

Baby Steps - Training Emily

Chapter 8 of 8

The kitchen was silent for a long moment, both me and Emily staring at one another.

She was beautiful, standing there with that cold, emotionless expression. Her body, all curves in the right places and slender everywhere else. Her arms were folded under those ridiculously huge melons, jacket open enough to reveal the shirt and cleavage underneath.

Emily had come a long way from the shy girl embarrassed about her breasts. I'd moulded her into something special.

"You used hypnosis to make me have sex with you," Emily stated, staring at my face.

Right into it then? So be it.

I planted a look of shock and disgust on my face. "Of course not! I would never—"

"I listened to the recordings," Emily interrupted.

Her voice had a hard edge to it, a firmness that sounded so alien coming from her lips.

This was going to be difficult. Even more so than I'd anticipated. But there was no going back. I had to convince her, one way or another, to submit herself for one more trance. All I needed was that one more. With it, I could fix everything.

"I don't know what you think you heard," I began, trying to sound fatherly and concerned. "But it wasn't real."

Emily's eyes narrowed, but she remained silent.

I continued. "This, what you think you heard, is probably a side-effect of our little sessions. We've been having a lot of them over a short period of time, so your mind is getting confused and wary. One of the side effects is paranoia. Some others are hallucinations and delusions. But it's okay! I can fix it. I can make it better. All I need you to do is let me hypnotise you one last time..."

Lying was easy. You just needed to sprinkle in some truth to hide the lie. There had been too many sessions too close together. I'd changed too much in too short a time.

"Bullshit," was Emily's only answer.

I'd heard Emily swear before, she'd done it quite a bit while I'd been fucking her. This was different.

"I know what I heard," she stated. "I know what you've been doing to me and Mom."

"What do you *think* I've been doing?" I asked, buying for time, mind racing.

This wasn't going to plan. Emily was supposed to be meek, shy, easily manipulated through her emotions. How was I supposed to convince her like this?

"Tricking me into sleeping with you," Emily said. "Making Mom fine with it. Making me do all those things for you. Tricking me into wanting to be hypnotised more and more."

Her face shifted slightly, the emotionless mask disappearing for a second. Replaced with uncertainty, discomfort.

That was my in, that emotional blip. It was my doorway into winning Emily over. All I needed to do was figure out the source, how to use it. Was Emily uncertain about what she'd heard, did some part of her want to believe it was all a hallucination? Was she uncertain about how to feel? I'd spent so long implanting suggestions and programming her to be naughtier, more care-free and slutty, there must be some part of her that was okay with what I'd done. Some part that found it kinky. Or simply didn't care.

An idea blossomed in my head.

"Even if that's true, which it's not, is it really that bad? I mean, look at yourself, Emily," I gestured to her body. "Look at what you're wearing. A few months ago, you'd have never worn a top that shows off your tits like that."

Emily flinched when I said the word 'tits'. Not recoiling away from me, but her body

reacting to the word itself.

"I-" She began, but I cut her off.

"You have amazing tits, Emily. An amazing body. You should be flaunting it, enjoying it. Not hiding it away. You're more confident now that you used to be, more mature, your mother is happier than she's been in years. And you've been happy too, haven't you?"

Emily didn't answer, didn't argue. She couldn't.

The kitchen went silent again, Emily frowning, clutching herself tighter. Her tits pressed out further, on full display as Emily's mind conflicted with itself.

She was more confident. She was more sure of herself.

Just because she'd found out what I'd been using the trances for, didn't mean the suggestions were any less potent. They were still there, still active. All I needed to do was use them.

And I had the perfect one in mind for this situation.

"You're a lot happier with your body than you used to be, aren't you Emily?" I asked, firm.

I was in control of the conversation now. All I needed to do was guide it in the right direction.

Emily nodded her head, wordless.

"Even if I've done some things without you knowing, I've helped you far more." Stating it like a fact, and continuing speaking before Emily had a chance to question it. "Besides, it's not like a father fucking their daughter is wrong, is it? There's nothing wrong with it at all."

