her tits were too big for a bikini before. It certainly hadn't stopped her when we were young. In a way, though, it made sense. Water slides and lots of moving about, one could see how a breast might come free from its confines. I'd simply assumed that Helen was trying to be an unsexy, responsible 'mother'.

"Is that why you packed Emily a one-piece bathing suit instead of a two-piece bikini?" I asked.

Helen was silent for a moment before she answered.

"Emily doesn't own a bikini."

That was news to me. I thought all young women owned a bikini, especially nowadays. Helen had certainly owned her fair share when we were younger. It seemed almost like a right of passage into womanhood to go out and wear a two-piece during Summer.

"Why doesn't Emily own a bikini?"

"She's self-conscious," Helen said, no longer struggling.

But she looked amazing. What did she have to be self-conscious about? Greek goddesses would be envious of Emily's body.

"What is Emily self-conscious about?"

"Breasts," Helen answered devoid of emotion.

Emily's breasts made her self-conscious? I gave it a few moments of thought. They were large. Huge, even. And they'd started growing in when she was pretty young. If I was remembering correctly, she used to get teased about having large breasts as a teenager - by boys and girls alike. That might have something to do with it.

That wasn't okay. A woman with assets like Emily should embrace them. Enjoy them, use them, show them off to the world and feel confident and free with them. Not be caged by cloth, hidden from sight.

This self-conscious attitude Emily had towards her body had to go. And it would. I'd

see to that.

~emily\_15.mp3~

"What did your mother pack for you to wear when we went to the waterpark?" I asked, sticking to the plan.

If I outright asked about her breasts and her issues with them, her mind would probably not take it well. Out of no-where, it was surprising and invasive to ask. If I lead her into it with a few questions beforehand, I'd likely have a much better result.

"A swimsuit," Emily answered.

"Do you like the swimsuit she packed for you?"

A bit of eyelid fluttering. "Yes."

Interesting.

She liked the bathing suit, but something about the answer, or the question, made her mind puzzle over it.

"Did you like *wearing* the swimsuit your mother packed for you when you were at the waterpark?"

When in doubt, be more specific. Especially with Emily, whose mind seemed a bit more literal than her mother's.

"No," Emily stated blankly.

I wanted to follow up by asking if she'd have preferred a bikini instead. I almost did. But I stopped myself. I was too eager. Asking too early would be jumping the gun. I needed to know more. The more I knew, the more efficiently I could change Emily into what I'd fantasised and dreamed about for so long.

"Why didn't you like wearing the swimsuit your mother packed for you?" I asked instead.

Judging from Emily's reaction, it was quite a loaded question. Her eyelids fluttered dangerously, her mouth opened and closed a few times, her head ever so slightly twitched side to side. A part of me panicked, wanted to backtrack and change tact, but I held firm.

At last, Emily answered.

"It was embarrassing."

"Why embarrassing?" I pressed.

There was struggling, though less now. When Emily answered, a hint of uncertainty crept into her otherwise monotone voice.

"Tia and Ally were wearing cute swimsuits and I was stuck in something boring. Everyone kept staring at me."

I doubted people were staring because they thought Emily's one-piece was boring. But it at least made sense why she found her bathing suit embarrassing. She believed it made her stand out from her two friends.

"Would you have preferred if your mother had packed you a bikini instead?" I asked, sure I knew the answer. If she didn't want a one-piece bathing suit, then by process of elimination she must prefer the idea of a two-piece.

Emily recoiled - physically recoiled - from the question. Her entire body spasmed. My heart stopped. I was sure she must have woken up - to the point that I was actively reaching to hide my currently recording phone - when Emily answered.

"No," she said loudly.

The moment the word was out of her mouth, she settled down.

I waited for a few seconds, my hand hovering above the phone, before I let out a breath I hadn't even realised I was holding.

Emily; not a fan of bikinis apparently.

