

Baby Steps - Trancing Emily

Chapter 8 of 8

Life was good. Very good.

I sat at the dining table with my family, my beautiful wife and daughter. A completely ordinary morning, with Helen and Emily chatting away enthusiastically about work and school and general gossip. Lots of gesticulation. Lots of hands moving about the place, and breasts bouncing and jiggling to the motions.

Amazing how quickly something once considered indecent could become a norm of daily life. Just a few days. A single week. And the two of them had fallen into the flow of things as if life had always been this way.

Here they were, the two most beautiful creatures in the world. Sitting at the table eating breakfast. Wearing only their underwear.

Helen wore a simple white bra paired with navy blue panties. A boring combination and not revealing in the slightest.

Emily, on the other hand, was positively radiating beauty and appeal. She was clad in a matching set of bra and panties, pink and frilly. Girly and cute and innocent. Even with a body of pure sex appeal, with she slender frame and gigantic melons and well defined ass, Emily looked adorably pure.

Neither of the women seemed concerned about their near-naked bodies. To them, this was as natural a breakfast as if they were fully clothed.

The power of the human mind was an amazing thing.

At first, Emily had been awkward about the whole thing - a bright blush on her face whenever her mother or I were around. Even Helen, who showed no signs of concern or embarrassment, must have felt it to some degree. And yet, after a few hypnotic sessions with each, any and all doubts were a thing of the past.

I wasn't able stare, to drink in the sights. Not yet.

I couldn't show my appreciation for my daughter's body until I implanted the idea in both of them first. That it was okay for a father to admire their daughter's body. That it was for Emily's benefit that I was ogling her tits.

~emily_26.mp3~

"You're completely fine with walking around the house in only your underwear, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You're not self-conscious about it any more, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"You're still self-conscious about your body, though. Aren't you Emily?"

"Yes," Emily said after a slight pause.

"But not as much as you used to be. So walking around the house in your bra and panties is helping, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"When you go out, boys and men stare at your chest, right?"

That was an educated guess. I didn't know for sure. But, with a rack like Emily's, you were bound to draw some attention.

"Yes," Emily said, frowning.

"Them looking makes you uncomfortable, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"You don't want to be uncomfortable like that any more, do you?"

"No."

"Which means you need to get used to it, same as with wearing your bra and

panties around the house. You need to experience it in a safe environment and get used to men leering at you. That makes sense, doesn't it?"

Emily's frown deepened. She didn't answer straight away.

My question hadn't been if she wanted to do it, to have someone 'in a safe environment' leer at her. It hadn't even been if that was a good idea. I'd asked if it made sense. And, from a purely logical standpoint, it did. Exposure therapy.

"Yes," Emily answered finally.

And now that her subconscious had accepted the idea made logical sense, I could nudge her slowly in the right direction. If it made sense, it might work. If it might work, it must be a good idea. If it's a good idea, it's worth trying. If it's worth trying, let's do it.

I wouldn't do it all at once. I'd come too far to race recklessly ahead now.

Baby steps. Small strides in the right direction.

~helen_14.mp3~

"It's our job as parents to support Emily in everything, correct?"

"Yes."

"If Emily wanted to become a stripper, would you support her?"

"Yes."

"If Emily wanted to become a porn star, would you help her?"

"Yes."

"If Emily wanted to show off her body for men to ogle and lust after, would you help her get appropriately revealing clothing?"

"Yes."

This was what I'd been working on with Helen. Warping her motherly love into something else entirely. Something I could use to further my plans with Emily.

"If the man she wanted to show her body off to - the person she wanted to ogle and lust after her - was her own father, would you support her and help her make that a reality?"

This gave Helen pause. I'd never brought up true incest with her before, in a trance or out of one. This was the first time her mind was faced with the concept. Internally, Helen would have to choose between her moral compass and my programming. Incest was bad, but supporting Emily was good.

Which would win out?

