

## **Baby Steps - Trancing Emily**

### **Chapter 7 of 8**

A t-shirt. Never in my life have I been more disappointed to see a woman in a tight t-shirt. Emily, standing there in a t-shirt and yoga pants. Mildly sexy clothing most days, the tight top and pants showing her amazing figure beautifully. But today it was utterly anti-climactic.

Why wasn't she strutting about in her underwear?

I smothered the disappointment. It was foolish of me to think that the suggestion would work after only a single session. It would take time, reinforcement.

I was expecting too much. Moving too fast.

Emily was blushing slightly, I noted. For no discernible reason she felt shy or embarrassed. Why?

Could it be that she had considered going without clothes today? Was she thinking about it right now? Being a mind-reader would have helped immensely. If only I could put Emily under, ask her what was going through her head. But it was morning and I'd only ever really hypnotised her in the evening or night.

Without access to her subconscious mind, there was no way of telling what she was thinking.

Except no, that wasn't true at all.

I could do the exact same thing I'd done with Helen. I could look at her internet history. More than that. I could access her desktop computer, the one me and Helen had bought her for school years ago. And maybe, just maybe, I could gain access to her phone and all the text logs and files on it.

I'd grown so reliant of hypnosis to answer my questions that I hadn't even considered other means of gathering information.

Emily's internet browsing told me little. In the last few months, she had looked into breast reduction surgery, researched for her exams a lot, and had spent a lot of time watching videos. Nothing that I could use.

The breast reduction surgery was the only thing that really caught my eye. I'd known Emily was uncomfortable with her breasts, but I had no idea it was to this degree.

Suffice to say, there would be no reductions to Emily's assets on my watch.

I got onto Emily's computer easily enough while she and Helen were out of the house. Didn't even need to bypass a password or do anything tech-savvy. There was no password, no form of data protection at all.

There was also nothing in any way useful to me.

A part of me had been secretly hoping to find nude pictures of Emily on there somewhere. But, after over two hours of searching through every folder imaginable, I'd found nothing.

It made sense. With Emily's current attitude towards her body, of course she wouldn't be taking nude pictures left and right.

If there were any at all, they'd be on her phone. Or, more accurately, on Connor's phone.

Nether of which I had access to.

Next time I had Emily in a trance - likely later today - I might be able to get my hand on her phone for a short time. But that was pointless. There wouldn't be enough time to find any useful information, and it was unlikely she'd have any saved nude or lewd pictures of herself.

Dammit.

~emily\_19.mp3~

"You wore a t-shirt today, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You didn't walk around the house in your underwear, correct?"

"Yes."

And now for the important question.

"Did you think about walking around the house in only your underwear today?"

The familiar sight of Emily's struggling. I was so used to it now that I felt I knew exactly when to step in and stop it, and when to let it continue. This one, I let continue.

"Yes," Emily answered finally.

I could have asked a variety of questions then. Why didn't she. What stopped her. If she wanted to. A whole host of different questions that would have all been pointless. Answering those questions wouldn't help. I already knew what I needed to.

She'd thought about it. Contemplated it.

Which meant that some part of her was open to the idea.

All I needed to do was make that part of her stronger.

I talked and talked, giving Emily the same suggestions as I had last time. Added new ones about how it was normal to show that much skin to close family, that both her mother and I had seen her naked when she was younger so bras and panties were no big deal.

On and on it went.

When it was time to end the trance, nearly twenty minutes later, I felt sure that I'd done everything possible to convince Emily that strutting about almost naked was the best idea she'd ever had.

Now all I needed to do was convince Helen.

~helen\_06.mp3~

"Making sure that Emily is comfortable and happy is our job as parents, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Helping her feel comfortable is a good thing, yes?"

"Yes."

"We want her to be happy, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Emily doesn't like her body. Having large breasts makes her uneasy and anxious, yes?"

"Yes."

"Then, as her parents, it's our job to help change that, yes?"

"Yes."

"If Emily wants to start wearing only her underwear, bra and panties, around the house to help her get rid of her anxieties and discomfort, then we should support her, right?"

"Yes."

"But she'll feel even more uncomfortable if she's the only in her underwear, when me and you will be fully clothed. And that's not going to help her. It might even make things worse. Right?"

"Yes."

"So, if you're going to help Emily, you'll need to do the same thing and only wear underwear around the house. That way you'll help her feel less awkward about it. Right?"

If I knew Helen, and I knew her quite well as it just so happened, she'd do anything to help Emily.

She was a mother through-and-through. And it was precisely that mother's instance I was hoping for here. Not only would I get Emily more comfortable with strutting about in her undies, but I'd get Helen doing it too.

Two birds, one stone.

"Yes," Helen answered.

Perfect.

