

Baby Steps - Trancing Emily

Chapter 6 of 8

When one door closes, another opens. As far as sayings went, that was one of the more inaccurate. Sometimes when a door closed, it slammed shut and locked you in. Still, closing a literal door behind Emily did enable options. While my daughter was at her 'sleepover', Helen and I would be alone.

Being alone for the night meant I could keep her in a trance for as long as I needed. And, now that she was fully open to the idea of me hypnotising her, I could begin her alterations in full.

And I knew exactly where to start.

~helen_04.mp3~

"Have you been enjoying the sex we've been having since I started hypnotising you?"

"Yes."

"Hypnotism has been good for our sex life, yes?"

"Yes."

"Giving me this control over you was a good idea, wasn't it?"

A slight pause, then, "Yes."

"Giving me control leads to you feeling nice, feeling happy, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Giving me control is good," I stated. A fact. "You want to keep feeling nice and happy, you want us to continue having a great sex life, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You want me to keep hypnotising you, yes?"

"Yes."

"Which means you want to keep giving me control, isn't that right?"

Another short hesitation. "Yes."

"You want me to have control over you." Another statement of fact. "After all, it helps make you happy, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"You want me to control you, yes?"

This one was risky. There was a difference between *giving* control to someone, and them actually having and using that control by default. A person can like the idea of a thing, yet not want it to happen. Helen was okay with giving me control in certain instances, but she might not *want* me to have control over her. I was relying on Helen's raw, hidden sexuality to help with this. If she found the idea of actively being controlled and manipulated kinky, then she'd likely want to try it out - would want it to happen. If not, then I'd have to make it a kink first.

The silence was deafening. The corner of Helen's mouth twitched, a slight furrow appeared on her brow.

"Yes," she answered at last.

"Say it," I commanded.

Whenever I stated something to a tranced Helen or Emily, their minds would remember it. I could tell Emily to be more confident in a trance and - subconsciously - her mind would remember it later on, after the trance had ended. Logically, if whatever statements I made stuck, then whatever statements Emily or Helen made in their trances would stick too - maybe stick even more so as it was they themselves who were stating it.

That was my thinking.

If I could get Helen to repeat and reinforce my suggestions, they'd be that much

stronger. Or so I hoped.

I looked at Helen as she spoke, crossed my fingers and hoped that my plan would work.

"I want you to control me."

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Emily got home early the next day, the circles under her eyes a testament to how little sleep she'd gotten. She'd probably been up half the night getting plowed, if she were anything like her mother. Too much sex and not enough sleep make for a tired-faced young woman.

I figured she'd head straight to her bedroom and pass out, get the shut-eye she'd missed during the night. Instead, Emily came to me, a nervous and uncertain air about her.

"Hey dad," Emily said, those big, beautiful eyes wide open, "I was wondering," she paused. "Can you hypnotise me again please?"

That was unexpected.

I opened my mouth to reply, only to be cut off by my daughter.

"I know I've been asking a lot. I'm sorry. It's okay if you don't want to," she was talking in a rush, words tumbling over each other as Emily tried to get them all out. "I don't want to be a bother or anything. I just, I don't-"

"Emily," I said firm and loud, interrupting her. "Yes, I'll hypnotise you."

She let out her breath, smiled.

"Thank you," she said softly.

~emily_17.mp3~

It was good that Emily wanted to be hypnotised. Excellent, in fact. That she came to me so easily, was so pleased and grateful to me for putting her under, was a giant leap in the right direction. But something was off about it.

She wouldn't have been so eager under normal circumstances, I was sure. When you come home after pulling an all nighter tumbling under the bedsheets, your first thought would usually be to take a shower or a nap. You tended not to want to de-stress - that was half the point of a night spent fucking in the first place.

For Emily, that's what hypnosis was right now. A tool to help her relax, a way to get rid of her stresses.

She had seemed very intent on asking me to put her under. Which meant that she felt she *needed* it. The question was *why* she felt the need to de-stress after what should have been a very unstressful night.