No so different from having her hypnotised, really. Leading her mind in the direction that I wanted it, setting it up for the trap. My voice had even taken on the tone it used when implanting suggestions.

Emily remained silent, looking down at the floor, conflicted.

That was fine. I just needed her to listen. As long as she listened, as long as she didn't somehow resist my programming, I could pull this off.

"Emily," I said. She looked up, locked eyes with me. "Show me your tits. Now."

The command stunned her, shocked every thought from her head.

She opened her mouth, couldn't find the words to speak.

And now it was time to see how powerful my programming was. This would either work, and everything would be fine; or it wouldn't, and everything would not be fine.

"I've done so much for you, helped you so much. You're more self-confident, you're happier, you aced your exams, you're not hurting from your break up any more. And those are just some of the things I've done for you. It's only fair that you pay me back for all the ways I've helped you. Now take that jacket and top off and show me your lovely tits."

One of the first suggestions I'd given her, one of the first things I'd programmed into her all those weeks ago. A desire to pay me back for everything I was doing for her. To be 'nice' to me in return for all the 'nice' things I did for her. The suggestion strengthened session after session, day after day. Now it was time to see just how strong that one simple idea had become. If it was powerful enough to manipulate Emily, here and now.

Emily was silent, blushing, motionless. Eyes on the floor, arms pressed tight under her breasts

And then she moved, slowly, and began taking off her jacket.

This was surreal, like a dream. Unreal.

My hands roamed Emily's body as she sat on my lap, silent. She was topless, her beautiful tits there for the taking. I was groping one of them, squeezing and teasing and toying. My other hand was between her legs.

I could barely believe it.

It was so... easy. Simple.

Emily might be aware right now, she might know that I'd warped her mind and was using her as my personal plaything. But she could do nothing about it. The programming that controlled her was too powerful for her to resist.

I'd given Emily the suggestion all those months ago almost on a whim, a desire to test the power of hypnosis on her. To see if I could effect noticeable change in her behaviour when she was out of a trance. I never would have dreamed it be so useful to me, or that it would become so powerful.

The simple fact that my suggestions still held sway over Emily meant that I had all the power I needed to bring her back in line.

As I touched her, sliding my fingers into that oh-so-tight pussy, Emily tensed. And then, slowly, relaxed.

The sensations of her body were too much, the love of all things naughty I'd given her was overpowering her doubts and concerns, leaving nothing but arousal and desire.

At the end of the day, humans are animals. When aroused, our minds narrow and our ability to think clearly disappears. All that matters is reaching orgasm, driven solely by instinct and lust. It was natural, primal. Sweet sexual oblivion. And it was what Emily was beginning to feel now.

As I steadily, masterfully pleased her body, her worries were replaced by desire and arousal. Blank but for the need to be taken there and then.

Her love of naughty things was a newer implant, not as powerful or reinforced as some others. So I took it slowly.

My thumb massaged Emily's clit, gently applying pressure as I pressed my fingers to her g-spot. Years with Helen had taught me everything I needed to know about the finer points of a woman's body, and Emily's resembled her mother's very much.

At first, she was silent, begrudging, as I teased her body. But she couldn't resist forever and, little by little, I eased the tension into relaxation, replaced the silence with Emily's soft moans and little gasps. Slowly but surely, her mind hazed over. I could see it in her eyes. The accusation faded, replaced with simple desire.

The power of lust, tweaked by a little hypnotic programming.

I played Emily's body like an instrument, filling the air with her moans, the slick, wet sounds of her pussy as my fingers slid in and out of her.

And, when she was ready, when the last remnants of doubt and uncertainty and betrayal were gone from her eyes, I lifted her from my lap, pushed her up against a wall. Her hands braced her as I spread her legs from behind, pressed my cock to her opening.

Without uttering a word, one hand on her shoulder, the other holding her hip in place, I began fucking her.

It was the second time I'd felt my daughter's sweet pussy around my cock. The second time I'd been inside her. And, somehow, it was even more amazing than the first.

Emily was tight. Unbearably so.

If I'd been as young as Emily was, I wouldn't have been able to last long at all. Less than a minute. But I'd spent years fucking Helen, decades, and I knew how to hold back.

