

Taming Tess

Chapter 2

Every time I closed my eyes, that picture entered my mind. The naked body of my own daughter. That perfect, stunningly beautiful, ridiculously sexy body.

Sleek and slender, with full curves and more.

And my daughter.

I opened my eyes, stared hard at my desk.

A drink. That's what I needed. A nice, powerful drink.

Unfortunately, that was out of the question. A visitor would be arriving soon, one of my daughter's friends. Come to be helped and fixed with hypnotherapy.

Drinking myself silly before they arrived was a no-go.

Which one would it be, anyway?

The other girl? My daughter's 'bestie'?

The boyfriend? The guy who was sticking his cock in Tess?

A faint emotion emerged, a fatherly desire to protect and guard Tess from other men. That emotion, however, was overshadowed by another. Jealousy. Envy.

That's right, I was actually jealous of the guy who got to fuck Tess.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

I tried to push the thought away, scold myself for being a bad father. But that picture, that image of my daughter's perfect body, appeared in my mind again.

She'd been leaning forward slightly when she took it, her stupidly huge jugs hanging there in full view.

No! She was my daughter. My daughter! I shouldn't be thinking of her like that. It was wrong. Sick. Disturbing.

Sexy.

My wife, the whore, had an amazing body. An easy eight out of ten. But, next to Tess, she was nothing. Bland and boring. Tess was a solid ten. No, an eleven. More.

And still my daughter.

By the time the girl arrived, I was glad for the distraction.

Lara was her name. A short, petite girl who looked a good few years younger than Tess but who was, in all actuality, the elder of the two. The girl had a permanent innocent-looking baby-face.

Not the one who was buying the booze for the group, that was for sure.

Likely, this girl wasn't the main offender. Just someone getting pulled along by the others. A victim of her horrible ability to pick friends. Regardless, she was a part of the group and I had to 'counsel' her.

Hypnosis, of course, was my weapon of choice.

The week passed by slowly. After Lara came Brian, then the last of the four, Lara's boyfriend Luke. And just like that, the first round of hypnotic sessions came to an end.

Unlike with Tess, I actually gave the other three some simple suggestions. One to prevent them from remembering what was said and spoken about during the trance, another to calm and relax them after the session was done, one more to help remove some of their doubts about hypnosis. Simple things, laying down the groundwork.

I had no idea if I'd actually be able to change their behaviours, actually help them. But I didn't have much of a choice but to try.

On Friday, with no more kids to hypnotise, I finally let loose and drowned myself in whiskey.

Finally, for the first time since seeing what my daughter looked like naked, I wasn't agonising over it. Dazed, a dumb smile on my face, I leaned back in my office chair.

Tess, the bitch with the body of a goddess, was out. Likely getting fucked or breaking the law.

I was home alone, with no distractions.

And my computer, all those files I'd copied from her phone, was sat right in front of me. Ready to be explored.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, some part of me was warning against what I was about to do. That it was wrong, that I was her father and shouldn't be doing this.

But I wanted to see that body again. Really look at it.

I searched through folders, scrolled through chat logs. Where I'd randomly stumbled on it before, now I knew what to look for. It didn't take me long to find the message.

Ignoring all the text, the back-and-forth flirting, I clicked on the image, opened it.

A moment later, there it was. Perfection on my screen again.

Theresa's oh-so fuckable body.

No tattoos or piercings, surprisingly. Just smooth, pale white skin. Her nipples were hard, small and pink, begging to be tasted. Her crotch was devoid of hair, all shaved away completely leaving only a glistening pink pussy.

It took me a few moments to realise where the photo had been taken, so absorbed I was in looking at the amazing body. The house bathroom. She's taken the photo in the very same room that I visited multiple times a day.

Unbidden, an idea sprang to mind.

If I wanted to, I could install hidden cameras in there. Then I'd be able to see...

See what? Tess shower? Watch her sit on the toilet while she did her business? Cross my fingers and hope she decided to take more nude pictures in the near future in there?

It'd be easier, a better idea in general, to install cameras in her bedroom.

Hell, why even bother with cameras at all? I would be hypnotising her every week for the foreseeable future. If I was so twisted that I'd spy on my daughter in the hopes of seeing her naked, why not go all the way and make her take her clothes off for me herself?

I couldn't help but laugh. It was a stupid idea. Putting all the dumb moral and ethical stuff aside, it's not like it would even work.

Why not?

The question killed my laughter dead.

Why couldn't it work?

If I could help someone lose weight, or quit smoking, if I could make them believe they were a duck or a dog, why *couldn't* I convince someone to strip naked for me?

Willingness. That was the key.

