

Taming Tess

Chapter 4

Tess woke up moody the next morning, hung-over and annoyed. She grimaced when she saw me, her face morphing with the disgust I'd become so accustomed to recently. No anger or outrage, however.

Which meant she didn't remember anything. Not the two sessions. Not me groping her ass or exposing her tit.

If she had even the slightest inkling that I'd done something untoward to her, Tess would not be keeping quiet about it. At the very least, she'd be glaring deathly daggers my direction. As it was, she simply grimaced at the sight of me, as if I were a bug - an annoyance to be squished or ignored.

I was in the clear.

For now, at least.

Hypnotic suggestions wear off over time. The brain has a way of restoring itself to how it should be, cleansing any alterations made through hypnosis. It's one of the reasons why curing addiction with hypnosis requires weekly sessions for months or even years before the suggestions stick permanently. The other reason, of course, is that more sessions means more money for the hypnotist.

It might be that the modification I'd made to Tess - that she forget I'd hypnotised her - would wear off before I got the chance to hypnotise her again and reinforce it.

Everyone is different, every mind reacting to hypnosis with different degrees of potency. Some would overcome hypnotic programming and suggestion over just a few days, others could retain them for weeks.

Ideally, Tess would be among the latter.

I'd find out soon enough.

~Lara's Third Session~

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Lara," the girl answered, as expected.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," Lara replied, voice empty.

"Who am I?"

"Tess' dad."

Simple questions. It was the best way to start a trance. A series of simple, easy to answer questions. Asking names, how they felt, what their favourite food was - questions that they didn't need to think too hard about.

"How many siblings do you have, Lara?"

The girl's eyebrows twitched slightly.

"None," she answered.

It went on for several minutes. Me asking simple questions and Lara giving simple answers. I watched her the whole time, judging how deep her trance was with every response she gave.

Each question eased Lara's mind, luring her into a state where she'd answer automatically - without thought.

When she was ready, I started with the *real* questions.

"Have you ever had sexual relations with someone of the same gender as you, Lara?"

The girl's face didn't shift, she didn't resist the question or struggle with it. She simply answered.

"Yes."

Lara was an interesting one. Everyone took to hypnotic trances in different ways. For most, like Tess, their mind slowed down but remained 'on'. They'd recoil if asked a question they didn't want to answer, subconsciously refuse to obey. A rare few, however, were far more vulnerable to being influenced.

My daughter's petite friend was one such vulnerable individual. Once her mind was safely in a deep trance, she became an open book.

There were limits, as always. But I knew what I was doing.

"Was your same-sex encounter with Tess?"

"Yes," Lara answered in a monotone.

I already knew as much. Even so, I felt myself begin to harden. My imagination flared, images of my daughter and Lara playing with each other, kissing and licking...

Lara wasn't blatantly sexy like Tess, though she certainly had her own type of charm. Petite, cute, small-breasted and soft. She looked more frail than Tess, more girlish and feminine despite her lack of a sex-on-legs hourglass figure.

She was pretty with her big, round eyes and young, innocent-looking face.

If jailbait was an underage girl that looked legal, then Lara was reverse-jailbait - a legal-aged woman with the looks of someone much younger.

Just imagining Lara naked made me feel uncomfortable, like I was committing some thought-crime. A silly feeling to have, given I was a man actively trying to fuck his own daughter by stripping her of her own free will.

I pushed the thought aside, continued on with my interrogation of the girl.

"How many different people have you had sex with in your life?"

Lara's eyebrows knitted together.

"Two."

"Do you know how many different people Tess has had sex with in total?" I asked, leaning forward.

"Yes," came Lara's reply.

"How many different people had Tess had sex with in total?"

"Two."

It took a moment for me to realise what Lara had said. Not the 'five' I'd been expecting, or even the 'three' I was sure Lara would know about.

"Who are the two people Tess has had sex with? What are their names?"

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She didn't know. Lara didn't know that Tess had fucked her boyfriend.

I'd thought - assumed - that Tess and her gang of friends had gotten drunk or high one day, ended up in a little orgy. They were young and all, it wouldn't have been surprising. That, I'd been sure, had been how and why my daughter had ended up fucking every member of her little gang.

That Lara didn't know my daughter had fucked her boyfriend put a wedge in that theory.

Over the next few days, after hypnotising both guys in the group, I had a much clearer picture of who my daughter was - what she'd been getting up to.

Neither Lara nor Brian - my daughter's boyfriend - knew about Tess' ongoing sexual encounters with Lara's boyfriend.

Or, to put it bluntly, Tess was fucking her best friend's boyfriend behind her back.

Talk about teenage drama.

And I was still no closer to knowing who the other two men were. Lara, Brian and Luke made one, two and three. That left four and five - two nameless, faceless guys that

Tess had fucked. Who were they? Did I know them?

My daughter, it seemed, was as much of a slut as her mother.

Only, unlike her mother, I knew about Tess' infidelity. And I had the ability to stop it.

No, not stop it. Redirect it.

In the few weeks I'd been hypnotising my daughter and her friends, I'd learned many things about Tess. That her tits were perfect in every way, that she loved sucking cock, that she took after her mother in all the wrong ways. Most of all, I'd learned that my once loving, caring daughter was gone - replaced by a blue-haired bitch.

