

Baby Steps - Training Emily

Chapter 4 of 8

I woke to the sound of a phone buzzing. My phone.

Just like that, I was awake.

Helen went back to sleep as I crawled out of our tent. It was still dark out, the sky a deep navy blue. Emily, judging from the lack of light leaking through her tent, was still asleep.

I wandered off behind a bush with a roll of toilet paper to do my business. There was a portable toilet, but it was more for the women than me.

Today would be an interesting day. I'd spent well over an hour with Emily last night, tranced and open. There had been so much programming, so many suggestions and alterations I'd given her, I wasn't sure her mind would be able to absorb and retain it all.

Time would tell.

There was no reason to believe that things hadn't gone exactly as I wanted them. Everything up until now, *everything*, had gone according to plan - or even better. I'd underestimated the power that I had over my wife and daughter. I'd held back out of fear and concern when I should have been pushing forward harder. Perhaps if I'd not taken everything so slowly to begin with, I'd already be fucking Emily.

But I knew now. No more being overly cautious. No more hesitation or doubt.

I returned to the campsite. Got a fire going.

First breakfast. Then, when the sun was out and morning chill had been replaced with sweaty heat, I'd begin setting my plans in motion. Starting with their clothes.

Micro bikinis. Triangles of cloth large enough to just about cover the nipples and private paces, held in place by little more than string and willpower. I don't know if that was suitable enough to even be called clothing, but it was all my wife and daughter were wearing right now.

Helen was almost indifferent to wearing it. It was for Emily's best interests and so she would do it. She acted casually, as if she were wearing a normal bathing suit and not something that made her look like a porn star.

Emily was blushing. And smiling.

She was embarrassed, but some part of her liked it.

A week ago, even just a few days ago, she would never have been okay wearing something so revealing. So slutty. And now she was, and was enjoying it.

That was the power I now held over her.

"Well then," I said happily, allowing my eyes to roam over my daughter's body. "Who wants to go swimming?"

I wasn't a swimmer. My wife was. As was Emily.

So it was only fitting that the two women splash about in the lake while I sat back and filmed everything. That's what fathers did on family outings, wasn't it? Film everything, take plenty of photos. Document the occasion.

The camera never left Emily's body.

Those curves, those insanely huge tits, soaking wet and on full display. With the camera's zoom, I could see every individual droplet of water dripping between Emily's tits, every spec of moisture that hung to her skin. Every movement, every bounce and jiggle and sway, caught on camera and saved.

The water must have been pretty cold, judging from how hard Emily's nipples were - poking out through the thin fabric of her new micro bikini top.

Helen climbed out of the lake first, dripping water and grinning. Emily lingered for a short while, laying on her back and staring at the sky. She rolled over in the water, eyes

wandering to me, and began to swim to shore.

When she reached land, she stood, shivered. Now more than ever, beads of water ran down over and in-between her breasts.

I tossed her a towel to help her dry off.

Watching as she did was nice, but I couldn't allow myself to get too distracted by Emily's body. It was time for the sun lotion.

I pulled out a tub of sun cream, store-bought stuff with a little extra added. Nine parts sun-protection lotion, one part aphrodisiac oil to heighten sensitivity and arousal. I handed it to Helen, who started applying it to her bare skin.

Emily saw, laid down on her back atop her towel.

"Could you put some of that on me too, please?" Emily asked.

A tiny suggestion I'd given her last night. A little thing for my own amusement.

'It's better for someone else to apply sun cream on your body, isn't it? They can reach the spots that you can't.'

'Your mother knows how to apply sun cream properly. She's been doing it since long before you were born.'

Simple little ideas that would lead to a very pleasant viewing experience for me.

Helen obeyed, of course. Her own deep programming gave her no other option but to do as our daughter wished, to support and aid her in everything. I'd be testing the limits of that soon enough but, for now, I was content with watching my wife rub lotion over our daughter's nearly-naked body.

The micro bikinis left a lot of skin exposed to sunlight, and my wife was very thorough in making sure Emily was well-protected from the sun's rays.

Watching as my wife gently rubbed sun cream over our daughter's massive tits was amazing. The way she slid her hand between Emily's breasts, smothering that chasm of flesh with white cream, the way her hands brushed dangerously close to Emily's pussy while applying the cream to her groin.

I could see clearly the effect the aphrodisiac was having on Emily. Closed eyes, mouth open in silent gasps, body trembling at her mother's touch.

Soon enough, The front of Emily's body was done and Helen instructed her to turn over. Seeing my daughter lay on her stomach, her tits acting as a giant pillow for her upper body, was the cherry on top of this whole show. I continued to watch in joyous silence as Helen massaged sun cream into Emily's ass cheeks, her back, the sides of her body, her ample side-boob.