If someone was willing to do something, they could be convinced to do it through hypnosis. People were certainly willing to lose weight, or drop addictions. And, when a crowd of people were watching, people were willing to make a bit of a fool out of themselves to please that crowd.

How likely was it that Tess would be willing to let me see her naked?

Not very.

But there might be ways around that. Tricks I could use.

She's my daughter, I reminded myself.

Still, it couldn't hurt to *think* about, could it? It wasn't like I'd ever actually *do* anything.

For the next few hours, I searched through my daughter's conversation logs, eyes scanning for more pictures. Several came up; all amazing in their own right. A close-up of her pussy half-filled with a dildo, a picture of her ass in a mirror, several more of her chest.

None of them had her face, though. Sure, there were pictures that showed her face - but all were clothed. None of the nudes showed Tess' face, only her blue hair.

Seemed like my daughter was at least smart enough not to reveal her face and body in one picture, frustrating as it was.

I saved every picture in a separate folder, resisted the urge to reach down and jack of my now rock-solid cock. It was one thing to admire a sexy body, and another thing entirely to jerk it to pictures of Tess.

There was a line there. One I wasn't ready to cross.

By now, the alcohol was beginning to wear off, leaving a familiar ache in its wake. A perfect time to call it a night.

I rose from my desk, walked into the darkness of my house.

It was late. Later than I'd thought. I'd been lost in my own little world, I hadn't realised the time.

Had Tess come home yet? I thought, tried to remember if I'd heard her come in. Came up blank.

Before heading to my bedroom, I walked to Tess'. The light wasn't on inside, so either she was out or asleep. Likely the former of the two.

I reached out, turned the door handle and slowly pushed the door open.

Save for a soft creaking, there was no sound.

In the blankness, it was hard to see. I stepped inside the room, got closer until I could make out the huddled, sleeping form on the bed.

Looked like Tess had come home after all.

As my eyes adjusted, I began to make out some of her features.

Full lips, like her mother. Angular face and nose. She looked serene, peaceful. A rare sight. Usually she was either annoyed, scornful, or downright bitchy. Even when I'd hypnotised her, she'd been more blank and empty than serenely calm.

She looked... beautiful.

"What do you want?" Tess asked, voice filled with its usual disdain. "I'm busy."

By 'busy', she meant 'texting friends'. I'd seen the messages they sent, I'd read the conversations that they had with each other. I knew how unimportant the chat she was having right now must be. But yes, *she* was the busy one.

Me? The one working herself to death? No, I wasn't busy at all. I totally had time to deal with my bitchy daughter and her dumbass friends' attitudes.

"Counselling time," I told her, keeping the annoyance out of my voice as best I could. "My office. Five minutes."

Tess snorted. "Fuck that."

Without waiting for a response, she turned her attention back to her phone. To her, the conversation was over.

"My office in five minutes," I said, finding it a lot more difficult to suppress my annoyance this time. "Or your phone gets confiscated."

At that, my daughter's eyes shot up. The pure, unrestrained hatred in that glare was one I knew all too well.

~Theresa's Second Session~

Bringing Tess into the trance was time-consuming. That she was reluctant made it difficult for her to relax her mind enough. But I got there in the end, lulling her gently into hypnotic oblivion.

Now, to begin addressing her issues.

I'd thought about it long and hard. No way was Tess going to open up to me about her problems, not even in a trance. If I began prying for information right now, she'd sooner snap out of it than open up to me.

I was her father and, for whatever reason, she despised me.

That was the first hurdle I needed to get over. Somehow, I needed to convince Tess to open up to me, talk about her issues and problems, without her recoiling.

The answer I'd come up with was simple.

"From now until the end of this trance," I began, choosing my words carefully. Wording was important. "I will not be 'John Anders', your father. We will not be related. All the feelings and emotions you'd usually feel towards your father will be gone. Instead, I will simply be 'John', a long-time friend of yours. Do you understand?"

There was a decent chance it wouldn't work. It all depended on how imaginative Tess was, how willing and able her mind was to fill in the blanks.

Everyone is different. You can never predict how a hypnotic suggestion like that will go. Would Tess accept it fully, invent an entire back-story for 'John the Friend'? Would she acknowledge it, but later wonder why she had no actual memories of 'John'? Or would she outright reject the idea, refuse to go along with it?

Her face morphed slightly, blank indifference becoming a thought-filled frown. Tess' mind was processing the suggestion, subconsciously deciding on it.

Even if she accepted me as 'John the Friend', things might still go wrong. After all, what reason would one of her friends have to hypnotise her? She might not like that her father was hypnotising her, but she at least understood why. It may be that she accepted me as a friend and not her father only to snap out of the trance *because* she saw me as a friend and not her father.

Finally, though, Tess answered.

