

Baby Steps - Training Emily

Chapter 5 of 8

We sat around the campfire, talking and drinking. The sun was on the horizon, painting the sky shades of orange and purple. Helen was feeling nostalgic, telling Emily about how we met and started dating and so on. Emily listened intently, occasionally glancing in my direction before quickly looking away.

The alcohol was my idea, naturally. It wasn't particularly strong, not was there very much of it. Enough for a light buzz and some slight tipsiness, but not full-on drunkenness.

All a part of the plan.

It was nice, sitting there around the campfire. The warmth of it. The earthen, wooden smell of burning branches paired with the crisp scent of a well-cooked meal. The air seemed to resonate relaxation and simplicity. A very pleasant atmosphere, one I wouldn't have minded keeping at all under normal circumstances.

But these weren't normal circumstances.

I was here to do a job, and this was the last night I'd be able to use this environment to my advantage.

When a person enters a new environment, their mind starts adapting to change much more potently. It's easier to quit smoking right after moving house, and it's much easier for a usually reclusive person to be outgoing while on holiday. New environments and locations trigger a need to adapt in the brain, which in turn allows the mind to change and alter itself in a way that's not possible ordinarily.

Here and now, Emily was in a new environment. That alone was enough to increase the potency of my suggestions and programming.

But this place was also wild, natural, secluded. It was ideal for guiding Emily's mind towards more physical and sexual state. A long trance to reset Emily's personality from shy, awkward girl into flirtatious, sexy woman.

I turned to Helen when a lull came in the conversation, smiled at her. "You look tired," I said, lacing my voice with concern. "I think you should sleep, hun."

The effect was instantaneous.

Helen's eyelids drooped, her smile faded, her entire body slumped and sagged. Obediently, she stood.

"Now that you mention it," she said, voice taking on a dreamy, vacant tone. "I do feel quite sleepy."

~emily_43.mp3~

"You like sucking cock, don't you Emily?"

"Yes."

"You sucked my cock earlier today, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You enjoyed sucking it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did you enjoy most about it?"

Emily was silent for a moment, her mind searching for the right answer.

"I like pleasing people."

Interesting. I had a feeling that 'pleasing' wasn't restricted to sexual pleasure. Emily liked making people happy. It was that simple. And it was something I hadn't even considered until right then and there.

It was another string to tug on. Another path to controlling my daughter entirely.

"You like pleasing me, don't you princess?"

"Yes."

"Pleasing me makes you happy, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Which must mean that pleasuring me makes you happy, right?"

"Yes."

"Pleasuring me makes you happy, yes?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"Pleasuring you makes me happy."

Music to my ears. But not enough. I needed more. More of Emily submitting herself, more of her giving herself to me. I wanted it all. And I was done waiting.

"I've done a lot of things for you lately, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"I've helped you a lot. So much. Every time I've hypnotised you has been to help you. So many times. I've been so amazingly nice to you, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"And me being nice to you means you've got to be nice back to me, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Being nice back to me - making me feel good - makes you feel happy. Yes?"

"Yes."

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

"Yes."

"You want to pay me back for all the nice things I've done for you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Good girl," I said, feeling my heart pounding in my chest, feeling the heavy bulge between my legs. "Listen closely now Emily, because I'm going to tell you exactly what you should do to start paying me back."

~ ~ ~

"Okay princess, I think I'm going to call it a night," I said, standing and stretching.

It was make or break time. Either Emily would initiate things or she wouldn't. If she didn't, that was fine. I could continue my programming at another time, in another trance. It would be a waste of a good opportunity, but it was no disaster.

Across the fire, Emily was blushing. Face flushed red. Be it from the heat of the flames, a blush from the alcohol, or simple sexual arousal, it was hard to say. Probably a mix of all three.

The only question that mattered right now was if Emily would act.

I turned around, began walking towards mine and Helen's tent.

It seemed like that would be the end of it. Anticlimactic and disappointing.

And then Emily spoke.

"Wait," she said softly.

I stopped, turned to look at her.

She was still wearing the micro-bikini that I'd gotten for her, body on full display. It was chilly, however, and Emily had decided to wear a jacket to help protect her from the cold. It wasn't done up, thankfully. The front of her body was exposed, tits and crotch both. Nipples and pussy themselves protected only by the smallest, thinnest fabric imaginable.

Her face was bright, glowing in the light of the campfire. Her red hair blazed, strands of it falling over her face, wavy and free. And her eyes, those pale, ghostly blue eyes, staring right at me as Emily gently bit on her lower lip.

"Please stay," Emily said gently.

The crackling of our campfire was the only sound that followed. Other than that, everything was silent.

"I..." Emily began, stopped herself. "You..."

I watched as my daughter struggled to say what she needed to say. She couldn't seem to find the words. So, instead of speaking and struggling, Emily stood. Walked over to where I stood.

Without saying another word, she reached up, wrapped both arms around my neck, and leaned in to kiss me.

I obliged.