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The next evening, I was greeted home with a wonderful sight. My lovely wife sat down in the living room, watching TV nonchalant, wearing only black bra and panties.

Sure, the bra and panties in question were nothing remotely sexy. They were all practicality and for every-day usage. Boring, just like her nightgowns. But the fact that she was sitting there, almost entirely naked, her tits and cleavage on full display, was a welcome sight.

Emily was in the room too, looking more than a little awkward.

She looked at me as I entered the room, glanced quickly at her mother, then away. Blushing. She was blushing.

It was an adorable sight.

A shame that, unlike her mother, Emily was fully clothed.

No worries, I told myself. Soon enough, Emily would choose to follow Helen's example. It was just a matter of time. And, once I had them both accustomed to that state of undress, it would be a walk in the park to change 'underwear' into 'lingerie'.

For right now, I played dumb. Ignored my wife's clothing, or lack thereof, and took a seat. I'd let Emily believe that this was no big deal by giving no reaction to it.

### ~emily\_20.mp3~

"Your mother was wearing nothing but her underwear at home today, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Did she look uncomfortable at all?"

"No."

"Was there anything morally wrong about her walking around her own house like that?"

"No."

"Did her wearing a bra and panties reveal any more skin than if she'd worn a bikini?"

"No."

"You want to feel confident enough to wear bikinis, right?"

A pause. "Yes."

"And wearing only underwear is very similar to wearing a bikini, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Wearing only your underwear around the house, like your mother did today, can help you get used to the feeling of it without you needing to worry about what other people will think. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Wearing only your underwear around the house is a good idea, isn't it?"

"Yes."

I could stop it there. Continue reiterating this, implanting the idea in Emily's mind. I could leave it at that. But I didn't.

It was time to plant some new seeds.

"I am your father, yes?"

"Yes."

"And I want what's best for you, don't I?"

"Yes."

"I know a lot of things. Especially about being a man and knowing what guys like and want. Don't I?"

"Yes."

"And you're young. A young woman. You know a lot less about what guys like, don't you?"

"Yes."

"It's a parent's job to educate their child, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"But you're too shy and awkward to ask me for advice about guys, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"If you were more confident and less worried, you'd be able to ask me about what guys like, right?"

A pause. "Yes."

"Wearing only your underwear at home will help you to become more confident and less worried, won't it?"

That was the ploy. As Emily grew more sure of herself and less stressed, she'd become more comfortable talking to me about the type of things a father and daughter don't talk about. And, as it would happen alongside her growing confidence, it would seem entirely natural to her.

She'd never know that I was responsible for her desire to talk to me about boys and relationships and sex.

And, soon enough, telling her about sex would become showing her.

"Yes," Emily said in her emotionless monotone.

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I hypnotised Helen, told her that she'd done a good job today by not wearing clothes, that she was a good mother because of it. A simple little induction followed by a lovely night of sex.

My wife, it seemed, was far more open to suggestion than my daughter. I didn't know if that was down to her being naturally more open and forward and outgoing, or if it was down to the trust and faith she placed in me. Perhaps a combinations of the two. Ultimately, the why didn't matter anywhere near as much as how I could use it.

With Helen to guide Emily, I could accomplish a lot more in less time. If, after Emily started strutting about in her underwear, I wanted her to start wearing sluttier undies, all I'd need to do is have Helen lead by example while simultaneously convincing Emily's subconscious that it was normal, good and desirable. If I wanted Emily to work out at home, having Helen start doing it first would help immensely.

Now there was a nice picture. Emily and Helen, wearing nothing more than bra and panties, on treadmills. Bouncing breasts with a luminous sheen of sweat coating them.

A small home gym. Something for me to look into.

I sat in the living room, typing away on my laptop. Might as well get a little work done since nothing else was happening.

Helen was seated beside me on the sofa, legs curled up and bra-clad tits in full view. A beautiful woman, my wife. Even middle-aged and having gone through carrying a

child, she could still pass for a woman half her age. With a little light make-up and the right clothing, Helen could easily pass for Emily's older sister. And, now that her ugly nightgowns were out of the picture entirely, replaced with modest lingerie and simple undergarments, she was beginning to look more and more like the sex-kitten I'd married.

Life was good.

And it got even better a few minutes later, when Emily entered the room.

Wearing only a bra and panties.

White. Plain white.

Holy cow, her tits were huge.

She was looking at me, blushing furiously, she glanced away, stepped into the room pretending as if nothing was unusual about how she was dressed.

I looked away. I had to.

Paying too much attention to her now would be bad. Much as I wanted to stare, to examine those curves, doing it now was not a good idea. I'd have to wait until later, when I'd put Emily into a trance. Until then, I couldn't look at her. Couldn't risk making her feel any more uncomfortable than she must already be.