"Yes."

I smothered a sigh of relief. It was a promising start, but there were still countless ways this could go wrong.

"Tess, what is my name?" I asked, watching intently.

Her face, blank and emotionless again, showed no struggle this time.

"John," Tess answered, voice empty.

"And what is our relationship?"

She was silent for a moment. Then, in a hollow mumble, Tess gave me the answer I wanted to hear.

"We're friends."

Excellent. Perfect. I spoke again, asked her the same question again, spent some time reinforcing the suggestion. From now on, every time I had her in a trance, I wanted her to believe I was a friend and not her father. With any luck, that would help things progress much smoother.

Finally, satisfied with my programming, it was time to move on to the more important questions.

"Tess," I said, leaning forward in my chair. "Why don't you like your father?"

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, her eyebrows furrowed. The grimace that formed on her face was painful to watch.

"He's a loser," Tess answered.

All this time, this last year, I'd been forcing myself to believe that Tess was just going through a phase. That she didn't *really* hate me, she was just pretending to. Being an angsty teen dealing with her mother's betrayal the only way she knew how.

"How is he a loser?" I asked before I could stop myself.

Tess grimaced, eyelids fluttering slightly. She was close to breaking the trance.

"Drinking himself to death. Wasting his life doing nothing. Couldn't even keep Mom happy. He-"

"That's enough."

My voice came out more growl-like than I'd been expecting.

That's what she thought of me?

"And what about your mother?" I began, trying to keep calm and collected. "What are your thoughts about her?"

That was the source of Theresa's delinquency. Her mother leaving her, running off with another man. The abandonment. The theft of her college funds. That's what was making Tess act out so much. It had to be.

"Smart," Tess answered. "She escaped."

"Escaped what?"

"This shithole town. Dad. Everything."

So I was someone to *escape* from, was I?

For the first time in over a year, Tess was opening up to me. And not only was it taking a hypnotic trance for her to do so, but it took her believing that I wasn't even her father.

I fed her, I put a roof over her head, I gave her the money to buy clothes and everything else she needed. And this was how she saw me?

"You want to leave Whitebrook?" I asked, the bitterness sneaking into my voice.

"Yes," Tess answered without a moment of hesitation.

So she wanted to run away too. Just like her mother. She wanted to abandon me. After all I'd done, that was how she wanted to repay me?

I closed my eyes, slumped back in my chair.

And, unbidden, an image appeared in my mind. The same image that had forced its way into my thoughts so many times in the last week. My daughter's naked body.

Only she wasn't my daughter right now, was she?

Not in her eyes, at least.

To her, we were just friends.

My eyes opened and, for the first time, I truly allowed myself to look at Tess as a man and not a father.

She was wearing a button-up shirt right now, several of the buttons undone to show off her cleavage. And, once again, she was wearing a skirt.

Unlike last time, the skirt was too long, her legs were too close together, for me to glimpse between them.

But she was in a trance, and I was in control.

"It's warm," I said, idea forming. "Very warm. Like a hot summer day. Uncomfortable. The kind of heat that makes you want to just sprawl out. Do you feel it, Tess? Do you feel how hot it is?"

One thing that's always amazed me about the human mind is how easy it is to trick. My office wasn't warm. It wasn't cold, just an average in-between. But, as I spoke the words, as I planted the idea in my daughter's head, she began to react.

First her cheeks began to turn pink, then she started to shift uncomfortably. That was risky. Making her uncomfortable was one of the things that could end the trance prematurely. But, right then, I can't say I gave two shits.

Slowly, Tess began to slump, sprawl outwards.

Little by little, her knees spread open.

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"Fucking hell," Tess swore, glaring daggers at me. "Turn the heating down. It's boiling in here."

I shrugged. "Really? Seems fine to me."

"Weirdo," Tess grumbled, walking out of my office.

I waited until she was gone - fully out of the house - before I reached for the phone on my desk.

A few taps on the screen, and there it was. The photo.

Most of it was dark. Next time, I'd make sure to turn the flash on. On my phone's screen was a pale blue thong, cast in shadow by the skirt and thighs that surrounded it.

I'd taken a photo of my daughter's crotch. If she hadn't been wearing that thong, I'd now have a close-up of her pretty pussy.

I already had photos, sure. But this was different. It was mine. And, best of all, it had been Tess herself who spread her legs for me.

Evidently, she didn't want me to be her father. So, from now on, I wouldn't be.

And if I wasn't her father, then there was nothing wrong with me having a bit of fun was there?

I slipped the phone into my pocket, grinned to myself.

The time had come to teach my daughter a little lesson about respect. And, if she didn't want to learn...

Well, then I'd just have to make her, wouldn't I?