By the time Helen was done, Emily's entire body was flushed a light pink. Her arousal, hardened nipples and damp crotch and the way she bit her lip, trying to pretend nothing was wrong, was obvious.

We sunbathed as a family for a few hours, relaxing and chatting and enjoying the warmth. Eventually, however, Emily stood up and wrapped a towel around her waist.

"I'm gonna go for a little walk," she said to no-one in particular.

I suppressed a smirk. Another little bit of programming right there. Subtle and unnoticeable. A desire to explore. It was something I hadn't been sure I needed to implant, Emily might well have wanted to explore already. But why take the risk? Her mind was mine to shape, her actions mine to decide.

Last night I'd filled her head with my voice. I'd given her suggestions and ideas, I'd given her new programming, new morals to go along with what would soon be her new life.

The human mind is just like any machine. It had its quirks, sure. Love and hate and greed and pride, all the emotions that were absent in technology. But, at the end of the day, the human mind was no less vulnerable to modification than the files on my laptop.

I'd written the code that Emily's mind was now subject to, even if she herself was oblivious to that fact.

"You shouldn't go wandering off alone," I said aloud, adding a fatherly tone to my voice. "You might get lost. I'll come with you. I could do with the exercise."

Helen clapped her hands together. "We should all go!"

I kept myself from grimacing. Helen was not welcome on this little outing.

"You should get started on making dinner," I told her, giving her a wink and a nod in Emily's direction.

Helen would figure I wanted some alone time with Emily, maybe to talk to her about something, maybe just a father-daughter bonding moment. She'd avoid getting in the way.

My wife nodded her head.

"Right, I'll go make food. Have a nice walk you two."

Emily quickly ran back to camp, disappearing into her tent for a minute before emerging with proper walking shoes on her feet.

We walked along the lake's coast for a few minutes before Emily stopped and turned to face me. Her eyes looked at me with an intensity I hadn't been expecting.

"Dad," she began, "will you hypnotise me?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Right now?"

"Yes," Emily said simply. "Right now. Right here. Will you hypnotise me again?"

This was odd, unexpected. And not a part of my plan. Right about now, Emily should be wanting to 'train' her blowjob skills.

"Why?"

Emily shrugged. "I keep having these dirty thoughts. I want you to help get rid of them for me."

Dirty thoughts? She meant the idea I'd planted in her mind, it was the only thing that made sense. She wanted me to remove the desire. Boy, was she talking to the wrong person.

Not one to turn away a gift, I gave Emily a wide smile.

"Sure thing, princess."

~emily_42.mp3~

"Why did you want me to hypnotise you, Emily?"

She'd said she wanted to get rid of 'dirty thoughts' but not which ones. Or why she wanted me to remove them.

I had no intention of stopping now. Rather than remove the thoughts, I'd remove her discomfort over them. I was so close. I would not cave now. No-one quits a marathon on the final stretch.

Emily would be mine.

"They make me uncomfortable," Emily said, voice hollow.

I shouldn't ask open questions. Simple questions with yes or no answers were good, they'd gotten me this far. But the time for caution was gone. Emily had asked me to hypnotise her, her subconscious would answer the questions she thought would help lead to removing her unwanted thoughts.

"What dirty thoughts have you been having, princess?"

Emily gave a slight pause before she answered.

"Sex with you," she stated blankly. "Sucking your dick."

"Those are very dirty thoughts," I said, thinking hard. "But are they *bad* thoughts to have? Are they wrong?"

That was the real question. I'd spent weeks removing Emily inhibitions with incest. Any inclination towards it being morally questionable was gone. To Emily, incest should be about as controversial as masturbation. Nothing that you'd want to advertise to the world,

but not something to feel bad about.

"No," Emily answered.

"If they're not bad or wrong, they shouldn't be uncomfortable thoughts to have, am I right?"

"Yes."

"You've been thinking about having sex with me, of giving me blowjobs and so on, correct?"

"Yes."

"You want to suck my cock, don't you?"

"Yes."

"The thoughts you've been having about me recently have been sexual and naughty, yes?"

"Yes."

"Sexual and naughty are good. They're fun. Correct?"

"Yes."

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

"No."

"You want the thoughts to go away, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Seems to me like the best way to stop thinking about those dirty and naughty things, the best way to stop imagining them and get them off your mind for good, would be to do them. There's nothing wrong with it, after all. And what better way to satisfy a curiosity than to indulge in it?"

