

Taming Tess

Chapter 1

When my phone rang, I knew it was about Tess. Just like I knew two days ago, and just like I knew a week ago. So many calls from the town's police chief, so many 'incidents' that it was on me to deal with.

Last week, she'd been caught shop-lifting. Two days ago, she'd broken into school with her friends in the dead of night, gone on a spree of vandalism. What would it be today? A fight, perhaps. A bout of joyriding? I wouldn't put it past her.

I hesitated before answering, toyed with the idea of leaving it ring, ignoring it.

There was a bottle of whiskey in my desk.

The temptation to open the drawer, down a mouthful or two and forget about everything else, was almost too much.

I sighed, tapped the screen on my phone, raised it to my ear.

"I'm on my way."

Whitebrook was a pleasant little town. Small, only a few hundred inhabitants. Not quite small enough for everybody to know everyone else, but definitely small enough that the town only had need of one police station, one set of schools, one small clinic for a hospital.

Quaint, with a lovely, homely feel to it. Quiet and calm.

That's what had made the place sound so appealing to me and my wife all those years ago, back when we'd been starting our little family. A nice place to raise kids, away from the noise and pressures of city-living.

I took it all in as I drove the short distance to the town's police station. Tried to calm myself with the soothing atmosphere.

Sure, things hadn't exactly gone to plan this last year. But it would get better. This phase Tess was going through wouldn't last forever, couldn't last forever. At some point, she'd have to calm down, grow up.

I pulled up outside the station, climbed out of my car, walked into the building.

As usual, Police Chief Holden was waiting for me.

A tall, balding man with a beer belly. He'd been Chief of Police since before I'd moved here with my wife and infant daughter, though it was only in the last year that I'd really gotten to know the man.

"Theresa is down in one of the cells with her friends," Holden said, gesturing over his shoulder at a corridor I'd become all too familiar with.

"She hates it when people call her Theresa."

Holden smirked, winked. "I know."

"What's she done this time?" I asked. I didn't really want to know, if I'm honest. Asking was just something I was meant to do.

Holden shook his head. "Come on, we'll discuss it in my office. There's something I'd like to talk to you about. A proposition, if you will."

A proposition? That piqued my curiosity.

Once we were both in Holden's office, seated and comfortable, the police chief spoke.

"You used to be a shrink, right? Before you moved here to Whitebrook." He was rubbing his chin, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"I was a psychologist, yes."

It wasn't exactly a lie, more like a stretched truth.

Holden nodded his head. "I thought so. I'd like to ask a favour of you, Mr Anders."

Already, I didn't like where this was going.

"Please," I said, forcing a smile. "Call me John."

"These kids, they're troubled. Acting out. I'd like you to counsel them, see if you can't help them. As a condition of their release, they'll have to see you weekly for counselling."

Seeing the uncertainty on my face, the police chief continued.

"The town has a counsellor, of course. But, if I take this to him in an official capacity, it'll mean I have to officially charge the kids with a crime. I'd rather not give them a criminal record, if at all possible. Like I said, they're just kids acting out. Your daughter perhaps most of all."

"I don't know," I told him. "It's been a long time."

Again, not a lie. But not the real reason I was reluctant. My speciality back then, two decades ago now, had been hypnotherapy. A tool for dealing with addictions and stress and anxiety. Not even close to the behavioural therapy Holden was looking for.

"Even so. It's either you, or the town's counsellor and a black mark on their permanent records. It's up to you, John."

Trespass and burglary. All they'd taken was an old man's wheelchair, but that wouldn't matter in the eyes of future employers. Tess, of course it had to be my daughter, had been caught topless while the idiots were fucking around with the stolen wheelchair. That was, at best, indecent exposure. At worst, she'd be added to a sex-offender registry.

I couldn't let that happen. As stupid as she'd been, my daughter didn't deserve to have her whole life ruined.

Holden led me to a large metal door, the door to the cell my daughter was currently occupying, and unlocked it. He nodded to me, pushed the door opened.

And there, inside the prison cell, was Tess.

Long blue hair. Yes, blue. Dyed in some act of teenage rebellion. Bright blue eyes surrounded in thick, black eye-liner. Intelligent eyes. Not so long ago, she'd been top of her class in almost every subject. Like her mother, Tess was beautiful. And, like her mother, she knew it.

She was dressed in a tank top and torn jeans, clothes that hung tight to her body. It was hard for me not to notice how amazing her figure was, doubly so from the simple fact that it resembled her mother's so closely.

Two parts of me warred, as they always did. The loving father who didn't want to see his daughter in any kind of sexual way, and the weak-willed man who couldn't help but looking at this perfect woman and find the sight pleasing and appealing.

Tess looked up, saw me, glared. She looked away, refused to make eye-contact with me.

"Up you get, Theresa. Time to go," Holden said.

Tess glared at him, clenched her fist.

For a moment, I was worried she might actually swing at the man and get herself in even more trouble. Instead, she stood straight, proudly walked out of the cell.

