

Baby Steps - Training Emily

Chapter 1 of 8

"Emily asked me to ask you something," my wife said, the tone of her voice uncertain. She was frowning. Unhappy.

"Oh?"

"About you teaching her to be a good girlfriend or something," Helen continued. "I think the word she used was 'train'. Can you believe that?"

She sounded torn on the idea. Likely her natural instincts conflicting with the programming I'd given her. Her notions of right and wrong battling with wanting to be a 'good mother'.

"Really?" I said, faking shock.

"I know!" Helen shook her head, "I'm willing to support her in a lot of things. But that's just weird. I think we should have a talk with her."

~helen_23.mp3~

It seemed that Helen's morality issues were getting in my way. A faulty cog in my otherwise perfect machine. I'd have to fix that.

Emily had gone to her mother and asked, which meant she was ready. My daughter was ready to receive my instruction. I could begin right away, if only Helen would allow it.

"Are you a good mother?" I asked.

A nice, simple question.

Only it caused Helen to struggle. Twitching and frowning. Not something I expected. Everything I'd been doing with Helen was to lead her to believe that she was a good mother for helping Emily in everything. With the amount of 'support' she'd been giving, Helen should feel like an amazing mother.

So why the struggle?

"You're conflicted on if you're a good mother or not, aren't you Helen?"

Her struggling ceased instantly.

"Yes."

"Why? What are you conflicted about?"

An open question. Risky. As much as I could, I relied on the simplicity of 'yes' and 'no' questions. The binary nature of the answers allowed for more control and easier manipulation. Asking open questions, requiring more complicated answers, was too uncontrolled and thought-provoking for my liking. If a person in a trance thought too much, if their mind became too active, the trance would almost certainly end.

The very last thing I wanted was to risk waking Helen up. But this was one of the few times it was necessary. I could ask binary 'yes' and 'no' questions all night and never find the source of Helen's conflicted feelings.

Thankfully, she didn't wake.

"Good mothers support their children in everything," Helen answered simply, dull and emotionless.

And she wasn't supporting Emily now.

So Helen was questioning if she was a good mother because she wasn't supporting Emily's desire to be trained by me. Beautiful. A few quick reinforcements, some new programming, and I could change that easily.

"Incest is morally wrong, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"A father and daughter having a sexual relationship is morally wrong, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"A hundred years ago, homosexuality used to be considered morally wrong, yes?"

There was a slight pause as Helen considered.

"Yes."

Two hundred years ago, interracial relationships used to be considered wrong, yes?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any problems with an interracial couple having sex, Helen?"

"No."

"That's because you don't see it as morally wrong, right?"

"Yes."

"What people consider morally wrong changes over time, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Morality changes, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"Morality changes," Helen obeyed, an empty monotone for a voice.

And there it was. Morality was not absolute. It changes. And by having Helen accept that fact, it would be that much easier to warp *her* morals. Only two things in Helen's life would be absolute. Her obedience to me, and her desire to support and aid Emily. Two women under my complete control.

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After waking my wife from her trance and having her take care of my sexual needs, I lay in bed relaxing. Thinking. It wouldn't be long now. Helen's cunt was fine and good, more than enough to take care of my cock. But it wasn't the one I wanted. Soon, so close I could almost taste it, Emily would be the one riding me at night.

Helen shifted besides me. I turned to face at her.

"What's wrong?" I asked, playing the concerned husband.

My wife looked startled for a moment, then uncertain.

"I was thinking," she began slowly. Whatever was on her mind was causing her some internal conflict. I had an idea on what it might be. "What we talked about earlier. With Emily wanting you to train her. I mean, she's always been shy and awkward. It might be good for her if someone experienced show her the ropes. You know, someone she can trust to be gentle and caring..."

Caring? Sure. But I had no intention of being gentle.

"Yes?" I urged.

"I don't know," Helen sighed. "Maybe it's not such a bad idea after all."

