

## Baby Steps - Training Emily

### Chapter 2 of 8

I've never been one for fancy restaurants. The more expensive it was, in theory, the better it tasted. But that simply was not true from my experience. The food tasted different, sure, but it wasn't *better*. Fast food burgers and fries were just as good, and a fraction of the cost. Fancy restaurants didn't exist to sell you food, they existed to sell you an experience.

The experience of wasting money.

If it were solely up to me, we'd have never come to this stupidly formal establishment. Take-away would have sufficed. But Helen had wanted formality and elegance, so that's what we'd done instead.

Emily had passed. Aced every exam she'd sat.

*This* was to congratulate her.

Only Emily hadn't come. Instead, she'd wanted to go party with her friends, a big sleep-over. Or she'd gone to celebrate with Connor and had lied out of habit or shyness.

Either way, it was just me and Helen. The table had been booked. No point in wasting the opportunity, or so Helen believed.

"You know, I'm kind of glad Emily's not here," my wife said from across our small two-person table.

"Oh?" I replied, looking up from my food.

Helen was wearing what looked like a very expensive dress. Black silk and lace, faint red embroidered patters. It matched her black hair and red lipstick. Though, just like this restaurant, it was unnecessarily costly.

On the bright side, the dress showed plenty of cleavage. More so than Helen had shown in public in years. And, with all he masterfully applied make-up, Helen looked almost identical to her younger self. Now she truly would be able to pass for Emily's sister, if Emily were around.

"It means we can be here by ourselves," Helen continued, a thoughtful expression on her face. "Just the two of us. A date. It feels like forever since we've had a proper night out together."

Years. We'd had dates after Emily was born, every now and then. But, as with everything else, those dates had dwindled as we'd grown older. Good for our budget, not so great for the romantic and sexual aspects of our relationship.

There was a long silence after what Helen had said, both of us lost in our own thoughts. It wasn't an awkward silence, not that I could see. Instead, it was quietly comfortable.

Long gone were the days when Helen would tease me with her feet under the table, hidden from sight by the tablecloth.

"You've changed," Helen said eventually. "Recently, I mean. I always thought you weren't that interested in family life. You were so quiet and distant. And then you started helping Emily and it's like you're a new person."

I said nothing, smiled to hide the thoughts racing through my mind. Helen believing things were different, that I was different, was bad. All she needed to do was to think about those differences a little too much, ponder those changes, and she may come dangerously close to realising what I'd been doing to her and Emily.

"What I'm trying to say is," Helen went on, oblivious to my sudden panic, "thank you."

For what? What was she thanking me for?

"For making an effort. And for helping Emily so much. It means a lot to me and I know how grateful Emily is too. Ever since the waterpark, you've been a lot closer. It's been really nice."

~helen\_25.mp3~

"There's nothing unusual about me hypnotising you and Emily, isn't that right Helen?"

She was silent for a few seconds before answering.

"No."

No, it wasn't right. Which meant that Helen believed what I'd been doing with them was unusual. But was it unusual in the way that not many people did it, or was it unusual in that she thought it was odd, strange, bizarre, freaky?

It could be both.

I needed a better question. Something more straight-forward.

"Do you feel in any way uncomfortable or uncertain about me hypnotising you?" I asked.

"No."

Good. That was good.

"What about Emily? Do you feel uncomfortable or uncertain about me hypnotising her at all?"

"No."

So her thinking about how much I'd 'changed' hadn't led to doubting our sessions. Not yet, at least. It might be nothing, a miniscule chance of effecting my plans, but I would not allow it if I could help it. Helen could not be allowed the freedom of questioning my actions.

"When you clean the house, you don't think about or question why you're doing it. You know subconsciously that the house needs to be clean and sanitary, and that you should keep it that was as much as possible, but you don't think about it every time you go about cleaning it, right?"

"Yes."

"It's automatic. Thoughtless. A part of daily life, yes?"

"Yes."

"You don't think about daily life, you just do it. Just like putting on clothes or brushing your teeth. You know why you do those things, but you don't need to think about them. Isn't that right Helen?"

"Yes."

"Daily life isn't something you think about, you just do it, correct?"

"Yes."

"Recently, hypnosis has become a part of our daily life, hasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And, since it's become part of our daily life, and part of that norm, it doesn't make sense to question it. After all, we don't question other things that we do every day, do we?"

"No."

"Hypnosis is a part of daily life, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And we don't question daily life, do we?"

"No."

"Good."

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It was the next morning when Helen introduced me to an idea she'd had quietly brewing in the back of her mind.

"A camping trip?" I repeated, intrigued.

There were a series of mountains fairly close by. They were forested and dotted with small lakes. Too far away for most people to bother with, but close enough that it wouldn't take forever to get there. And it was the right time of the year to go.

But it might get in the way of my progressing with Emily.