"Follow me," Holden told her, began walking back to his office. "Your father and I have something to discuss with you."

Once a week. I'd have a session with each of them, my daughter included. Once a week, every week. There were four in all; Tess, a female friend and two males. All legally adults now.

How in the fuck was I going to make this work?

If one of them wanted to quit smoking, I could help with that. If one was afraid of dogs, or had trouble sleeping, or had issues with anxiety or stress, I could treat them. But the issues these kids had were beyond anything I'd dealt with before.

I didn't even know where to start with any of them save my own daughter. At least with her, I knew the source of her acting out.

Just thinking about it made my head ache.

I reached into my desk, got the whiskey out.

Tess had not been happy when she'd found out the condition for her release. Not one bit.

Hypnosis.

I'd managed to convince Holden it was the best method for helping the brats. Truthfully, it was pretty much the only method I knew and had used before.

It'd been years since I'd done it. The last time had been before we moved to Whitebrook. Could I even do it any more, would I still remember how?

Yes.

The real question was if I could make it work.

Could I use hypnosis to fix my daughter's attitude and stop her from acting out in future?

In theory, yes.

It wasn't something I'd ever tried before, not for something this big. But, in theory at least, there was no reason why it *couldn't* work.

As I pondered the ifs and hows, another question came to mind.

Would Tess even allow me to hypnotise her?

A mind that doesn't want to be hypnotised, that is actively trying not to be, cannot be brought into a trance. If Tess was so unwilling to participate in her 'counselling' that she actively fought against it, there was nothing I could do about it.

Same with her friends.

More and more questions swirled in my mind, problems to be solved. The more I drank, the easier it got. The questions slowly faded, replaced with memories. My wife. My beautiful, amazing, one-of-a-kind wife.

The bitch.

This was all her fault. She was the reason Tess was being so self-destructive. It was her fault everything was so difficult.

Soon, even those thoughts disappeared.

Soon, I was asleep at my desk. Nothing new there.

"Fuck off," Tess snarled. "I'm going out."

It was Monday evening. Time for my very first counselling session. And, as expected, Tess was attempting to get out of it.

"You can spend an hour with me, or all night in a prison cell again. It's up to you. Just know I won't be bailing you out this time. You can rot in there."

Tess glared at me, pure hatred in her eyes.

"You're such a prick," she said at last. "No wonder Mom left you."

I ignored the barb as much as I could. Being reminded of my wife's infidelity always stung, there was no avoiding that. But, right now, I had a job to do.

"My office. Now."

Tess glared harder. I could see the temptation to disobey clear in her eyes. Just like she could see the threat in mine. If she walked out now, I would call the police on her. For a few long moments, neither of us said anything, simply stared hard into the other's eyes.

Finally, Tess relented.

"Fine. Fucking hell."

She turned, started walking in the direction of my office.

One small victory. A good start.

Why had she decided to dress like a slut today?

Most days, I could ignore my daughter's choice of clothing. All I had to do was look away. That wasn't an option I had right now. Tess was seated on an old sofa-bed in my

home's office. I had no choice but to look directly at her, trying desperately to not allow my eyes to drift downwards.

She was wearing a v-neck t-shirt, displaying her ample cleavage, along with a short skirt. And pink panties. The way she was sitting, not bothering to cross her legs, I could see them in my peripheral vision. It took everything I had to resist the urge to look down.

Save for the blue hair and excessive make-up, Tess was almost an exact copy of her mother, only younger and hotter and not running away with the neighbour and all of my money.

"Well then," I said, pushing the thought from my mind. I still had some whiskey in my desk. Maybe, if and when I got Tess into a trance, I could down some more of that. "Shall we begin?"

My daughter looked somewhere between apprehensive and pissed off. Not keen on the idea of me hypnotising her, that was for sure. But she wasn't resisting it, hadn't said no. That was a good sign. Maybe, just maybe, I could pull this off after all.

"Whatever," Tess sighed, annoyed. She was refusing to look at me again, as if the mere sight of her own father disgusted her.

"Okay. I want you to listen to my voice, paying attention to nothing but the words I'm speaking. Just sit back, relax, and this will be over with before you know it."

~Theresa's First Session~

Getting her into the trance took a long while. Tess didn't want to be hypnotised, but she wasn't actively resisting it. In the end, all it took was perseverance.

Repeating the same, or similar, lines over and over. Using a calm, firm voice, guiding Tess into a state of unconscious consciousness. Even though it had been so long since I'd last done this, it all came back quickly.

There was just one problem.

How did I know she wasn't pretending to get this all over with? How could I be sure she was in a real trance, and not just trying to deceive me?

I stared at her, searching for any hint of deception.

She was relaxed, that was for sure. Her head was leaned back, resting against the sofa unsupported. Her body was slumped and slack. Even her legs were relaxed, sleeping - spread apart naturally, fully exposing the pink panties Tess was wearing.

My eyes lingered for a moment, taking the sight in. From what I could see, she was completely hairless down there.

Why did she have to be my daughter?

