

## **Baby Steps - Training Emily**

### **Chapter 7 of 8**

It was the front door slamming that did it.

Emily had been frozen in place, staring at me with those shocked, horrified eyes. The audio from one of our sessions filling the stunned silence. Helen slamming the front door shut jarred Emily out of her stupor.

Quicker than thought, my daughter shut the laptop that was sitting so snugly on her legs. Instantly, the audio cut off.

She set it aside, stood. She opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out. And, when Helen walked into the room all smiles and joy, Emily retreated.

She rushed past me, past her mother, uttering something about sleeping over at a friend's house.

Helen simply beamed, oblivious. "Okay, Em. Just don't stay up too long. Wouldn't want to be late for college tomorrow."

Emily was out of the front door and gone before Helen finished speaking. Helen shook her head, smiling. She said something about youth and the energy of it. I wasn't listening.

What the fuck just happened?

My brain wasn't functioning properly. I couldn't think, I couldn't move. I just stood there, dumbfounded.

Emily had been on my laptop. She'd been listening to the recordings I'd made of our sessions. She'd looked horrified when she'd seen me. She ran the first chance she got.

She knew what I'd been doing.

But how? How had she gotten onto my laptop in the first place?

The password was a random string of numbers and letters. An impossible combination to guess.

Dumbly, I walked over to where it sat on the sofa, right next to Emily's phone - forgotten and left behind in her haste to leave.

There was a USB drive attached to it. Not one of mine. Had she been in the middle of saving recordings to it when I'd walked in?

I opened up my laptop, turned it back on.

"Are you alright, dear?" I heard Helen ask from across the room. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"I think you should sleep," I stated, staring at Helen.

She was in the way. An unwanted complication. I needed to figure out what was going on, why this was happening, what I could do about it. My wife being there was a distraction and an annoyance. With any luck, that little bit of programming would still be there and she'd go off the bed obediently.

Thankfully, not everything had gone wrong. Helen's eyes blurred momentarily. She blinked, announced how tired she was all of a sudden, and left to go sleep.

Now, to figure out what the fuck had happened.

I checked the USB first, figuring out almost instantly what it was. A boot-drive designed to help a person bypass a computer's password via use of an administrator account. It wouldn't do the whole job - and I doubted Emily had the technical know-how to do the rest herself. So someone had helped her. Which meant someone else might know what I'd been doing with Emily.

I noted it, set the information aside.

Right now, I needed to find out how much damage had been done. How much had Emily actually heard?

A lot.

The answer was a lot.

It was as simple as checking recently played files to find out. Any and all files that had been accessed today would have been Emily.

Hours and hours. She'd listened to almost all of her own sessions, as well as most of Helen's. Emily had spent hours just listening to the audio logs. She'd listened to the most recent ones, the ones that I'd finally modified her subconscious to have sex with me, the ones where I tricked her into wanting more sessions after her exams, the ones in which I warped Helen's mothering instincts to acceptive extremes.

Emily knew everything. She'd listening to more than enough to know what I'd been up to.

Of course she did, that's why she ran.

And where was she now?

I had no idea. For all I knew, she could be on her way to a local police station to report me.

And what could I do about it?

Damage control.

I needed to go into damage control mode.

First, remove all those damned files. Delete them, format the drive so that all traces of the files were erased. Same with my phone. I'd need to hypnotise Helen, remove any suspicions that she might secretly have, make it so that she wouldn't turn on me if she found out the truth.

That would have to wait. I'd sent her to sleep, and that would keep her unconscious for the rest of the night.

Damn it.

How in the hell had Emily even become suspicious?

I was doing everything carefully!

But I wasn't, was I?

At first, I'd been careful. Slow and methodical. I'd planned every action, every word spoken during the trance had been carefully chosen. I'd been cautious and thoughtful and calm.

But, more recently, I'd thrown those things out of the window. In my haste to finally have my way with Emily, I'd rushed forward unthinking. Since I'd begun training Emily, I'd been concerned more with what I wanted and less with the consequences of going too quickly. I'd been cocky, arrogant, blind. Most importantly, I'd been foolish and stupid.

And now I was paying the price for that stupidity.

I allowed myself a moment to breathe, to clear my head and calm my nerves. I was worried, and being worried wouldn't help me right now.

I needed to act, to think calmly and rationally. Mechanically.

Somehow, I needed to sort this mess out before it got too bad.

I'd find Emily. That was the first step. Then I'd hypnotise her and remove the memories of searching through my laptop, erase the doubts and concerns she evidently had.

How was I going to find her? How was I going to hypnotise her?

I'd plan for the latter while doing the former.

