

Helen's Changes

Emily was slumped, drained of energy. The dark circles under her eyes spoke volumes, the smile she forced onto her face spoke volumes more. She was tired, worn out from studying. But she didn't want to worry me, so she smiled.

Unfortunately for her, I knew my daughter well. Knew a forced smile when she saw it.

Emily was the type of girl who would suffer in silence as long as she could. She didn't want to bother anyone else with her problems - saw it as rude.

But she needed help, that much was undeniable.

So I did the motherly thing.

"Are you alright, Em?" I said, smiling softly.

Emily blinked over at me, eyes widening. "Yeah," she said, forcing the smile back on her face. "I'm fine."

"You look exhausted, sweetie," I urged.

She opened her mouth to respond, probably to tell me that she was perfectly okay. But no words came out. She hesitated, paused for a few moments. And then, all at once, the strain and pressure she'd been dealing with revealed itself.

Emily slumped further, utterly drained. A soft, harsh sigh escaped her lips. Most telling were her eyes. Shadowed and sunken, they looked about ready to cry at any moment.

"It's just school," Emily said weakly. "The exams are close and I don't think I'm going to pass. No matter how much I study and revise, nothing sticks. It's all just one big mess of words and I can't..."

Her voice trailed off, tears beginning to form.

My mothering instincts kicked in. Without thinking, without needing to, I stepped forward, pulled Emily into a reassuring hug.

"I... I..." Emily stammered, emotion heavy in her voice.

"It's okay," I cooed. "Everything's going to be okay."

"I can show you, if you want."

The words sent a thrill through my body, a little tingling sensation between my legs.

I didn't show it, but the idea excited me.

In recent years, my and David's sex life had become drab at best and non-existent at worst. Finally, it seemed like we might be able to spice things up a little.

Back when I'd been a teen, everything in the world had a sexual edge to it. Going for a walk in the park? Them look like some mighty fine bushes to fuck behind. A sleepover with friends? Sounded like a hell of a time to chat and gossip about sex, maybe even experiment a little. Cooking food? My, the handle of that frying pan looks awfully phallic, doesn't it...

Back then, if someone had suggested hypnotising me, my mind would have raced with all manner of naughty thoughts and ideas.

Some things never change.

"What, right now? You want to hypnotise me?"

I played innocent. Best not to seem too eager.

David shrugged. "If you want to."

I lay there, motionless. Listening to my husband's soothing voice.

He spoke, told me to let go, relax. That everything was going to be fine. My eyes were closed, my breathing slow. In through the nose, out through the mouth. Little by little, I felt my body disappearing. Like it was falling asleep, only not.

My mind slowed, felt almost dreamlike.

And, soon enough there was nothing. A void. Questions being asked. I felt my mouth moving, giving the answers. But neither the questions or answered made any sense to me. They might as well have been in another language.

The whole ordeal could have lasted less than a minute, or equally could have taken countless hours. I had no idea. Time didn't matter, didn't even make sense.

And then it was over.

I felt my body returning to me, felt my mind begin to wake up again.

"How are you feeling?" David asked, his voice cutting through the confusion.

"Am I a good mother?" I asked my reflection.

Before now, I'd always thought I'd been doing a good job with Emily. Supporting her as best I could, being the best mother I could be.

Why did it feel like I wasn't doing enough, then?

My reflection, unsurprisingly, had no answers. It simply stared at me, distraught.

A good mother supports their child no matter what.

Have I been supporting Emily in everything?

I'd certainly been trying. These days, it seemed like Emily was more keen on David helping her. His hypnosis had really changed things around for her, really aided her studies and helped her relax. It had been helping me, too.

Was that what this was about? Was I feeling like a third wheel?

"Just have to try harder," I told myself.

Emily didn't like her breasts.

Hers were even larger than mine, and she wasn't the shameless flirt that I was at her age. It made sense that she was uncomfortable about being so well endowed.

But it was her, who she was. It was something she *should* be comfortable with.

As a parent, it was my job to help her in any way that I could. It was my job to guide and support her. But how? How was I supposed to help Emily feel more comfortable with her body?

Maybe...

Maybe by showing her how comfortable I was with mine?

The idea seemed to form by itself in my mind, an answer to Emily's problems.

Show her having large breasts isn't anything to be anxious about by doing exactly that - showing her.

If I wore nothing but my bra around the house, if I showed her that it was perfectly fine and normal, perhaps Emily would begin doing the same. Gradually, she'd become more and more comfortable showing her body, right?

And doing it at home, somewhere safe, was all the better.

The only people who'd be able to see her were me, a woman, and her father, a man she could trust absolutely.

It made sense.

"Mom, can we talk?"

I looked up at Emily, feeling a wave of warmth pass through me. It'd been so long since Emily came to *me* for help.

"Sure, honey. What can I help you with?"