~emily_35.mp3~

"How do you feel about me training you for the first time after this session of hypnosis?"

I'd decided that was the best time to begin Emily's 'girlfriend' training, right after bringing her out of a trance. It was evening, giving us plenty of time without distraction, and I could prime her mind for it before hand - making it much easier for Emily to accept and be okay with whatever happened.

"Nervous," came Emily's reply.

It was to be expected. I'd removed some of those nerves before I brought her out of the trance. No problem.

"Emily, before we can start training you to be a better girlfriend, I have to know

about your sex life and relationships. That way, I'll know where to start and how to best help you. That makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"That means I'll have to ask you a lot of embarrassing and personal questions about your sex life, yes?"

"Yes."

"And you have to be totally honest with me. One-hundred percent truthful. Otherwise I can't properly help you. Will you be a good girl and tell me the truth whenever I ask you a question?"

"Yes," Emily said after a short pause.

"And if there's anything you think I should know, any secrets that you have that might be relevant to me helping you become a better girlfriend, you must tell me. After all, I can't fully help you if I don't know everything, right?"

"Yes."

"Good girl."

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Emily sat upright on her bed, looking intently down at her knees. I leaned against one of her bedroom walls, arms crossed. I was attempting to seem professional, like a teacher or instructor.

"Shall we get started, then?" I asked, my eyes roaming over Emily's body.

My daughter blushed bright, curled her knees to her chest in embarrassment. She nodded her head wordlessly.

Perfect.

Now, where to start?

"Are you a virgin, Emily?"

I knew she wasn't. Helen had been secretly supplying our daughter with birth control and condoms for almost a year. A shame that I needed to have my wife in a hypnotic trance to learn that titbit of information.

Emily mumbled the into her knees.

"I can't hear you, Emily," I lied. I heard her 'no' answer just fine. "Speak up."

"No," Emily said louder, clearly uncomfortable. "I'm not."

"How many times have you had sex?" I asked, curious.

Emily was silent for a second, answered in a quiet but audible voice. "I don't know. A lot."

Ah, to be young. The answer was expected, but worth asking all the same.

"How many different guys have you had sex with?"

Emily squirmed, but she could not resist my programming. She would answer, and she would answer with the truth. Resistance was a wasted effort.

"Just one," Emily said. What I could see of her face was cherry-red.

Good. Just one was perfect. It meant I'd be able to play into her insecurities more efficiently. If she'd been having sex with men left and right, she wouldn't believe she needed training. That she was inexperienced was my weapon.

"When was the last time you had sex, Emily?"

She buried her face deeper into her knees, red hair falling over her red face. Her entire body seemed like it was blushing now. The tighter she squeezed into herself, the more pronounced her tits got. The side-view I had of them was very pleasant.

"Last week," Emily answered, muffled but loud enough to be heard.

Excellent. Time to get to the fun questions.

"Have you ever had sex in this house?" I asked.

Emily nodded her head shyly.

"On your bed?" I continued, prodding.

"Yes."

My trousers were beginning to get a little uncomfortable, a bulge steadily expanding there. It was a good thing Emily was busy being embarrassed, or she'd easily notice my growing erection.

"What position?" I asked before my brain could catch up.

Emily froze.

Stupid question! She wasn't in a trance right now. She had full use of her mind. Anything unusual, anything suspicious, she'd be able to detect. I needed to think before I spoke.

"Why does that matter?" Emily asked, an odd, uncertain, tone to her voice.

Think fast.

"I'm here to train you about relationships and sex. I need to know your experiences in order for me to work out what I should teach you first. It would be a waste of time for me to train you to do something you already know how to."

It sounded weak to my ears. It sounded like an excuse, a fake reason - which it was. But Emily seemed to accept it.

"Missionary," she said, hugging her knees.

So my daughter had spread her legs for her boyfriend under my roof. Gotten fucked in her own bedroom, next to her old stuffed animals and teddy bears. Taken cock in the bed she sat on right now, inches away from where I stood.

