

Baby Steps - Alternate Ending

Chapter 1 of 2

Picturesque. If I could describe our family meals in one word, it would be that. Picturesque. Be it breakfast, dinner, supper, or any other time Emily, Helen and I gathered to eat together, the scene always seemed serene, perfect. If a stranger walked in on the three of us eating together, they might think that we were the perfect white-picket suburban family. The ideal.

As long as the stranger didn't pay attention to the lack of clothing, at least.

Over the last few months, both Helen and Emily's wardrobes had expanded considerably, particularly in the underwear department. As per the programming I'd given them, the women were not allowed to wear anything other than underwear while at home. With a few well-placed suggestions, the two of them had taken to strutting about in lingerie like they were born for it.

Ask either one of them what they thought of being in a state of near-nakedness almost every moment that they were home, and you'd get the same answer from both.

"Amazing," Helen said loudly, a wide smile on her face.

The exclamation brought me out of my thoughts, my attention suddenly focused on the conversation my two toys were having.

"Not really," Emily replied, embarrassed. "It's not a big deal or anything."

"First place! You should be proud of yourself. You know..."

Unimportant. Emily had won something irrelevant. I went back to ignoring their conversation.

Once, I'd have felt obligated to listen. It was expected of me to pay attention to my wife and daughter. Once, I'd have listened intently, looking for any little thing that I could use to control or manipulate one of them.

Things were different now. There was no longer any need for me to involve myself. I already had everything I wanted and needed from them. If I desired to know anything, I'd simply ask them during one their trances.

Everything was so... simple.

At my workplace, writing program code, there's a saying and a philosophy about what constitutes well-written code. That the program should, wherever possible, be automated. It should operate by itself, without needing unnecessary tweaking or interaction. The End User should need to provide as little input as possible for the program to work properly, as intended. Automation is perfection.

That's what I'd created with Emily and Helen. Automated perfection.

Out in their daily lives, they'd appear as they always have. No-one would notice any changes in their attitudes or behaviours or mannerisms. At home, however, they'd follow the strict rules and programming I'd embedded into their minds. Everything from how they'd dress and speak, to where they'd sleep and what they'd do if I said any one of a large selection of key words.

They could not resist any direct command given to them by me, nor could they question any of my or their own actions.

At this point, there was no need for further programming. I'd made everything automated. Perfect. Any further trances would be for fun, my own entertainment, rather than out of a need or desire to gain control over the women.

~emily_81.mp3~

"What is your name?"

"Emily," my daughter answered blankly. Her voice, as was always the case when

she was in a trance, was devoid of all emotion and life. An empty monotone.

"What is your favourite food, Emily?"

"Daddy's cum," she answered instantly.

"Very good. What is the thing you want most in the world?"

"To make Daddy happy."

I smiled to myself. Emily would certainly have plenty of opportunities for that in the future.

"What is your purpose in life?" I asked, already knowing the answer. It had been me that had programmed it, after all.

"To be Daddy's," Emily answered.

I could have followed that up by asking what she meant, to be Daddy's what? But As before, I already knew the answer.

Emily's purpose in life was to be whatever I wanted her to be.

All I needed to do was fill in the blank, and that would be Emily's one true purpose in life, her sole reason for existing.

If I wanted her to be my loving daughter, she would dedicate her life to being just that. If I wanted her to be nothing more than my personal cum-rag, she'd accept that as her destiny and would do all she could to fit the role.

My beautiful daughter existed for no other reason than to please me.

With tonight's special occasion, she'd have a once in a lifetime chance to do just that.

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Standing in my own living room, wearing a simple black suit, as time ticked slowly by. I'm good at waiting, always have been. So many things in life require patience, like the slow process of altering my wife's and daughter's minds. Being able to wait gave me the ability to reap rewards where others would fall to the temptation of instant gratification.

Right now, I was waiting for Helen and Emily.

The two were getting dolled up, making themselves look as beautiful as possible. More making Emily look as beautiful as possible, really. This was her day, after all. Helen was mostly just an observer, a witness with a few lines.

Finally, Helen popped into the living room, wearing a lovely red dress and heels. She quickly walked over to our old stereo and pressed a few buttons retreated back out of the room as quickly as she could.

A few seconds later, the music started playing.

Traditional wedding music, the famous song that plays whenever a bride walks down the aisle.

The living room door opened, revealing my stunningly beautiful daughter arm in arm with her mother.

Emily was wearing what must have been the sluttiest wedding dress I'd ever seen. White, of course, but that seemed to be where the traditional attire ended. Most of her dress was a transparent white fishnet that revealed the soft, pale skin underneath. Emily's entire body was on display in all its glory, from her neck right down to the white garter around her left thigh. Only her breasts and crotch were hidden from sight, hinted at and suggested with ample cleavage and subtle glimpses of more.

Red hair flowed down her shoulders in waves, matching the soft red of her lips and blushing cheeks. She wore little make-up, but then Emily didn't need make-up. What little there was served only to emphasise her natural good looks. She looked nervous, shy, smiling happily.