Slowly, I rose to me feet. Headed to the bedroom I shared with my wife, searched her sleeping form for the car keys I'd given to her what seemed like a lifetime ago.

And, keys in hand, I walked out of the house in search of my runaway daughter.

If I were a stunningly beautiful, yet shy, young woman, where would I go as night-time drew near?

Home wasn't an option, of course. That's what she was running from. And she wouldn't want to be out at night alone. Emily was smart, would avoid unnecessary dangers. A friends house? That was a possibility. A police station? Equally possible.

It was unlikely she had the money to rent a motel for the night, and she no longer had a boyfriend that she could spend the night with.

So it was either a friend's house, or the police. Or something I hadn't thought of.

Checking with her friends would be simple enough. A phone-call to their parents, asking if Emily was there. I had all their numbers saved on my phone from the water-park trip.

So that's what I'd do first.

Though, I couldn't just outright ask if Emily were there without an explanation. And telling them that she'd run away from home was not wise. Too many questions, too much drama to deal with down the line.

I picked up my phone, began dialling.

"Yes," I said, trying my best to sound nonchalant. "Yeah, there's nothing to worry about. Like I said, I just forgot where Emily said she'd be staying tonight. I was sure she said she'd be at your place."

"Wish I could help, David. We haven't seen Emily in days," a man's voice replied.

"No worries. She's probably spending the night with the boyfriend I'm not supposed to know about. Teenagers, right?"

The man on the other end of the phone-call chuckled.

"At least you only have the one to worry about, I've got three. Count yourself lucky!" There was some more chuckling.

"Thanks anyway," I added, forcing pleasantness into my tone. "When she gets home tomorrow, I'll remind her not to forget her phone in future."

"Any time," Ally's father replied. "See you around, David."

As the call ended, I considered all the evidence I'd gathered in the two phone-calls. Emily was not at Ally's house, nor was she at Tia's. There was no sign that either of the parents I'd talked to had been lying, and no indication that anything was wrong.

If Emily was going to flee to someone's house, it would logically be to either Ally or Tia, her best friends, or to her boyfriend's house. Emily no longer had a boyfriend and, with the recent break-up, it seemed unlikely she'd want to go there.

Which narrowed down the places she might be considerably.

Worst case scenario was a police office. If so, there was nothing I could do about it.

Another option was that she went somewhere to think. Which would mean some place quiet, out of the way, where few people went and, perhaps most importantly, a place she felt safe. A nearby park, maybe. A childhood hiding place like a tree-house or an abandoned shed or a small den of some kind.

We didn't own a tree-house, and I had no idea if Emily had a secret secluded place, let alone where it might be.

Parks then.

There were three in the vicinity near our house. Two would be easy enough to drive past and scope out, the third I'd need to actually get out of the car and search.

While driving to and checking out the first to, I allowed my mind to think about what I'd actually say if and when I managed to find Emily. How I'd convince her to let me hypnotise her again.

I could claim that she was having hallucinations, that what she was experiencing was a side-effect of a recent hypnotic session - paranoia and doubt and delusions. That the only way I could fix it and make it better would be to hypnotise her again.

A long shot, but it might work.

There was no way I'd be able to put her in a trance without her consent and without her active participation. I couldn't force a trance on her. So, somehow, I'd need to make her *want* to be hypnotised again.

No sign of her at the first park, or the second.

I pulled up outside the third, feeling my stomach churn as I climbed out of the car. She wouldn't be here either. I needed to check, I needed to be sure. But I was certain she wouldn't be.

Damn it, Emily.

No luck. I searched up and down, behind every tree and around every bush and bench. Emily was not there.

This search was pointless, futile. If Emily didn't want to be found, I wasn't going to find her. She wasn't a child any more, I couldn't predict her hiding places. And, even if I could, I didn't know her well enough to know all of the places she might go.

But I couldn't just give up.

What else could I do but search? Sit at home and wait? No, that would be torture. Doing nothing, waiting for Emily to come home - if she ever did - and hoping that things went well was not something I'd ever be able to do.

No, I had to continue searching until I found her or until I ran out of all options.

And, right now, the most likely place for her to be was at a police station, informing them of her father's crimes and looking to get him arrested.

Which left me with only one choice.

I reached into my pocket, retrieving my wallet. I pulled out and pocketed all the cash in it, tossed the wallet into a park bin.

Time to go see if Emily was ratting me out.

The police station nearest to where we lived. There were other stations around, but this was the most likely one for Emily to have come to.

There was a reception area, complete with a line of chairs and a bulky built-into-the-wall desk. I walked to the officer seated there, my eyes roaming the area for any sign of Emily's red hair or busty figure.

No luck. Save for me, there were only two other people seeking police help here tonight. Both men, neither red-headed or busty.

