

Baby Steps - Alternate Ending

Chapter 2 of 2

Moving houses is an annoying event. From finding a new place to live, paying for it, completing all the legal work, to the actual transportation of all your worldly possessions. You never quite realise how much you own until it comes time to pack it all away into boxes.

Still, all the effort would be worth it.

Our new house, a decent-sized countryside abode, was at the end of a long residential road. Far enough away from any other houses that I wouldn't have to worry about strangers snooping around the place. It was the perfect location to start our new life.

There were a few people waiting outside the house when we arrived, a small welcoming committee. They'd need to be dissuaded from visiting uninvited in future - the last thing I wanted was unexpected company in this new home - but, for the time being, I'd play the role of welcoming host and pleasant neighbour.

I climbed out of the car, signalled the moving truck to pull up and start unloading. Emily climbed out of the passenger seat, walked around the car to stand next to me. Helen, as planned, was no-where to be seen. She'd arrive in a few days, once things had settled down here.

The welcoming committee swarmed, flocked to and around me and Emily within seconds of us exiting the car.

Smiles and introductions followed, a flurry of who's who and what they do. Another annoyance of moving houses; having to meet the neighbours and pretend that you care in any way about their existence.

"I'm David," I told the ring-leader, a woman who's fashion sense was at least three generations out of date. "And this," I gestured to Emily, "is my wife, Emily."

There were a few raised eyebrows, no-doubt from the age gap and outstanding beauty of my companion. Likely, these people believed my young, red-haired wife was a gold-digger, married to me for my money. That was good. I'd take being seen as a wealthy, if gullible, man over them knowing the truth any day.

Emily, my beautiful daughter, played her role well. Smiling and greeting, making small-talk and socialising.

But then, of course she would. Where this was all an act for me, it was reality for my daughter.

Just married, looking to start a life together, wanting to get away from the loud and hectic city so that we could start a proper family together. Emily told them the story I'd implanted in her mind, and they nodded their heads smiling.

I leaned in, kissed Emily in front of the crowd of people.

If only they knew she was my daughter. But then, that was the point of moving away. So that no-one would know, save me and Emily and Helen. So that if anyone ever walked in on me fucking Emily's brains out, there would be no alarms raised.

Now, when I kissed Emily in public, it would be a cute gesture of newly-wed love, not something that would cause outrage and disgust. Now, when I inevitably got my daughter pregnant, there would be no awkward questions to answer about who the father was.

Once all the boxes were inside, the welcoming neighbours all gone back to their own homes, I dropped the mask of innocent, gullible, newly-wed husband, planted a hand on Emily's firm ass.

She flinched, gasped.

The king-sized bed in the master bedroom had yet to be constructed; the mattress was leaning against a wall, the wooden parts of the frame stashed away in a large box

somewhere. Instead of bothering with all that, I led Emily to the kitchen, lifted her onto a counter-top.

Emily was blushing, excited. Her red hair was tied back, but a few strands had come free, falling over her face. Slowly, sensually, she began undoing the buttons of her flannel shirt. Long gone was the girl embarrassed by her insanely huge tits. That Emily was no more. Now she used those wonderful breasts of hers, showed them off and teased, wore outfits that emphasised them.

She'd been walking around showing cleavage all day, drawing the gazes of the neighbourhood's husbands. No doubt many of them would be thinking about her right now, hoping that their new redhead neighbour might be open to extra-marital relations.

The thought made me smile.

They could think and dream and hope all they wanted, Emily was mine and mine alone.

As the last button came undone, Emily pulled the two sides of her shirt apart, exposing the flesh beneath.

Pale, soft skin. A nicely toned stomach, with the familiar melons above it. A sly, lip-biting smile and eyes filled with need and desire. She'd become something special, my Emily. A perfect body with a perfectly crafted personality to match. The ideal fuck-doll for me to use however I saw fit.

Her jeans came off with a little effort, followed swiftly by pink panties.

"Daddy," Emily moaned, begged. "Please."

~emily_94.mp3~

It was so easy to get Emily into a trance now. So simple. Back when I'd started, each trance had been special and vitally important to my plans. It had been a major obstacle to guarantee unlimited hypnotic sessions.