"Did you enjoy your sleepover?" I asked.

Emily's eyelids fluttered. Straight off with the difficulty answering my questions. This one shouldn't have even been that difficult to answer. Yes or no.

Only that was incorrect. The realisation hit me, an invisible lightbulb blazing into life above my head.

Emotions were not a simple 'on' and 'off' state. They weren't 'yes' and 'no'. They were variables. Spectrums of feelings. A person could enjoy something a lot, or they could barely enjoy something, or not enjoy it at all. And anything in between. You could enjoy something emotionally, while feeling uncomfortable physically, and vice versa. Emotions were complex, multi-layered, abstract in hues and shades. To compress all that down to a 'yes' or 'no' was wrong - the answers, while honest, might be full of errors and missed details.

Finally, Emily answered.

"Yes."

She had enjoyed her sleepover. But if that were the whole story, there wouldn't have been a struggle. If she had simply enjoyed herself with no strings attached, her subconscious mind would not have needed to battle with itself for an answer.

If everything had gone well, she wouldn't have come to me to take away her stress.

I considered for a short moment.

"On a scale of one to ten, with one being indifference and ten being utterly amazing, how much did you enjoy your sleepover?"

Prying was dangerous. Emily wasn't aware that I knew about Connor. As far as she knew, I believed she'd spend the night innocently with her friends. If I revealed too much in my questioning, it might jar her mind, make her think about things I didn't want her to.

"Four," Emily said after a moment.

"And, on a scale of one to ten, how much did you dislike your sleepover?"

"Five," she replied, a tiny trickle of annoyance finding its way into her monotone voice.

She disliked it more than she liked it. Interesting. I wanted to ask why, wanted to know more. But I couldn't. If I did, I was sure Emily would not react well. She might even wake up. It hadn't happened once yet, and I intended to keep it that way.

So how could I find out more, while still being vague enough in my questioning as to not raise an alarm in Emily's subconscious?

"If," I began after thinking it through, "you could describe your sleepover in just one word, what would that word be?"

A thought-filled look crossed Emily's face. No struggling. That was a good sign. She opened her mouth to answer.

"Disappointing."

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So, there was trouble in paradise. Emily and her boyfriend were having some issues it seemed. I'd continued my questions, prying as much information as I could out of Emily while maintaining the facade that she'd been at a friend's house.

From what vague information I could gather, it appeared that Emily and Connor were not getting along so well. Information which I might be able to use to my advantage. But how?

Did I want to drive Emily away from her boyfriend?

Ultimately yes. She was to be mine and mine alone. At some point, Emily would have to end things with Connor. It was inevitable. But did I want that to happen right now?

That was the real question.

Did Emily having a boyfriend help me in any way? Could I use it to further my plans?

Perhaps.

Something for me to ponder later. For the time being, I'd continue with my plan. Cement a 'daddy' kink in Emily, make it so that she started thinking about me in a sexual way. At first, she would likely feel disgusted with herself, as I had when I'd first started thinking about her in that same way. But, over time, and with a bit of mental persuasion, she'd come to accept it and desire it. Indulge in it.

When I was done with her, Emily would crave my touch just as much as I craved to touch her.

I climbed into bed beside Helen.

She was wearing another of her bland nightgowns. Only this one was a little more revealing than others. It was V-necked, showing a nice little cleave between her breasts. Where the others were loose and shapeless, this was was tight at Helen's hips, revealing her womanly figure. The hem of the nightgown, rather than stopping at her shins, ended at her knees.

It wasn't particularly sexy, and was still conservative and concealing. But, by the grown-up, motherly Helen's standards, it was downright pornographic.

She was smiling at me, a glimmer in her eyes reminiscent of the girl I'd fallen for all those years ago.

There was an excitement there, a flare for life and fun.

Mischief.

"So," she said, a sly smile pulling at her lips, "do you want to take control of me again tonight, lover-boy? Turn me into your personal plaything?"