Didn't like wearing full bathing suits, didn't like wearing bikinis. Yeah, that sounded

like a woman's love-hate relationship with clothing to me.

"You don't want to wear bikinis, is that right?" I asked.

It was risky to delve into Emily's insecurity too much, especially from her reaction to the last question, but I needed to take risks if I was ever going to get as far as I wanted with her.

Thankfully, she didn't react so violently this time.

"Yes."

"You don't like wearing them, right?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you like wearing bikinis?"

The struggle renewed. It seemed that this trance would be a constant battle. I made sure to keep an eye on Emily's face, searching for any sign that the trance might be wearing off. I'd avoid waking her at all costs.

"Your mother told me that they make you self-conscious and uncomfortable," I added. Emily seemed to ease down a little at my words, so I continued speaking. "You trust me, remember? I've been so nice to you and you want to be nice back."

Emily's mouth opened as if to answer, but no words came.

"I'm here to help you," I soothed. "You can tell me anything."

"I," Emily began, the words sounding difficult for her to get out, "don't like my breasts."

I knew as much already, yet hearing Emily confess it to me was monumental. Helen and Emily had a close bond as mother and daughter; they talked to each other about things that they, or at least Emily, couldn't bring up with me. Emily could talk to Helen about her troubles and insecurities, she could talk about having a boyfriend and sex. All the things she'd never come to me for in a million years.

And here she was, admitting to not liking her breasts. To me.

The best thing about that? I was in a position to change it.

Not just for my benefit - much as I would love to see more of those tits and that body around the house, the more revealing the better. But because it would help Emily. She felt uncomfortable in her own skin, with her own body. I couldn't help but feel bad for her, my natural instinct as a father was to help Emily overcome this problem she had with herself.

And if it meant more skin on display, I wouldn't complain.

Helping Emily was a win-win situation all round.

"There's nothing wrong with your body," I began.

The trick here was simple. All I needed to do was implant tiny little messages in her mind, words and phrases that would pop into her head when she thought about her body and bust. With luck, the little comments would sink in and bolster Emily's confidence and, over time, would replace her old thought pattern with a newer, more open mindset.

"A lot of women want larger breasts. It doesn't make sense to dislike something that so many other women are jealous of."

"Men like large breasts. They make you more attractive to the boys that you like."

"There's nothing wrong with showing a bit of skin."

On and on it went.

"Who cares what others think?"

"You're young, you're meant to show off."

"Being so busty makes you special."

"If you've got it, flaunt it."

I doubted much would change right away - it would be many trances and many repetitions of the same things before the messages started to sink in. But it was a start. In time, Emily would feel more and more comfortable showing skin. And after that, I'd make her *enjoy* showing her body off.

Baby steps. One at a time.

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A quiet evening in the with family, Helen on her laptop and Emily sending messages on her phone. The TV was on, but I doubt any of us were paying that much attention to whatever show was on it. Modern family life for you - every person lost in their own little digital world.

My laptop was open, a collection of recorded audio filed on screen. None were playing, I just liked having them there. It helped me think and plan.

I'd made progress with both Emily and Helen. I had them both in a position where I could hypnotise at my leisure, and I'd started with the second phase of my plan.

From here on out, things would get a lot more interesting.

When it came to Helen, I intended to return her to the sex-loving young woman I'd married. The sex-kitten. Only with a few modifications to her morals. As much as a sexual fiend my wife had once been, I doubted she'd have been down with incest. Or sharing her man. I'd need to remedy that. I had a few ideas on how to make it work, but the proof is in the testing. Time would tell how effective I was at changing Helen's mindset.

As for Emily, I knew exactly what I wanted to do. On one hand I'd make her far more open and revealing in what she wore, make her feel confident enough to strut around the house totally naked. On the other, I'd plant the seeds of an incestuous fetish in her. Maybe a kink towards older men, a desire to please, a love of being controlled, an obsession with all things naughty.

From there, it would be all too easy to bring her to bed.