I shook my head, returned my attention to her face.

No, there was no sign that she was faking it. Still, I was hesitant to continue before I knew for sure. My daughter wouldn't be making a fool of me, not today.

Which meant asking a question that Tess would not ordinarily answer.

When someone is hypnotised, it's not like they'll suddenly tell you all their darkest secrets. If they're not okay with you knowing something, they won't tell you. Even in a trance. If I asked her how many guys she's fucked in her life, it's highly unlikely I'll get an answer to that question. Either she'd simply not answer, or the trance would break and she'd wake up.

Which meant I'd have to ask her something that she'd be okay with me knowing, but that she wouldn't tell me herself under normal circumstances.

Thankfully, this was Tess.

Just the other day, I'd tried asking her if she'd eaten a sandwich I'd made for myself. The only response I got was a good old 'fuck off'.

"Tess," I began, speaking in the calm but solid voice I'd perfected years ago. "Three

nights ago, I made a toasted ham and cheese sandwich for myself. Did you eat that sandwich?"

Her eyelids twitched as she searched her memory for the answer. Final, she gave it.

"Yes," Tess said, voice empty.

Good. But a few more questions wouldn't hurt.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Tess?"

Again, her eyelids fluttered.

"Yes."

I suspected as much. Hell, I'd have been surprised if she *didn't* have a boyfriend. She hung around with two boys pretty much every day. And with her looks...

"What is your boyfriend's name?" I asked.

This time there was a longer pause before she answered. Her mind resisting giving me the answer a little.

"Brian."

The name of one of the two boys, of course. I'd be meeting him soon enough.

By this point, I was convinced. Tess hadn't cussed me out or been difficult, she hadn't refused to answer. She was in a trance, I was sure of it.

The new question was where to go from here.

Back in the day, when I'd been dealing with simple addictions and the like, it had been simple. I'd only been changing one very specific thing about a person, helping them with their one issue.

What I was supposed to do now - changing behaviours, turning delinquents into law-abiding citizens - was much bigger, much more complicated.

I set the problem aside. The details could be worked out at a later date, for now it was enough to know that I could put Tess into a trance at all.

Still, I didn't want to waste the opportunity.

"Tess," I said, an idea sparking. "You use your phone a lot to talk to your friends, don't you?"

I already knew the answer. Tess, whenever she was home, was always locked away in her room with her phone. She didn't have a laptop or computer - those had been confiscated months ago - nor did she have a TV any more - she'd throw that out of her window.

All she had was her phone to pass the time.

"Yes," Tess answered.

I stood, walked over to where she sat. Her bag was next to her on the sofa, her phone almost certainly inside it. Her outfit certainly didn't have any pockets to keep the thing in.

"Do you message your friends a lot using your phone?" I asked, hand reaching down into the bag.

As my daughter answered, I walked back to my desk, phone in hand. Connecting it to my computer was easy enough, as was copying the contents of the phone onto my computer's hard drive.

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Waking Tess from the trance was interesting to watch. Her face morphed from utterly blank, to sleepy and relaxed, to utter disdain when she realised I was there with her.

She didn't say a word, simply glared at me, checked the time, and rushed out of my office.

When I heard the house's front door slam shut, I turned my attention back to my computer screen. Began sifting through the folders and files.

A year ago, me and Tess had been as close as any parent and child. Nowadays, I knew next to nothing about her. Did she smoke? Do drugs? Did she have any tattoos or piercings? I had absolutely no idea. And, if I was going to fix her behaviour and attitude, first I needed to know exactly what it was that needed fixing.

That's where the files came in.

Somewhere in these files was every message Tess had on her phone. Every message she'd sent and every one she'd received.

All I needed to do was read and learn.

And that's exactly what I did. I began reading. Right from the most recent - where she was complaining about me to one of her friends, calling me all sorts of foul things.

First thing I'd need to do with these hypnosis sessions was teach her to have some respect for her father, that was for sure.

I read message after message, learning more about my daughter and her friends. Discovering where the group of four liked to hang out, what they did in their free-time. I learned that, just like my daughter, the other girl in the group was dating one of the guys. And I learned that they were guilty of a lot more crimes than they'd been caught for.

I was close to calling it a night when one of the messages caught my eye. A message with an attached file, sent by my daughter to her boyfriend.

Before my mind caught on and realised what it must be, I moved the mouse and clicked it.

A picture popped open on my screen. A photo of what had to be the sexiest body I'd ever seen. A naked body. One with huge breasts and perfect pink nipples, with a slim waist and open legs revealing a wet, pink pussy.

The selfie didn't show a face, It stopped at the neck. But the blue hair falling down the girl's shoulders, the fact that it was Tess who had sent it to her boyfriend, could mean only one thing.

I closed the picture as soon as the realisation hit me, shut down my computer and rose from my desk.

The image, that sexy, amazing body, refused to leave my mind.

I went to bed, unable to stop myself thinking about how absolutely perfect, how amazingly fuckable, my beautiful daughter's body was.