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I didn't keep Emily under for too long. What with the heat, how much I was sweating and how uncomfortable Emily must be laying on that towel, not to mention the fact that Helen would be expecting us back before too long. It seemed wise to keep that session as short as possible.

Short, but long enough to do what I needed.

Emily's eyes flickered open, squinted in the sunlight.

"Welcome back," I said, looking down at my daughter from my seat on a large rock. "How do you feel?"

"Hmm?" Emily murmured, a sleepy contentedness filling her voice.

She reached her arms out, stretched luxuriously. A sweet moan escaped her lips as her back arched. Her chest, along with her amazing tits, were pushed up and outwards as Emily stretched and woke herself up. Close enough that I could reach out and touch them. I held the instinct back.

"I'm okay," Emily said dreamily. "Thank you daddy."

Another nail in the coffin. In just a few minutes of hypnotic suggestion, Emily had gone from calling me 'dad' to 'daddy'. A small yet significant change.

'Dad' was loving, family, it was what Emily called her father and protector.

'Daddy' was sexual. A nickname. What she'd call the man she fucked and who fucked her. Less protector, more lover.

To Emily, both words were innocent. To her subconscious, the two words, though similar, had distinctly different connotations. My beautiful daughter was unknowingly associating me as a lover.

The power of a single, subtle word.

"Before we head back, would you like to have a quick bit of girlfriend training?" I asked.

Still dazed, and before she could think about why she'd been hypnotised in the first place, Emily nodded her head.

"Sure."

Gently, almost reverently, my daughter pulled down my jeans. I lifted myself slightly from the rock so that she could pull them all the way down to my ankles. With a delicate touch, she lowered my boxers, her face flushed.

"Wow," she whispered, looking up from my cock. "It's big."

The way she said it was almost purr-like. Soft and excited and warm. I could feel her breath tickling my shaft.

I was hard. Very hard. I'd waited so long for this. And now it was finally going to happen. I was finally going to have Emily on my cock. Her mouth, those pretty lips, full lips, on my cock where they belonged.

Emily reached out, touched it.

Her fingers radiated heat, excitement. My cock jerked at her touch. And, gently, Emily took a hold of it. First with one hand, then with both. She stared at it for a long moment, eyes bright with wonder.

Emily looked up at me again, let out a little excited giggle.

She turned her attention back to my cock.

The sight of her there, staring at the head, was pure perfection. Dream-like. And, when she leaned forward, all other thoughts left my mind.

She kissed the tip. A gentle, loving kiss.

Then she kissed it again. And again. Tiny little pecks. One after the other. Each one lasting a fraction of a second longer than the last, each one becoming less gentle and loving and more desperate. Those pretty blue eyes glanced up at me one last time, pale and hungry, before she closed them.

Her mouth opened and, a second later, it closed around my cock. Warm and wet and wonderful.

At first, Emily barely moved, didn't take any more in than my head. Slow, sweet movements, her tongue licking the underside while her lips slid gently back and forth, massaging it.

And, as the moments passed, her pace increased. Her lips found their way further and further down my cock, inch by inch. Her tongue, previously teasing and toying, was now half-forgotten as Emily forced more and more of me into her mouth and down her throat.

It was a perfect fit. My cock, my daughter's throat. A tight fit. I wasn't sure Emily would be able to take it all. But she was determined, forcing it deeper and deeper down her throat, gagging and choking all the way. When her lips reached the base, I couldn't help but shiver.

She stayed there like that for a second, the entire length of my cock down her throat, her upper lip on my pelvis, her lower lip and chin pressed to my balls.

The sight of it was too much for me.

I let loose, cumming down Emily's throat in huge bursts.

She gagged, jerked back quickly. Spurt after spurt filling her throat and mouth. Her lips came off my shaft in a shower of spit and cum, coating my cock and her face in both.

One last burst of cum shot from me, landing neatly on Emily's face and hair, welding her right eye shut.

That sight. My daughter, panting heavily, trying to catch her breath, with my cum on her face and dripping down out from the corners of her mouth, directly onto those amazing tits. It was something I'd never forget.

"Did you have a nice walk?" Helen asked, looking up from our little campfire as we

approached.

Emily had cleaned the cum off her face, sadly. What a marvellous sight for Helen that would have been.

I nodded my head. "It was perfect," I said happily.

"Dinner won't be long. There's a lot of it, so I hope you're both hungry," Helen said, turning her attention back to the fire and the pot that sat atop it.

I glanced over at Emily, who was looking right at me. She gave a sly, shy smile before winking at me. She turned and headed to her tent, shaking her ass my way as she went.

Not long now.

Soon she'd be mine completely.