

## Baby Steps Bonanza: Triumph

### Part 2 – Thanksgiving

"Listen to my voice," Emily cooed, smiling down at her friend. "Nothing else exists. Nothing but my voice."

Ally, eyes closed with a serene expression on her doll-like face, was her first target. Not nearly as brash and argumentative as Tia, and a whole lot more trusting. Convincing her to 'try' hypnosis out had been as simple as asking, pretty much.

Short, slender, with perky breasts. Pretty too. Very much so.

Emily smiled. Her Daddy would enjoy Ally plenty!

But first, Emily had to get the girl on board. Wrap the present, so to speak. Prepare Ally for Daddy.

"Just my voice," she said softly, inhaling slowly, holding it, then exhaling. Giving Ally a rhythm to follow. A slow, relaxed pattern to copy. "Let everything else drift away. All that tension evaporating, all your thoughts floating away..."

Daddy had taught her the basics of this, had given her reading material and videos to watch, even hypnotised Mom in front of her. Yet, even with all that – even having experienced being hypnotised first-hand numerous times – this was a bizarre experience. How did it work? *Why* did it work?

She kept talking, recalling the words and phrases Daddy had taught her, the ones she'd read. Guiding Ally into a state of mindless relaxation.

"I'm going to count down from ten to one," she told Ally. "When I reach one, I'll snap my fingers and you'll drop into a full hypnotic trance."

The girl gave no reply. Hopefully she hadn't fallen asleep...

"Ten," Emily said. "Your limbs feel weightless, like they're barely there."

A pause, a breath.

"Nine," Emily continued, heart pounding. "Your brain is going fuzzy."

What if it didn't work? What if Ally was just *pretending*?

"Eight," Emily went on, speaking more of the practiced words.

If Ally *was* pretending, it wouldn't be that big a deal. Not this time, at least. This session was just to see if hypnotising Ally would work, and to lay the groundwork for more sessions later. Nothing incriminating. Yet.

Even so, Emily worried, a heart-grasping panic filling her chest.

If Ally found out about her and Daddy too soon...

Emily pushed the thought from her mind.

"Five," she said, reciting the words as if from a script.

Daddy took a big risk when he'd decided to brainwash her. It was only fair that Emily take the same risk to make Daddy happy.

"Two. Ally is gone. Drifting in the clouds."

She could do this.

"One," Emily said, sitting straighter, her heartbeat reaching a panicked crescendo. She snapped her fingers. "You are now fully hypnotised."

Silence.

Ally's chest rose and fell slowly. Her lips were parted, eyes still closed. Her limbs slumped, head resting comfortably on a pillow. When Emily hesitantly placed her hand on Ally's shoulder, gave her a tiny shake, her friend didn't ready.

"Um..." Emily bit her lip. "Ally? Can you hear me?"

Slowly, lethargically, Ally nodded her head.

"Yeah..."

Did that mean she was under? Uncertainty filled Emily.

What now?

The questions. The ones Daddy had given her.

"Ally," Emily said, closing her eyes and thinking, "what is my name?"

"Mmm..." Ally murmured. "Emily..."

"And, uh, who am I? To you, I mean."

The tiniest of smiles pulled at the corners of Ally's mouth.

"Friend," she whispered softly.

For an instant, a single second, that word shot through Emily's chest like a knife.

Friend.

Yes. They were friends. They were, and...

And Daddy wanted this.

The pain in Emily's chest vanished. The feeling of betrayal, the harsh ache and all the doubts and hesitations that'd appeared in that single moment, disappeared.

"That's right," Emily said. "I am your friend. Do you remember when I helped you with that Chemistry paper?"

"Yeah."

"And when your dog ran away, and I helped you look for him all night?"

"Yes..."

"I'm your friend. You can trust me. I've always helped you whenever you needed it. I've always been there for you. I'm a good friend, aren't I?"

"Mm'hm," Ally murmured.