Across the room, Emily stretched. Arms in the air, back curved and chest pushed outwards, it was a beautiful sight. She relaxed into a slumped sitting position for a few seconds, then rose to her feet.

"Tia's having a sleepover," Emily said, glancing towards her mother. A look crossed between them, an expression that lasted no more than a fraction of a fraction of a second. "Can I go?"

It was bullshit. Now that I knew Emily had a boyfriend, and that she was sexually active, I could see the real question in her eyes. 'Can I stay over at Connor's place tonight?'

"You can go," Helen nodded, "just try not to get into any trouble. I know what you girls are like. Safety first. And don't stay up too late!"

Emily rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah. Thanks Mom."

Just as Emily was leaving the room, I spoke up.

"Princess," I said, a bit louder than I'd intended, "since you won't be here tonight, I could put you under before you go. If you want."

I hadn't thought before speaking. Unusual for me with my logical mind to be so impulsive. But I saw a golden opportunity and went for it.

The words hung in the air for a moment, me worrying about overstepping my bounds while Emily considered. Then she gave a bright smile and nodded her head once.

"Sure."

~emily\_16.mp3~

"You are a girl, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Which means you must think like a girl, right?"

"Yes."

"And if you think like a girl, it means you *don't* think like a boy, correct?"

"Yes," Emily said, a slight hesitation this time.

"What kinds of things do you believe boys think about?"

It was an open-ended question, usually not a good type of thing to ask someone in a trance. You never wanted to stimulate the brain too much with over-thinking or you risked bringing them out of it. But in this case, I'd made an exception.

"Girls," Emily stated. "Video games, cars, sports, food-"

"That's enough," I interrupted. Quite stereotypical things in there, which was to be expected. "You're partly right, but you missed out the most important things."

I took a little breath. Unlike every trance previously, I was on a time limit. I couldn't keep this going too long, what with Emily wanting to leave for her 'sleepover' soon. But, at the same time, I couldn't rush. Rushing meant mistakes. Mistakes I couldn't afford to make.

"Boys like breasts and butts," I continued. "Especially when it comes to their girlfriends. And they like being called 'daddy' by their girlfriends too."

Emily was frowning. Her mind wasn't used to me talking about this kind of thing and, as far as she was aware, I knew nothing about this Connor that she was obviously sleeping with. I could almost see the cogs in her mind working, trying to keep up with the unexpected route this trance had taken.

"Guys like breasts and butts," I reiterated. "And guys like to be called 'daddy' by their girlfriends."

Emily shifted, her frown deepening. Any more and she'd come perilously close to waking up, I was sure.

Best not to push it any more, I decided, and started soothing Emily back down into a comfortable trance. Going through the same old suggestions and programming as usual, though quicker this time around.

The 'daddy' thing would open a door in Emily's mind, with any luck. The most acceptable, least taboo form of incest-related kinks was daddy/daughter play. I'd tried it with Helen myself, years back. It was harmless fun. But it did open that door, if only by a tiny amount.

And, if the kink stuck, how hard would it be for me to change her calling her boyfriend 'daddy' into thinking about her *actual* daddy?

I crossed my fingers and hoped that my message had sunk in.

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Half an hour later, Emily left the house wearing a button-up plaid shirt. Usually every button to her collarbone was done up, her breasts straining whatever shirt she was wearing at the time. Today was different. Buttons were undone down to Emily's chest, giving a glimpse at the cleavage beneath.

It was a tiny change. Unnoticeable if you weren't looking for it.

And yet I couldn't help but grin as Emily walked out the door, disappeared down the street. Small as it was, the change was undeniable. If this was the progress I'd gotten after just two sessions, how much would Emily be revealing after a dozen? How far could I get her in just a few weeks?

She might be sleeping in a some guy's bed tonight. Might well try calling him 'daddy'.

But, one day, she'd want nothing in the world more than to fall asleep atop me, her real dad, with my hands on her body and my cock filling her insides.

It was only a matter of time.