When our lips met, a shiver ran through my body. This was no father-daughter peck, this was a lover's kiss. Our lips parted for each other, our tongues dancing together, our bodies pressed against one another. In the night's cool air, I could feel every ounce of warmth radiating from my daughter's body, could feel the weight of her chest pressing into mine as she pulled me closer.

We made out for an eternity, my hands finding their way to Emily's tits and ass, her arms pulling me closer and closer, forcing me to lean over her.

I squeezed hard on her, groping her tits one at a time, enjoying the muffled gasps and moans that Emily made as she refused to break away.

Slipping a hand between her legs, feeling how wet, how ready she was, I couldn't help but play with her, trailing a finger between those lips of hers, teasing. As I gently pinched one of her nipples, slowly started pressing a single finger inside her, Emily bit me. My lip. Playfully, roughly, she bit my lower lip.

And then planted her hands firmly on my chest and pushed me back, away from her, ending our several minutes long make-out session.

My initial reaction was disappointment, breathlessness.

Then Emily surprised me.

She took off her jacket, tossing it aside without ever looking away from me. But she didn't stop there. Emily reached behind her back, untied her dishevelled micro-bikini and let it fall to the ground at her feet.

Her tits had been exposed before, my hand had pushed away the small triangles of her micro-bikini without even trying. But this was different somehow.

"Do you like them, daddy?" Emily asked sweetly.

She cupped her breasts, squeezed them together and held them up for me to look at. Holy hell, they were big.

She giggled shyly as I leered at her melons.

"I do," I said, unable to hide my desire.

Emily giggled again, took a step closer to me. She reached out tentatively towards my crotch.

Slowly, she lowered herself to the ground, onto her knees in front of me, began unbuckling my trousers. Looking down, watching as my daughter pulled down my trousers and boxers, gently took my cock in her hands, was a sight I knew I'd never get tired of.

"I like this," Emily said, squeezing my cock and looking up at me. "I like it a lot."

I shuddered.

A moment later, Emily's mouth was around my cock, her head bobbing back and forth vigorously. Gone was the shy young girl. Now there was only the cock-hungry woman I'd spent weeks carefully creating, programming. She swallowed my cock down to the base, not stopping, not slowing down, even when she gagged and choked, Emily kept going.

I could do nothing but stand there, enjoying the feel of her mouth on me. Wonderful and amazing.

But, just as I was getting close to a climax, Emily pulled away, spitting out my cock with an audible, wet pop. She looked up at me, smiled mischievously. I'd seen that same

smile on her mother's face countless times before. Seeing it on Emily was a dream come true.

She lifted her breasts, eyes bright.

"Do you like my titties, daddy?"

Without waiting for a response, Emily pressed them to my saliva-coated cock, wrapped them around it.

She pressed them tight together, squeezing my cock between them, started moving them up and down. And, just like that, my beautiful daughter began giving me the most amazing titty-fuck of my life.

She kept eye contact with me all the while, only ever looking down to kiss the tip of my cock before looking straight back up.

Those beautiful eyes, those marvellous tits.

I couldn't hold it back any longer. I came, shooting strings of warm, white cum into the air. Some landed on Emily's face and hair, some landed on and between her breasts. I came so hard, I wouldn't have been surprised to see some of it shoot right over my daughter's head.

Emily kept going, milking my cock with her tits, not stopping until every last drop of cum had been extracted onto her face and body. Only when there was nothing left did she release me.

I staggered backwards, drained, suddenly exhausted.

Emily simply smiled at me, licked the cum from her lips.

"Chop chop," Helen said loudly, gesturing at me and rolling her eyes. "This is what happens when you stay up too late."

It was early the next morning. Too early to be packing up and going home. But Helen was wide awake, her mind set on returning home and taking a long shower. Nothing was going to convince her otherwise at this point.

So that's what we did.

Somehow, Emily looked just as awake and alive as her mother. I, on the other hand, was bleary-eyed tired.

As I drove, the women chatted away, Emily giving no sign to her mother about the previous day's events. Not that it would have mattered all that much at this point. Helen would accept anything that Emily wanted, would do her best to make it happen.

More than ever, I was certain of that now. If Emily told her mother that she wanted to fuck me, Helen would do everything in her power to make it happen.

The only thing I needed to do now was make Emily want it.

Either as a form of 'sex training', or out of a desire to pay me back for 'helping' her so much, or out of pure sexual lust and desire. A combination of all three, even. A will to have her father fuck her so powerful and potent that Emily would be unable to resist it.

Tonight. Or tomorrow night. I'd hypnotise Emily and make that final push. I'd put Helen into a deep sleep and fuck our daughter senseless. No more hesitating. No more waiting.

~emily_44.mp3~

"You're much more comfortable with your breasts now than you used to be, right?"

"Yes," Emily answered.

"You're much more willing to show them off and wear revealing clothing, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That's all thanks to me, isn't it Emily?"

"Yes."