We were both wearing nothing but our underwear - bras and panties. Recently, that's all either of us wore at home. All for the purpose of helping Emily feel more comfortable. And, all things considered, it seemed to be working.

Emily seemed a lot more outgoing, a lot happier.

She smiled nervously. "The thing is..."

Emily fidgeted, played with her fingers.

"Yes?" I urged.

"I want..." She looked up, locked eyes with me. "I want Dad to start staring at my breasts."

Silence followed her words.

Emily wanted David to what? My mind reeled, rolled at the unexpected admission. A thousand thoughts all came at once, a flood of questions that I wanted to ask.

It is a parent's job to support her child in everything.

No matter what.

Of all the thoughts racing through my head, the one that stood out most, the loudest of all, was that simple impulse.

Support and help Emily in everything. Always.

Girlfriend training. That's what she'd called it. Emily wanted 'girlfriend training', and wanted her father to be the one teaching her. Practice for when she got into a serious relationship.

To an outsider, it would be weird. Unnatural, even.

But our family was close. Closer now than ever before. David was taking a real interest in our daughter, and she was opening up to him in ways she'd never done before.

And me? I was doing what I could to support it.

When Emily had first told me her idea, that she wanted to be trained by her father to be a good girlfriend, I'd been very uncertain about the whole thing. Very wary.

But, overnight, I'd had a change of heart. Not even overnight.

It was the clarity of hypnosis. The relaxation. That's what had helped me realise the benefits, dismiss my concerns. When David had hypnotised me, my mind had opened to the possibility.

Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after all.

My eyes lingered for a moment, taking in the sight of my daughter.

Emily was, like me, wearing nothing but a bra and some panties. Where mine were drab and boring, Emily's were anything but. Bright pink with bows and frills, adorably cute. The bra looked tight on her, a size or two too small. It squeezed her chest, forced her breasts together uncomfortably.

It looked... good.

An odd tingle spread through me as my eyes lowered, took in Emily's full figure.

She was lean, slender. Her skin soft, pale. The pink lace of her panties looked inviting, as if all it would take was one little tug in the right place and it would all come undone.

The tingle happened again, sending light shivers this time.

Emily had grown into a beautiful young woman. A very beautiful woman indeed...

I looked at her lips, her pale blue eyes.

And, for the first time in my life, I felt arousal towards Emily. Towards my daughter.

I woke up in the middle of the night alone. David wasn't next to me, wasn't in the room.

For a long moment, I was confused.

It was dark, very dark. Late night, well into the early hours of the morning.

I closed my eyes, tried to sleep. Only...

Only there was an odd tapping sound. A faint squeaking.

I really had to concentrate to hear it.

A light, repetitive tapping. The squeaking of bedsprings matching it. And moans. Gentle, soft moans. But there could only be one person they belonged to.

Emily was masturbating.

The idea sent a thrill of pleasure through me.

An image formed on my mind. Emily laying in bed, fingers between her legs. Her

face contorted in pleasure, her huge breasts jiggling and she played with herself.

Then another image came.

In this one, she wasn't alone. There was a man on top of her, thrusting into her, fucking her hard.

Not just any man, either.

It was David.

That thought sent even more ripples of pleasure through me.

I listened, my hand finding its way between my own legs.

"Daddy," a muffled gasp sounded through the wall.

And then everything went silent.

I waited, strained my ears to listen, but no new sounds came.

A few minutes later, the bedroom door opened. David slipped inside, crept over to the bed and carefully climbed under the covers with me. The distinct scents of sex hung on the air around him.

Were we really going to do this?

Was I really going to do this?

Emily was laying on the bed in front of me, utterly naked and exposed. Smiling, blushing. I was above her, wearing no more clothes than she was.

I leaned down, gently kissed her neck.

Emily let out a light sigh, trailed her hands down my body.

For long minutes, all we did was kiss and lightly touch. My hands roamed Emily's body, flowed over her curves. My lips caressed her skin, her neck and collar and chest. I lingered when my lips found a nipple, teased it with my tongue. Then I moved lower, over her flat, toned stomach, down her crotch.

When I kissed her mound, Emily's body shuddered.

"Mom," Emily moaned, gyrating her hips slightly. "More."

My relationship with Emily had changed a lot over the past year. Back then, we'd been mother and daughter - friends, as much as a mother and daughter could be. Since then, we'd grown apart as she grew closer to her father. Then, we formed a new kind of relationship. Less mother and daughter and more sisters. Two women sharing the same man and, sometimes, each other.

It had to be kept secret, this new relationship. But the secrecy added a new level of intimacy. Only three people in all the world knew the depths of our family's love.

Me, Emily, and David.

All sharing the same bed.

As Emily snuggled in close to her father, I couldn't help but smile. A year ago, David had seemed distant - almost removed from family life. Now he was the heart of it.

What a difference a year can make.