

## Baby Steps - Training Emily

### Chapter 6 of 8

I thrust hard, watching in pure bliss as my daughter's body jerked beneath me.

Emily's eyes rolled back slightly before her eyelids clamped shut, her mouth opening to let out a sound somewhere between a gasp and a moan. Her tits bounced, jiggled, as I began thrusting my cock in and out of her, forcing it as deep as it would go.

"Fuck," Emily grunted, her face an erotic mixture of pain and pleasure.

She was tight. Tighter than anything I'd felt down there before. Squeezing my cock painfully, crushing it even as it pushed ever deeper into her.

So warm. Wet. I could barely concentrate.

My animal instincts kicked in, my body moving almost by itself as my senses were overwhelmed by that single sensation.

This was my daughter, my beautiful Emily.

And I was fucking her.

It was that one thought that did it. All other activity in my brain ceased, every idea, plan, every thought ended.

My hand shot out, grabbing one of Emily's tits, squeezing it tightly. Emily gasped, groaned, but didn't object as I pinched her nipple, leaned down to bite it.

Emily simply lay there, taking my onslaught.

She moaned, panted, swore.

"Daddy," she said between thrusts, words distorted by the constant jerking and bouncing of her body. "Yes. More."

Those beautiful pale blue eyes locked onto me; hazy, almost unfocused, filled with pleasure and need. Her beautiful full lips, the lips I'd imagined kissing so many times, imagined around the shaft of my cock, were now open wide, parted by her moans and pleas and gasps.

My daughter, her lovely, soft and sweet voice had warped into something else. Still soft, still sweet, but sexual now. Erotic and womanly.

"More," Emily gasped. "Please. Daddy. More."

Those amazing tits were bouncing fast and heavy now, pink nipples hard as ice, skin coated in a sheen of sweat and flushed from the heat of our bodies.

I watched them, still amazed at their size and perfection.

Unthinking, one of my hands swung out, slapped them. I watched them bounce, jiggle, saw the bright red hand-print I'd left on one of them.

Emily gasped loudly as I slapped her tits. Loudly and painfully. But I didn't stop, and neither did she, thrusting her hips into me as I thrust my cock deep into her.

It was amazing. More than I'd ever hoped for. Better than any dream I'd had.

And it wasn't enough.

I wanted more.

I needed more.

I grabbed Emily's hips, more roughly than I'd intended but we were both beyond caring at that point.

She looked confused for a moment, then shocked as I spun her over onto her hands and knees. From there, I couldn't see her face. But that didn't matter. I wanted to fuck her. As hard as I could, as fast as I could, as deep. And this was the way to do it.

My hands held my daughter firmly in place, grasping her hips, as I continued to fuck her.

Doggy-style.

Like a bitch in heat.

She was mine. Emily was mine. At last. All mine.

I lifted my hand, brought it down on her ass hard. The sound of Emily being

spanked filled the air, mixing with the slapping of skin on skin and the moans and grunts and gasps. I spanked her again and again, enjoying the sight of her ass jiggling, her body bouncing and recoiling at the pain, always coming back for more.

More. I wanted more.

I needed to fill Emily in a way she'd never been filled before. I needed to give her body a memory it would never forget.

Harder and harder, I drove my cock into her. My hand reaching out and grabbing a fist-full of her hair, pulling it back. Her back arched, curved towards me as I pounded away at her insides, forcing my cock as deep as my daughter's body would allow.

I hit something hard and Emily let out a loud gasp.

I was there, at the brink of my orgasm. Ready to cum.

Part of me, some distant, quiet voice of reason, told me to pull out before I came, warned me not to do it inside.

But I wasn't listening. The animal, instinctual part of me was in control now. And that part of me, the part that wanted to make Emily mine completely, the one that revelled in the thought of filling my daughter with cum, that didn't care if she got pregnant, was all that mattered.

I came.

Spurt after spurt, all shooting deep inside my daughter's pussy. It seemed never ending. Emily's pussy tightened around me, convulsing and constricting as she climaxed along with me.

And then it was over. And both of us collapsed exhausted onto Emily's bed, panting and sweaty and tired.

How long I lay there, I have no idea.

Somehow, I managed to get up, put my clothes back on even as my daughter lay there unmoving, naked, breathless.

As I walked back to my own bedroom, where my wife slept soundly, all I could think was that Emily getting pregnant wasn't the worst thing in the world. Her breasts might swell even larger than they were now, filled with delicious milk for me to taste.

Now there was a lovely thought.

