

## Baby Steps - Training Emily

### Chapter 3 of 8

Emily's bra fell to the floor.

My daughter was standing in front of me, wearing nothing but a pair of panties. Her arms were covering as much of her breasts as they could, which was to say not a lot. Her hands were firmly over her nipples, hiding them from view.

Her tits truly were huge. No longer constrained with a bra that was too small for them, Emily's melons were out in all their ample glory.

Slowly, eyes still shut tight, face red, Emily began moving her hands away.

Perfection.

Emily's tits were pure perfection.

Pretty pink nipples with small, slightly protruding areolas. A handful of little freckles dotted Emily's chest, a single strand of long red hair fell down her face and in between those mammoth titties.

Shy, embarrassed Emily tucked her arms tightly under her ribs, a clear sign of her discomfort. All it did was frame her tits even better, press them together. Her awkwardness was both cute and erotic.

I watched, mesmerised, as Emily inhaled and exhaled, her chest expanding and contracting with each breath, pushing her breasts in and out. I watched as her nipples got steadily harder, and I watched as Emily grew steadily more comfortable with being topless. She opened her eyes.

I locked gazes with her.

It wouldn't be long now before I got everything I wanted.

~helen\_28.mp3~

"Whenever I say the phrase 'I think you should sleep' to you, what will you do?" I asked.

"Go to bed and sleep."

"Very good."

With the camping trip happening soon, just two days away, I'd needed to implant some special programming. When I needed to hypnotise and manipulate Emily, I couldn't well let Helen listen in on what I was saying. Nor could I reliably have them both in a trance simultaneously whenever the need arose. So I had needed some way to get Helen out of the picture when it came time to reprogram Emily.

Which was where the new programming for Helen came in. The idea was to have a command embedded in Helen's subconscious that, when activated, would send her to sleep.

Upon me saying and directing the words 'I think you should sleep' to Helen, the programming would activate and she'd suddenly feel tired and sleepy. She would excuse herself and pass out on the nearest bed or sleeping bag, all the while oblivious to the real reason she was tired.

Just like that, I'd have unlimited access to Emily.

We were going to leave for the camping trip on a Friday and return on Sunday. Two nights. And I had very big plans for those two nights.

"When we went to the waterpark, you chose all the clothes that Emily would have to wear, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you chose all the clothes that you would have to wear, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"As I'm helping Emily become more self-confident, it makes sense for me to pack

what she should wear, in order to make sure it's something that will be good for her. That makes sense, yes?"

"Yes."

"I should be the one to pack Emily's clothes, yes?"

"Yes."

"You want to support Emily as much as possible. You're wearing only bras and panties around the house to make her feel comfortable - you're showing her that it's fine. Aren't you?"

"Yes."

"So, in order to help and support Emily, you should wear the same type of clothes as Emily wears on our camping trip, shouldn't you Helen?"

"Yes."

"It makes sense, then, that I should be the one to pack your clothes too, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Helen answered dully.

One more piece of the plan falling into place.

~ ~ ~

I hadn't been in a sex shop since before Helen and I got married. And even then, it was at her behest. She'd wanted to go shopping for 'accessories' for our sex life, and had wanted me there to help her find right things to buy.

That had been years ago. Close to two decades at this point.

Now I was alone, in a different sex shop.

All around me, the walls were lined with every type of sexual item imaginable. From movies and magazines to bondage gear and sex toys. An entire wall was dedicated to dildoes and vibrators and fleshlights, strap-ons and double-ended dildos and butt-plugs and everything anyone could ever want to put inside an orifice.

A large section of the shop was dedicated to costumes, from full nurse costumes including stethoscope and fake-syringes to bunny costumes comprised on nothing more than ears and tail. There were maid costumes, schoolgirl outfits, cat and dog accessories, a few nun costumes, as well as simple outfits without a theme - the slutty monokinis and edible underwear and micro-bikinis.

I bought everything I'd need for my camping trip plans, and more besides. Left the store, packing all my new goodies away in my car, started the drive to an *actual* camping goods store.

All the erotically charged toys and gifts I'd gotten wouldn't do any good if I didn't have tents and basic supplies to survive comfortably on for the two nights.

This weekend would be all about comfort and fun.

Mostly fun.

~emily\_40.mp3~

"Being sexually naughty can be fun when you're with the right person, yes?"

"Yes."

"It's fun to be care-free, to not worry about anything in the world other than the moment you're in, yes?"

"Yes."

"Being sexually naughty means being care-free and not worrying about anything, just enjoying the moment. Right?"

"Yes."

"Being care-free and not worrying is better than being embarrassed and uncomfortable and self-conscious, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Which means that being sexually naughty - when you're with the right person - is better than being self-conscious and shy, isn't it?"

A expected pause. By now I was fully aware of how long it would take Emily's mind to answer.