I had to make this normal for her. Regular.

With much mental effort, I forced my eyes back onto my laptop screen, forced myself to focus on the words and symbols.

### ~emily\_21.mp3~

Beautiful. Absolutely magnificent.

Keeping my eyes on her face, refusing to look at those mountains of fun, as I placed Emily into a trance had to be one of the most challenging things I've ever done. There they were, on full display, and I couldn't allow myself anything more than a glance here and there.

I felt like a moth attempting to resist a bright light.

Finally, after what seemed like a lifetime, Emily fell into the familiar monotone, empty and lifeless. And, at last, I could feast my eyes on my daughter's funbags.

Huge. Even bigger than I'd realised.

Emily was wearing a bra that was, evidently, a size or two too small. Her tits looked just about ready to explode out of it at any moment, strained as the bra seemed to be.

Her skin, soft and pale, was marred with faint stretch marks. No doubt a result of Emily's rapid breast expansion as she was growing up, increasing a cup size every other week. There were veins, too. Pale blue, beneath the surface of Emily's milky-white skin. Imperfections that, in some bizarre way, made my daughter's body even more appealing. They were signs of exactly how huge those tits were, how much of a woman Emily had become.

Each one of those amazing jugs was likely bigger than Emily's own head. It was hard to tell exactly how huge they were with that dull white bra concealing and compressing them.

In that moment, I wanted nothing more than to tear her bra off and watch those monsters bounce free. I wanted to feast my eyes on everything, to reach out and grab them, squeeze them. I wanted to bite them, to taste them. I wanted to whip my cock on and slide it between them.

The thought of straddling her stomach, fucking those beautiful tits with everything I had, shooting stream after stream of cum onto Emily's face, was intense. Insane.

I wanted to do it.

I *could* do it.

All it would take was a simple suggestion. All I'd need to do was remove Emily's

sense of physical touch, as I'd done before. And I'd be able to do everything I wanted. Anything I wanted.

I could. But I wouldn't.

If I wanted to fuck a limp body, I'd have bought a sex doll.

No, when I finally had my way with Emily, it would be at her request. I'd fuck those melons one day, when she came to me and asked me to. I'd plaster her face with cum, but only after she begged me to mark her as mine.

In the meantime, I had work to do.

"You did well today, Emily. Wearing only a bra and panties around the house was fine, wasn't it?" I said, snapping a few quick pictures on my phone for safe keeping.

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I continued on with the same suggestions as usual, as well as preparing for a large change I was planning.

When I was done with Emily for the night, I headed to the master bedroom where Helen was waiting for her own session of subtle brainwashing. Offering her mind up to me on a silver platter, inviting me to alter her in any way I saw fit.

Which led me the golden question.

How was I going to take Helen, with her mothering nature, and turn her into a woman who was fine with her husband fucking their daughter? How could I sway the would-be traditional housewife towards a life of incest and debauchery and sin?

When you have a problem, the first step should always be to find out if the problem is its own solution.

Helen was a loving mother to her core. That was the problem.

So I'd use it against her.

I'd use Helen's motherly love as a starting point for reprogramming her.

~helen\_08.mp3~

"Supporting Emily is our job as parents, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"We should support her in everything she wants."

Silence. Struggle. Straight off the bat.

The issue was 'everything'. I'd anticipated it before asking the question, was ready to counter.

"Emily is a smart girl, and she knows what's best for herself. Just like how she knew wearing less clothes around the house was good for her confidence. She can be trusted to make the right decisions for herself, can't she?"

"Yes."

"And it's our job as parents to support her, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"She can be trusted to make the right decisions, and it's our job to support her in those decisions, yes?"

"Yes."

"If Emily came to you and told you she wanted to date girls instead of boys, you'd support her because you're a good mother, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"If she told you that she wanted to bring a date home for sex, you would support her and allow it, and make sure she was as safe and comfortable as possible, wouldn't you?"

A slight pause. "Yes."

"Other people will be critical of Emily's choices, but she can rely on us to always support her, no matter what, can't she?"

"Yes."

"Because we know she'll always do the right thing for herself and we'll support her in everything because of that, won't we?"

Silence. Twitching and shifting.

"Yes," Helen said at last, uncertainty clear in her otherwise emotionless voice.

That was enough. For now, that was more than enough.

In time, I'd strengthen it. Make it absolute. To the point that, one day, Helen would be willing to accept absolutely anything Emily wanted, and would do everything in her power to make what Emily desired a reality.

If I was smart about it, played my cards right, when the time came for me to finally have Emily, it would be Helen herself who would ask me to pound the ever-loving shit out of our beautiful daughter.

That day, the day I'd finally penetrate my daughter, was drawing ever closer.

I could feel it.