Which meant, if Emily were here, she was already being talked to in one of the little cubicle rooms. Interviewed about her father's hypnotic manipulations and sexual deviancy.

If so, there was nothing I could do.

Still, I'd come this far. I needed to be sure.

"Hello," I said to the bored-looking receptionist. "Someone stole my wallet. I'd like to file a report."

I spent hours in the police station that night. Well past two in the morning. Most of it spent waiting to be seen. All the while keeping my eyes open for any sign of Emily. But she was no-where to be found and, when I was finally invited to talk to one of the on-duty officers there, I felt a small weight lifted from me.

The officer didn't react to my name. Something they most certainly would have if Emily had been here.

I gave them a description of my 'mugger'. Asian male, yellow hoodie, six-foot-two, early twenties, a black eye. A mixture of believable, a young man. And unlikely, a yellow hoodie and a black eye. I made the story sound real enough, but in a way that would make it highly unlikely for them to actually find someone matching the description. The last thing I needed right now was more drama.

With a half-smile on my face, I let the officer know that I wasn't too bothered about if they caught the guy or not, that I was only there so that an official report got filed for 'compensation and legal' reasons.

And, closing in on three in the morning, I exited the police station and began the drive home.

While I hadn't found Emily, all the time I'd spent sitting down doing nothing had not been wasted. I'd come up with a plan.

Several plans, really.

There was convincing Emily that I meant no harm, that what she was experiencing was paranoia and that I could fix it for her. One trance is all I'd need. One session to remove her doubts and memories. If I could convince her to let me hypnotise her 'one last time', I could solve the problem easily.

If not, I could find another way to put her in a trance.

While originally learning about hypnosis, I'd come across some information that claimed a person could be hypnotised while they were asleep. I'd need to research more into it but, if that were true, all I'd have to do was be around Emily as she slept.

I could try getting her intoxicated in the hopes of opening her mind to a trance even against her will.

All I needed was that one trance, one single session to right all the errors I'd made.

I'd been cocky. Arrogant. That was obvious now.

And I'd allowed Emily too much freedom. I should have done the same thing I'd done with Helen. I should have given Emily an obsession to please me and make me happy, an acceptance of whatever I did. I should have turned her into an obedient little cumslut while I had the chance.

That would change. Emily would be made into nothing but an obedient little pussy for me to fuck whenever I wished. No more pretence or illusions about it.

I would hypnotise her again. Somehow.

Even if I had to convince Helen to be the one to hypnotise her, make Emily believe it was to remove my programming only to have Helen reinforce it.

I'd come too far to fail now. I'd felt her pussy around my cock, heard her beg me to fuck her harder, deeper, faster. I'd come so close to owning her entirely.

No cunt could ever hope to compare to my daughter's. And I would have it again. The idea that I might not was unacceptable.

I would find Emily.

And I would hypnotise her again, no matter what.

She belonged to me. She just didn't know it yet.

I parked outside my house, shaking my head. The lights were still on. It made sense that they were. I'd rushed out after Emily, not thinking to turn them off as I went. And Helen was deep asleep, of course she wouldn't have been able to turn them off.

No matter, I'd turn them off before I went to bed.

In the morning, I'd hypnotise Helen. Use her knowledge to find Emily. And, once Emily was found, I'd use Helen to draw her into a little trap. Emily cared about her mother, knew what I'd been doing to them both. She'd come, try to save Helen from me.

I stepped into the house, closed the door behind me, walked to the kitchen to get something to drink.

And froze.

The scent of recently brewed coffee filled the air, a steaming mug of it sitting on one of the counters. And, standing next to the mug, leaning against the kitchen counter, was Emily.

She was beautiful. Stunningly beautiful. Wearing a black jacket and worn-out jeans, her red hair falling freely over her shoulders. Her eyes were dark, baggy shadows contrasting perfectly with her pale, ghostly blue irises. Those full lips, usually framing a wonderful smile, were expressionless.

She stared hard at me for a long moment, face and body devoid of any recognizable emotion.

My mind raced, searching for something to say, a way to start attempting the

manipulation I'd been plotting for hours.

But it was Emily who spoke first.

"I think we need to talk," she said, voice empty, hard, in a way that I'd never heard her speak before.

This was not going to be easy, I realised. Emily was on guard and prepared. Getting her to open her mind for me again would be difficult. But I'd come so far, done so much. I would not trip at this final hurdle. If it was a battle of wills Emily wanted, she'd chosen the wrong opponent.

Tonight was the night I'd break her, I swore to myself.

I would make her mine. Completely.

"Yes," I said, leaning back against the door frame, eyes locked with my beautiful, stunning daughter. "Let's talk."