"Yes."

"Choosing the right person to be sexually naughty with is important, isn't it Emily?"

"Yes."

"It has to be someone you trust, someone you're not too afraid to show your body to, someone you're okay being sexual with in the first place, yes?"

"Yes."

"You trust me, don't you Emily?"

"Yes."

"You're not too afraid to show me your body, are you?"

"No."

"You're okay with being sexual with me, aren't you?"

Another pause. But this was something I'd established and reinforced many times now.

"Yes."

"So that means I'm someone you're able to be sexually naughty with, doesn't it?"

This was a necessary first step. Emily being easily embarrassed and shy, while cute, was getting old. I was planning on making a lot of progress with Emily this weekend, and her being shy and awkward would only slow things down. It was time to get rid of that aspect of her.

She'd accepted that being sexual with me was okay. But that didn't mean she enjoyed it as much as I'd like her to. She could rub my cock through my jeans if I told her to, and that was good, but I wanted more. I wanted her to enjoy it. To desire it and want it. More.

First, I'd make her open to the idea of being naughty and erotic with me. Then I'd encourage it. And then, I'd make it a fundamental part of who she was.

Little steps to giant strides.

It was all too easy.

~ ~ ~

As I moved my hand higher up Emily's thigh, my fingers rubbing against the fabric of Emily's panties, my daughter let out a muffled moan.

She was red-faced yet again. Only now it wasn't entirely down to being embarrassed. She was aroused, excited. Flushed with heat and anticipation.

She was horny.

It wasn't enough to erase her natural shyness and uncertainty just yet, but it was a very good start. I'd strengthen her desire and enjoyment of 'naughty' things as time went on, until that was the only thing left.

I trailed my fingers up Emily's body, over her stomach and up between her bare breasts.

I could feel how tense she was, the heat radiating from her skin and the shivers of pleasure rippling through her. I could feel everything.

My hand moved over one of her breasts, cupping and squeezing and marvelling at their sweet softness.

Those perfect little nipples, pink and pretty. They were begging to be kissed and nibbled on. I used my thumb to tease them, drawing slow circles around the edge of her areola. They had a slight puffiness to them, protruding just enough that they stood out, practically begging to be played with.

My daughter had the most beautiful pair of tits I'd ever seen.  
And now they were all mine.

I turned the key in the ignition.

My car rumbled into life and, just like that, our weekend camping holiday was underway. It was a long drive to the mountains and we were setting off fairly late in the day. We'd be arriving there in the early evening, not enough time for the usual funtime activities of swimming and sunbathing and exploring.

We'd set up the tents, get a fire going. After eating, I'd send Helen to sleep and use the night's chill to get closer to Emily.

And, from there, I'd see how far I could push her.

In the rear-view mirror, I watched Emily.

She was on her phone, texting friends or playing games. She'd tied her hair into two pigtails, making her look especially young and cute. She wore no make-up, nothing to conceal the clearly visible bags under her eyes.

And, for once, her rack was on display. She was wearing a pale blue tank top instead of her usual t-shirt. A tank top that gave a nice little look at her cleavage.

It seemed like my 'training' might be helping her after all.

I'd bought us two tents. Both the same size, fit for two to three people to sleep in each. Enough room to move about for me and Helen, and plenty of room for Emily on her own.

A part of me had bought them in the vague hope that I'd be able to sleep in Emily's tent with her. Or, more accurately, not *sleep* in it with her.

Unlikely as that was, I'd allowed my lust and imagination to run away with me and bought the two identical tents.

There was a cool-box filled with food, a small barrel full of water, as well as some alcoholic beverages for if the opportunity arose. I had a fishing rod, lighter-fluid to start a fire, a small table and chairs, portable toilet, insect repellent sprays and, of course, my laptop plus portable power bank.

We arrived at the lakeside in the evening, as expected, and quickly set up the tents across from each other, got a small camp fire going between them.

As I made food, a simple beef stew, Helen and Emily chatted away about school and the future and plans. It was only when the topic of Emily moving out came up that I started paying close attention to the conversation.

"I don't know," Emily was saying, looking at the fire. It was already beginning to get dark out, the air steadily growing cooler at our backs. "Ally wants us to move into a small house together and split the rent, but I'm not sure if I want to."

Helen examined our daughter for a moment. "If you're worried about money, me and your father will take care of that."

Emily's eyes widened. Evidently, Helen was spot on. Emily was concerned about money. I'd gotten no such impression from her once, not in all the many sessions I'd had with Emily. Odd how my wife knew our daughter so well, even without the access to her mind that I had.

But, more importantly, Emily was considering moving out.

That would not do. Not at all.

"You've done so much for me," Emily said, she turned her head to face me, eyes intent, "both of you. I don't want to keep having to rely on you forever, I already owe you so much. When I move out, I want to have the freedom to pay with my own money. I want

to take responsibility for myself.”