Unless I could somehow use a camping trip to my advantage, in the same manner I'd used the waterpark. It was certainly worth considering.

"It's a bit sudden, honey," I said, buying some time to think.

"I know, I know," my wife seemed not to care very much, if her wide smile was anything to go by. "It'll take some planning and organizing, but imagine how fun it will be!"

A place with nothing to do, no technology, no distractions. I could use that. No distractions meant more time to program both of them. Perhaps at the same time. My mind raced with ideas, subtle ways I could use the isolation to my advantage. Plans began to form, plots and paths.

"Sure!" I smiled brightly. "Why not?"

Emily got home in the evening, looking utterly exhausted. She stumbled into the house, barely said hello, went straight to her bedroom. A long day, no-doubt. But it was more than that. She'd looked drained. Not just physically, but emotionally.

Her body had been slumped, shoulders slack and back curved instead of its usual straightness. Her eyes had been downcast. She had smiled at me and her mother, but it had been a fake smile to hide how she was really feeling.

The question was why.

I stood, followed after her.

Without hesitation, I tapped lightly on her bedroom door.

A few seconds later, the door opened and revealed my weary daughter. This close, standing right in front of her, I noticed just how red her eyes were. Bloodshot, with sore bags under them.

She'd been crying.

"Do you mind if I come in?" I asked, looking her up and down.

She didn't seem injured in any way.

Emily looked like she wanted to refuse, but she couldn't. I'd seen to that. The gratitude I'd instilled in her from the very beginning, the need to repay it, was still there. She couldn't turn me away when she felt like she owed me so much.

Instead, she nodded her head glumly, stood aside.

I walked past her, took a seat on her bed, patted the area next to me. Emily closed her bedroom door and sat down.

Normally in situations like this, a person would ask 'are you okay?' or something equally redundant. Emily was obviously not okay and, judging from her false smile, if I asked she'd simply lie and say she was fine.

"What's wrong?" I asked instead.

Emily didn't answer right away. Her eyes watered, but she pushed down tears. Refused to cry. She closed her eyes to stop herself from crying any more. She looked pained, hurt.

"Me and my boyfriend broke up," she said, voice hoarse.

That helped explain things. The loss of her first love. Her first boyfriend. I'd need to find out why they broke up, figure out all the repercussions. But before that, I needed to know how much this affected my plans.

I'd been using Emily's relationship as a source of emotion to drive her changes. Her programming was all about her wanting to be a good girlfriend. Now that she wasn't a girlfriend at all, would she want to continue being trained?

Or would she see this break-up as a sign that she needed to become a better girlfriend even more, and thus strengthen her desire for me to train her and amplify my

control over her?

I didn't know, and I needed to find out.

"I'm sorry, princess," I said, placing a gentle hand on her back. "I can't make the pain go away for you. Nothing can do that but time. But I can make it easier for you, if you want."

She looked up at me, eyes sparkling with her tears, sad and lonely and wanting nothing more than to escape how she felt.

"How?" She asked, somewhere between desperate and defeated.

### ~emily\_37.mp3~

"You and Connor broke up, didn't you?"

"Yes," Emily answered, all traces of despair gone from her now hollow voice.

I'd lied to her when I said I couldn't take the pain away. I could. Very easily, in fact. But it was better that Emily didn't know just how powerful my control over her was. That, and her emotional turmoil might be beneficial to me.

"Did you break up with him, Emily?"

"No."

"Did he break up with you?"

"Yes."

Good, that was very good. If Emily had broken up with Connor, it would likely have been because she saw him as being a bad boyfriend. That Connor had broken up with her meant that there was room for me to convince her it was because she wasn't a good enough girlfriend and, from there, strengthen her desire to become one.

"Him breaking up with you makes you feel sad and hurt, doesn't it Emily?"

"Yes."

"You don't like being sad and hurt, do you?"

"No."

"You never want to feel that way again, do you?"

"No."

"The better you are at being a girlfriend, the less likely it is that boys will want to break up with you in future, and the less you'll have to feel sad and hurt. Yes?"

There was a slight pause before Emily answered.

"Yes."

"Becoming a better girlfriend will mean you're less sad and more happy, yes?"

"Yes."

"You want to be happier and not hurting, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And that means you must want to become a better girlfriend, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"But wanting something isn't enough to make it happen. If you really want something, you have to be willing to make an effort to make it a reality. If you want to be a better girlfriend, you have to try even harder to become one, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to try harder to become a better girlfriend, Emily?"

"Yes."

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I sat down on Emily's bed as she went to clean herself up.

Apparently, she wasn't comfortable with beginning tonight's 'training' with puffy eyes.

Still, it gave me a chance to look around her room. For all the times that I'd been in here recently, I hadn't paid much attention to the surroundings. Emily was always there to draw my gaze. And, while she was out of the house, I had no reason to be in here. So, for the first time in a very long time, I examined every nook and cranny of Emily's bedroom.