"Yes," Emily gasped, bucking her ass like an animal in heat.

Her pussy, impossibly tight, sucked my cock in deeper, hungry for it's full length. And why deny it? I pushed deeper, as deep as I could possibly go.

Words cannot describe the feeling. The intensity and overwhelming sensations.

Here was Emily. My Emily. My beautiful, sexy daughter.

On my cock.

The sounds of sex filled the air, the slapping of flesh on flesh, the moans and gasps and grunts, the distinct rhythm of hard cock entering wet pussy, the light thumping Emily's face and chest on the kitchen wall.

Heat radiated from our bodies, blisteringly warm.

I was fucking her hard. Too hard for her to brace herself with hands alone. Seeing her there, pressed forward against the wall, trapped, unable to break free - even knowing that she had no desire to, that she was loving this just as much as me - was awakening something animal in me.

She'd fled from me tonight. Ran away. Silly girl. Didn't realise that I owned her now. As much as I owned the car parked outside. She was mine. My property. And tonight, she'd learn that with her body.

I lifted a hand, brought it down to spank her. Pressed tight together as we were, forced up against a wall, it would have been impossible to smack her ass properly. My hand hit her waist, the sound of the impact ringing out, matched by Emily's gasp.

"Ah" She half-squealed, head turned.

Her cheek pressed against the wall, a single eye visible from where I stood behind her. It was half-concealed behind tangled red hair, but what could be seen was locked onto me.

In it I saw pain and pleasure both. Behind those stunningly beautiful pale blue eyes, I saw a flicker of the old Emily, shy and uncertain and young. But it was dwarfed by the new Emily, the woman I'd created. The naughty, sex-loving father-fucker. I saw the desire, the hunger, the desperation.

I wanted to see more. I wanted her tits in my hands, her nipples in my mouth, her eyes begging me for more.

So I spun her around, pulling my cock from her pussy. I lifted her off her feet, carried her to her bedroom.

She squealed when I threw her down onto her bed, giggled as I climbed on it, on top of her.

"Do you wanna-" Emily began.

Whatever else she was about to say was cut off the moment I penetrated her again. Emily's coy smile distorted into an open-mouthed expression of pure ecstasy. She let out a sweet moan, seemed to be about to say something else. But I had no interest in listening. So I cut her off again with another thrust. And another.

Watching those stupidly huge tits bounce and jiggle beneath me was glorious. The only thing that prevented me from leaning down to bite on those deliciously cute nipples was the simple fact that I didn't want to stop fucking, even for an instant.

Her entire body jerked under me, hips lifted up from the mattress and held in place, the perfect position for me to fuck her as hard as I wanted. As hard as was humanly possible.

She'd wake up tomorrow with a painfully sore back.

Another reminder for her of who she belonged to.

It was almost time. The pace of our fucking increased, going from hard and fast to utterly frantic and wild.

Emily came first, her pussy tightening around my cock, her body shuddering and shaking as orgasm after orgasm hit her all at once. I saw her eyes roll back, unfocused, consumed with raw pleasure and satisfaction.

I couldn't hold back any longer, not with Emily's pussy milking my cock so hard.

I came hard, driving my cock deep into my daughter, filling her up with my cum. She convulsed beneath me, back raised from the bed as it arched, tits standing out like mountains.

When it was over, she collapsed back onto the bed, panting.

Looking down at her, I knew what I had to do now. Before she could fall asleep, while her mind was still dazed and blurred, the dumb-happiness from the orgasm still potent. I might not get another chance.

Tomorrow, she'd wake up sore. And she'd remember today. She'd remember those files, listening to them. She'd remember what I'd done. And she wouldn't be drunk on lust,

as I'd made her today. Worse, she'd know that I held the power easily to seduce her. And she wouldn't allow it to happen again, I was certain.

It had to be now, before she could be allowed to think for herself.

I had to hypnotise her.

"Emily," I said, looking down at her. She looked at me, almost through me. Her eyes were dazed, a soft, sleepy smile on her lips. She looked dreamy, defenceless. "Close your eyes. Listen to my voice and only my voice..."