The more I separated those two in my mind - the girl who used to call me 'daddy', who was polite and kind and happy; and the bitch-slut who looked at me like I was a contemptible slug - the easier it became for me to plan my domination of her.

My daughter was gone. Theresa, the beautiful girl who'd loved her father, who'd always smiled, the well-behaved girl who enjoyed school and dreamed of being a doctor. That girl no longer existed.

Tess was all that remained. All that I had left. If she wanted to be a bitch, so be it. I'd make her *my* bitch.

Theresa was gone. Tess, as she was now, couldn't remain. Which left only one choice - changing my daughter into someone new. All I had to do was decide on who I wanted Tess to become, the type of person I wanted her to be.

~Theresa's Fifth Session~

"Do you know what the word 'hypothetical' mean, Tess?"

She shifted slightly, eyelids fluttering and eyebrows narrowing. Unlike Lara, my daughter was not an open book. Unfortunate, but not the end of the world.

"Yes," Tess answered at last.

"A hypothetical is something that's not real, but that we pretend is real so that we can learn from it," I said. "We're going to engage in a hypothetical test today, Tess."

Silence followed my words. Tess simply sat there, eyes closed and body slumped.

"I'm going to describe a person to you - a girl your age who has your exact appearance, but a different personality. As I'm describing this person, let's call her Risa, I want you to imagine being her - for the sake of our hypothetical. For the remainder of your trance today, you are Risa. Do you understand?"

Again, there was resistance. Tess' eyelids fluttered, body shifting slightly.

"Yes."

"For the remainder of this trance, you are Risa, correct?"

"Yes," Tess answered.

"Who are you right now?" I asked, crossing my fingers. "What is your name?"

"Risa."

I let out a breath. So far, so good.

This was new territory for me. I'd used hypnosis to alter people before, removed addictions and tweaked traits. But I'd never attempted *this*. I'd never tried creating an entirely new personality for someone.

"Risa is exactly like Tess. Right now, the only difference between Risa and Tess is their names. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Right now you are Risa, yes?"

"Yes," my daughter answered emotionless.

"Tell me Risa, do you have a boyfriend?" I asked, trying to keep my voice calm, collected. Burying my excitement was not easy.

"Yes."

"What is your boyfriend's name, Risa?"

Tess hesitated before answering.

"Brian."

Excellent. Perfect. Things were going to plan so far. Now to step it up a level.

"Tess isn't very fond on her father. She resents him, doesn't like him one bit. But Risa is different. Risa doesn't hate her father. Risa loves her father like a daughter should."

Tess didn't like that. Her entire body shuddered, head shaking from side to side. Her face twisted into a grimace, eyes fluttering open for a moment. The trance didn't break, but it was a close thing. Any more pushing and she'd snap.

Dammit.

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How difficult could it be to rewrite a person's identity?

Very difficult, it seemed.

I watched Tess leave my office, my eyes lingering on her juicy ass. She was off to see her friends again, to hang out and cause mayhem and drama.

My idea, it seemed, needed some refinement.

Creating an alternate persona for Tess to slip into felt like a good idea. It felt like something that could work. Leaving a mental switch in my daughter's mind, one that would swap Tess out for 'Risa', would create so many new possibilities for me.

The new persona, 'Risa', would be a blank canvas for me to fill in. An empty shell for me to shape. With it, I could transform Tess into anything I wanted her to be.

But she'd rejected it. Subconsciously, she'd resisted it.

Why? What had I done wrong?

I thought about it, pondered, considered. And, ultimately, I came up blank. I had no idea why Tess rejected Risa.

And, without knowing why, I was powerless to change it.

That was the problem with trying something new and untested, I figured. I had no prior knowledge to draw upon, no experience in fabricating new personalities.

What I needed was a test subject - a mind to practice on until I was ready to transform Tess into Risa.

Thankfully, I had just the person in mind.

My daughter's best friend, the highly-suggestible Lara.

With a fatherly smile on my face, I led Lara through my home. Tess was out, hanging out with the boys. Likely, she'd be fucking one of them - though which one was anyone's guess.

Lara followed along behind me, quiet and cute.

How she'd ended up being Tess' best friend, I had no idea. The two seemed polar opposites. Lara was polite, Tess was not. Lara was modest, Tess was a slut. What in the world kept their friendship going was a mystery. Though, given that my daughter had been fucking Lara's boyfriend behind her back, I doubted their friendship would last forever.

Now there was an idea. What if I intentionally split up the group of friends? Isolating Tess might have some benefits.

Something to think about later.

"So, what are your plans for the future?" I asked Lara, opening the door to my office and gesturing inside. "Got any dream jobs you'd like to have?"

Lara shrugged an 'I don't know'. Walked into my office.

I wasn't the girl's therapist, nor was I someone she knew in any kind of meaningful

way. All she knew about me was what my daughter had told her - nothing of which, I knew, would be good.

She didn't know me - didn't trust me.