Had she simply lain there, taking it? Had she fucked him as he fucked her? Had she swayed her hips, getting the positioning just right for maximum pleasure? How much had she loved being pounded in her own bedroom?

A flood of questions, all indecent. But I held back on asking.

Emily was mine. Mine to control. Mine to manipulate.

Even if she didn't know it, she would obey.

"Show me," I commanded.

It was time to test the limits of my control. How far could I nudge her right now, and how much would I need to reinforce and strengthen in her next trance?

"What?" Emily asked, turning her head to look at me.

She looked somewhere between shocked and confused.

"Show me the position you were in," I ordered again. "I need to see how skilled you are at positioning yourself."

Emily didn't move. Said nothing. Just stared at me, eyes wide and mouth open.

When she saw that I was entirely serious, her face went blank.

She moved, laying down flat on her back, head on her pillows, knees in the air. She turned her face away from me, so that I couldn't see the sheer embarrassment on it. Her arms, no longer needed to hold her knees close, were now attempting and failing to cover her gigantic melons.

Temptation. So much temptation to climb onto Emily's bed and move between her legs. I wanted to look down at her, to see the look on her face. I wanted to unhook her bra, toss it aside, watch as the weight of her breasts bounced free.

I wanted her. There and then, I wanted to take her. To fuck her in the same place, the same position, as Connor had. I wanted to show her the difference between a boy and a man.

But I couldn't.

When it finally came time to penetrate my daughter, it would be at her request. It would be she who initiated it. Even if I needed to program her to do so.

Soon.

Emily's favourite position was doggy, apparently. And she'd only given a handful of blowjobs. She didn't like the taste. I'd gathered a decent amount of information from Emily while she was laying on her back. I'd been tempted to have her *show* me her favourite position, decided instead to save that for another time.

As I'd left the room, Emily's relief was palpable. She curled up under her blanket ready for a night's sleep. And yet, as I was closing the door behind me, wishing her a customary 'good night', Emily had said something that put a wide smile on my face.

"Thank you."

It wasn't a simple 'thank you for wishing me good night', it was packed with far more meaning. She was thanking me for 'helping her', she was actually *grateful* for what I was doing.

A different man might have felt guilty then.

All I felt was pleasure at my progress and control.

~emily_36.mp3~

"You love your parents very much, don't you Emily?"

"Yes."

"You love your father very much, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You're extremely grateful to me for helping you as much as I have been, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You know," I began, paying close attention to Emily's face, "girls are often attracted to men that resemble their father. It's a natural thing. Subconsciously, girls are looking for men like their father to date. Isn't that interesting?"

It was a rhetorical question. Emily's mind must have recognised that, as she didn't even attempt to answer.

There was some truth in what I'd said. Children emulate their parents. A daughter, particularly a well-behaved and non-rebellious one like Emily, would usually follow after their mother's example. They see the man their mother loves, see the stability of that relationship, and desire the same.

It was innocent and entirely normal.

And it was something I could manipulate.

"If girls are attracted to men that resemble their fathers then, on some deep level, they must find their fathers attractive. From a logical standpoint, that makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Girls, on some level, must find their fathers attractive, does that make sense?"

"Yes."

If Emily believed the logic was sound, her mind would begin to warp in that direction. A subconscious part of her would start seeing me as attractive by default. And, from there, I could amplify that attraction.

Everything was progressing as planned.

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We were both sitting on the edge of her bed. Emily to the left of me, wearing plain white panties and bra. Her red hair was tied back, only a few strands falling over her face. Not anywhere near enough to hide her bright red face.

That was a sight I'd have to get used to. My blushing daughter.

I'd told her tranced mind what was going to happen tonight. I had told Emily when she was conscious, too. She'd accepted it wordlessly, though I could feel the tension radiating from her.

It was all in the name of becoming a better girlfriend. That was what Emily believed. It was likely what she was telling herself this very moment. It's what I told her when she was in her trance a few minutes ago. That this was all for her own good.

