

## Emily's Diary

Dear Diary,

Mom and Dad want to go on a camping trip with them. Mom came to me and said it will help me keep my mind off Connor for a bit, but I'm not really hurting from all that any more. I was heartbroken at first. I mean, he ~~is~~ was my first boyfriend. Of course it hurt when we broke up. But I guess I'm over it now.

It's like I don't need to hurt, because I'm doing something about it. Dad's been helping me become a better girlfriend. And that's enough to distract me and help me move on. You can worry, or you can act. I'm acting.

I wouldn't be hurting if I'd been good enough that Connor wanted to stay with me. So I'm fixing that. I'm letting Dad train me so it doesn't happen again.

So yeah, I don't really need to go camping to distract myself.

Still, it might be fun. A nice little getaway. I know Mom's really excited about it. I'd go just to make her happy.

And maybe I'll get to see Dad in just his swimming trunks!

I still feel odd thinking about that kinda stuff. I know it's fine, there's nothing wrong with a father and daughter being sexual with each other. But there's still that strange feeling that makes me uncomfortable.

Until just recently, I'd never thought about that kind of stuff with Dad before. If I had, I'd have probably been disturbed or something. Even just a few weeks ago.

I feel like a different person now. I mean, I'm still me. But it feels like something's changed, or is changing, and I don't know what or why or if it's good or bad.

Maybe I'm just thinking too much.

Alright then! This little camping trip will be all about relaxing and not overthinking things! Just gonna relax and have a nice time with Mom and Dad.

~ ~ ~

Dear Diary,

It's really late right now. Daddy just went to sleep. But something strange happened. Two things, actually.

We were sitting around the camp fire, me and Mom and Daddy. And everything was totally normal. And then Daddy said something to Mom and her face went blank. Like, she zoned out for a second or two and then she went to bed. She didn't look tired before, and didn't complain about needing sleep. She was as awake and alert as ever.

But when Daddy said the thing, I think it was like "you should sleep" or something, I can't really remember, it was like Mom changed.

It was kinda weird and spooky. But I'm probably just imagining it. Forests are spooky and I bet I'm just being dumb about it.

But then Daddy hypnotised me and, when I came to, I felt super tired all of a sudden too. I don't know how long I was under, but it felt like ages. Even though I can't remember, it seemed different somehow.

So I come back to my tent, 'cause I'm tired and I want to sleep and stuff. Only something stops me. Instead, I watch what Daddy does. I thought he was just gonna go to bed, maybe take his shirt off and give me something nice to see. But instead he pulled out his phone and his laptop and connected them.

Weird, right? I mean, why would he do that? And why there and then?

The only thing he could be doing was transferring files. But what files and why?

I dunno. I'm tired, not thinking straight.

Like I said, it's kinda creepy out here at night. Maybe I'm just getting spooked out by nothing.

~ ~ ~

Dear Dairy,

Good morning! That's what it is right now. Morning. I know I usually only write at night before going to sleep, but there's not much to do here right now so I figured I'd write for a bit.

Ever since I woke up, like half an hour ago, I haven't been able to stop thinking about Daddy. Like, he's handsome and sexy and I bet he knows all kinds of things that would make me feel good. I keep having all these naughty, dirty thoughts. And I don't know what to do.

It's fine, there's nothing wrong with it. So why does a part of me feel like it's bad and that I shouldn't?

I feel like I'm on the edge, and a part of me wants to fall over it and another part wants to walk away. Daddy's seen me naked and played with me, and I've played with him a bit. But we've never done anything fully sexual, ya know?

And if we do, I feel like there's no going back. Like things will never be the same again.

I'd rather things stay as they are now, honestly. As much as I'm curious about how it would feel, doing those things with Daddy isn't worth the risk of things never being the same again.

I should take a little walk later. Maybe the fresh air and nature and everything will clear my head.

~ ~ ~

Me and Daddy about to go for a walk. Gonna ask him to hypnotise me and ask him to get rid of all the dirty thoughts. Won't be an issue if I don't have them any more.

Don't know why I'm writing this. Just felt like I should.

~ ~ ~

Dear Diary,

Just got back from the walk. Me and Daddy did the stuffs. Not full on sex. I gave him head. I sucked Daddy's cock and it was amazing. Knowing that I was making him feel good, finally finding out how his dick tastes, so amazing.

That line's been crossed now. No going back.

But I asked Daddy to get rid of those thoughts. So why did I end up doing them anyway? They're not gone, not really. Did the hypnosis not work?

I don't know. That doesn't seem right either.

I'm not the same person I was a few months ago. I feel different. I thought that was a normal thing that people go through, but now I'm not so sure. What if all these hypnosis sessions with Daddy are changing me somehow?

That can't be right, can it?