Trust, when it came to hypnosis, was vital. The more a person trusted their hypnotist, the easier it was for them to open the mind. The more trust there was, the easier my job as a controller became.

"Please have a seat," I told Lara. "There's something I'd like to talk to you about before we get started."

Lara's eyebrows rose curiously.

"Yes?"

I sat down at my desk, leaned back in my chair.

"I'd like to ask you about my daughter. In particular, I'd like to know what Tess has told you about me."

The uncomfortable expression that crossed Lara's face was more than enough to verify my suspicions were true. Tess had been talking shit about me to her friends. No surprises there.

"Theresa is very troubled," I told Lara, allowing my voice to soften. The more sympathetic I sounded, the better. "Ever since her mother abandoned her, she's been having trouble handling her emotions. She blames me for her mother leaving, and channels all resentment and anger at me as a result. It's her way of coping with the abandonment."

For all I knew, it was actually true.

Lara listened, a hint of empathy in her eyes. Good.

"A lot of what Tess has told you about me isn't true. She's just going through a tough time and, well..." I let out a sigh, watching Lara closely.

Hypnosis was a great tool for manipulation, but it wasn't the only one I had at my disposal.

~Lara's Fourth Session~

"I want you to imagine someone, a girl who looks exactly like you do. Can you do that for me?"

Slowly, Lara nodded her head.

"Yes."

"This girl, she's beautiful, just like you. Lets call her Doll. Because she's pretty, like a little doll. That's a nice name, isn't it?"

"Yes," Lara answered, voice distant.

"Our imaginary girl, the one that looks just like you, what's her name again?"

Lara was silent a moment before answering.

"Doll."

"And what's your name?" I asked, eyes roaming Lara's body.

She was wearing a red flannel shirt, a knee-length skirt with white stockings. Next to the tank-tops and miniskirts I was used to Tess wearing, Lara's outfit seemed modest beyond reason.

"Lara," the girl answered.

I nodded my head, thinking hard.

"Doll is naughty. She's sexually curious, enjoys trying new things. Some people might call Doll a slut, but she's not. Doll just likes sex. There's wrong with liking sex, is there Lara?"

"No," Lara answered.

"Exactly. There's nothing wrong with enjoying sex. Everyone likes sex. You like it, I

like it, everyone likes it. The only thing that makes Doll any different is that she enjoys it even more than everyone else."

I let the words sink in. Gave myself a moment to collect my thoughts.

"Doll likes naughty things. The naughtier, the better. When you look at me, Lara, you see your friend's dad. An older man, not someone you'd ever think about having sex with. When Doll looks at me, she sees the same thing - her friend's dad. But, to Doll, me being her friend's dad makes me more appealing, more sexy. The fact that it's wrong any naughty is what makes me more desirable to her. Does that make sense, Lara?"

Lara pursed her lips.

"Yes."

"Doll likes naughty things. The naughtier, the better." I repeated. "Doll wants to seduce her friend's father."

I watched Lara closely, alert for any signs of danger.

When she didn't react, I inhaled a deep breath. It was now or never. Either I go through with it, or I throw in the towel and chicken out.

"Lara, from the time I wake you from this trance until the moment you step outside my office, you will become Doll. That will be your name, who you are. Not Lara, but Doll. Do you understand?"

The girl shifted slightly, face contorting in concentration.

"Yes," she answered, though she sounded uncertain.

"Who are you right now, Lara or Doll?"

"Lara."

"And who will you be when I snap you out of this trance?"

Lara was silent for a long moment.

When she answered, she sounded less than convinced.

"Doll."

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Much reinforcing and repeating later, and Lara was ready to be woken. I crossed my fingers, held my breath, watched intently.

Lara's eyelids fluttered open, winced at the light in my office ceiling, shut her eyes tight against the brightness. She reached out with her arms, her whole upper body curving forward in a big stretch. Then she slumped back, relaxed into my sofa. Her eyes open again, found me staring at her.

In an instant, Lara was awake, alert.

"Welcome back," I said, careful to hide the concern from my voice. "How are you feeling?"

What if it hadn't worked?

What if Lara figured out what I'd done, realised I was trying to make her seduce me?

As far as I knew, there were no laws against using hypnosis to trick women into sex. Still, I didn't imagine I'd get off with just a slap on the wrist if word got out.

No. Somehow, someday, I'd end up behind bars if what I was doing became public knowledge.

Lara blinked at me, smiled.

"I'm fine," she said, her voice soft.

As I stared at her, she stared right back - an odd hint of *something* in her gaze. I had no idea what that something was, what it meant. Was she eyeing me up as Doll, looking at me sexually? Was she Lara, did she know what I'd tried doing?

"Probably an odd request," I began, closing my eyes. Odd was an understatement.

"But could you tell me your name again, please?"

Lara raised an eyebrow at me, an amused smile tugging at her lips. Then her lips curled into a fake frown.

"You forgot my name?" Lara pouted. "That's not very nice of you, Mr Anders."

My heart thumped in my chest.

"I haven't forgotten," I said, shrugged. "It's just something to help you ground yourself after you've been hypnotised. I ask you your name and it helps your mind return to normal."

Lara tilted her head to one side, smiled.

"My name is Doll."