Pink. Lots of soft pinks and whites. Her walls were almost the same shade of pink as they had been when Emily was born. I'd painted the room myself. And, though the paint had faded a little over the years, it still felt suitably girly.

Wooden shelves held teddy bears and other stuffed animals, a handful of which rested at the head of Emily's bed. Relics of my daughter's childhood. Along with more adult books, fairly recent photos of Emily and her friends, gadgets and mementoes from throughout Emily's life.

A mishmash of items. Some from Emily's youth, others a sign of how much she'd grown. An adult in her own right.

My eyes lingered on her bed's side-table. On it were Emily's alarm clock, a notebook, and Emily's smartphone.

Emily's phone. And no Emily.

I'd thought about it in the past, searching through Emily's phone. I'd decided then that it was not worth the effort - my daughter wasn't likely to have any lewd photos or videos of herself saved on there, and there were better ways of obtaining information. But now, I wasn't so sure.

Emily had friends that she talked to a lot. Friends share their problems with one another. I couldn't ask Emily for detailed answers while she was in a trance, and I couldn't ask her anything odd or suspicious while she was out of one. Which meant there were things I didn't and wouldn't know. Variables I couldn't factor into my plans.

This break-up was sudden, out of no-where. Perhaps if I'd had access to Emily's phone and messages, I'd have seen it coming and been able to prepare for it. Made more efficient suggestions and programming. Manipulated the situation in a way that helped me.

Having that access, even if it turned out to be unbeneficial, wouldn't hurt.

Not right now, though. Emily might be back any moment.

My daughter sat on my lap, clad in only her bra and panties. My hands rested on her body, the left on her leg, the right on her hip. Her back was to my chest, warm and straight.

She'd come back into her room determined, a readiness in her eyes that hadn't been there last time. She wanted this, wanted to become better. She was still blushing, the freckles pronounced on her pink skin, but she wasn't shying away this time.

I began doing the same thing I'd done last time, using my left hand to massage her thigh.

She didn't react, simply forced herself to relax into it.

Emily was eager to 'learn'. Good.

As I massaged her thigh, I slowly lifted my right hand up Emily's body, from hip to side, to rib. She tensed, but didn't stop me. Not even when I moved my hand from her rib to cup a gigantic breast.

Emily flinched, gasped. But didn't object. She simply sat on my lap and allowed me to fondle her to my heart's content.

I squeezed a little, delighting in the almost silent moan that Emily let out as I did. I groped her over her bra, feeling my rapidly-growing cock press into my daughter's toned ass.

Much as I wished to continue, to play with Emily's tits all night long, I stopped. For now, I had to maintain the illusion that this was me training her. I couldn't allow myself to get too carried away.

"Alright Emily," I said, removing my hands from her body, "Now it's your turn."

Emily took a deep breath, scooted over, turned to face me.

She said nothing, moved her hand to my knee.

The determination in her eyes, the focus, was beautiful. She was beautiful, even with those bloodshot eyes and bags.

Emily moved her hand up my leg, massaging it in the same way I had hers. Stopped at my thigh for a moment. She took another deep breath, moved her hand further. Towards my cock.

I was surprised by how driven she was. This was far beyond my expectations.

When her hand came into contact with my cock, it twitched.

She could have stopped there. I'm sure a large part of her wanted to. But her mind was set. This was something she was going to do, no matter what.

I watched awed, aroused, amazed, as my daughter moved her hand over my bulge and slowly, sensually, began to massage it.

Her fingers were magical, amazing. I don't know if it was that Emily had a natural talent for massaging dick, or simply if I was so aroused and the fact that it was my daughter taking care of my cock, but Emily's touch was phenomenal. Erotic beyond words.

She'd barely been squeezing and kneading it for more than a minute before I felt myself getting dangerously close to an orgasm.

"That's enough," I told her before I could cum. "Well done, Emily. You're doing fantastic so far."

Emily snatched her hand away quickly, suddenly embarrassed. As if she'd only just realised she'd been playing with her father's cock. She looked mortified.

"Stand up," I said. "In front of me. It's time for the second part of today's training."

Emily's eyes bulged.

She'd forgotten, I could see it in her eyes. And, now that she'd been reminded of what was to come next, she suddenly appeared a lot less confident and determined.

Slowly, shakily, she stood and stepped a few feet in front of me. She was blushing furiously, covering her chest with her arms, for what little good that did to conceal the monsters beneath.

"Take your time," I told her. Best not to panic her. Let her take as long as she needed.

Eventually, Emily shut her eyes tight. She reached around her back, struggled for a second to unhook her bra. And then it was done, unhooked, the straps hanging loose at her sides.

For a long moment, the only thing holding that bra to Emily's chest was her own hands.

And then she let go.