“Em,” Helen smiled, “you don’t owe us anything.”

But Emily shook her head quickly. “I do,” she said quietly.

Helen looked like she was about to ask what Emily meant. I cut her off before she could.

“Food’s ready!”

### ~emily\_41.mp3~

Helen was asleep. Emily was laying on a towel near the fire. Not ideal and not something I’d predicted. The lack of comfort made for a more difficult trance. It had taken far longer to hypnotise Emily than usual.

And, now that she was fully under and ready, it was time to make a decision.

Did I try to convince Emily that moving away from home was a bad idea and make her want to stay, or did I stick to my original plan and deal with that issue another time?

It didn’t take long to decide.

I could remove Emily’s desire to leave the nest any time in the near future. I only had tonight and tomorrow to use this camping trip to my advantage.

“We are out in nature now, aren’t we Emily?”

“Yes.”

“Nature is, by definition, wild and untamed and unthinking and natural, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Being in tune with nature is a good thing, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Being in tune with nature is especially important when we’re in it, like right now, yes?”

“Yes.”

“While we’re here, we should try to be a part of nature, do you agree?”

“Yes.”

“We should do our best to be a part of nature, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Say it,” I commanded.

“We should do our best to be a part of nature.”

Excellent. Being a ‘part of nature’ could mean anything. It was vague and without definition. Being a part of nature could mean being eco-friendly, or it could mean being a nudist. Or being a part of nature might mean being akin to nature itself - wild, untamed, unthinking, animal.

That last one sounded very appealing.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

When in nature, make like an animal and fornicate.

Same concept, really.

“Nature is, by definition, wild and untamed and unthinking and animalistic, isn’t that right?”

It was worth repeating now, hammering home.

“Yes,” Emily said softly.

“We should do our best to be a part of nature, yes?”

“Yes.”

“And that means we should try to be natural, a little bit more wild and unthinking, like animals, right?”

Emily’s brow furrowed. Her mind, evidently, wasn’t so keen on the idea.

“Not entirely,” I amended, “we’re not actually wild animals, after all. But, just for this

weekend, it would be nice to let go of everything else and enjoy nature to its fullest, yes?"

"Yes."

"We should, as much as we can, try to be like animals and not worry about the rest of the world. We shouldn't think or worry too much about anything. While we're here, it's okay to just let loose and relax and enjoy, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

Alright. It was good enough. I could work with that.

"Wolves are beautiful animals, aren't they Emily?"

"Yes."

"They work together in family groups called packs. Did you know that?"

"Yes."

"Wolves in packs are very close. They care about all other members of the pack immensely, they work together and help each other wherever possible. Wolves are pretty great, aren't they?"

It didn't matter how true what I was saying was - for all I knew I was talking utter bullshit. All that mattered was that Emily believed it was true.

"Yes," Emily replied emotionless.

"While we're out here getting in touch with nature, being a part of nature, we should try to be a little more like a wolf pack, close and helpful with each other, shouldn't we?"

"Yes."

"We should be like a wolf pack for the rest of the weekend, shouldn't we Emily?"

"Yes."

"Our family should be like a wolf pack, yes?"

"Yes."

"Say it, Emily."

"Our family should be like a wolf pack."

Perfect. I could hammer that home for hours. With Helen asleep, I might just do exactly that. But first...

"Emily," I said, watching her closely, "did you know that wolf packs are completely okay with and actively practice incest?"

~ ~ ~

I sent a bleary-eyed Emily to bed, enjoying the lingering peck on the lips that she gave me before she disappeared into her tent.

Wolves, such interesting creatures. I'd given Emily plenty of information about wolves and wolf packs tonight, maybe some of it was actually true, too. I'd given her a strong desire to let loose and not care about anything at all for the rest of the weekend. I even slipped in some more 'naughtiness' programming, along with the mental preparation for tomorrow's activities.

Ah, tomorrow.

If even half the things I'd planned for tomorrow went according to plan, and there was no reason to believe they wouldn't at this point, then it would be a day to remember for the rest of my life. By this time tomorrow, and barring any unforeseen circumstances along the way, Emily and I will have crossed a line that there was no return from.

The time for baby steps was over. No more inching closer and closer, little by little. I knew exactly what I wanted. Time to have it.

I'd been too cautious up until now. Too worried about what might go wrong. Everything had gone perfectly. Better than expected. It was time to throw caution to the wind.

Quickly, tiredly, I opened up my laptop and saved the night's recording. Closed it

and carried it into my and Helen's tent with me. With all the files I'd saved onto it, I would not risk a the slim chances of it raining and destroying all that work.

I shut the tent behind me, oblivious to the pale blue eyes watching my every move from across the campfire embers.