Ultimately, it didn't matter if the depravity of her husband and her daughter engaging in a lewd relationship trumped her desire to help and support Emily. In time, I could desensitize Helen to incest. Remove every issue she had with the idea, leaving only her desire to help.

I had all the power and control now. I had all the time in the world to make my alterations.

At last, Helen answered.

"Yes," she said, devoid of emotion.

She didn't seem keen on the idea, if her twitching eyelids were any indication. But she'd given me everything I needed. One simple 'yes' was good enough. Now, all I needed to do was strengthen it.

"If Emily wants me, her father, to ogle at her and lust after her, would you support her?" I asked again.

"Yes."

Perfect.

~emily_27.mp3~

"You want a safe environment to get used to men leering at you so that you can get used to it and feel less uncomfortable when it happens, isn't that right?"

"Yes," Emily answered.

"Here at home is a safe environment, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"There's a man here at home that you trust, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"Who is that man?"

"You."

"And who am I?"

"My dad."

"Your parents, your mother and I, love you very much. We want what's best for you, don't we?"

"Yes."

"And I know what's best for you, like how I've helped you so much recently. I know what's best for you, don't I?"

"Yes."

"You're very grateful for how much I've helped, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Because I've helped you so much, it makes sense that I'd want to help you with how you feel about men staring at your chest, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"A good way of changing how you feel when men leer at your body is to get used to it, and a safe place to do that is here at home. I'm here at home, and I'd want to help you, wouldn't I?"

"Yes."

"So it makes sense that I'd be the one to leer at your breasts in order to help you overcome your self-consciousness, doesn't it?"

Emily frowned. The logic was all there, and Emily wasn't in a state of mind capable of contradicting that logic.

"Yes," she replied.

~emily_28.mp3~

"You want me to stare at your chest in order to help you, don't you Emily?"

"Yes."

"You want me to leer at your breasts, yes?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I want you to leer at my breasts."

I'd been doing *that* every time she'd been in a trance, ever since she'd started strutting about without her clothes on. Not that Emily knew it.

"But you'd be way too uncomfortable to ask me directly, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"You can talk to your mother about things that you can't talk to me about directly, can't you?"

"Yes."

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Helen collapsed on top of me, her breasts pressing into my chest, her black hair in my face. She was panting over my shoulder, into the pillow. I could feel every breath, her chest expanding and contracting, the pounding of her rapid-beating heart.

She'd taken the initiative today. More so than she had in a long time. It hadn't even been a part of my hypnotic suggestion.

As soon as I'd brought her out of the trance, she'd pounced on me, pinning my back to the mattress and sliding my cock inside herself before I could even think to protest.

And then she rode me.

It wasn't lovemaking, nor was it playful and light-hearted. It was something else. Full of an unspoken intent. She rode me, her eyes never leaving my face. She'd taken my hand in hers, placed it on her breast and squeezed. Every time I made any move, any attempt to take the lead, she pushed me down, rode me harder and faster - milking my cock for all it was worth.

I ran a finger absently down Helen's spine, cupped her ass in my hand.

We stayed like that for a while. Me lightly caressing her body, her basking in the afterglow of a powerful orgasm. Soon enough, however, Helen rolled off me and onto her side.

She stared at me, opened her mouth to speak, shut it.

"Yes?" I urged, ignoring the desire to fall asleep.

"There's something I wanted to talk to you about," she said slowly, picking her words carefully. "It's about Emily."

I felt my hear quicken. "Go on."

"She's at that age where she's figuring out who she is and what she wants. She's becoming a woman, and, well," Helen hesitated, trying to find the right words. "What I'm trying to say is that she's growing. She wants to do something about her anxieties with men and her body."

I said nothing, suppressed the smile that was trying to force its way onto my lips.

"She believes that having someone stare at her body will help her overcome her problem." Helen didn't sound entirely convinced by the idea, or perhaps she simply felt awkward talking to me about it right now. "And, since there aren't really any other men that she feels comfortable with, she asked me to talk to you."