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A week later, and everything was back to the new normal. We were sitting at the dining table, eating breakfast as a family. Helen sat across from me, smiling happily, joyous as always. She was eating cereal. I munched down on some toast and drank a glass of water. Emily, on the other hand, was happily filling her mouth with cock.

She was under the table, kneeling between my legs, bobbing her head up and down my shaft with impressive vigour.

She'd gotten very good at it over the last week.

Since that night; the one when Emily ran away, only to come home and take cock like a good little cumslut. There hadn't been any trouble at all.

I'd managed to hypnotise her, as tired and fuck-drunk as she had been. The suggestions I gave her, the reprogramming and reinforcing and manipulations that I did, took a long time. But it did the job I needed it to.

I didn't remove Emily's memories or suspicions. Ultimately, it would have been pointless. The goal had always been to transform Emily into the perfect little fuck-toy. Whether she knew what I was turning her into or not was irrelevant. It was what she would become regardless.

What I'd done instead was make it so that she didn't mind.

There was no more need for 'training' or using false pretences to trick Emily into allowing me to hypnotise her. She knew why I was doing it, and she didn't care. Or, at least, didn't care enough to stop it.

Every morning since, she'd sucked my cock for breakfast. And every morning, I was sure to send her off as any good father should - in the knowledge that she would not be going to school with an empty stomach.

And, every day, Helen sat there and ignored it.

I wasn't done programming either of them. Not by a long shot.

But that could wait. Tonight, I had far more interesting plans to enact.

Helen lay back on our bed, limbs bound, blindfolded. Her arms were tied behind her back, her legs open and hanging off the edge of the bed. I teased her body for a short while, never saying a word.

This hadn't been very difficult to set up. Helen had been a sex fiend when we were young. That part of her was still in there. All I needed to do was pull it out with a bit of hypnosis. Make her want to try something new and kinky, something to spice up our marriage a little.

She had no idea.

When Helen was nice and wet, itching for more than just my fingers, body warm and welcome, I took a step back.

"Aww," came my wife's playful whine. "You're not done already are you?"

I was not.

Silently, I moved to our bedroom door, opened it and stood aside as our daughter entered the room, naked save for the knot that tied her hair back. She looked at her mother, seeing her like this for the first time in her life.

It must have been odd for Emily, seeing the woman who had been so soft and gentle, mothering, laying on her back wanting to be fucked. I wondered what Emily must be thinking, wondered how Helen would react if she knew Emily could see her in this position.

Something to find out another time.

I guided Emily in between her mother's legs, holding the knees apart firmly.

Kneeling at the edge of the bed, she stared at her mother's wet cunt for a long moment, eyes wide, knowing what I wanted her to do but not knowing exactly *how* she was supposed to do it.

"Going to just sit there?" Helen teased playfully, feeling the breath on her and assuming it was me about to eat her out. "Or do you want me to ask nicely?"

I said nothing, couldn't without revealing that I wasn't where she expected me to be. Emily just stared, waited for my signal.

"Fine, fine. Will you please lick my pussy, dear?" Helen asked, a smile playing at her lips.

I looked down at Emily, who was staring up at me, eyes still wide. Her full lips, those beautiful, kissable lips. They'd taken care of my cock well enough recently, it would be fun to see what else they could do.

With a smile on my face, I nodded my head.

Emily turned back to Helen and, without a moments hesitation, leaned in to kiss her mother's glistening pussy.

"Oh," Helen gasped, instinctively trying to close her legs.

I held them open, watching the show unfold.

Emily, for a girl who had never eaten pussy before, seemed surprisingly adept at it. Helen's body shuddered, shook. She thrust her crotch into her daughter's face, believing it was mine.

It was a sight to behold.

Emily's eyes were closed, focused on the job at hand, licking and kissing and sliding her tongue into her mother. If I could have done it without giving the game away, I'd have lifted Emily's ass in the air and fucked her right there. The idea of fucking her while she ate out her mother was titillating. Something to try one day, definitely.

