

## Taming Tess

### Chapter 3

What had I been thinking?

My own daughter. I made my own daughter spread her legs and I took a prevy photo of it.

As I looked down at my phone's screen, saw the dark picture there, I felt the same revulsion and disgust with myself I'd had since waking up.

Two legs, a pair of panties, all cast in shadow by the skirt Tess had been wearing.

What the hell had I been thinking?

I should delete it. Delete all the photos and videos I'd copied from my daughter's phone. I should get rid of it all.

And yet, even as the thought crossed my mind, I knew I wouldn't be able to. I was too weak. And that body, that perfect body, was too amazing to throw away. If all I could do was look, then I'd look all I could.

Again, a dark thought burrowed through my head.

I could do more than look. As long as I had Tess in a trance, I could do anything I wanted.

Anything at all.

Once a week wasn't enough. Not by a long shot.

The first day after my session with Tess, I spent loathing myself. The second day, I tried not to think about it. The third day, I jacked off thinking about my daughter. Half-way through the week and my resolve withered.

One session a week wasn't going to cut it. I needed more.

But how?

It's not like I could simple tell Tess to come to my office and let me hypnotise her. She was barely complying with one trance a week, under orders from the police chief. There was no way in hell she'd just let me hypnotise her for no reason.

I could try making her enjoy the trances. Make her want to have more. But, even then, I couldn't be sure she'd come to *me* for those trances. She could simply ask one of her friends to hypnotise her. And, if someone else got her into a trance, that person might learn about what I'd done.

No, that wouldn't work at all.

A lot of people seem to think of hypnosis as some magical means of total control. That you can tell a person in a trance to do something and that they'll do it - that they have no choice in the matter.

If only.

In order to make suggestions stick, in order to make them work at all, you had to be clever about it.

If I was going to get more sessions with Tess, I was going to have to think outside the box. If I wanted to sort out that bitchy attitude of hers, I was going to need to use my head.

So, on the few days I had left before I got to hypnotise Tess again, I put my mind to work.

I opened Tess' bedroom door without knocking, glanced around. A part of me, I must admit, was hoping she'd be in the middle of changing clothes. A glimpse of that body in the flesh would have been a lovely sight to see. As it was, Tess was laying in bed texting her friends. Perfect.

"What the fuck?" My daughter's voice boomed, shrill and angry and full of undisguised hatred. "Get out of my room!"

She was, as always, dressed like cheap whore.

Miniskirt and stockings, a spaghetti-strap tank top that showed off her tits and midriff both. Her make-up consisting of thick eyeliner and bright red lipstick.

"Time for counselling," I told her, resisting the urge to glance at her body.

Tess either didn't hear me, or she was ignoring me.

"Get out!" She repeated, glaring.

"This is my house," I said, keeping the annoyance from my voice. "I'll go wherever I damn well please. It's time for our counselling session. My office is a mess, so we'll be doing it here today. Understood?"

The look in my daughter's eyes was lethal.

But what could she do? My house, my rules.

### **~Theresa's Third Session~**

As soon as she was safely in a trance, I allowed myself to stare at Tess' body.

Instantly, my eyes were drawn to her tits. Those huge, barely-concealed jugs. She was laying on her back, her ridiculously huge melons protruding upwards, begging to be groped and fondled and played with.

My hand moved almost by itself, reaching out towards my daughter's tits. It was only at the last second, with considerable effort, that I managed to stop myself from touching her.

As Tess' chest rose and fell with each breath, I couldn't help but remember the picture of her perfect naked body.

Could I get her to take her top and bra off, like I'd made her spread her legs?

Yes, I was sure I could.

But not yet. Not without preparation.

I pulled my hand away from Tess, considered the situation I was in.

Hypnotising her in her room had worked well enough. That was good. With her like this, laying on her bed, I had new options available to me. Options that may prove very useful indeed.

With hypnosis, it was possible to alter memories.

Doing so was dangerous - the more you change, the more flaws you create, the more likely it is that changes will be noticed.

But it could be done.

If I wanted, I could remove Tess' memory of me coming into her room today - make it so that she wasn't aware she'd been hypnotised by me. When the trance ended, she'd wake up in bed thinking she'd fallen asleep.

"You're going out with your friends tonight, aren't you?"

It was a safe assumption to make, and not a difficult question for Tess to answer. Even so, her eyelids fluttered as her mind searched for the answer and debated speaking it.

"Yes," Tess answered at last.

"Will you be drinking alcohol?"

Another safe assumption. If she was with her friends, chances were booze would be involved.