~ ~ ~

Dear Diary,

Did it again before sleeping last night. Only this time I used my brea tits. Why does it feel odd saying breasts now? I don't know what's happening to me. I feel more comfortable and care free and happy, but I also have a bad feeling about it that I can't quite put my finger on.

It's morning right now and Daddy is still sleeping. Mom's awake and making a quick breakfast. I asked her if we could go home early today. She said we could if it's what I wanted to do.

Mom seems different, too. Like she's going out of her way to make me happy. If I ask for anything, she does it.

Daddy's been hypnotising her too, hasn't he?

Could that be a side-effect? Like with how I'm feeling like a different person?

I don't know. A part of me wants to talk to Daddy about it. But another part doesn't. I kinda wish I knew more about hypnosis right now.

And I keep thinking about how Daddy plugged his phone into his laptop. A few times when I've been waking up from one of our hypnosis sessions, I've seen him putting his phone in his pocket. I wonder if he's been recording them or something and then saving them to his laptop. That kinda makes sense. Daddy is all about organization and being a neat-freak.

Maybe if I could listen to what happens when he hypnotises me, I'd have a better idea of what's happening.

Kinda makes me wanna open up his laptop and have a look-see.

~ ~ ~

Dear Diary,

Me and Daddy had sex last night. Real, full-on sex. And it was amazing. I'm sore all over and my back aches and my thighs burn. But holy crap, it was amazing. The way he fucked me was unreal.

Sure, I've had sex before. And I've had great sex. But nothing like that. It was so hot.

But yeah, anyway, we got back from the camping trip and I sent Connor a DM asking how to get past a laptop's password. Not really someone I want to talk to, but he's the only one I'm sure will be able to help with it.

I've pretty much decided that I'm gonna do it now.

I'm sure I won't find anything bad. I just want to get rid of this nagging feeling already. At first, all the hypnosis stuff was normal and there was nothing wrong. But lately, it feels like there's more to it than just relaxing and Daddy helping with the problems I have.

Paranoid. I'm just being paranoid.

And that's fine. I'll check through Daddy's laptop and, when I find nothing, that will be the end of it.

But yeah, Connor replied back while I was asleep. He said I need a boot or drive or something, and that he can make one so I should come over and he'll show me how to use it.

It'll be a bit awkward, being around him, but I'll manage.

Honestly, what I'm trying to do right now with Daddy's laptop is really exciting. I feel like a secret-agent hacker or something. It's dumb, I know, but still fun.

Plan Hacktop is underway!

~ ~ ~

Dear Diary,

Computers are complicated. Jesus jizz-balls, was learning how to get past that password a hassle. Thankfully, Connor seems to know exactly how to do it and showed me. Well, first he downloaded something onto a USB stick and then he showed me. Long story short, I think I can do it.

There are three problems, though.

The first is Mom. She doesn't work tomorrow, and will probably be home all day. Which is fine, I guess, if I can convince her that I'm not doing anything bad. But even if she thinks I'm just doing homework or something on it, she'll know that I used it and will tell Daddy.

I don't want him to know I was on it at all. Imagine how embarrassing that would be to try and explain. No thank you.

So I've got to convince Mom not to tell him.

Hopefully, that will work. Somehow.

The second problem is time. Daddy works, but I don't know if I'm going to have enough time before he gets out of work to check everything. But I've already sorted that out.

I got tickets to a play that starts not long after Daddy gets out of work. That should buy me enough time. Hopefully.

All I have to do is convince him to go.

My fingers are crossed!

And finally, I have school. But that's easy enough to sort out. I just won't go. Nothing bad will happen if I skip one day.

Honestly, I'm kind of nervous to do this. Daddy would never do anything bad, not intentionally. I believe that with all my heart. But something's not right about what's been happening. I don't know what it is, but I feel it deep down.

Once I rule out hypnosis, I can try to find out what else it might be. I probably shouldn't even bother with ruling out hypnosis as the cause. Daddy would never do something that might have negative side-effects on me. He loves me and wants what's best for me. Hypnosis isn't the problem. It can't be.

So why does it feel like I'm on the right path?

~ ~ ~

Dear Diary,

Daddy bought it!

I told him I was grateful for everything he's been doing for me (which I am) and I gave him the tickets as a thank you.

Mom said she'd go too, and promised not to tell Daddy that I'd 'borrowed' his laptop.

It's here with me right now.

I'm not sure I should go through with this. Cold feet?

It feels like an invasion of privacy. Like I'm going through Daddy's secrets against his wishes. He might have porn on here or something. Now that would be fun to look through. I wonder what kinds of things Daddy is into. It would be good to know for the future.

A part of me wants to put the laptop back and forget all about this. Another part wants me to just do it and get it over with. I've come this far.

Daddy won't mind, right?

It's not like there's actually going to be anything bad there. Just my imagination.

I've come this far. Might as well see it through.