The next morning, I sat across the dining table from Helen, unable to remove the smile from my face. Emily was still in bed, probably sore and exhausted, resting and sleeping. She'd need all the rest she could get, with the things I planned to do with and to her from now on.

It had happened, I'd finally done it. I'd fucked her.

So many weeks of work, months of planning and dreaming and plotting, all coming together in one night of pure bliss. It had been everything I'd hoped for and more.

Emily was mine, at last.

And now I could make a thousand different ideas and fantasies I'd had about her come true. So many, for so long, now within my grasp.

There was only one thing that might get in my way, one small detail that I needed to be sure of. And she was sitting across the table from me.

Helen. Her willingness to let her husband and daughter fuck each other had not been tested. I'd been sure to conceal my activities with Emily from her so far, just in case her programming wasn't powerful to allow it. But, going forward, I needed to be sure of Helen's obedience and acceptance.

Now that I planned to be fucking our daughter on a daily basis, multiple times a day, even, I could hardly hide it from Helen. So there was only one thing to do.

Hypnotise her, and make sure she wouldn't be causing any problems for me.

~helen\_30.mp3~

I hadn't had sex with Emily today. She'd been too tired in the morning and had gone out in the afternoon, arriving home late and going straight to bed. I'd offered to hypnotise her, hoping and expecting her to agree. But she'd turned the offer down.

Unusual and annoying, but no great concern.

It at least gave me time now to hypnotise her mother without distraction.

"Am I a good father to Emily?" I asked my tranced wife.

"Yes," she answered without hesitation.

It was nice to know that Helen had so much faith in me.

"You know that I'd never do anything to hurt Emily, yes?"

"Yes."

"And that I'd never do anything with or to Emily that she didn't want, yes?"

"Yes."

"So anything that I do with Emily, by extension, must be something that she wants to happen, right?"

A pause.

"Yes."

"A good parent wants to make their child happy, yes?"

"Yes."

"Emily is a smart girl, she knows what's best for herself and we should respect what she wants and do our best to help her, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"No matter what, as parents we should help Emily, right?"

"Yes."

"Anything I do with Emily must be something that she wants to happen, right?"

"Yes."

"If she wants it, then it must be good for her and we should support her in it no matter what it is, yes?"

"Yes."

"If you walked in on Emily and I talking about sex, you would know instantly that it is what Emily wants. After all, if she didn't want it, then it wouldn't be happening. And because it's what Emily wants, we should both accept and help her in any way we can. Am I right?"

"Yes."

All good so far. Now to push it a little.

"If Emily came to you and told you that she wanted to have sex with me, her father, would you try to stop her?"

Another pause, longer this time. Helen's eyelids fluttered slightly, but not enough for me to worry. I was in full control now. There was no way Helen could resist the programming I'd been implanting in her for so long.

"No," Helen answered at last.

"If it's what Emily wants, would you support her and help her have sex with her own father?"

"Yes," Helen said after another, shorter pause.

I couldn't help but grin. This was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

"If you were to come home and walk in on me and Emily having sex, knowing that it would not be happening unless Emily herself wanted it, would you interrupt or try to stop it?"

Helen's eyebrows furrowed. "No."

That was everything I needed to know. But my mind raced with possibilities, things that would have been impossible just a few months ago yet now would be as simple as

uttering a few words.

"If Emily asked you to join in while me and her were having sex, if she asked you to have sex with her too, would you do it for her?" I couldn't help but ask.

Yet another pause from Helen. But there was no doubt now. If she was willing to allow her daughter and husband to have sex, then there was nothing she would not do for Emily.

"Yes," Helen answered finally.

Images of the two women playing with each other forced themselves into my mind. Fantasies of strap-ons and double-ended dildos, of mother and daughter competing against each other, of them working together. A flood of ideas and possibilities, all within my grasp. All just a few words, a few sessions, away from becoming realities.

But in order to make all those scenarios truly enjoyable, Helen would need to be more than just a willing participant. She would need to want it just as much as I did.

An easy thing to fix.

First I'd make sure she saw our daughter in the same way as me. A beautiful, sexy creature in need of constant fucking. And then I'd amplify Helen's libido in much the same way as I had with Emily. Nothing too difficult - those days were behind me now.

"Helen," I began, an unrestrained smile clear in my voice. "We have a very beautiful daughter, don't you agree?"

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"I wanted to thank you for everything you've done for me lately," Emily said nervously reaching out to hand me two small pieces of paper. We were sitting at the dining table, eating breakfast before leaving for work and school. "So I got you and Mom tickets to see a play. Only those were the only times that weren't fully booked."