"That's what I'm being now. A good friend. Helping you destress and relax. It's been a busy few months, and you deserve a break. You deserve relaxation and joy. You deserve... some fun."

She wouldn't take it too far this time. Not any obvious implications. Just groundwork to add to later.

What was it Daddy had said?

This was a marathon, not a sprint. Hypnosis like this couldn't be rushed. Take it slow. Baby steps.

"You've earned it," Emily said. "You've earned some fun and excitement and happiness."

"It sucks," Emily said, deciding on an approach. "There's nothing to do around here. The only fun places to go are too expensive or out of the way, and none of us really have money."

Tia, tranced as she was, didn't respond.

Of their three-person friend group, Tia was easily the most outgoing and active. The life of the party, and the one who had to drag the other two, Emily and Ally, to those parties. Not that there'd been all too many of those.

Tia, more than Emily and Ally, felt caged.

There was so much she wanted to do, Emily knew. But she lacked the income to do *any* of it. Rather than going for weekly road trips, clubbing every other night, shopping sprees, exciting adventures; the three of them had to be content with 'hanging out' and occasional mall trips.

Tia wanted adventure, excitement. She wanted novelty.

But she was unemployed, on a very tight allowance, and didn't want to get a part-time job that'd eat away her free time.

Emily could use that.

"I'm lucky," she said, leaning closer to Tia. "I have an older boyfriend. A man who likes to spend money on me. A sugar daddy."

They'd joked about it, laughed about it.

But, truth was, it was the perfect kind of arrangement for Tia.

The girl was beautiful; tanned, tall, busty, with a strut and confidence that made men drool. In her teasing of Emily's 'sugar daddy', Emily was certain there was a hint of envy. It

just made so much sense for Tia to get herself an older man who was happy to treat her. The fact that she didn't already have one was almost surprising.

But, the more Emily thought about it, the more she realised *why* Tia wasn't some older man's sugar baby.

For all her confidence in her looks, Tia didn't have much *actual* experience with men.

She'd had a boyfriend or two in high school. But, beyond that, Tia was as innocent and awkward around men as Ally. On paper, she was exactly the type of girl to want a sugar daddy. But the reality was much more adorable.

Tia talked the talk, but was too shy to walk to walk.

Emily smiled.

*That* was something hypnosis could help fix.

And she had just the sugar daddy in mind for her sexy friend.

"Life is about experiences," Emily said, keeping a close eye on Ally's face. "We should be out there, making mistakes. We'll have our entire lives to be responsible adults. Now's the time – the only time – for us to be irresponsible and spontaneous."

Ally didn't respond, though her head did move in a slow nod.

"You want sex," Emily stated.

Ally's eyebrows twitched.

"There's nothing wrong with that," Emily smiled. "Sex is fun!"

If they hadn't been friends for years, hadn't joked and talked about sexual stuff too many times to count, bringing it up like that might've jarred Ally out of the trance. As it was, this was a topic they'd explored outside of hypnosis plenty.

"These are the years of your life when you *should* be getting laid. Sleeping around, making mistakes you know you won't regret later, having fun! You won't be able to do it later in life, once you've settled down. You don't want to waste this time by sitting around and doing nothing, do you?"

A tiny frown appeared on Ally's face. It took her a couple long seconds before she answered, shaking her head and uttering a quiet 'no'.

"Sex is good," Emily smiled. "Say it."

"Sex is good," Ally murmured.

"And you wanna know what's even better?"

Silence.

Emily leaned in. "Sex with a man who knows how to make you squeal and squirt. Sex with an older, experienced man."

"Older men have money," Emily said. "You've seen how wealthy my dad is, right? He works in tech. High paying. He buys my mom expensive jewellery all the time."

That... might've been a lie.

Emily's father did have a nice, well-paying job. But buying jewellery for her mother? For birthdays and Christmas, maybe.

But the truth wasn't important.

All that mattered was Tia's *perception*.