I remained silent for a moment, giving Helen the implication that I was shocked or thoughtful.

"Emily wants me to..." I said, feigning disbelief.

"Check her out. Stare at her body. I think 'leer' was the word she used."

Silence. I had to sell this, make myself seem reluctant.

"I know it's unorthodox," Helen sighed. "But Helen seems convinced that it'll help. It's worth a try, isn't it?"

My wife's eyes were wide, big doe eyes. Puppy-dog eyes that pleaded for me to accept.

"I'm not sure, hon," I lied.

Helen's hand shifted under the sheets, moved towards my once more fully-erect cock. Her eyes bore into me as she squeezed my shaft, naughty playfulness writ plan-as-day on her face.

She let out a fake, erotic whine.

"Please..."

Sitting in the living room, my eyes glued to my daughter's rack, was an almost spiritual experience. No words can describe the feeling, the limitless freedom and power, that I had. My wife was sitting next to me. Right next to me. And she was totally fine with me gazing

at every inch of our daughter's body. She'd smiled at me! Actually smiled a 'thank you' at me for leering at Emily.

And Emily, for her part, was silent. Uncomfortable at my lingering gaze - that was obvious. But without any objection or offence.

This was all created from my design. My will.

It was undeniable, unquestionable change. And that's what true power is - the ability to influence and change the world around you. To make your desires a reality.

In this house, with these women, I had complete control.

And they didn't even know it. Emily thought that this was all her idea, was grateful to me for helping her relax. Helen thought I was a reluctant party. Never had it crossed either of their minds that I was anything other than a good, loving, dutiful husband and father.

Inside these four walls, I was God. Pulling on invisible strings and making these two beautiful women dance to whatever tune I wished.

They were mine to program however I pleased.

~emily_29.mp3~

"You felt embarrassed when I was looking at your breasts today, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But it got easier as time passed, didn't it? You felt less embarrassed and uncomfortable at the end of my leering at you than you did at the beginning, right?"

There was a slight pause.

"Yes," Emily admitted.

It was a natural thing. As time passes, distractions take a person's mind away from their surroundings and, without Emily's mind focused on my staring, her trepidation faded.

"If you felt less embarrassed and uncomfortable, then that must logically mean it's working, right?"

"Yes."

"You want to be confident, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And confident women don't mind when people stare at them. After all, they have nothing to be shy or embarrassed about. You want to be like that too, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Some women are so confident and sure of themselves that they enjoy when men look at them, they see it as a compliment. You want to be that confident, don't you?"

Emily said nothing, frowned.

She was an innocent girl. Sure, she might have a boyfriend and might be having regular sex. But, at heart, she was innocent. A shy girl who loved her parents, who couldn't see them as anything other than carers and protectors. It was entirely possible that she'd never even considered that being checked out, having her body be admired, could be an enjoyable thing.

"Being confident is good, isn't it?" I said, not allowing Emily's subconscious the chance to over-think the question.

"Yes."

"The more confident you are, the better, right?"

"Yes."

"Being confident and self-sure is good, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"A woman who enjoys when men look at her must be extremely sure of herself and her appearance, right?"

"Yes."

"To be that self-confident is a very good thing, yes?"

"Yes."

"If something is a good thing, you should want it, right?"

"Yes," Emily said after a slight pause.

"Being confident in yourself is a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"The more confident you are in yourself, the better, right?"

"Yes."

"So, by that logic, being so confident in yourself that you like it when men look at you is a really good thing, right?"

A slight bit of hesitation.

"Yes," Emily answered.

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Me staring at Emily's tits made her feel more confident. The more confident she felt, the more she'd end up enjoying my gaze. The more she enjoyed it, the more she'd begin to desire it.

It had been a few days, a few sessions, since I'd implanted that original loop in her mind. A few days of strengthening it, a few sessions of programming. Days and days of staring at my daughter's tits with no repercussions. Emily was unendingly grateful for my helping her so much, Helen was thankful beyond words that I was being so supportive.