For her, this was the 'happiest day of her life', her wedding day. In Emily's eyes, and

Helen's, this was no different from a true wedding. For them, this was real.

Emily took a steady step forward, Helen holding her arm, walking her down the aisle - something that would have been my job if I didn't have another role to play.

When they reached me, Helen released our daughter's arm, circled around to stand in front of us.

She began speaking, reading from a script I'd printed off for her. Traditional marriage vows, nothing overly special or interesting. I followed along, saying what I needed to say, when I needed to say it.

Ultimately, this whole thing was a means to an end.

If I'd wanted to, I could have brainwashed a tranced Emily into believing that we were already married. Altering and implanting memories was certainly possible, but not without risks and consequences. New memories meant contradictions, confusion, which both lead to uncertainty and unwanted questions.

Rather than having to deal with that, I'd decided to go the route of creating a real memory for Emily to look back on. Even if this wasn't a real ceremony, even if it wasn't legally binding or in any way legal at all, even if no-one would ever know about it save the three of us, it would still *real*.

Soon, we reached the 'I do' part, follow swiftly by a long, lingering kiss.

When we finally broke apart, Emily panting and flushed, I glanced over at Helen. My wife was rubbing a tear from the corner of her eye. A happy tear.

I almost laughed.

A year ago, this would never have happened. Neither Helen or Emily could have imagined *this* was their future, not even in their wildest dreams. And yet here we were. I was husband to both women now, in their minds this was perfectly fine, something to keep secret but not something that they themselves minded at all.

I looked down at Emily. My beautiful Emily.

Her body, almost entirely visible through that white fishnet, was simply amazing. Toned, athletic, a perfect hourglass figure. I gave those wonderful tits a long stare. Melons, absolutely huge.

And they were all mine.

I reached around Emily's back, lifted her into my arms. Began walking to the master bedroom.

Carrying Emily through the threshold into the master bedroom is a moment I'll remember forever. It was ultimate victory.

Months in the making. Transforming Emily from shy young woman into my own personal plaything. Warping my wife's mind so that, not only was she okay with it, but she actively supported it. I'd tasted my daughter's pussy, forced it open with my cock. I'd felt those amazing tits, played with them and fucked them and coated them with my cum. I'd felt her throat around my cock, heard her gagging and choking. I'd listened as she begged me to pound her tight little pussy as hard as I could.

I wasn't 'training' Emily any more. We both knew it. This wasn't training for her any more, this was her life.

I tossed Emily down onto the large bed, climbed on top of her as the door shut behind us - Helen with a video camera to capture this magical night.

Emily spread her legs for me, revealing a little white thong under her wedding dress. She pushed it aside, revealing the pretty pussy underneath.

She was wet. Very wet.

I looked into her beautiful pale blue eyes. Saw the heat in them, the lust and desire. If the shy girl she'd been just a few months ago was still in there, there was no sign of it now.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Emily?" I asked, smirking.

Emily's eyes flared. She nodded her head.

"Yes please Daddy."

"How much?"

Emily moaned, shaking her hips. "So much. Please fuck me Daddy. I want it. Please."

She looked almost mindless. A perfect little sex doll.

I moved forward, cock in hand.

In moments, my cock was inside her.

Emily let out a soft gasp, eyes closing and mouth opening. A warm red blush covered her face, her body. And, before I could even begin thrusting, my daughter's legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me in close.

"Daddy," she gasped.

I hunched over her, began thrusting and fucking, filling the bedroom with moans and gasps and grunts and squeaking bed-springs.

Unthinking, my hands tore away at the frail material of Emily's slutty wedding dress, ripping huge holes in it. One of her tit bounced free, jiggled for a moment before my teeth found her hard nipple.

Perfect tits. My daughter had perfect tits. The greatest pair of breasts I'd ever seen by far. The only thing that could make them better was if they were ever so slightly bigger, filled with milk for me to drink.

That could be arranged.

Emily swayed and thrust her hips madly, desperate. Her hands reached around my back, scratching and pulling, holding on to me as I increased the pace, fucking her with everything I had.

"Fuck," Emily gasped. A single syllable sounding between each thrust. "Me. Da. Dy. Fill. Me. Up."

When I finally came, I leaned in to kiss her. Emily nibbled on my lip playfully, panting and smiling. I had Helen see to Emily as I recovered, watching from the side as my wife's face disappeared between our daughter's legs. Soon enough, I was ready to go again.

As I lay in bed afterwards, Emily naked on my left, Helen naked on my right, one of their tits in each of my hands, I made my decision.

There was one last thing that I needed to do. One last risk that needed to be taken care of. A loose end that needed to be tied up once and for all.

It would need some preparation and planning, but those were two things I excelled in.

In the morning, I'd take the first steps.

Soon, there would be nothing left to worry about.

I started formulating the plans there and then, only to find myself drifting off to sleep. Wondering, of all things, which of my wives would have my cock in their mouth when I woke up in the morning. Emily, I hoped.