"David," my wife moaned, wiggling her crotch in our daughter's face. "Keep going. Don't stop."

The show lasted several minutes. Long enough to get plenty of footage of the event, but not so long as for it to drag on. I snapped one last picture of Emily tongue-deep in her mother before tapping her head and gesturing to an empty corner of the room.

Emily slowly pulled away from her mother, face coated in her mother's cum, shining in the dim light. She went to stand where I'd pointed, waiting and watching.

I slid myself, my cock, between Helen's legs.

Soon enough, I'd make Helen and Emily have sex with each other for my entertainment. Truth be told, I could have done it today. I didn't need to trick Helen, not really. But this was fun, seeing Helen enjoying being pleased, not knowing that it was her own daughter doing the pleasuring.

Next time, she would.

Next time, she'd return the favour.

Emily had a nice ass. A really nice ass. Round and firm, with just the right amount of jiggle. Being an avid tit-man, I would much rather have her melons in my hands. But, as far as asses went, Emily certainly wasn't lacking.

I squeezed them, gave them a nice slap. Enjoying the sound of Emily's gasp.

She was bent over the dining table, tits pressed heavily onto the surface. Naked, of course. I'd fucked her from behind countless times by this point. But today was special. A

little treat for myself.

I'd done this a few times with Helen, though she wasn't much of a fan. It would be fun seeing if Emily enjoyed it more.

My cock, lubed up and hard as ever, pressed into the crevice between Emily's butt-cheeks. My hands were on her ass, thumbs spreading the cheeks open.

Anal.

Emily had never done anal before, not with Connor, not by herself out of curiosity. This would be the first time in her life she'd experience getting her ass fucked.

I was well-lubed, and she was ready. Why wait?

Slowly, I pressed my cock to her little ass-hole, pushing it into her little by little.

The reaction was immediate, her body tensing, a muffled groan escaping her lips. She was covering her mouth, eyes shut tight.

Bit by bit, my cock forcing its way into her, morphing her reaction from groans to moans, all muffled. It was a beautiful sound. Emily's anal virginity was mine.

I didn't stop until the entirety of my cock was in her, from tip to base.

I couldn't help but shiver at the feeling.

Emily trembled along with me.

It was tight. Just like her pussy, even more so. It felt like her body was chocking my cock, squeezing it as hard as it could. But I was hard, too. Rock solid.

And Emily was mine to fuck.

I started thrusting, slow at first but gradually increasing pace. Emily could not do anything but take it, suppressing her moans and holding herself in place. Little by little, she started moving her body in rhythm with mine.

She enjoyed being ass-fucked more than her mother, then.

Good to know.

Weeks came and went, the constant sex and daily hypnosis sessions with Emily steadily shaping her into the perfect play-thing for me. Soon, she would exist for no other reason than to pleasure her father.

There were hints of the uncertain young girl every now and then, the shyness and doubt surfacing when I asked her to do something new and slutty. But she always obeyed, never faltered. I had total control over her. And the fact that she knew it, was aware of exactly what I was doing, letting it happen, added a whole new excitement to what I was doing.

When I'd handed her the costume, she'd simply nodded her head meekly and gone to put it on.

She stood in front of me now, wearing the slutty schoolgirl outfit, arms crossed.

Emily was, beyond any shadow of doubt, the sexiest woman I'd ever seen. Her body was beauty personified, pure erotic perfection.

Seeing her standing there, braided pigtails falling on either side of her head, white shirt buttoned down and held together tightly just below her breasts, short plaid skirt, knee-high white socks. A wonderful little schoolgirl outfit.

Her tits looked like they were about ready to burst out of that shirt at any second, with no bra beneath to hide them when they did. Not that they'd be contained behind the shirt long enough for that to happen.

Emily's eyes held a hint of rebellion in them, a flicker of disdain. I hadn't managed to crush all of my daughter's misgivings, nor did I want to make her stop caring entirely. It was, in its own way, erotic to see that look in her eyes. The hint of a rebellion that would never come. It was the cherry on top of my conquest of her.

"On your knees," I commanded, staring into her beautiful eyes.