She held the expression for a second, a single second of pure erotic desire.

And then she burst into laughter.

I watched, eyes wide, bemused, as Helen laughed and giggled to herself. It was a musical sound, even with the occasional cute little snort of laughter or two in there.

She tried controlling herself, suppressing her sudden amusement, until she saw my confused expression and the laughing fit redoubled.

"Sorry," she snorted, watery eyed, "I'm sorry."

It took her a few moments, but eventually Helen calmed down. A big smile on her face, rubbing the tears from her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said again, grinning at me, "I was trying to be sexy and, well..."

And she'd realised what she said, and couldn't help but bursting into a fit of hysterical laughter at how silly it sounded to her.

Ironically, it was exactly what I was doing to her. Turning her into my personal plaything.

I smiled back at her.

If she thought the idea was so absurd, then she was far less likely to believe it was actually happening.

~helen_05.mp3~

"Do you remember what you were laughing about just before I hypnotised you?" I asked.

Helen smiled, feeling the amusement even in her trance.

"Yes."

"You asked if I was going to turn you into my plaything, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You laughed because it sounds silly. But really, some part of you - a small, little part - wants it to actually happen. Isn't that right?"

It was an educated guess. Helen wouldn't have said it unless she'd thought about it prior. With the suggestions I'd been giving her, and the fun we'd been having thanks to these sessions, she might well be developing some kind of hypnotic submission kink already.

It was a part of my grand scheme. But to actually see it beginning to work, even in such a small way, was exhilarating.

Helen struggled with the answer. Her mind not fully comfortable with the idea of being controlled. Yet. But, after a few seconds had passed, Helen opened her mouth and answered.

"Yes."

"Good," I said aloud. "Very good."

It wouldn't be long before Helen asked me to take control of her properly. Instead of finding it amusing, she'd be aroused and excited by the prospect. And, after that, she'd start wanting to be controlled and used so much, she'd actually beg for it.

Once I had that degree of control over Helen, it would be a walk in the park to warp her morals in such a way that, not only would she be totally okay with me fucking our daughter, she'd want to join in herself.

That type of modification to her personality was a good while away, however. And I had more pressing things to change.

Namely, all those damned ugly nightgowns.

"Helen," I started, voice solid and firm. "The nightgown that you're wearing right now, is it the sexiest one you own?"

"Yes," Helen answered obediently.

"You wore it because of that, didn't you? You wanted to look sexy tonight, yes?"

"Yes."

"But it's still not very sexy, not compared to the lingerie and outfits you used to wear, isn't that right?"

"Yes," Helen answered after a bit of struggling and frowning.

It was less her having difficulty finding the answer, I imagined, and more her not wanting to admit it.

"You don't actually own anything truly sexy or erotic any more, do you?"

"No."

"Tomorrow," I said, smiling, "you're going to change that."

~emily_18.mp3~

"I've been helping you a lot lately, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"Hypnosis is good. It takes away all of your stress, helps you to relax and feel nice, yes?"

"Yes."

"It can help make you feel more confident in yourself, and in your body, can't it?"

"Yes."

"And being confident in yourself and in your body is a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"So it would make sense to use hypnosis for that, wouldn't it? Using hypnosis to give you more confidence in yourself and your body, to make you more comfortable and free, is a good idea. Isn't it?"

A slight pause.

"Yes."

That was exactly the answer I was looking for. Not that I really needed it, but it was helpful to have her subconscious agree to the idea. That Emily, on some deep level, was accepting my aid would make what I had to do next somewhat easier.

"Emily, do you remember the bathing suit you wore when we went to the waterpark?"

"Yes."

"You didn't like it, did you?"

"No."

"It made you embarrassed to wear, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Everyone else was wearing a bikini, so you stood out. And that made you feel uncomfortable, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"But you're too shy and embarrassed to wear a bikini yourself, aren't you?"

Emily's eyelids fluttered slightly.

"Yes."

"You don't want people to see you in a bikini because you're worried what they'll think, how they'll judge you, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

And now for the logic trap.