"Yes," Tess replied after a longer, more tense pause.

Perfect.

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I was out of her room before the trance broke. When she woke up alone in her bedroom, laying on her bed with no memory of ever being hypnotised, she'd assume she'd fallen asleep.

It wasn't a trick I could do often. The more holes Tess found in her memories, the more likely she was to catch on to what I was doing. But, for today at least, the risk was worth it. Her believing she'd gotten away with not being hypnotised was essential to my little ploy.

I waited in my clean office for the next few hours, listening hard. When Tess opened the front door, left to hang out with her friends, I heard it.

No doubt she thought she was victorious, avoiding my special 'counselling' session. She was wrong. Tonight would be my victory, not hers.

It was in the early hours of the morning when the front door finally opened again. Tess, at last, had returned home.

Spending so long waiting, nothing but my thoughts to keep me company, I couldn't help but worry my plan wasn't going to work.

What if Tess didn't come home tonight?

What if she was so shit-faced that she passed out as soon as she did get home?

What if she refused?

As soon as the sound of the front door slamming shut reverberated through the house, I rose to my feet, walked swiftly out of my office. The plan was to intercept Tess before she got to her room, hypnotise her under the pretence that I 'hadn't' done it earlier.

When I saw her half-collapsed, giggling softly, in the kitchen, the plan shifted.

"What are you doing?" I asked, playing the role of strict father. "Are you drunk?"

Tess looked up at me, her smile vanishing instantly.

She looked like a mess. Hair dishevelled, half-covering her face. The spaghetti straps of her top had slid off her shoulders and half-way down her arms. Her top was so askew, I'd have been able to see one of her tits in full if she hadn't been wearing a bra. Her miniskirt was more of a belt, crumpled up around her waist, revealing the pink thong Tess was wearing. Her stockings were nowhere to be seen.

"Fuck you," Tess slurred.

She tried to rise to her feet, only to collapse again.

"We missed your counselling session earlier. We'll have to do it now instead," I told her. As the words escaped my lips, I couldn't help but hear how stupid they sounded.

"Fuck you," Tess slurred again, this time more softly.

She began to curl up into a ball on the floor, her eyes closing sleepily.

If I didn't act immediately, I knew, Tess would fall asleep there and then and I'd lose out on my opportunity to hypnotise her tonight.

But what could I do?

Without thinking, I climbed onto my knees beside Tess, leaned over her. And I did the only thing that came to mind.

"Listen to my voice, Tess," I whispered softly. "Let your body relax, let your mind relax, and just listen to my voice."

### **~Theresa's Fourth Session~**

Somehow, it worked.

Somehow, I'd managed to hypnotise Tess in this state.

"For the remainder of this trance," I began, heart racing away in my chest. "I will not be your father. For the remainder of this trance, you will see me as your boyfriend. Do you understand?"

A dreamy smile pulled at Tess' lips.

"Yes," she answered.

"What is my name?" I asked her, fingers crossed.

"Brian," Tess purred.

And, just like that, I'd gained my victory.

Intoxication weakened the mind, reduced inhibitions and removed mental barriers.

As drunk as Tess was, the trance wouldn't be as powerful as usual. But, in exchange for a more fragile trance, I'd gained far more potent control.

"Tess," I began, unable to contain my excitement. "When was the last time you had sex?"

It was a question I'd never have been able to ask under normal circumstances.

"Today," Tess replied, body shifting slightly.

"Tess, did you get fucked today?"

The question came out on its own.

Tess shifted some more, body stretching out a little from the fetal position.

"Yes," she answered.

"Say it," I commanded. "Say you got fucked today."

My eyes moved to Tess' hands. They were moving, slowly inching towards her crotch with every word spoken.

"I got fucked today," Tess said, voice somewhere between tipsy drunk and dreamily content.

My daughter, for the first time, was an open book.

Anything I wanted to know was a question away. All I needed to do was ask.

Where to begin?

"Do you like fucking? Do you enjoy it?"

Tess let out another purr. "Yes."

"Have you ever sucked cock?"

"Yes," came the expected answer.

"Do you like sucking cock?"

I was expecting a negative to that. Her mother, despite being a proven whore, had never enjoyed giving head. To her, it had been a chore to do when she couldn't be bothered to have actual sex. The bitch hadn't even attempted to be good at it.

"Yes," Tess answered, smiling to herself.

"Ever done anal?" I asked, suddenly curious.

Tess' mother had never allowed me to do *that*.

"Yes."

"Do you like anal?"

For the first time, Tess frowned.

"No," she answered.