Without hesitation, Emily obeyed, lowering herself to her knees, knowing full-well what was coming.

I walked over to her, unbuckling my jeans.

She knew what she was expected to do and, wordlessly, set about doing it. Pulling my jeans down, my boxers along with them. She took my cock in hand, looked up to stare directly into my eyes, and opened her mouth.

In a short time, Emily had become a master cock-sucker.

Her eyes never left mine as she started bobbing her head slowly back and forth, taking in more of my shaft each time. Her tongue massaged the underside, occasionally coiling around my cock to tease and toy. She sucked hard, sending tingles over my body.

I suppressed the shudder.

Grinning, I grabbed her braided pigtails, one in each hand. The move surprised Emily, her eyes widening slightly. I didn't give her time to think, pulling her hair out and towards me, forcing her head forward, my cock down her throat.

A loud, choked gag filled the air.

My cock impaled my daughter's mouth, bulging into her throat and cutting off her breathing. Still, Emily didn't look away. Eyes locked on mine, even as I used her pigtails as handles and started fucking her lips without a shred of mercy.

All she could do was take it.

The sounds of heavy gagging filled the air, mixed with wet slapping and choking. Emily's full lips took my cock whole, balls to her chin, head down her throat. Her eyes watered, streaks of tears trailing down her cheeks from the sheer intensity and girth that I was fucking her face with.

Minutes passed, my onslaught not stopping for a moment. Emily's face had turned a light shade of purple, doing her best to pleasure my cock while I pounded away at her mouth.

I sped up my pace, feeling the orgasm building.

Emily, head frozen in place as I held her pigtails, fucking her face, forcing her to take it all. Emily flinched when I finally came, shooting thick stings of cum down to her gullet.

The orgasm lasted longer than usual, seconds ticking by as my daughter half-suffocated on my cock, half-drowned from my cum.

Eventually, spent, I released her hair.

Instantly, she jerked back, spitting out my cock and hunching over, coughing. Cum spilled from her mouth onto the hard-wood floor as Emily gasped for breath.

"I hope you know," I said, feeling smug, powerful. "That you're going to be licking up the mess you're making."

Parties. Usually not a fan of them, but tonight hadn't been so bad. Helen had really gotten into the mood, drinking and laughing and enjoying herself, encouraging me to do the same.

A short-notice get-together of friends and acquaintances, with wine and alcohol aplenty. You'd think, what with being middle-aged and mature, that we'd hold back on the drinking. It what I did.

I was wrong. So very wrong.

With Helen and the rest practically goading me into drinking my own body weight, it was no surprise I was a little tipsy and jelly-legged as we climbed out of the taxi, ambling our way up the driveway to our house.

It was well past midnight, into the early hours of the morning, yet the lights in the house were still on.

Emily was awake.

Brain addled by alcohol, my first thought was to find and fuck her. And no thought followed after it.

I sent Helen to bed, walked to the living room only for Emily to be standing in the doorway waiting. She grasped my arms, led me to her room, pushed me down onto her

bed.

Dreamily, she climbed on top of me, rode me. The whole thing passed in a haze, memories blurred or non-existent.

Emily leaned down, started whispering in my ear.

If I hadn't just orgasmed, I might have realised what was happening before it was too late. If my mind wasn't slow and stupid from drinking, I might have put the pieces together there and then, been able to easily resist. If I hadn't been so tired and dazed, maybe. Helen intentionally getting me drunk, Emily waiting, expecting me to return home in that state, and that it was her who initiated our sex this time. Even going back to her gaining access to my laptop, the plan she'd obviously set-up and enacted against me, the plotting she must have done, not dissimilar to the plotting I'd done to have her in the first place.

My daughter might have her's mother's raw sexuality and beauty, but she had more of me in her that I'd given her credit for. And it was that, more than anything else, which led to what happened next.

As Emily spoke, my mind playing along dumbly, listened to the words and obeying them without question, drunk and dazed.

"Close your eyes," Emily said, body pressed to mine, voice soft and sweet, relaxing. "Listen to my voice and only my voice."