"Your parents, your mother and I, love you deeply. We'll never be judgemental towards you, and you never need to worry about what we'll think of your clothing. At home, you're safe from worrying what people will think. At home, you're safe from people judging you on your appearance. Yes?"

"Yes."

"So, logically, at home you'd be able to wear a bikini and not have to feel uncomfortable. Since there's only me and your mother here, no one will be able to see you and nobody will be able to judge you. You won't have to worry what anyone will think at all."

I let that sink in, gave Emily's mind time to process the information.

"Hypothetically, you could wear a bikini at home as a way of getting used to it. That way, you'd feel more comfortable wearing one when you're outside. In a way, wearing a bikini at home would help you with your self-confidence and, in doing so, would make you much happier all-round. From a purely hypothetical standpoint, wearing a only bikini at home is a good idea, isn't it?"

The cogs were turning in Emily's head. A frown, twitchy eyelids, the corner of her mouth curling and uncurling. It wasn't an easy question for her to answer, I'd known before asking. That's why I'd made it a hypothetical. If I made it somehow less real, more of a simple idea or concept, then her mind might respond better to it.

Eventually, Emily answered.

"Yes," she said, sounding quite uncertain.

"Hypothetically, wearing only a bikini while at home is a good idea, isn't it?" I reiterated.

"Yes," a little more confident this time.

"Say it."

"Wearing only a bikini while at home is a good idea."

That was good. Great. But I needed to take it one step further. Now came the hard part. Taking it further by making the hypothetical into a reality.

"You don't own a bikini," I said. It was information that Emily didn't know I was aware of. Before her mind could absorb the fact, I went on. "So you can't wear a bikini around the house. But, if you think about it, a bikini is just a set of bra and panties made for swimming."

It wasn't exactly true, there were several distinct differences that separate the two clothing types. But, as far as modesty was concerned, they were about equal in their skin coverage.

"So, logically, wearing only a bra and panties around the house would work just as well as a bikini. And, since you don't own a bikini, wearing only a bra and panties would make more sense, wouldn't it?"

Emily was silent for a long time, unmoving save for the fluttering of her eyelids.

I considered rolling the question back, changing tact, finding another way around. But I didn't. She wasn't reacting violently, didn't seem close to waking up. So I let her mind take as long as it needed.

Eventually, she found her answer.

"Yes."

"It makes sense to wear only a bra and panties while at home, correct?"

"Yes."

"It's a good idea to only wear a bra and panties while at home, correct?"

"Yes."

"Good girl."

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I lay back, breathless, heart pounding and sweat coating my skin. Helen collapsed beside me, red-faced and panting. She was wearing a new nightie. A thin, black fabric, a single tear up one side, from knee to hip. The V-neck cut all the way down to Helen's navel, with little lace strings holding the cut fabric loosely together.

It was less nightie and more lingerie.

Revealing little but hinting at a lot. It was a good start to the collection I planned on growing for Helen and Emily. A perfect representation of things to come.

I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation of calm sleepiness. A smile was plastered on my face and, beside me, Helen was smiling too. Odd how you can know someone so well that, even when you can't see them, you can tell they're smiling. The way their breathing changes, as if the smile itself is changing the sound of their breath.

After a time, Helen cuddled into me.

I thought we were going to sleep then, was all but ready to let the happy drowsiness take me. Instead, Helen spoke, her voice soft and happily content.

"Emily wanted to talk to me earlier," she said. The moment she said our daughter's name, she had my full attention. "She said she wants to try something out to help with her self-consciousness."

"Yes?" I said, heart pounding heavily.

"Something about not wearing as much around the house. I can't really remember right now," Helen yawned, the tone of her voice getting sleepier with every word. "I don't know. Just try not to act surprised if you see her wearing a little less clothing than usual. She's..."

Whatever else Helen was going to say was lost as she fell asleep.

I felt my smile widening, even as my own mind faded into unconsciousness.