Now it was as simple as snapping my fingers and uttering a single word.

I no longer *needed* to hypnotise Emily. I had no further necessary programming to do. Likely, I could go the rest of my life without ever having Emily in a trance again. But, even so, it was worth hypnotising her every so often, if only to reinforce the programming I'd already given her. Or add fun little quirks.

"What is your name?" I asked, smiling down at her.

"Emily," my daughter answered.

"And who do you belong to, Emily?"

"Daddy," she answered.

"Very good. What are you, Emily?"

"Whatever Daddy wants me to be."

I couldn't help but smile at that. So simple, yet so true.

"If I told you that I want to fuck you, how would you reply?"

"Yes please," Emily answered, a breathy moan mixed into her otherwise monotone voice.

"If I wanted to fuck your ass, would you object?"

"No."

"If I wanted to get you pregnant, and told you to stop taking the pill, would you?"

"Yes."

"And if I handed you a strap-on, told you to fuck your mother with it, what would you say?"

Emily was silent for a moment. I couldn't help but feel a pang of doubt. Was there a chink in the programming, an error I hadn't foreseen? Was my control not as absolute as I'd thought? But, a moment later, the answer came.

"Which hole do you want me to fuck, Daddy?"

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Waking up in the new house was a treat. The first thing that greeted me was the smell of cooking bacon. The spaces on either side of my king-size mattress were empty, Helen still not moved in yet and Emily up making me breakfast. I closed my eyes, laid flat on my back, soaked in the perfection.

A year ago, my sex-life had been stagnant. My wife, beautiful as she might be, was overshadowed by our daughter - the one woman in the world who seemed entirely unattainable for me.

And now look at where I was. Fucking my daughter pretty much every night, sometimes with the assistance of her devoted mother. A new home, surrounded by people who had no idea my 'wife' was my own flesh and blood. Free to do whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted to do it.

A smile spread my lips when I heard footsteps approaching. Emily coming to deliver me breakfast in bed. I opened my eyes as she entered the master bedroom, attention instantly drawn to my daughter's outfit.

An apron. Simple and white. Uninteresting by itself; only, right now, it was the *only* thing she was wearing.

Emily blushed as I stared at her. She was carrying a single plate of bacon sandwiches. My stomach rumbled as she sat it down next to me, began crawling under the blanket.

As I ate my breakfast, so did Emily. I had bacon, she had sausage. And, within just a few minutes, we both had full stomachs.

I lay back, more content than ever.

As far as programming mental commands went, the 'give me head in the morning, my cum is your breakfast' one was a winner. I'd meant it more jokingly when I'd given it to her - something to try once and then remove. But, at it turned out, receiving head while eating, before ever getting out of bed, was a wonderful thing.

This was the life.

Helen arrived without fanfare. As planned, none of the new neighbours noticed her arrival at all. While I had constructed an alibi, a reason for why this second woman was living with the recently married couple, I didn't want to have to use it right away. The longer Helen went unnoticed by the neighbourhood, the more normal and ordinary Emily and I would seem.

When the time finally came, I'd let it be known that Helen was a relative of Emily's - their similar appearances could only mean they were related - who was staying with us for the foreseeable future. A live-in maid, of sorts, who would, when the time came, take on the additional role of nanny.

The living situation might raise some eyebrows, but there was no helping that. As long as no-one became too suspicious, everything would be fine.

My wife - the original one - was wearing a business suit when she walked through the door. Tired eyes from the long drive, she still managed a smile when Emily greeted her. The two hugged, glanced about to make sure no-one except me was around, then moved in for the kiss.

Another whimsical bit of programming. Whenever the two women greeted each other, and no-one but me was nearby to witness it, they'd share a long and passionate lover's kiss.

I watched, amused, as my daughter and her mother made out, hands gently trailing

over each other's bodies. While it lacked the raw hunger and desperation that I usually liked, the slow and sensual fondling between mother and daughter was certainly not unpleasant to watch.

Besides, if I wanted to, I could always give them an insatiable hunger, a desperate desire, to pleasure the other's body and be pleased in return.

In this house, there was no fantasy I couldn't make a reality.