I scooted a little closer to her, feeling her tense as I did.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

Emily said nothing. Didn't even look at me, just kept her head forward, staring at her bedroom wall. She nodded slowly.

It was all I needed.

I moved my left hand, placed it gently on Emily's right knee.

She shuddered at my touch.

Her skin was soft and smooth. Warm. I could feel the hard rigidity of her kneecap, the softness of the skin and muscle around it. And, as I slowly moved my hand up her leg, closer and closer to her crotch, I felt the tense firmness of her toned body.

I stopped before my hand reached her panties, gently began massaging her inner thigh, letting the tips of my fingers sink into the valley between Emily's legs.

Emily was silent the entire time. Occasionally, she'd glance away from staring at the wall to look at my hand, her father's hand, where it rested on her leg inches from her pussy. She was shy and uncomfortable and embarrassed, and yet, I could detect another feeling in that mix, a slight arousal. I fought the temptation to touch her panties, get an insight of just how aroused Emily really was.

Instead, I pulled my hand away, leaned backwards. The hand that had been kneading Emily's leg just moments before was now behind her back, propping me up.

"There," I said nonchalant. "Now that I've shown you how to do it, let's see how much you've learned."

I looked at her expectantly.

Emily's face shot down and away from my gaze, hiding the redness of her face. For a moment, I thought she might not be able to do it. That some part of her would stop it. And then her right hand began to move. Slowly, tentatively, to my knee.

Wearing trousers as I was, I couldn't feel much more than a slight pressure, an echo of heat, at Emily's touch. And even so, it felt amazing. My daughter, my beautiful Emily, was sliding her hand up my leg.

I was already rock hard. I had been since telling a hypnotised Emily that this was going to happen. And, even so, I felt my cock somehow stiffen and bulge more.

We sat there together, Emily and I, for a long few minutes. Her hand never left my thigh, her fingers and thumb never stopped rubbing and caressing. I wished that I'd had the foresight to wear shorts. But it was no great loss. One day soon, neither of us would be wearing any clothes at all.

"You're doing very well, Emily." I said, lining my voice with congratulations and enthusiasm.

"Thank you," came Emily's almost-silent reply.

I could have left it there, but I didn't. I had complete control, why waste it by not using it?

"Now, I want you to move your hand further up my leg. Yes, just like that, a little more," I urged. Emily's hand, continued its slow movement up my leg, ever closer to my cock. "You're doing great, princess. Just a little bit higher."

Her fingertips made contact with my bulge.

Time seemed to freeze in that instant. Both me and Emily holding our breaths. I could feel her touch through my trousers, through my underwear. I could feel her. Her hand

was frozen in place, Emily not sure what she should do now. Uncertain.

And then she pulled away quickly, scooted away from me. Her face was redder than I'd ever seen it before. Might well have been more red than her hair.

She looked embarrassed, mortified. And apologetic.

A part of her had known what to do there. A small part of her had wanted to do it, to massage my cock through the layers of clothing. The new Emily wanted to learn how to be a good girlfriend, didn't care about being sexual with her father. But there was still enough of the old Emily in there to stop her.

But only just.

Soon those last uncertainties and issues would be weeded out, removed. And Emily would want nothing more than to satisfy me. To learn everything that I wanted to teach her. A few more steps, a few more trances and suggestions. A little bit more programming. That's all I'd need.

I rose from the bed, the sound of metal springs squeaking as I stood.

"I think that's enough for today," I told Emily. "You did well Emily. Keep it up like this and soon you'll be the perfect girlfriend."

Emily nodded, refused to look at me, refused to say a word.

I left the room, the logical part of my mind telling me to do as I usually did - save the recording of Emily's hypnosis session to my laptop. But the instinctual animal in me refused. I was more aroused now than I had been in years. I needed to fuck someone right away. And, since it couldn't be Emily, I'd have to settle for her mother. For now.