As my daughter sat at the dinner table, a bowl of cereal in front of her, wearing nothing but a babydoll blue bra and plain old white undies, I ran my eyes slowly over her body. From toned legs, up her lean hips and flat stomach, stopping to admire those perfect tits of hers.

When I looked up, I saw that Emily was looking at me, lips slightly parted. She was blushing. When our eyes met, she quickly glanced down at her cereal bowl, a tiny, almost imperceptible smile on her face.

A shy smile, a happy smile.

It was working.

And, if I'd made it so that Emily liked it when I looked at her body, how difficult could it be to make her want to actively flaunt it to me?

~emily_33.mp3~

Everything I needed was in place. I'd been planting the seeds for this for weeks. Since the very beginning, even. I'd carefully crafted the idea, fed it into Emily's mind. Preparing her for this.

So many weeks of wearing away at Emily, moulding her subconscious into something I could use and manipulate. With every hypnotic session, with every suggestion and alteration, her mind had grown more accustomed to obeying me. As the days and weeks had gone by, the resistance she'd once shown had eroded away.

It was time to take this to a new level.

"Emily, your father knows what's best for you, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Who is your father?"

"You."

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

"Yes."

"Do you remember what I told you about how guys like to be called 'daddy'?"

"Yes."

"I was right, wasn't I?"

"Yes."

"I'm right a lot, aren't I?"

"Yes."

"I've been staring at your breasts a lot recently, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"There's nothing wrong with that at all, is there?"

"No."

"A man staring at a woman's breasts is lewd, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Being lewd is the same as being sexual, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Which means that we've been sexual with each other and, as you just said, there's nothing wrong with what we've been doing, is there?"

Emily frowned. "No."

"So there's nothing wrong with us being sexual together, is there Emily?"

Silence. Her frown deepened, her eyelids fluttered. But what once would have been a violent struggle, was now nothing more than a tiny agitation. Emily's mind had grown too familiar with my instruction to resist it now.

"No."

"Say it."

"There's nothing wrong with us being sexual together."

And now to drive it home.

"You want to be a good girlfriend, don't you?"

Emily and Connor were having relationship troubles. Of course my shy, anxiety-ridden daughter would be insecure about being a good girlfriend.

"Yes."

"But you're innocent, you don't know a lot about what men like and don't like. You don't know how to be a good girlfriend or a good sex partner, do you?"

There was a pause.

"No."

"But I know exactly what men want. As a man myself, I know exactly what a good girlfriend should be. Don't I, Emily?"

"Yes."

"And it's a parent's job to teach their children, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Teach. I didn't like that word. Being taught was sitting down and listening. It was mental. I had Emily's mind. What I wanted was her body. I didn't want to *teach* her, I wanted to *train* her.

"You need someone to train you how to be a good girlfriend and a good sex partner, don't you?"

Another pause from Emily.

"Yes."

"You need someone to show you how it's done, yes?"

"Yes."

"Who better to train you than me?" I said, smiling down at my helpless daughter. "After all, I know everything that you need to learn, and I'm right so often about everything else. It's fine for us to be sexual with each other, and it's my job to instruct and help you out. Me helping you makes you happy, and you trust me with control. Giving me control makes you happy. It makes perfect sense why I should be the one to train you how to be a

good girlfriend, doesn't it?"

There they were, my planted seeds. Ready to bloom.

Emily stood no chance. Not against the weeks of reinforcement, not against all the planning and work I'd put into this.

She was silent for a long time, but that's all it was. Time.

Her answer was a forgone conclusion. Inevitable.

"Yes," she said finally, her mind finding no way out.

I grinned down at her.

"If something makes sense, and it will help you, then you should want to do it, shouldn't you?"

"Yes."

And now to seal the deal.

"Do you want me to train you, Emily?" I asked firmly.

A futile attempt at resistance, a short silence.

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I want you to train me."