"Em," Helen gasped, pleaded. She was close to an orgasm, was trying to hold it back as much as possible. "Slo-"

Whatever she was about to say was cut off by another moan. Emily, knowing how close her mother was, had gone all-out, sliding her tongue inside Helen's sleek, wet pussy.

They were in a sixty-nine position; mouths to cunts, licking and kissing, and now eating, each other. Trying their hardest to get the other to orgasm, while holding off their own desire for release.

It was a fun little game I'd invented. Whichever one orgasmed first was the loser. The winner gets the ultimate prize - my cock inside them - while the loser is forced to watch.

Helen somehow managed to hold on, stop herself from losing control and climaxing. Imitating Emily, she buried her own face in her opponent's crotch, tongue aiming for gold.

The sight was arousing. What was more arousing was the desperate desire emanating from both. Emily, eating out her mother in the hopes of being rewarded with her father's cock. Every hint of shyness was gone now, replaced with something more animal and primal. Lust and need and hunger. Pure desperation.

I grinned as Emily reached for Helen's breasts, face never coming away from her crotch, and started teasing and tugging on her mother's nipples.

Of the two, Emily was certainly the more enthusiastic.

In the end, Helen could hold back no more. She came, and came hard. Her entire body shaking and shuddering, trembling as Emily's tongue found its way deep inside her. Helen gasped, moaned, voice pitched. Her back curved, face shooting away from Emily's pussy even as her own crotch pressed harder into our daughter's face.

When it was over, both of them lay panting on the bed, flushed and dazed.

With a smile on my face, I climbed onto the bed with them.

Emily had won the game, which meant it was time to give her the prize.

She smiled up at me, spread her legs.

And, just like that, I squeezed my cock into her very, very wet pussy. Instantly, Emily let out a moan, eyes closing as she enjoyed the sensation of being penetrated.

In the last few months, Emily had gone from being an amateur fuck - albeit one with the body of a slutty goddess - to a skilful, well-trained cock pleaser. She gyrated her hips as I fucked her, milking my cock with her impossibly tight pussy. When I sped up, she matched my pace. When I slowed down, pounding her cunt with firm, powerful thrusts, she spread wider, positioned herself to better take my cock.

And, when it came to riding me, Emily had become a master.

I lay back, allowed Emily to climb onto my lap. Besides us, Helen was touching herself, masturbating while watching.

Emily positioned herself above me, my cock - already coated in her juices - in one hand, the other on my chest. Slowly, she lowered herself onto me. Inch by inch, my cock disappeared inside her. She didn't stop, not until there was none of it left to take, didn't wait to catch her breath, began slowly bouncing up and down.

As always, my eyes were drawn to those tits, huge and full and soft, swaying and jiggling away as Emily rode my cock. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. Swaying became jumping and, as Emily sped up as fast as she could, her tits started dancing all over the place, up and down and side to side, nipples rock hard and inviting.

I reached up, grabbed one of my daughter's tits, squeezed it hard, enjoying the gasp Emily let out as I did. I slapped the tit aside, began thrusting harder into her.

Helen had disappeared from beside us, was rummaging around under the bed. A moment later, she was standing behind Emily, a lubed-up strap-on tied around her waist. My wife wasted no time in grabbing onto Emily's hips, surprising her, and guiding the tip of the strap-on to Emily's ass.

When Emily felt it, she tensed. Her eyes shot open in shock. For a brief moment, a look of fear crossed her face. And then Helen thrust forward, penetrated Emily from behind.

"Ah!" Emily gasped, groaned. Wincing at the sudden invasion.

She collapsed on top of me, unable to hold herself up any longer. I held her in place, pounded her from beneath as Helen fucked her from behind.

Emily sunk her teeth into my shoulder to keep from crying out as we pounded our daughter in unison. She hugged at me tightly, tits pressed hard into my chest.

"Daddy," she gasped, the word muffled into my shoulder. "Oh Daddy."

Over and over, she moaned it. And over and over, I thrust into her. Never stopping or slowing, not until I was too tired to move.

"Daddy," Emily moaned again when it was over. Panting, dizzy, each word taking its own breath to speak. "I love you, Daddy."

Emily, collapsed and drained atop me. Helen laying beside us.

My perfect little family.