The hand which had been inching towards Tess' panties stopped dead, began retreating away slowly.

So many questions to ask. So many things to learn about my beautiful daughter. Where was I even supposed to begin? Of all the questions circling in my mind, of all the options I had, which was the one I wanted to explore most?

"Tess," I said, mind searching for a question to ask. Any question. "How many different people have you had sexual intercourse with in your life?"

I was expecting the answer to be 'one'. I was hoping, however, that it was 'two'. I'd specified *people*, not *guys*. A rebellious young woman like Tess, there was always the chance she'd experimented with another girl at some point.

Tess' eyes narrowed further, her brow twitching slightly.

"Five," she said at last.

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Five? Jesus Christ.

I was twice her age and I'd only had sex with three different women in my life.

Five?

I shook my head, astounded.

Brian, her boyfriend, was one of them. Luke, the other male in their group of friends, was another. As was the other girl, the petite Lara. That left two.

Unfortunately, I couldn't figure out who those two were.

Tess had fallen asleep. She'd gone from the half-awake state of a hypnotic trance to the not-at-all-awake state of a passed-out drunk. Her mind shut off, unresponsive.

I was still in the kitchen, reeling from information.

Five. Four of them men. My daughter - my babygirl - had fucked four different guys.

I stared down at her sleeping form, eyes wide.

Her blue hair was a mess. Her clothes were askew, her perfect body almost entirely exposed. If her bra were gone, one of Tess' tits would be revealed. If she weren't wearing panties, her pussy would be exposed.

She was unconscious. Not likely to wake up any time soon.

She'd never know.

Thoughts swarmed my head, ideas and desires and fantasies all mingling together. I could strip her naked, here and now. I be able to see her perfect body up close, in person. I be able to *feel* it.

The temptation was overwhelming. All I needed to do was reach out and touch.

Tess was beautiful. Stunning. Her body was pure perfection.

Those full lips begged to be kissed, that slender neck was just asking to be gripped and choked. With hypnosis, I could make all those dreams and desires a reality.

An image of Tess entered my mind, her on top of me, tits bounding wildly. My hand around her throat, using it to lift her and slam her down on my cock. I could almost hear the sound of flesh slapping flesh, the cries of pleasure.

Punishment. That's what Tess needed. To be punished.

My hand moved, reached out. This time, I didn't stop it.

Gently, my fingers touched Tess' full lips, bright red with lipstick. I trailed a small circle around them, imagined how those lips would feel around my cock. Then, slowly, my fingers slid across Tess' cheeks, down to her sharp jawline. As my fingertips moved down my daughter's throat, I couldn't help but imagine the sounds Tess must make when sucking cock. Was she a gagger, a choker? Spit or swallow? All things I'd need to find out.

I moved my fingers along Tess' shoulder until they reached the bra strap. And, applying a little bit of pressure, I began pushing the strap aside.

As it moved further down Tess' arm, the cup that hid her tit so well became slack. When the strap was almost to Tess' elbow, I pulled my fingers away, moved them to her chest.

With very little effort, I took hold of Tess' bra, pulled it down to reveal the brilliance beneath.

Tess' breast jiggled as the bra came down. The first thing my eyes were drawn to was the hard, pink nipple. It poked outwards, looking deliciously tasty. I'd have probably leaned down to kiss it, if I hadn't been immediately distracted by the hickey right next to it.

She'd said she had sex earlier. It seemed that her sexual encounter had involved her boyfriend sucking on her tits.

An odd feeling stirred inside me at the sight. Possessive envy mixed with a fatherly protectiveness, as if the parts of me that wanted to guard and protect Tess and the parts of me that wanted to fuck and dominate her had merged together.

I stared at my daughter for a long while, taking in the sight of her exposed breast.

I wanted her. That much I'd given up on denying. I wanted to fuck my daughter's brains out. And, for better or worse, I had the ability to do just that. I had hypnosis on my side. With that, it was only a matter of time.

Tess needed to be put in her place, and it was my job to do just that.

I stood, glanced off in the direction of my bedroom, then back at Tess - passed out on the kitchen floor. I was tempted to go to bed, leave her there. But something stopped me. Some echo of the caring father I'd been so long ago.

Instead, I knelt down, lifted Tess in my arms. Carried her to her bedroom and placed her down gently onto her bed.

I'd have felt almost like a good father, if I hadn't fondled Tess' ass as I carried her.

As I left her room, however, all I could think about was how firm that ass had been. About how I wanted to do more than touch it in future.

Tess said she didn't like anal.

We'd see about that.