"Middle-aged men like my dad," she said, smiling sweetly, "with plenty of money to spend and boring lives at home, are all too happy giving their money to pretty girls. For attention. And little *favours*. Who better to treat you like a princess than a daddy?"

Was she effectively brainwashing her friend into becoming a prostitute for her father? Sure. *Technically*.

Emily liked to think it more as... spreading the love.

Making Daddy happy. And making her friends happy too.

That wasn't so bad, was it?

She focused on that, the *altruism* of what she was doing, rather than the warm glow in her lower abdomen. The tingling heat that seemed to grow hotter and more insistent every time she pictured Daddy with her friends.

Was it weird that she got a thrill out of imagining it?

Probably. But she'd embraced being 'weird' back when she'd started slurping on Daddy's dick a couple months ago. 'Weird' was just a word boring people used to label those who were having so much more fun than them.

"Think about it," Emily blushed, bit her lip, forced herself to focus on Tia. "Being spoiled and treated. With gifts... With orgasms..."

Emily wiggled her hips, enjoying the sensation of a rock-hard cock pressing against her ass. Through multiple layers of clothing – Daddy was wearing pants and boxers, and Emily herself had a dress on – but, even with the barriers, she could feel his size and shape. Thinking about that, how he pressed so hard against her ass...

She blushed, looked across the table at her mother.

Helen gave her an encouraging smile, picking up plates and cutlery from the table – the remnants of Thanksgiving dinner.

Emily beamed, wiggled her butt a little more.

Daddy's hands slid up and down Emily's sides, alternating between squeezing and fondling her tits over her dress and massaging her ass and thighs. Enjoying the curves of her body.

"It's going well," she purred, pressing into him, her back to his chest. "Tia's ready to drop her panties for you at any time, and Ally's not far behind. It'll take a few more weeks, but I think I can get them both agreeing to a foursome by Christmas."

"That's my girl," Daddy whispered, his breath hot on her ear.

"Do you want them before then?" Emily asked. "I know you want to have both of them, and me, at the same time. But if you want to have them one-on-one first..."

"Nah," he groaned as Emily sandwiched his bulge between her buttcheeks, grinding on him. "Save all the fun for Christmas."

"Are you sure?" Emily giggled. "Tia's almost salivating with how much she wants to get you alone..."

"I'm aware," Daddy said, sliding his hand under her dress skirt, caressing her pale thighs directly. "She's been messaging me. 'Accidentally' sent me a nude the other day."

Emily froze, stunned.

"She's got a nice pair on her," Daddy continued, smiling wide. "No where near as magnificent as yours, of course. But nice all the same..."

"Tia's been messaging you?" Emily asked, looking over her shoulder at him. "Since when?"

"A week or so," he shrugged.

"Huh..." A twinge of annoyance prodded her. "She didn't say anything..."

Daddy snorted. "What, did you think she'd come to you and tell you she's trying to seduce your dad? She doesn't know what you've been doing with hypnosis, remember? She has no idea you're manipulating her. As far as that slut is concerned, you're oblivious to everything going on."

"But..." Emily huffed. "We're friends! She's going behind my back and-"

And Emily was going behind hers. Sure, Tia might be secretly flirting with and trying to seduce Emily's father. But Emily was kinda the reason for that. She was using hypnosis, behind Tia's back, to turn her friend into Daddy's fucktoy.

"Fine," Emily muttered. "Whatever, I guess..."

Daddy let out a loud, happy laugh. "Not getting jealous, are you?"

Emily huffed. Then giggled when Daddy's fingertips tickled her thighs.

Then moaned when those same fingers slid further up her legs.

"Mm-mm," Emily shook her head, face heating.

"Want me to stop messaging her?" Daddy asked, pushing Emily's panties aside.

"No..." Emily whimpered.

Daddy chuckled. "Do you... Want to see the nude she sent? And read all her slutty, flirty messages to me?"

Emily gasped. Closed her eyes. Nodded her head.

"Yes please."