"I've been helping you by hypnotising you, with training you to be a better girlfriend. I've been helping you in lots of different ways. I've done a lot of things for you. Yes?"

"Yes."

"You want to pay me back for all the good things I've done for you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Boys like breasts and butts, yes?"

"Yes."

"And men like tits and ass. Makes sense, right?"

"Yes."

"I'm a man, correct?"

"Yes."

"Which means I must like tits and ass, right?"

"Yes."

"You have very large tits, and a very nice ass," I said, my eyes roaming her body for a moment. "You have a very nice body. The type of body men like me love."

Emily said nothing, simply absorbed the information.

"Being lusted after is a good thing. Being leered at is a good thing. It means you're desirable. That you're sexy. Everyone wants to be wanted, and men looking at you like that means you are wanted, yes?"

There was a slight pause before Emily answered. A fraction of a second before she spoke.

"Yes."

"You want men to find you attractive, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You want men to want you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I'm a man, aren't I princess?"

"Yes."

I let that hang there. No need to reinforce something so benign and simple. Emily seeing me as a man, as well as her father, was not the most important thing. But it might help, in some small way.

"Emily," I said, crossing my fingers. "Is incest wrong?"

The answer to this was far more important. For weeks, I'd been hammering home that there was nothing wrong with incest. And Emily had accepted it. She should have no issues with it at all any more. But I had to be sure. She'd sucked my cock, given me a titty-fuck. But would she spread her legs for me?

"No."

"If they keep it a secret, is there anything at all wrong about a father and daughter having sex?"

"No."

I couldn't help but smile.

Tonight was the night, I was certain of it.

"Emily, in order to be a good girlfriend, you need to be good when it comes to sex. That's one of the most important parts of a relationship. Tonight, Emily, after this trance ends, I'm going to start training you how to fuck."

~ ~ ~

Emily stood in front of me, naked from head to toes. She was blushing, and she was smiling. Embarrassed? Perhaps. But also excited. I could see it clear as day.

Her mother was asleep, and wouldn't be waking up no matter how loud we were.

There would be no interruptions.

My daughter stepped towards me.

Seated on her bed as I was, I had a wonderful view of those beautiful tits. Pretty pink nipples, a single freckle on the underside of her left breast. I'd never seen such a magnificent sight as my daughter, butt-naked, exposing herself for me.

"Shall we begin, then?" I asked, smiling at Emily.

She nodded her head, took another step towards me. Close enough that her tits were mere inches away from my face, her nipples almost exactly on level with my eyes.

Without waiting for approval, Emily climbed onto my lap, face to face, chest to chest, crotch to crotch.

She dived in for the kiss, hungry.

I'd told her to imagine I was her boyfriend for the night. To pretend that we were lovers, had been for months and months. Less intimacy and more raw intensity, to help get the ball rolling by removing some of that inherent awkwardness. Before waking her from the trance, I'd been sure to elevate her arousal to new heights. It might be the first time in her life that she had felt *this* aroused, this desperate for cock.

I kissed her in return, wrestling her tongue with my own, my hands roaming her body. This was not like before. This was rough, desperate, instinctual.

Emily's hands were on my body, pulling at my clothes, unbuttoning my shirt, tugging at my jeans even as her body writhed against me. She was thrusting, grinding her pussy on my very hard and very ready bulge.

One of my hands found my daughter's ass, groping it hard and painfully. Emily bit my lip in response, didn't stop kissing.

She gasped the first time I slapped her ass. The second time, she moaned. The third, she pushed herself closer to me, pressing our bodies tightly together.

Firmly, I planted both of my hands on my daughter's body. She broke the kiss when I lifted her, tossed her down on the bed besides me, climbed on top of her.

Somehow, my trousers were off, on the floor somewhere. My boxers were down and my cock was out, pressing into Emily's stomach. She was panting, mouth open, eyes wide, hair a mess on the bed around her. She opened her legs for me, by desire or by pure animal instinct, it didn't matter.

I placed a hand between her thighs, moved it over her pussy.

Emily gasped when I touched her, moaned aloud when I squeezed her clit between my thumb and forefinger.

She was ready. More than ready. Emily's pussy was drenched. As desperate to be filled with cock as I was to fill it.

I ran a finger between the slit, marvelling in the pure ecstasy on Emily's face. She must either have been extremely sensitive, or even more aroused than I believed.

I teased her opening, pressing just the tip of my finger inside before pulling it back.

Emily squirmed, wiggled her hips, trying to push my finger deeper inside herself. Her face was flushed red, hot. Her eyes were pleading, needing.

"Please," Emily whispered.

I smiled at her, teased her more with my finger.

"Yes?"

"Please," she gasped, "fuck me daddy."

I needed no more persuasion than that. Without a second thought, without a moment of hesitation, I lifted my daughter's legs, positioned myself comfortably between them. Cock in my right hand, Emily's hip in my other, I lined myself up with her opening.

And, in one slow, firm thrust, I penetrated her.