I looked down at the tickets, curious. The times on them were set for almost exactly after I got out of work.

"I'm sorry," Emily blushed, looking away. "You've just done so much for me and I wanted to try doing something nice for you."

This was unexpected. Though it did make sense. I'd never specified to Emily that paying me back should only be done through sex, so I shouldn't have been as surprised as I was at receiving the gift.

"Thank you," I smiled at her, pocketed the tickets. While I wasn't a fan of plays, there was no reason to reject the gift.

Emily shot to her feet, blushing brighter. "Okay then. I'm gonna go get ready for school," she said, rushing out of the room.

I enjoyed the sight of her rear-end retreating away in embarrassment. Let my mind wander and fantasise about how I'd 'repay' Emily for her thoughtful gift.

Getting out of work a few minutes early was a hassle. I'd taken too much time off recently, and the powers that be weren't too happy with it. I'd hoped to leave with enough time to head home and get ready for my and Helen's little date. As it was, I had barely enough time to make it to the play at all.

Helen, of course, had the day off work. Was already dressed up and waiting outside theatre when I arrived moments before the play was set to begin.

She was wearing a fancy yet sexy dress. Elegant black, the hem reaching down to her shins, with a slit that ran up along her leg to her thigh. There was cleavage for days, and a tightness in the dress fabric around Helen's waist, showing off the perfect hourglass figure she had.

There was an odd look on Helen's face, as if there was something she wanted to

say. But she said nothing, instead rushed me into the building so that we didn't miss the play.

It was boring. So boring that I stopped paying attention within the first few minutes. Instead I planned, strung together ideas and thoughts and fantasies in my mind, thinking of how to make all of them a reality.

Emily and Helen together, the younger learning from the older as they pleased each other. I wanted that. And I'd have it. My wife had been a wild thing back in the day, a sexual fiend that would try anything for the sake of excitement and pleasure. I was certain that she must, on some level, have thought about other women in a sexual way before.

How hard could it be to make her see Emily in that light?

I'd already warped Helen's mind enough that she was now totally accepting and encouraging of my and Emily's affair. And I'd managed to transform Emily from an innocent young woman, who was uncomfortable with even talking about sex with her father, to a sexy seductress who saw no issue at all with fucking that very same father. Really, how hard could making Helen lust after Emily truly be at this point?

After everything I'd done already, that seemed so simple and easy a task to complete.

And then what?

I enjoy the show.

Two insanely beautiful, huge-titted women playing with each other for my entertainment. By my will and at my command. Now that would be a pretty sight to see.

I could get them toys, too. Vibrators and strap-ons and those delicious double-ended dildos. So many things were not just possible, but realities waiting to come true. I could have Helen fuck Emily while Emily sucked me off. Or the other way around. Or have them take turns. I could have Helen teach our daughter the finer points of pleasuring me.

What better way to prepare Emily for my cock than to have her mother eat her out? Just the idea of that, of Helen's face between Emily's legs, getting her nice and wet for me, was unbearably arousing. When I made it happen, and I had every intention of doing just that, I'd have to make sure to record it all. And, when my cock was finally in Emily, and I was fucking her senseless, who better to hold the camera than her loving mother?

I'd never really understood the fascination that other men seemed to have with lesbians. Two women was better than one, I got that. But why would you want them doing things with each other instead of with you?

Now I understood. Just picturing my wife and daughter together, naked. Imagining them holding each other like lovers, kissing and roaming each others bodies. A titillating sight, to be sure. One I'd have to make happen.

*This* was real power.

I could do anything I wanted, make any fantasy a reality. And there was nothing that could get in my way. As far as these two beautiful women were concerned, I was God.

I pulled up outside the house. Helen sat besides me in the passenger seat, looking tired and content. At least one of us had enjoyed the monstrosity of a play.

Exiting the car, walking to the front door only for Helen to realise she'd left her bag in the car. I handed her the car key as I unlocked the front door and headed inside. Helen walked back to the car, leaving me in the quiet of the house.

Quiet, but not silent.

I could hear voices, quiet and muffled through the building's walls. The words were inaudible.

And yet, somehow, they sent a shiver down my spine.

The sounds were coming from the living room, and that's where my feet took me, my brain empty of thoughts for once. I opened the door and stepped inside.

Emily looked up at me, eyes bulging wide. Surprise was written clearly on her face, shock and fear and guilt at being caught. She was sitting on the sofa, feet up and legs crossed. And on her legs sat a laptop. My laptop. Open and on. Playing an audio recording from one of my recent hypnotic sessions with Emily.

Behind me, I heard the front door slam shut.